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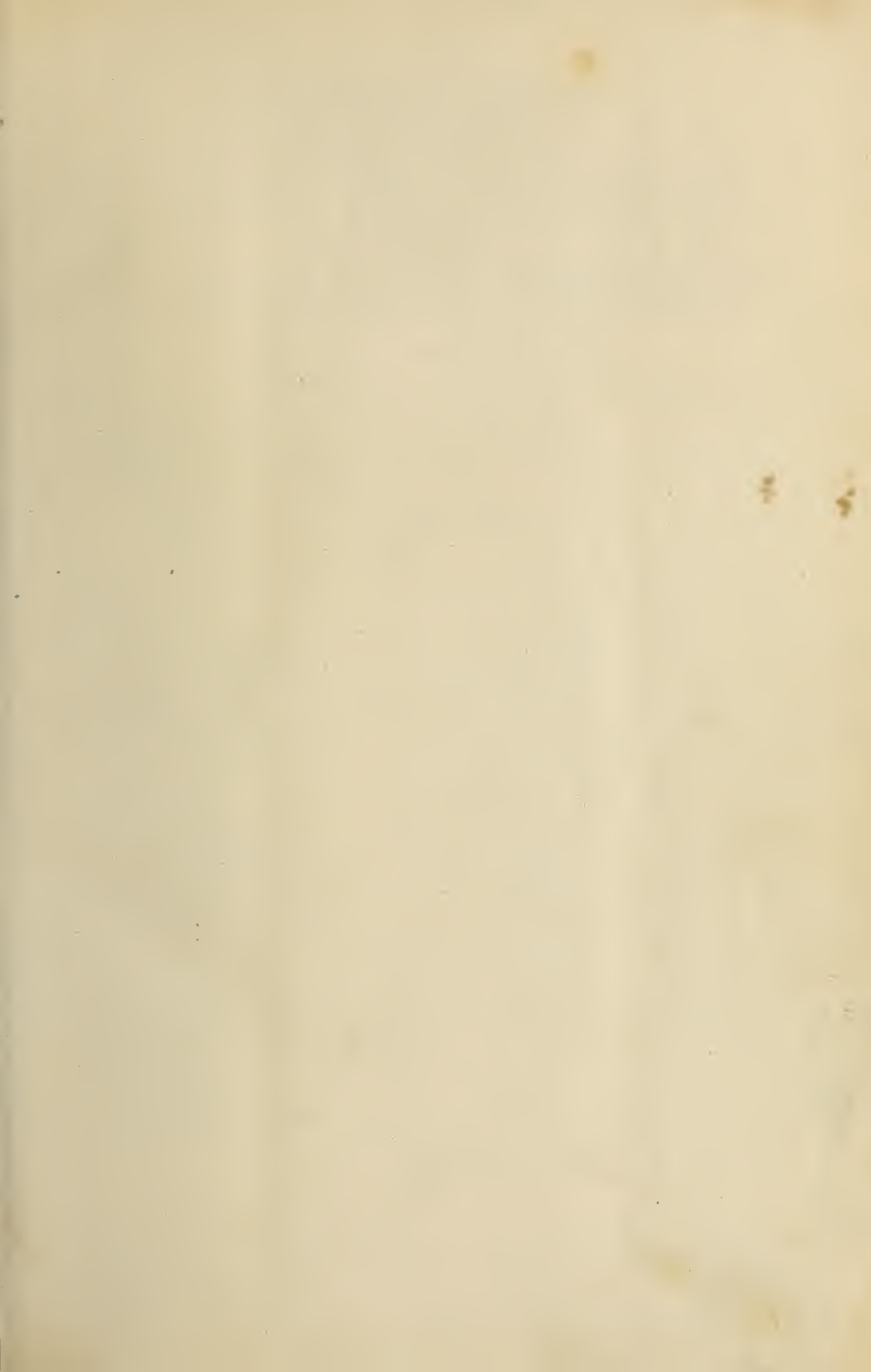
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This is Poetry



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 1.

This is a

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the dawning of the day
Fast-sheds its mellow glory,
As the sun's bright golden ray
Puts to blush the timid sky
While each star has shut an eye, *oh!*
And the tide of morn approaches
In its glory from the east.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the little star seeks rest,
As a child, that growing weary,
Nestles to its mother's breast;
All the glories of the night
Lose their soft enchanting light,
For the lord of day approaches
In his chariot from the east.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the purpl'd heavens above
Beam upon the dissolution
In Faith and Hope and Love, *What is this any way*
As a flash of golden light
Paints with fire each summit height,
And the sky as one great ocean
Fast proclaims the day begun. *Why bitter*

Hope! Hope!
The dewy tear-drops,
Wept in night's dark bitter hour,
Cling like rubies and bright diamonds
To each leaf and bud and flower,
So will sorrow in the breast
Change to rubies and be blest,
And the sun of Hope resplendent
Light the hour.

This is damn J. O. Hagan
Mac an

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT may interest the reader to know that nearly every one of the characters in the following tale are or have been living and acting men and women; and that the facts of the story are experiences much more than inventions of fancy. Even the strange run over the ice to Chipanucidie and the Indian Queen are pleasant memories, and Dennan, the artillery man, and his history as real as the history of Napoleon the First. The author has taken occasion from time to time, to affix to facts in "The D'Altons" the assurance of his personal knowledge, and however strange the facts may appear, the reader may accept them as genuine. One of the first men in English literature, some time ago, in reading a novel, made up his mind that every incident but one could be admitted as probable; but the "one" was impossible. It turned out that the "impossible" one was the only fact in the story which was not only substantially but literally true! Having said so much we proceed.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH
THE PEOPLE OF THE CRAG AND SOME
OF THEIR DOINGS.

SOME thirty years ago there existed in the lap of Slieve-na-Mon, and a little

towards its eastern slope, a crag of great boldness of outline, at the foot of which, and along its line for two or three miles, ran "the Glen." "The Glen" was deep and gloomy, and the low hum of a narrow stream flowing on through its centre made the solemnity of the place more solemn. No more fitting place could be imagined for the location of witches and fairy caves; and, indeed, we remember, some sixty years ago, to have stood, not over courageously, at the "Pookah's Hole," where everyone knew that lively quadruped buried himself in the intervals of his night rambles around Europe in the special service of people who belong to the school of occult science.

On the top of the crag before mentioned there stood a mansion of some pretensions. It consisted of three large stories, and was crowned by a massive battlement of stone pillars that made the mansion look somewhat regal. The dwelling was perfectly white; and by some singularity of taste the proprietor had planted, not only the declivity, but also every foot of space up to the hall-door. This made the mansion look like something in a cage, and may be, taking all things into account, the word would be no great misnomer.

Yet the position was very beautiful. Behind, stretching out its widening arms in blue background, was Slieve-na-Mon. Before it the hills of Waterford, and, nearly at its feet, the beautiful town of Carrick, while the Suir, as it flowed on to the sea, almost mirrored the house in passing.

This dwelling place is the property of Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and to honor the respectable proprietor of the place it is christened "D'Alton's of Crag."

Well, in the Summer of 1848, and, sooth to say, at midnight, three men were making their way, from the flat country, up through the Glen, and conversing with great earnestness. They were followed by two others, who were sufficiently near to hear their conversation; and, when they thought fit, to advance and take a part in it. Three of the men were very stalwart, and the two others, though not of the dimensions of their companions, were evidently men able to "account for" any two others at all events—out of Tipperary.

They arrived under D'Alton's of Crag, and there was a pause.

"There, above," said one of the tall men, "is sleepin' now the worst man that ever owned the Crag."

"Faith," answered one of the small men—or rather medium men, "they say he don't *sleep* a wink at all; an, that he goes through his locks an' kays every hour of the twenty-four."

"He has the widows' means an' the orphans' meals; an' he has the curse of the counthry-side," replied the first speaker."

"What of Figaralt?" asked one of the medium men. "Is id rale throe that he staged?"

"*Gan dhouth air dhewn—gan dhouth*," emphatically answered the man interrogated. We presume the learned reader will find out that "*gan dhouth*" means, "We are no longer to question the fact."

"And thin?" demanded the first speaker of all.

"An' thin he broke his oath, an seven good men are in his power. The likes of Figaralt lost the counthry—so they did."

"We must get shut of him, somehow," sententially declared the smaller man of the company.

"How?"

"Oh, be quiet, Sheamus," answered the sententious man. "Nine of us ought to be able to manage Figaralt an' ould D'Alton, afther—an' whin we all meet at the 'long dance' you'll get the why an' the wherefore. *Succuir! succuir! a bouchil!*" Which as the reader knows is sound philosophy, for it counsels quietness and patience.

"I don't like that Meldon at Kilsheelan," remarked some one.

"Figaralt is always with him, they say," added another.

"He's awful about law an' order," sneered a third. "An' as regular at everything as a clock."

"Who is he?"

"Who knows?" some one answers, and he continued, "Only he's so friendly wud Father Ned Power I'd think he was a spy."

"At any rate he has plenty of money," one of the five said, one who had not yet spoken—"he has plenty of money—an',—I tell you what—the poor of Kilsheelan loves the ground he walks

on. An', more than that," warming, the speaker said, "more than that he's a fine shot."

The poor loved Mr. Meldon of Kilsheelan, and he was "a fine shot!" That did not end the matter; but it seemed to change the current of thought.

"Pon my sowl," some one remarked, "I'm not half as much afeared of him as I am of the *Chrichawn*. That fellow is everywhere, an' he knows everything, an' he's as sthrong as a bull dog, though hardly five feet in his brogues."

"He's given up life an' sowl to Mr. Meldon," remarked another, "though wance I thought *Chrichawn* would be like a rigiment to us."

"Look afther him," another said, "an' above all, take care to-morrow night he isn't within a mile o' ye. If *Chrichawn* isn't outside Slieve-na-Mon to-morrow night he'll know what ye sed, an' the turn of your mouth in sayin' it."

"We'll mind *Chrichawn*," became a chorus.

We must now make the acquaintance of The Crag, and allow the vindicators of liberty and lovers of other men's means to pursue the process of legislation, or rather of judicial awards. Mr. Giffard D'Alton was just sixty-seven, about the middle height, muscular, and handsome for his years. He accumulated money by economy more than by rental; and, he added to his economy an exactness which the farmers who happened to be his tenants felt and feared to a degree. His tenantry were not many; and as things were, so much the less suffering and hatred; but, though few, they should be ready, to the day and even to the hour; and no "hanging gale" lessened the interest of Giffard D'Alton's investments, and no allowances were ever even thought of by his tenants. It was "pay down, or quit."

And Mr. Giffard D'Alton was as wise in his domestic administration as in the government of his estate. He daily measured the coals in the coalhole, and the turf in the rick. He was a man who knew the weight and measure of consumption; and wisely watched the fires made down in the kitchen; and saw no reason for fires in a parlor at all. He had a never-ending supply of

clothes of the make of George the Third's time—and tens of thousands of old buttons, newspapers and et-ceteras too numerous to be mentioned. Mr. Giffard D'Alton gave every one to understand that he "was not going to die in the workhouse." And when a bill was to be paid, or money expended for any purpose civic or domestic, every living thing flew from the presence of Mr. D'Alton's declamation—which was generally weighted with maledictions upon all vagabonds and robbers and villains—a class of the population comprised entirely of those who asked money from him.

And yet, by a singular contradiction, he was almost extravagant when family distinction was to be derived from outlay, or when the members of his family required what public opinion forces as necessary to the gentry. His son and his daughter, and a nephew whom he had adopted after the son's death at thirty, all were sent to the best places of education—primary, intermediate, and collegiate; and they had their horses—vehicles and habiliments—anything but money. If they dared to seek for pocket-money—money for travel or for charity—then heaven help them and their weakness! He (Mr. Giffard D'Alton) would like to know where money was to be got, or how he could stand their rapacity in such times. And, if unfortunately anyone argued that his rents were paid up, and he did not feel the pressure, then the injured man declared he was "called a liar—a liar!" and then came a hundred oaths in a breath, while the honest man's eyes rolled with indignation, and with raised hands he appealed to Heaven and earth as the man most injured in the universe! "Quite clear,—quite clear!—you want to see me in the churchyard!—quite clear!" the poor man cried aloud; and all the world flew away from him at last.

We have spoken of Mr. D'Alton's daughter. It would be hard to find a greater contrast to her father. She was just as mild as he was passionate; and where she could, she was as liberal as he was niggardly; and she partook of the beauty and talents of her mother's side. Her mother's name was Barron, a name known for its respectability in the county of Waterford—and, Amy D'Al-

ton had the aristocratic mien, bearing, and looks of her mother's family. Mrs. D'Alton was a good Roman Catholic. Mr. Giffard D'Alton at one time had become a Catholic; but he found the Church of Rome conflicting so much with his will, and with certain saving ways which he called "principles," that he finally turned to searching the house through and reading newspapers, on a Sunday, and to declaring "all churches equally disagreeable." But returning to Miss D'Alton—to Amy—we must say, that her sweetest employment was to save for the poor, and even to work for them; and the poor people around watched for her coming, as one looks for the approach of a beloved friend.

"Ah, then, God bless you Miss Amy, you're your mother's daughter; and the love of the poor will be a shield in the hand o' your guardian angel."

"Ah! I'm sorry I can do so little, Norry."

"'So little!' shure 'tis the world's wondher how you make out, Miss Amy; an' I'll go bail ye hav'nt much clothes in the box. We know very well where the little dhrops for the chapel an' the station an' the First Communion comes from. Ah the Lord—*she ghlac she sheli in dho chree so!*"

"What is that, Norry? Something good I'm sure?"

Norry dropt a tear. "I'll tell you then, *acushla*—them words is, 'the Lord has med a home in your heart,' agra; on'y 'tis nicest in our sweet Irish tongue. Isn't it?"

"Well, I do, indeed, think so," the sweet young lady would reply;

"Your coming gives more joy to the poor woman's heart, than all your father's goold, Miss Amy; because I'll tell you Miss Amy, it makes the poor heart feel throe-love, like the pure love of our guardian angel; an' 'tis a sermon-like for our children an' ourselves! God bless you, Miss Amy;" Thus the poor and Amy lived their life at The Crag.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's nephew, the only son of a deceased sister, whose husband had disappeared within a year of his marriage, and had never been heard of, was named Charles Baring. He was at the time of the events we chronicle just five and twenty years of age—just five years Amy's senior. It was

not surprising that the gentle Amy, and Amy's fortune in the Three per Cents very often crossed the mind of Mr. Baring. Indeed they did; and if the large credit in the bank came before his imagination even oftener than the amiable young lady, his cousin, there was reason for the pre-occupation of Mr. Baring.

"Money, honestly, if you can—but money, any-how!" is sometimes an axiom as practical among Christians as the Roman poet declared it in the time of Cæsar Augustus; and Mr. Baring had stronger impulses to that kind of philosophy than almost any young man in Munster—or may be in the land.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have been saying, allowed horses and a drag, and even a carriage, and paid tailors' bills, and supplied daily fare. But money! Mr. Giffard D'Alton saw no use of money—no prudent use that his nephew could have of money. His nephew had enough to eat and drink, and he was dressed like a gentleman; "I'll tell you what, sir, if you want money, go and—earn it. I and my daughter are not going to die in the workhouse for you! No——" Mr. Giffard D'Alton, like all accomplished orators, kept the strongest appeal for the last—the appeal in our blank, on which we fear Sterne's angel has not been mercifully employing himself.

Mr. Baring's ways and means had much of the mysterious about them; and as he rode across the fields or along the road, great numbers of old women were inspired with prophecies that did not burthen Mr. Baring's future career with "much good," as the good dames termed it. And yet the young man appeared to be a sober man, and in address and manners he was easy—indeed, free to *nonchalance*. He was "straight as a whip," they said, and no man bagged more game, or more daringly defied nine-bar gates or twenty-foot rivers. Above the middle height, dark hair, large gray eyes, lips thick but firm, he was an imposing man, but with ever-varying impulses, which he took great care to obey. The wonder was that he had not long and long ago fitted from the eminence called The Crag, or had not been politely or otherwise sent to seek his fortune.

The fact is, Mr. Baring remained at The Crag, in the process of seeking, not one fortune, but two of them. He expected to inherit the property, a thing not to be expected if he ran away, and he expected to marry his cousin, and, as we have unkindly intimated, he meant to get Amy's fabulous Three per Cents.—some thirty thousand pounds. But, after all, how was the young man to live? That was "the question." Just as much as Hamlet's "To be or not to be."

It was plain that Mr. Baring somehow got the cash. In truth, he gambled a great deal; and as in most such cases, he lost more than he won. And he kept, at a prudent distance from The Crag, a couple of racers, and had his dog-kennel, and hunted with "the leaders in the land." He even flung a five pound note to a poor fellow now and then as an alms, and gave a golden sovereign to the servant who held his horse when he went to make a visit; and taken or found in any mood, he was precisely the creature of the feeling then uppermost, and calculation or caution or real kindness never had a place in his nature.

We are not to suppose that Mr. Baring had not his moments of reflection and bitter memory—he had both. Some times he was in despair, and accused himself of all manner of absurdities and misdemeanors. Sometimes he used to think even of becoming pious; and on such occasions his resolutions were numerous and vehement. Nay, we must go the length of revealing that he swore his book-oath he would "gamble no more;" he "would give up racing;" he would attend no more expensive "evening reunions;" in fact, he was now a "changed man;" he had "sense at last."

Gentle Amy often pondered on the present and prospective condition of The Crag, and it must be said that the reflections were not very pleasant. She did not share her cousin's feelings, or in anyway respond to his views. She had often counselled him—after she had reached an age to give and value advice—and although he at first smiled at her wisdom, he frequently listened, and even promised. But his promises were forgotten soon after they were made, and Amy was aware, by some means or

another, that The Crag would be hard bested in a few years, if The Crag were answerable for all Mr. Baring's responsibilities.

Mr. Baring should have money, and Mr. Baring got it from a friend, whose name was Timothy Cunneen.

Mr. Cunneen was as saving a man as Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and, indeed, very much admired, that gentleman, and admired his "place." Indeed, he would have admired the heiress, too, only he had married, unfortunately, long ago, and had even "given hostages to the State" that seemed to inherit the father's many virtues.

Timothy Cunneen sits in his office in a bye street of the neighboring town, and it is marvellous to see in what a small room he fits and what little light is necessary to his operations in his profession. Mr. Cunneen wears a very old grey coat—in better days it had been his wife's mantle; but Mr. Cunneen always held that women's cloaks were "as good as new" when they were flung off. But Mr. Cunneen had a respectable cotton-velvet collar put on the neck of the cloak, and the garment was decorated by fine brass buttons, almost new. Over his table he was a picture. Black hair—black as jet—clustered in uncombed curls around his low yellow forehead, and shot over the coat-collar and from the back of the head. His eyes were black, small, and unsteady, and his mouth had the curl of contempt and the thinness of cruelty. The cheeks were cadaverous and long, and the nose would do honor to an Israelite.

That is Mr. Baring's friend. He has lent Mr. Baring many hundreds of pounds, and is not disinclined to lend him more; nor is Mr. Baring disinclined to borrow it.

Mr. Cunneen, or "Tim the Devil," as he is most wickedly called, has a fine, forecasting mind. The heir of The Crag must of course come to the end of his tether—when it would be unwise to entrust him further; but until then it is only business and prudence to give him his own way. Twenty per cent. at first; then forty per cent.; and, then, as many per cent. as two hundred swelled the debit side of the amount against The Crag. But as the account rose higher and higher, Mr. Cunneen's eyes glisten-

ed, and he rubbed his thin hands in ecstasy, and he thought on the happy day when Giffard D'Alton should have gone to his rest and the law of the land would hand The Crag to Mr. Cunneen in repayment of the money he had so honestly lent.

The day before the "long dance," or the day at which our history commenced, or is commencing, was a day of deep importance to Mr. Tim Cunneen and Mr. Charles Baring. On that very day Mr. Baring presented himself at the "office" of the money lender; and his countenance looked like large profit to the bank. His brow was bent and his lips tightly closed, and he coughed that half hard cough of passionate resolution that so often precedes an evil to two parties or to more.

Mr. Baring entered abruptly and sat down on a board-bottom chair which seemed to know him. His head fell down on his chest and his hand closed rigidly, and he gave a groan.

"Mr. Charles," said the money-lender, in as soft voice as ever he had—and that is not saying much indeed, "Mr. Charles you are sick?"

"You lie, I'm not! Don't dare to say I'm sick."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You're not in good humor, I see."

"Why, again, I say you are a liar! How dare you speak to me in your d---ble hang-dog style; I'm not sick. I'm not out of humor. Ah, well Cunneen, don't mind! I am in a fix. I am worse off than ever I have been, and I want your help more than I have ever wanted help before."

"Ah!" answered Mr. Cunneen, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I have lost all I had! I had diabolical luck at play. Lord Thinwawn emptied me out; and the bet won from me by Commerford must be met this week—the day after to-morrow. Confound that mare. I never crossed an animal that has so deceived and disgraced me. To be beaten in a steeplechase by a man like him! like Commerford! . . . But, look here, you must stand to me, and even in *more*—aye, in *more*!"

"Well, Mr. Charles, money is scarce, and I fear I may not be able to go much further. You owe nearly a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, yes. When prepared to pay, you can have all your vouchers in your own hands."

"My vouchers!"

"Yes, Mr Charles, your vouchers!"

"I remember quite well the sums. They amount to six hundred."

"Quite true,---and the moderate interest which I charged you makes up the thousand."

"Moderate interest! Why—seventy-five per cent.—seventy-five!—Never call highway robbery dishonest again. Oh you—"

"Mr. Charles Baring," Cunneen answered very slowly, "If the dealing does not answer you, we can close our accounts whenever you please. I placed in your hands much of the fruit of my honest industry—and, I do not think you are very grateful."

"Honest industry! Gratitude to a Jew—a cheat!—a—"

"Well, well," Tim the Devil replied, "we needn't argufy and call names. You will find some one more honest and more able to lend you money. Good day, sir." The wicked thief said, "Good day," and he made a show of moving through a back door of the "office."

"Stop! stop, Cunneen! Oh! stop! Cunneen! Cunneen, I beg your pardon. You must forgive me! You must help me! or I'm undone!"

The time played for by Cunneen and expected had come.

"Well, sir," demanded the money-lender.

"Well, Cunneen, I must have a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds! a thousand pounds! Where is the security?"

"Why, you know the property to which I have sure claim is worth, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds."

"But the times are so uncertain, and your uncle may change his mind."

"You know he can't. The property is entailed to male heirs."

"Ah, yes but—"

"Why, Cunneen, Cunneen!"

By sundown the bargain was settled, and Mr. Cunneen had a mortgage on the reversion of The Crag, and the sum he gained by his industry was only six thousand four hundred and sixteen pounds.

Was not that an important day for Mr. Charles Baring and Mr. Timothy Cunneen?

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHAT PEOPLE WENT TO THE "LONG DANCE," AND HOW MR. MELDON CROWNED THE "QUEEN OF MAY;" AND, FURTHERMORE REVEALING THE APPARITION AT THE POOKAH'S HOLE.

WE have many "Glins" in Ireland, and they are all very handsome places; but the "Glin" which decorates the toe of Slieve-na-Mon has a combination of beauties which no other appears to possess. "Glin" by the Shannon is snuggled away above the Shannon's banks, it can boast of its great old castle and its knight's abode; but the Shannon is so lordly, that "Glin" is dwarfed by its majesty, and seems to hide from its strength. The "Glin" by the Suir makes its own of the calm, gentle river; and with Slieve-na-Mon's protecting shadow behind, and the glowing waters before, and the numberless beautiful dwellings peeping out through wood and brake, and leaning against the green hills, almost all the way along the eastern bank, from Clonmel to Carrick, there is a harmony produced such as might be expected if all the enchanting aggregate had been planned and executed for effect. One would not know how to remove a tree, or a field, or a house away, without injuring the unity of a grand picture.

Well, the "Glin" has an annual fair; and, in the time of which we write, the "Glin" had an annual fight. The "Carravats" and "Shannavests" were in their strength, though not in their youth, and that strength was proved by many a skull smashed irretrievably, and even by families left fatherless or childless by the Crag.

We can well inform our readers what "Shanavest" means, and what "Carravat" means, in the English language. The former means an "old vest," and the latter means a "cravat." There are surmises of antiquarians as to the reasons which bestowed the names of these two garments upon such fiery factions as fought at the "Glin;" but we do not think our readers care to hear them;

and, besides, they would delay us too long from the history of the D'Altons of Crag.

Coming along the road from Carrick to-day, is a goodly number of pedestrians of both sexes, and all gaily attired,—the men generally well-draped—some in broad-cloth, and others in bright, clean frieze. The women were very gay, and the ribbons played about their faces—looking as happy and gay as the wearers. Occasionally, a drag, well appointed, or a horseman well-mounted, cantered or trotted on; and even a carriage or two swept by, in the glory of silver harness, bearing ladies in rich driving costumes, who hurried on to something or some place that attracted an expectant and jubilant crowd. As the day grew nearer to noon, the numbers increased; and, in fact, more than one small crowd had at its head a fiddler or a piper, who endeavored to raise popular sensation to the level of the occasion, by playing the "Humors of Glin." He must have been a humorous fellow who lighted upon such a name and such music. The "humors" were various, indeed, and ever-changing. The song in the tent, and the "trick-o'-the-loop," and the last great speech of some great patriot; knocking down the "pins;" and then the hurra—doubled, trebled, quadrupled! and then, the grand row, where many fell by the oak stick, and, not a few by good-fellowship!—all these are not all the "Humors of Glin;" and he must have been a courageous composer who dared the task of embodying them in a tune.

The day was charming. The trees were golden, and the fields of green were spread to make the golden trees look beautiful. The crowds are passing to the extensive park where, so many times, have been enacted the before-mentioned "Humors of Glin."

There is a sudden pause, and a hundred voices cry out, "They come! they come!"

And sure enough, absolutely flashing with the gayest of white and ribbons, sixty or seventy young maidens are seen in long line, with their fine looking partners, tripping on, in rapid pace, in the "needle" run so cheering and so graceful. The leading couple lift up their hands and arms high—to make

the eye of the needle. The last of the line, who is generally of the stronger sex, turns the line at the end, and runs along towards "the eye" formed to receive him; and the whole line follows, gradually shortening the graceful curve, as they pass through the gate or eye, and all voices joyously cry; "Thread! thread! thread! thread!" We fear there are few "high gates" played in this year 1878; and that the simple, hearty, invigorating games and dances died with our fathers and grandfathers, leaving to this generation "the world" and two other things which we will not write.

The hundreds have wound their way into the great park. The "Pickle Herings" clear the way before the dancers; the merry pipes send forth their peculiar melody and harmony; the "long dance" stretches from end to end of the field; and the crowd politely opens a long, long space, to give the dancers perfect freedom. The joy and excitement seem to have transformed the souls of the crowd as well as of the exhibitors. Cheer after cheer rose as the evolutions of the dance revealed the symmetry of the various figures of men and women, as well as of the dance itself.

A drag gallops into the field by the gate.

"Magnificent!" some one cried, looking at the horse and carriage. "Who is he?" the same man asked of a countryman hard by.

"Who is he? Why, that is Master Charles, from the Crag."

"Oh! Mr. D'Alton's nephew?"

"The very same. See, there's a pause in the dance, an' he is making his way to the Queen of the May."

"Yes, I see her! How beautifully attired, and what a sweet simplicity of look and motion! Will you please say who she may be?"

"She, sir? She is Alice Hayes—she is called the Angel of Slieve-na-Mon. Arrah, look at Master Charley Baring goin' up to speak to her!"

What was the "Queen of the May" like? The "Queen of the May" was about twenty—lithe—fresh—and draped in white. Her hair was fair and her eyes hazel, and there was music in every motion of the "Queen."

Mr. Charles Baring's designs at the Crag, did not interfere with any amount of attentions and professions elsewhere. In affairs of the kind, he was, as in all other affairs, the man of the moment; and, really, characters of that stamp are far more weak than deliberately false. Let people avoid such characters when they become known, and not turn upon fate when they have spoiled their own future.

A great cheer, again and again repeated, broke from the gathering! Again and again, and again, it rose, as the name of some new arrival rent the air. The name was "Meldon! Meldon! a thousand cheers for Meldon."

The fact was that Mr. Meldon had arrived. He drove a handsome pony-phæton, and behind him rode a servant—not in livery. He bowed courteously and modestly as he proceeded along the edge of the assemblage, and he, too, seemed making his way towards the "Queen of the May."

"Very popular gentleman," remarked the person who sought information a while ago.

"Very popular!—troth you may say that, an' very good reason. That's the man that has means, only to share 'em; and, betther than the money he gives is the heart he gives the poor."

"What politics has he?"

"Politics is it? His politics is to love the people, an' make the childher go to school, an' take a neighbor out of a houlit, and advise people to look about 'em before they thrust strangers, an' not take id that every thing good an' just can be got an' no manes o' getting them. That's Mr. Meldon's politics."

"Is he English or Irish?"

"Well, you see, I think he is English myself, but no wan cares to ax him. Isn't he a fine man?" the respondent continued, a little proudly, as he looked at Mr. Meldon.

"Do you see that sarvint behind him?"

"Yes, an awkward-looking fellow, by the bye. Why, he is as broad as he is long."

"Well, I tell you there is the strongest man in Tipperary. I seen him throw a man of fourteen stone over a five-foot hedge! an' he'd kill a fly a mile off, if you only give him a good rifle."

"He is fond of his master?"

"You may say so! good right he has. Would you ever guess that that sarvint is uncle to the 'Queen of the May?' Deed, then he is. An' more betoken, you'll see Mr. Charles give Mr. Meldon and 'Crichawn' (that's the sarvint's name) a wide berth as they call it. 'Crichawn' would make chayney of two ov 'im."

"Pray what is the meaning of 'Crichawn'?"

"The meaning of 'Crichawn?' The meaning of 'Crichawn' is a small pyattee—a useless thing, unless for the pigs—it's so small. Troth, thin, the name does not fit Tom Hayes one morsel."

Five men passed the speakers in a knot. The strange man started.

"Good-bye, my good fellow," he said; and he moved off and joined the newcomers. "I thank you for all the useful information you have given me," were his last words. "These are friends of mine."

The scene was wonderful all day. The dancers had their "country-dances," and their "moneen jigs," and their hornpipes, and their "reels," and their laugh and joke, the rockets of all merry-making; and two milk-white tents up in a corner had their occupants, and within, as well as without, all was merry, and no one was drunk. The gentlemen and ladies, in the intervals of the dances, came and mingled with the peasantry; and, among them all, no one was more attentive and kind than Mr. Meldon, who had a good word for all and singular, but particularly for the "Queen of the May."

Mr. Meldon was a man of grand physique, though clearly he had reached a few years over the time given to the perfection of widows. He stood full six feet, muscular, graceful, and well dressed. He had a profusion of black hair, and so far as his eyes assimilated him, you might imagine him the father of the "Queen of the May." He wore a ring worth a fortune, and dark spectacles which he rarely removed. He was very correct in his address, and, in manners, dignified and easy. He had arrived in Kilsheelan only eighteen months before, and had purchased a small property on which he lived in great seclusion. He had made himself

acquainted with every one, but no one had acquired much knowledge of him. The idea of his being English seems to have had its origin in the fact, that all his letters came from London or from Leeds, and that from time to time he had one or two visitors who evidently came from the sister kingdom. What he was himself, however, "no man cared to ax 'im."

"Now, a moment of culminating interest seems to have arrived. The scattered crowd is concentrating. The "long dance" formed a large and beautiful circle—quite a Tipperary diadem! The "Queen of the May" is standing in the midst, surrounded by seven maidens attired like herself, and singularly attractive. The circle breaks for a moment, and four young men, glowing with healthy excitement, enter, bearing a small mahogany table, on which stood a magnificent crown of flowers of the richest dyes, woven in a circle of golden thread. As soon as the table has been laid on the grass, led in by two fine Tipperary boys—and looking just the man he was, we behold Mr. Meldon. All the neighbors round had asked him to crown the "Queen of the May," and he came that day to lay the glittering prize on the head of Alice Hayes, his nearest neighbor. Such a scene! such cheers, and congratulations, and good wishes, were never heard before by the banks of the Suir, in the midst of which the crowned queen, the "Angel of Slieve-na-Mon," gracefully curtsied to Mr. Meldon, and as gracefully made her acknowledgments to the people.

There was one among the crowd who scowled and bit his lips, and seemed at one time going to become dangerous. That was Mr. Charles Baring. In fact, he had placed his hand in his breast somewhat suspiciously and convulsively; but he heaved a sigh, and drew his hand forth again and tried to look indifferent.

The "Crichawn" had tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed out to him seven or eight men, standing apparently in expectation near the hedge; and Mr. Charles Baring turned away to look for his drag, and, perhaps, seek the companions whom the "Crichawn" indicated as awaiting time.

Going home in the evening, Mr. Mel-

don asked the "Crichawn" whether he saw the men near the hedge.

"Faith yes and heard 'em."

"You know them?"

"Well."

"What are they?"

"Honest as the sun some of 'em, but going astray. I saw a stranger with 'em to-day."

"So did I," Mr. Meldon said; "that stranger is a policeman."

"Murther!" cried the Crichawn; "an' two of them are widows' children an' the on'y help of the cabin!"

The setting sun made the evening golden and the "Long Dance" glow like itself. The trees were lit up with joy, and the river flowing by shared the ecstasy. The crowd came away from the Glin peacefully and happy, and the "needle" was "threaded" brilliantly towards the direction whence the greater number had come. The "Queen" had an ovation as far as her dwelling; and, nearly at the last, Mr. Meldon and his man took their departure from the place. Three miles or four distant from the Glin, the shadows began to deepen, and, by the time of Mr. Meldon's arrival darkness had fairly set in.

Half-an-hour afterwards, "Crichawn" was mounted on a strong colt, and making his way along the road towards Clonmel, but, somewhere more than midway, he made a sharp turn into a bye-road, narrow, rough, and uneven, and leading in the opposite direction from the road he had been travelling. After being some minutes on this road, the malformed creature showed marvels of horsemanship. He turned the animal towards a high and broad hedge, clearing it easily. He then galloped right into the shadow of "Kilivalla," a wood nearly on the breast of the mountain—dashed down again in a mad gallop—cleared a small river at a bound—and then made for a lonely cabin a good distance off. Arrived here, he dismounted, and raised the latch, when the door yielded and the voice of an old woman cried "Failthe, failthe," which is our Irish welcome.

"Crichawn" however made little delay. He simply led the horse right into the cabin, gave him his corner, for the horse was accustomed to the place; and,

then he re-appeared in the darkness and began to resume his journey.

After two or three hours, during which the feats for which he was celebrated came into requisition very frequently, he arrived at the very spot described in the opening lines of this history, and had the awful temerity of going right into the "Pookah's hole." But not only did the rash fellow enter into the Pookah's hole, but he went so far into the same that one would imagine he could never come out again. He knew every corner and crevice, and the hole had corners and crevices enough; and at length, having satisfied himself with so much of his exploit, he deliberately sat down.

He had not been long in this place when hushed voices and echoes of soft footsteps announced that he was not alone.

"Crichawn" thrust his hand into his left breast and drew out a finely-mounted revolver, which he carefully examined.

"Now!" he muttered, "now!" and he examined the instrument by careful touching round and round, for darkness made any other examination impossible.

The new-comers came into the hole—but no great distance. There was little fear of disturbance, at that hour, in that place; and, besides, it must be supposed that one had been left on the watch.

"Crichawn" cautiously approached the visitors, but was perfectly secure from observation. The men sat down in a circle, and, as "Crichawn" had anticipated, they were the same men whom he had seen by the hedge in the Glin great Park, and who finally were joined by the policeman. This gentleman had however, left them; and, singularly enough, the first few words spoken by the conspirators showed they knew who their companion was, and declared their boundless confidence in his love of "the cause."

The most guileless, devoted, and honest people in the world are our poor countrymen; and those qualities give wonderful strength to their trust. They will not calculate difficulties where they think they see "right," and they will not suspect dishonesty when they hear a kind and general companion make professions of devotion. They have been bought and sold many a time; but

they grow in manly knowledge and self-respect. Hope has infancy and maturity; and its objects are not to be anticipated, but patiently waited for. The "hope" of Ireland will, in its own time, be realized, for it lives on a principle which is immortal.

"With all his ears open," as "Crichawn" expressed it, he heard the conversation.

"The masther mentioned all the houses that has arms."

"Yes," was answered.

"He mentioned Dillon's?"

Three answered in the affirmative.

"And Collins's?"

Again an affirmative reply.

"He mentioned," another of the party observed—"he mentioned Meldon's too."

"Oh, yes, I was coming to that. We are on dangerous ground there; "Crichawn" is the devil an' nothin' else. He'd discover us, or faith he'd do somethin' worse may be."

"Howld your tongue!" said a sharp strong voice. "Don't spake to men that way."

"Well, to be shure, how courageous we are!"

"See, now, let wan another pass. You're always sparrin'. We've plenty bisness to mind without you're making us a share."

"We want a great dale of arms," remarked a new voice.

"Ah, hundreds an' thousands; the hour is passing."

"The masther will give five hundred himself."

"Will he?" some one asked.

"Yes," answered the former speaker, "an' money to buy a thousand more."

"How?"

The man who gave the list of houses to be visited for arms then addressed them.

"If ev'ry penny in old Giffard's purse could be got at, the money belongs to the country."

"*Gan dhoutha!* was the general reply."

"We must get the counthry's money," the speaker continued.

"Very well," was the answer.

"But," some one remarked, "we never have took money."

"An' we *arn't* takin' id now. Doesn't id all belong to the Captain—isn't id to him 'tis all a comin', every penny; an'

isn't id he will leave the door open, an' give the key of the ould thief's room, an' hasn't he towld us where the goold an' the notes is in heaps there! The owner of id is givin' id *himself*; and givin' all for his country."

"Agreed! agreed!" all cried together.

"*Sha asthone!*" murmured the "Crichawn," which is an ironical manner our countrymen have of saying, "*To be sure; why not!*"

"Next Monday night," said the leading man.

"All right."

"Will the masther, the Captain, be there?" some one asked.

"Oh, no," the leading man replied. "He'll be out o' the way, 'cause you know he should be doing something agin' us or he'd be suspected and ruined, an' without him what could we do now, because"—

"Hush!" the man of the shrill voice cried; did ye hear anything?"

"Nonsense, Paudheen."

"By"—sang out the courageous man, "the——!"

Awful to relate, from the back of the cave a volume of fire and brimstone rolled out, half choking the conspirators, and blinding them like lightning.

"Murder, murder! the Pookah," cried Paudheen.

Another volume of fire and brimstone.

They pause outside the opening, when another volume, and another, and another, burning, blinding, and suffocating, struck them, this time absolutely blinding the leading man. In the pitch-darkness succeeding, five of the men got sudden blows which knocked them over like ninepins, and one of them had his jaw nearly broken in the fall. People that had no belief in the Pookah—and some to their cost—found that the Pookah's hole was no place to hold Parliamentary sittings to make laws for the country.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE QUEEN OF THE MAY—AND ALSO ABOUT THE HAYESES IN THE FAMINE TIME.

WHILE "Crichawn" pursued the *uneven* "tenor of his way" down the mountain-side, he indulged in sundry inward

chuckles regarding the manifestation of the Pookah's wrath, and the unceremonious dispersion of the midnight council. He kept a sharp look-out all around him. However, as he thought it probable some few of the conspirators might follow in his track, if not already ahead of him; but as he pressed steadily forward with the confident air of one who knew every step and turn of the pathless "Glin," he gradually lost any little anxiety he might have had respecting their appearance, and having gained comparatively clear and level ground, his thoughts took a more serious and collected form. From time to time, as the waning moonlight played upon his dark, rugged features, the poor fellow seemed to follow a weary line of sad and bitter memories.

"Traitors all!" he murmured between his set teeth. "Traitors, black traitors, everyone! Oh, 'Mavourneen!'" he continued, "how is it that the few who are true to *you*,"—emphasising the pronoun by an angry stamp of his foot on the green sod,—“have been always sould to shame, and sorrow, and death, and the black villains who betray you get full and plinty! How is it too that those who ought to know them best, fall the easiest into their snares! There's Baring," he continued, "that devil's breed! och," and he looked like ejecting a nauseous object from his mouth—and signed himself with the sign of the Cross, as if to ward off the evil spirit conjured by the very name,—“that mean coward gets honest boys to follow his lead—and brave hearts to fall into his murderous net! Ah! Master Charles, Master Charles,” went on "Crichawn," "'twas a lucky day I met you in Great Patrick street, so it was. With the help of God and Holy Mary," he added,—“dear Mother Mary, who always watches over her own—many a one will be saved by it.”

By this time "Crichawn" had reached a long level plateau, just at the first bend of the great mountain's base, where it declines in a series of gradual and graceful curves till it seems, in a loving clasp, to meet the surface of the verdant valley, nestling in cosy contentment at its feet. Above him towered the mighty crest of Slieve-na-Mon, wreathed in fantastic drapery of silvery mist—now lifting fold after fold, until the snowy veil wore golden fringe and crimson lining

in the roseate rays of the rising sun. Before him, at his very feet—far and far away, on left and right, stretched out the fair valley of the Suir, sleeping quietly in the great silence of the Summer dawn. Only the birds were astir and the little silvery streams, that threaded a glistening gleam of light along the hoary mountain's side; and both bird and stream made sweet concert in the morning hymn of nature unto God—for ever and for ever unending and unexchanging—from the first dawn even to the last twilight of gloom. "All ye works of the Lord, praise the Lord!" is the command of inspiration;—and all His works obey and fulfil, save one, and that alone the one of all most perfect.

With the growing light came a greater stir, and the low of cattle, and the curls of blue smoke from many a white chimney, proclaimed that the work of life had begun, and another day had come to bear its message of fate, and leave its mark of weal or woe upon the lives and hearts of men.

Something of the subtle and always mysterious charm of the dawn seemed to attract and subdue the rough, wild, untutored, and yet highly sensitive and poetic sympathies of the poor cripple whom we know as "Crichawn." To all his neighbors far and wide he was known as a great athlete. With a hand as ready to strike as to give, a little queer they say—just "eerie like"—as all malformed creatures are—'twasn't safe "to cross him, you know; and sure every wan knows that whin the 'good people' (God save us), took wan stringth from a man they always gev 'im another." 'Twas so they explained the otherwise extraordinary contrast between "Crichawn's" stunted, mis-shapen figure and his well known gigantic powers. Few ventured to provoke him; and none cared to dispute with one to whose natural agility tradition had added the unconquerable arm of a fairy spell. "He came of a good ould stock—none better in all the country-side—and he was always good to the poor, so he was—but ———" Why is there a *but* to most people's commendations of their neighbors' perfections?"

"Biddy Martin," the old crones said, "was in a trimble the night 'Crichawn' was born—his mother, God rest her

soul, was so bad entirely—and the ‘Crichawn’ himself hadn’t a kick in him, and Biddy swears she baptised him straight and right—as ould Father Murphy taught her many a long day; and so when he was took to the priest to be christened, his reverence tould ’em he couldnt repate a holy sacrament—as far as the water wint—but my word to you”—and here the narrator would shake her head, and point her finger at you in awful warning—“my word to you, the water never touched his head at all at all—no not even a dawning-drop, *acushla*; and that’s the reason why he’s the ‘Crichawn’ the only one of the Hayeses that was ever a cripple. The same night *agra*—the good people,” here the old crone sank her voice to a timorous whisper, and felt in the depths of her long side pockets for her beads, and made the holy sign three times, “that very same night, whin they found the priest didn’t christen him—the ‘good people’ took him clear and clane out of the cradle, *alanna*, and left a “Crichawn” in the fine straight baby’s place! Many a one axed his poor mother—God rest her sowl—to throw him on the red fire; and that, when the fairy child was burned to a cinder, her own fair boy would be found in the cradle agin. But she wouldn’t hear to it’ *agra*. Mary Hayes—God rest her sowl, was a double first-cousin to ould Father Murray;—and by the same token she could spake like a book;—and as for prayers, people said she always kept the chapel key in her pocket; always at her duty, strict and regular. With a gintle way she had, no wan would like to argufy with her for long,—she spoke so low, an’ soft and still, for all, in a keen kind of way, that was like an auger boring into one’s heart; and so, my dear, when Moll Naughtin, the ‘fairy woman’ God save us—wanted to put her charms over the little ‘Chrichawn,’ Mary Hayes got blazing mad, and tould big Moll how ’twas a mother’s duty to know that her child was christened, and that what she wanted her to do was a black sin, and tould her to begone and never to darken Pat Hayes’s door agin. There was great talk at the time, and ould Father Murray threatened to call ’em from the altar, who’d talk to Moll Naughtin, or take any of her charms,

or say that the fairies (God protect us!) could do any one harm; and by degrees the neighbors forgot the whole story. “But;”—and here the emphasis pointed out the moral which the village historian clearly wanted to enforce,—“but that never before or since, was seen one of the Hayeses like ‘Crichawn’.”

Long years had passed away since “ould Father Murray’s time,” and Moll Naughtin was as great a tradition as themselves. There were silver locks in the dark clusters of poor “Crichawn’s” hair, and the baby boy had passed the line of middle age:—still the aroma of the mystery hung about him, and gave him, as we have said, an influence which had lately grown up into a very powerful authority. We are bound, too, in justice, to add that “Crichawn” never exercised his power unduly or unjustly.

The poor wayfarer stood on the slope of Slieve-na-Mon, drinking into his eager thirsting soul full draughts of the glad beauty borne upon every sight, and sound of the glorious Summer dawn. “Crichawn” was endowed with a sense more potent than ever was fairy spell, and he thrilled with a sympathy quite as incomprehensible to himself as to the simple people, who loved him even while they feared. He did not know why the flowers spoke to him as he passed, every petal ringing the silver bell of a sweet, sad melody. He could not explain why the river sang to him in the drowsy noontide, and the great ocean heaved with the grand music of an unending psalm. He hardly realized how many divine pictures he wove out of the glittering moonbeams; and he often wondered why the sighing of the great trees made him start and shiver, as if they cried to him for help and pity. He was half ashamed of the tenderness that made him weep at the sounds of the dear old melodies; and people say the fairies were “talkin’ to him,” while he lay for hours in the long grass, on a Summer’s day, and watched the light and shade glint and glide over the sides of Slieve-na-Mon. He nursed little children so gently, and kept looking into their clear bright eyes in such a strange cheery fashion, and made way for the *colleens* at fair or wake, or at the altar rail, with a quaint, stiff reverence that

touched the maidens' hearts more than many compliments would have done—if any; and he could never have told you, because he never stayed to analyse his emotions, what was the spring and essence of his faith and his patriotism, that made all the supernatural for him a bright and living reality—ay, and gave to his love of country a daring and devotion happily not rare amongst Irishmen; but we can solve the mystery; and while the poor "Crichawn" kneels down in the ecstasy of the higher life that for a short while possesses his soul,—we know full well that deep in his dreamy soul there is a ray—dim, it is true, to earthly sight, but still serene and unchanging—it is the light of genius! In feeling, sentiment, and all but the outward signs "Crichawn" is a poet.

While "Crichawn" rests in the holy peace of his morning oblation, it may be useful for the better understanding of our history that we should take the reader into the past, and see something of a period fraught with events of the deepest importance to almost every one of those who have kept us company so far. And to do this is no easy task; for even the highest courage must quail, and the most facile pen hesitate, before the awful memory of Ireland in the famine year—that year of woe and unspeakable desolation which has been so aptly named "The Black '47." Most people know something of its horrors, and many people shrink from even a slight recollection of these days of doom when famine and pestilence stalked naked through the land; and in the homes of plenty and luxury where hunger dare not enter, the red typhus laughed in ghastly triumph, and swept its hundreds of victims to the grave.

It was then in the very carnival time of Death—in the Midsummer of '47—that the clouds of woe lay as a loathsome winding-sheet around the fair valley of the Suir. Home after home grew desolate; and the churchyard, the workhouse, or the emigrant ship had already stilled forever or borne far, far away, some of the truest hearts and strongest arms, and stolen many of its fairest and purest blossoms from the side of Slieve-na-Mon. But as yet things had not come to the bitter end with the Hayeses.

Pat Hayes still held on some little

show of home comfort under the old roof-tree; and "Crichawn's" strong arm had been mercifully spared to do the farm work, and force out of the parched and blackened soil, a little even for poor little pining Ally, and her dear saintly mother, and also for the poor who now more than ever migrated from place to place, in strange and stricken groups, with skeleton arms outstretched in mute supplication, and staring eyeballs—and parched lips drawn tightly over the hungry teeth—the very wild beast of the famished animal eclipsing in a horrid mockery the image of the soul within. Many a time the wandering outcast sat down by the hospitable hearth of the Hayeses in these sad times; and one of these, while kissing the hand that gave him food, left the deadly fever taint behind him. They had gone through the Spring and the early Summer, having had many a struggle, and some trials, but they had faith, patience, and industry. Pat Hayes was a teetotaler, and his wife a thrifty housekeeper; and where such a combination exists, much may be faced—all can be endured. But there are calamities as unforeseen as gigantic, and the hour of such a calamity had already arrived. The shadow of want and misfortune had, in the June of '47, not only darkened the threshold but had made a dreary havoc in the once happy home of the Hayeses. First the crops grew black in the ground, and the once generous meal of fine flowery potatoes had ceased to be forthcoming for men and animals; and then it made sad inroads on the already lightened purse to have to buy meal and flour, and the unsatisfying Indian corn, for daily bread. Then the cows grew sick, as if infected by the subtle malady in the air, and, so, the milk disappeared, and the firkins could not be filled, and the Cork merchants' advance was no longer available. One by one, the pigs were sold—at half-price—for the want of buyers, and, then, the young stock, and what was left of the once fine bacon. And then came the pawn-tickets, accumulating in sad numbers within the old cracked teapot on the kitchen dresser—and the rest. The fine patchwork quilt, the pride of Mary Hayes's girlhood, with tambour-work in the centre-piece and corners, kept as an heir-

loom for her little Ally, was yielded to necessity and many scalding tears; and then followed the fine blue cloth cloak—Paddy's wedding present—for in these days, women were not yet ashamed of wearing a good garment as long as it would hold, and spent their little savings in fine linen, and quaint china, and, it may be, a bit of fair old silver plate—to make home comfortable, and to treasure as a wedding gift for son and daughter. All this time, however, the work of ruin went on slowly but surely. The dress followed the cloak, and the featherbeds, every one; and—but we shall not pursue the "o'er true tale" further. Most people know how poverty creeps upon the doomed family, and many people, even among our readers, may have felt how bitter is its sting. There is no need to excite the one with vague fears or harrow the other with fearful memories. Suffice it to say, that want, gaunt and horrid want stared Paddy Hayes in the face. Everything available had been pawned and sold, and more than all, and worse than anything that had yet befallen the unfortunate man—the Summer gale was due; and as we know, Mr. Giffard D'Alton was the landlord, and one of his vital principles was to allow "no arrears." Poor Paddy Hayes! No wonder his heart sank and his knees trembled, until he was fain to throw himself down under the old hawthorn tree for very weakness.

Yet we would wrong him to call this fear, for, in truth, it was hunger. For two days he had been fasting, and no wonder the once strong frame of the old man quivered in the throes of that awful and double agony of body and soul. It was not for himself that the heavy heart quailed, or the hot tears coursed rapidly down his sunken cheeks. It was for those he loved better far than life. All honor to our Irish race, and rare honor and sovereign glory it is, that we can boldly challenge the whole history of the most terrible famine with which it has pleased the Almighty ever to afflict a people—and from end to end the record glows red, indeed, with the blood of a martyred people, but without the black stain of ungrateful or unnatural crime!

(To be continued.)

A DAY DREAM. *

SCENE IN THE CO. CARLOW.

I sat upon a gentle hill
One eve alone, where all was still;
Behind—Mount Leinster's dim blue head
Arrested clouds, whose moisture ted
The silver rills that crept along
Its rugged sides, with pensive song;
Thence onward flow thro' bosky dells,
Where Folly says the Banshee dwells.
The scene was lovely, tranquil, sweet
As mortal e'er could wish to meet,
Or—where unseen, might wander near,
Kind Spirits of another sphere.
Luxuriant grass was lately mown,
And o'er its hay the breeze had blown:
Or here and there the meadows swayed
And mid potato blossoms played.
Each simple bud and flower wild
On that delightful landscape smiled:
The daisy, cowslip, pale primrose,
The hawthorn that in beauty blows
In every hedge, so fresh and fair,
And with its fragrance fills the air.
The blue bell and the buttercup,
From which their nectar Fairies sup.
Violet blue and red fox-glove,
And sweet woodbine, the type of love.
The bees were ranging cup and bell
In eager quest of honey cell.
Green pastures spread o'er acres far,
From where I lay to Ballybar;
A many coloured herd was seen
For change to brouse on bushes green
And flocks of fleecy sheep, which raise
Their heads to bleat, then stoop to graze,
Or, run upon the least alarm
Of barking dog—dot many a farm:
And lambs frisked on each little hill,
Where rays of sunshine lingered still.
The milkmaid's laugh, the rustic's voice,
So merry, made the heart rejoice.
The linnet sang his Vesper lays,
The finch poured forth his hymn of praise,
A chorus, which in piping song,
The blackbird and the thrush prolong:
And though unseen—in anthems high,
The lark was warbling from the sky.

In rich expanse, each harvest field
Gave promise of abundant yield;
And far beyond the stooks of corn
Were seen, as blew the hunting horn,
Two red coats, riding thro' the whin,†
A huntsman and his whipper-in,
As they were training out the pack
Of Harrier hounds, white, red and black—
Far off the placid Barrow flowed
Between its sedge-lined banks, and glowed
With those light blue and crimson dyes
That often gild the Irish skies;
Along its course green hills ascend,

* This sketch was written many years ago in Ireland.

† Whin—furze.

That to its wayward windings bend :
And ev'ry stream and crystal fount,
The watery syphons of the mount,
Their clear, collected floods thence lead
The River's gentle tide to feed.

On left—sloped off Clogrennan Hill,
Like varied patchwork made with skill :
Of every shape the fields were seen

From base to top—of every hue
And every shade of brown or green,

As on them grass or heather grew,
Or, yellow with the furze in bloom,
Mixed with the purple of the broom,
And dark the moor—lone haunt of snipe,
And golden, where the grain was ripe ;
While flowing in its rocky bed
Was mountain stream, like silver thread ;
Near which the grouse and partridge breed—
The woodcock and the plover feed.
The fine demesne with copsewood screens,
Its noble mansion, Sylvan scenes.
Its fertile fields and aged wood,
Its vistas green—and solitude,
A brook there ripples past the rocks,
The covert of the hare and fox :
Mid briers and fern, and raised o'er these,
Red berry-laden rowan trees,—
That grew beside the torrent's bed—
In panoramic view were spread.
Its ancient Castle, whose gray towers
Were girt with ivy and wallflowers,
As if with leaf and festoon wreath
The fading Ruins' wreck to sheathe ;
And thus a verdant livery lent
To broken arch and battlement.

And higher up, close by the wood,
A mouldering Abbey dimly stood
Its rents concealed with kindest screen,
A mantle thick of ivy green.
Clodah! a far, secluded spot,
Meet to forget and be forgot—

{ There oft beneath is mellow soil
{ The peasant closed his time of toil,
{ The young and gay—the aged breast
{ Are lowly laid in peace and rest :
{ And bones are seen in withered guise
{ O'er which the heart might moralize.
There some of my ancestors lie
With kith and kindred gathered nigh,
In holy ground, in silent graves,
And over all the green grass waves.

Before me with a fair renown
Reposed my quiet, native town :
Historians from the Celtic tale
Its name, “the City on the Lake—”
Its granite spires and graceful domes,
Its public structures, peaceful homes,
Its well arranged extensive college
The seat of lay and cleric knowledge.
Its Castle, on whose great round towers
The Warder paced at midnight hours,
When camps were pitched before its walls
Which on it poured their cannon balls :
The British massed their troops around,

Yet idle each assault was found
But one—when Cromwell's minions, not
By force but guile, an entrance got.
’Twas once upon the fords and town
A guardian spirit looking down.
But now we see its roofless walls,
Its empty courts and silent halls ;
Mad undermining overthrew
What fire and sword had failed to do,
And war and siege and shot and shell—
When half its walls and towers fell.

Where'er I turned new features rose,
Each plain and vale fresh scenes disclose,
Wood, mountain, castle, abbey, stream
My thoughts still fed with many a dream ;
As I continued thus to gaze
Remembrance flew to other days,
And gloomy retrospections stole
In troubled shapes across my soul :
For on Mount Leinster's mossy side,
Where sheep and goat alone abide,
Once lived an outlawed chieftain bold,
Of whose brave deeds strange tales are told ;
He was too proud to bend the knee
To Sasanach or Slavery ;
Took of his clan, a chosen few,
To altar, home and country true,
And refuge from the cruel storm
Had sought there, sooner than conform,
Be traitor, sycophant or slave,
Preferred to fill a rebel's grave.

Amid those verdant vales in view,
And o'er those Wicklow mountains blue,
How long had bitter Discord reigned,
With many a deed of vengeance stained ;
How oft has hill and valley been
Of internecine war the scene,
When bands of hostile, armed men
Marched through the field and leafy glen :
Distracted was each Patriot's heart,
From friends by death or flight to part ;
Moist was the childless mother's eye,
Wild was the caoiner's mournful cry,
As lay beside the lonesome roads,
The victims of Draconic codes,
'Mid blackened walls and on the plain
The corpse of son or brother slain.

And near yon misty Mount Sleive-Bloom,
Enrobed in moss and heath and broom,
The great O'Moore, as chief of Leix,*
Gave laws from rocky Dunamase :
And long he struggled to withstand
Invaders of his native land.
The clan ne'er stooped to foreign yoke,
With pike and *skean* gave thrust for stroke,
With allies leagued for Innisfail,
Or fighting round the English Pale,
To which 'twas vowed they'd never yield
And were the last to leave the field.
It were a long sad tale to tell
The woes that noble race befel.
Whoever bore the hated name
Were chased by Hartpole's men as game,
With bloodhounds, keenly taught to trace

* *Cahair* a city and *lough*, a lake.

* Pronounced *Lace*.

The outlaw to his lurking place.
That sept to hill and fastness fled
With each a price upon his head ;
By axe or halter some chiefs died,
Some sword in hand, the foe defied,
Until by stratagem, the last
Fell in cold blood at Mullamast—

While musing thus, I fell asleep,
When in a dream I heard one weep,
I thought it was upon the shore,
To which the sea its billows bore,
And turning round, two deep blue eyes
Were bent on me, in mute surprise,
As though I had disturbed a grief
Which only thus could find relief.
The Vision's robe was purely green,
Although uncrowned, she seemed a queen,
Her eyes were bright, but moist with tears,
Though wasted with the woe of years,
Her features showing trace of care,
Her stately step and regal air
And graceful form and sweet fair face,
Would say she was of gentle race.
Her auburn ringlets round her hung,
Her white hand held a harp unstrung,
And from her neck she tore a yoke
Was half cast off, as thus she spoke.

Hark Mortal—see,
Behold in me
The mournful Genius of that day,
When Freedom slept
And patriots wept
To find their cherished hopes decay.

How many bled,
A few have fled
To shun their doom and honors gain,
Rank, wealth beside,
At home denied,
Beneath the flags of France and Spain.

He, whose vile knee
To Tyranny
Is bent, deserves that he should never
Taste Freedom's cup,
But basely sup
The bitter draught of bondage ever.

How much is due
To hearts so true,
That sought in evil times to save
Their native rights,
Through countless fights,
But found instead a martyr's grave.

Those valiant dead
Should have a bed
Where shamrocks green and daisies grow,
Who with the pike
Were wont to strike
By day or night, their country's foe.

And deathless fame
Each leader's name
To future times in tears shall tell,
Who tyrants spurned,
For vengeance burned,
Who boldly fought or bravely fell.

Yet many sleep
In trenches deep,
And at their heads no Cross or stone,
Good spirits blessed
Their place of rest,
Though loss unwept and name unknown.

But yonder see
Bright Liberty
Ascending from our Nation's pyre,
Those bonds that bound
The Isle around
Have caught the purifying fire.

Then all unite
In Celtic might,
Or waste your strength and so remain
A prey to those
Intestine foes
With whom you'll struggle then in vain.

They will despoil
Your fruits of toil,
And rivet on your necks the chain,
To bear the curse
Of woes far worse
Than Anglo-Norman or the Dane.

And ceased the Genius of our Isle,
As with sweet air and languid smile.
She disappeared behind a wave,
To rest within her ocean cave.
Around, the billows calmly broke,
And with their murmurs I awoke.

The sun had sunk to golden rest
Beyond the mountains of the west,
The night was dark, the winds were still,
Save baying dog and rippling rill,
No sound disturbed the silence deep
That settled on the landscape's sleep.—

Montreal.

EMIGRANT.

CATHOLICS AS EDUCATORS.—Catholics compare favorably with others in their efforts to promote the education of the people. The school attendance compared with the population is in Austria as 1 to 10, in Belgium as 1 to 10½, in Catholic Switzerland as 1 to 16, in England as 1 to 17, in Bavaria as 1 to 7. Austria, Bavaria, Belgium and Ireland have proportionately a larger school attendance than England. England and Wales, with a population of 22,712,000, of whom only half were registered, and not half of these attended with sufficient regularity to bring grants to their schools. Ireland, with a population of 5,411,416, had 1,006,546, or nearly half as many as England and Wales, though her population is not a fourth of that of these two countries.

I'm nearly like Darcy all over

ABOUT EXHIBITIONS.

THE first idea of the first International Exhibition (London, A. D. 1851) was conceived by the late Prince Consort, a quiet gentleman, devoted to the Queen, and somewhat of a political philosopher. He was President of the Royal Society of Arts, and under its auspices the great enterprise was launched. It did not advance without opposition. In the House of Commons, one member—a Colonel in the army—declared that he devoutly prayed for some tremendous hailstorm or visitation of lightning to be sent from heaven expressly for the purpose of destroying in advance the building destined for the Exhibition. That man would be a valuable acquisition to-day in Zululand. In the Lords there was nothing added to the “regulation” prayer, which is long and dreary enough, but a petition was presented against the occupation of any part of Hyde Park with the Exhibition building. Public meetings were held at which the scheme was vehemently denounced, by some on sanitary grounds, fearing it would introduce the plague; by others for political resources, dreading a Red or Chartist uprising; and by others—true Britons, who never (hardly ever) *will* be slaves—through pure godliness, declaring that it was an invention of Satan or the Jesuits to celebrate the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy. The project, however, went bravely on. A magnificent Crystal Palace, an object of curiosity and wonder in itself, arose in Hyde Park, and under its vast roof were gathered in brilliant array the richest fruits of the industry of all nations. Millions went to see the great show, including Tories, Whigs, Repealers, Chartists, and even Jesuits, and there was no plague, no upheaval of any kind, and it neither rained fire, nor pitch-forks, nor respectable hail-stones during five calendar months. Prince Albert had reason to be proud of the success of his enterprise, and the Exhibition of 1851 made him forever famous. It was the consort of his royal daughter, His Excellency the Governor General, who suggested the holding of a Dominion Exhibition this year instead of the usual Ontario Provincial. If he ever imagined this scheme would entail

him any renown, he has been grievously disappointed. The design was unhappy, and it was unsuccessfully executed. Only one word can fittingly describe the Dominion Exhibition of 1879, and that word is *failure*—failure in every point except one. But no blame therefore can be justly attached to the Marquis of Lorne. Indeed, the only successful exhibit during the week was his own appearance with Her Royal Highness, which attracted over twenty thousand spectators who had never before gazed upon Royalty. The responsible parties are the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, who hastily adopted a proposal good-naturedly but not seriously made, and the Minister of Agriculture who encouraged it with a grant of money and several hundred gold and silver medals as prizes. The Marquis of Lorne was a stranger to this country and its resources; they were not. They knew perfectly well that an exhibition of the products and works of the Dominion, during this period of general depression, was nothing but a bitter mockery of the thousands of our half-starved mechanics and farm laborers who have emigrated to the States during last twelve month. They knew, besides, it was folly to attempt to give a National or Dominion character to a purely provincial affair, inaugurated by Ontario, directed by Ontario, and for the sole benefit of Ontario, no other province being consulted at its inception or during its progress. They knew—those gentlemen of the Agricultural and Arts Association knew from previous experience—that Ottawa was not the proper place for anything more extensive than a county fair, on account of its isolated position, having no direct railway communication with any of the great manufacturing centres and farm-stock districts. The Exhibition was held notwithstanding, and the display of Florida Water and Lime Juice, imported china and crystal-ware, canned meats and general groceries, ladies’ needle-work and school-boys’ pencilings was wonderful to behold. Amongst the astonished visitors were the Governors of Maine, Vermont, and Ohio, who came on special invitation to “pause, gaze, and admire.” The Governor of Ohio, on his return home, was inter-

viewed by the ever faithful reporter, and asked his impressions of the Exhibition. He said, "he had met the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, and was pleased with them both. The Princess, he thought, was a very charming woman (by the way, he had her photograph in his hand during this conversation), and the Marquis was a nice, pleasant young man, and he had been treated kindly by both." The good, charitable old soul had nothing more to say about it, but he said just enough. Canadians, one and all, owe him a debt of gratitude for not having published the whole truth. The Marquis of Lorne as a "promoter" was not as fortunate as his father-in-law in 1851. He has, however, the satisfaction of knowing that Governor Bishop thinks he is a "nice, pleasant young man," and that same is no small comfort to him and credit to his loyal subjects.

O'GRADY.

. Prof. O'Grady will assume control of a new department next month. in which "Home and Foreign Topics" will be discussed.—EDITOR.

POLONIA'S SOLILOQUY.

THE following beautiful soliloquy uttered by Polonia, the daughter of Egerius, King of Ireland, as she is descending the mountain which guards the "dreaded secret" of St. Patrick's purgatory, is from McCarthy's translation of Calderon's St. Patrick's Purgatory:—

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I turn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times,
And such my boundless love to Thee,
I wish each will of mine a living soul
could be.

Would that my love I could have shown
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that pressed my head,
Some proud imperial crown and throne,
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course, and gilds
with constant rays,

This lowly grot 'neath rocks uphurled,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
A spur of that stupendous wall
The eighth great wonder of the world,
Doth in its little space excel
The grandest palace where a king doth
dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch its weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brightening plain their
swiftly fading cars—

Far better in the mighty main
As night comes on and clouds grow gray,
To see the golden coach of day
Drive down amid the waves of Spain—
But be it dark or be it bright,
O Lord, I praise Thy name by day and
night—

Then to endure the inner strife
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride and state,
And all the vanities of life;
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting
dream.

CHIT-CHAT.

—The late controversy amongst medical men as to the value of alcoholic drinks has led to more practical results than usual. Dr. Alfred Carpenter in a lecture delivered before the Medical Society of London laid it down, that any consumption of alcohol sufficient to furnish the blood with *one part of alcohol in five hundred of blood* is dangerous to health. This is bringing the matter down to something definite, and gives us a formula which can be worked out by the aid of a little medical knowledge, backed up with a little arithmetic. But even this is not simple enough. Few toppers know how much blood is in them, whilst fewer still know how much alcohol gets into the blood from each glass of whiskey they consume. Any deductions therefore which they may make can only be approximations. The late Mr. Anstie put the thing in a more popular and therefore more useful form, when he laid it down as a rule, that "*the alcohol contained in a couple of glasses of ordinary sherry wine is quite as much as an average man or woman can take daily without injury.*" This effectually knocks the *do-me-good* theory of our toppers on the head. The alcohol contained in *two ordinary glasses of sherry*, would not fill a tablespoon, and if this is all that a strong man can drink in a day, *without injury*, the sooner he quits it altogether the better. Dr. Carpenter

endorses this view and adds—the use of stimulants, even if *in a deluted form* to enable one to do more work than could be done without them, is *certainly injurious*. Dyspepsia is the first consequence and acute neuralgia and hysteria are frequently the ultimate consequences, and, what is worse still, are as frequently the consequences transmitted to the offspring.

The sum of the controversy appears to be this—whilst it is *not certain* that alcohol ever does the healthy *any good*, it is not certain, that in *very moderate quantities* it does them *any harm*.

But then remember it must be in *very moderate quantities*.

—Discussing the other day with a certain Jail Chaplain, the probability of death ensuing to a drunkard from a too sudden abstinence from drink, he said: "Let no man persuade you of such folly. No less than seven thousand drunkards pass through my hands every year—men convicted for drunkenness and in the very act. These men from the time they are in the policeman's hands to the time they are convicted never taste a drop of liquor and yet in no case does our doctor allow whiskey."

—The Persians had a grim method of keeping their judges in order. When a certain Judge had been convicted of corrupt practices, he was put to death, and his skin was stretched over the tribunal at which he had presided—*pour encourager les autres*, you know.

What a pity this wholesome practice could not now-a-days be extended to our members of Parliament! How wonderfully it would clear the political atmosphere!

—In these days of disorganized governments, might we not take a leaf out of the Parian book? So well ordered was the government of Paros in ancient times, that her chief men were often appointed as arbitrators by the rest of "the isles of Greece." When the inhabitants of Miletus found the affairs of their country in such a state as to be beyond their powers of amendment, they applied to the Parians to extricate them from their difficulties. The Parians im-

mediately chose from their number a few of their most prudent and skilful citizens, and sent them to Miletus to examine into the state of affairs, and to report thereon. These, whilst travelling through the country noted carefully the best cultivated farms and finding out the names of the owners recommended *them* as the future governors of the country—"for" said they "he only who can govern his own is able to govern others." If this principle were more frequently acted upon in the appointment of our rulers, we should have fewer failures civil, political and ecclesiastical.

—There are more ways of writing a letter than on rose coloured note paper. Ovid mentions the case of a letter written on the skin of the messenger's back.

Messenger beware! for want of a better I'm using the skin of your back for my letter.
(Free Translation.)

But Aulus Gelius gives us perhaps the most curious sample of note paper. When Histiceus wished Aristagoras to revolt, he wrote his commands on the messenger's *skull*. A novel kind of note paper truly! and one which throws our modern drawing-room "cream laid" into the shade. In order to effect his purpose and at the same time to keep the messenger in ignorance of his designs, he chose out one of his servants who happened to have sore eyes, and persuaded him that the only way to cure them was to allow him to shave his head and then to scarify it. The man having consented, he caused the head to be shaved, and under pretence of scarifying it, wrote his letter thereon to Aristagoras. Allowing a certain time for the hair to grow, he despatched the man to Aristagoras enjoining him, if he desired a perfect cure, to prevail upon Aristagoras to again shave his head. This being done Aristagoras discovered written on the man's scalp a peremptory order to revolt.

—An Englishman travelling in the home of French Protestantism ("Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes") in France met a man, who, when asked his religion replied, "I make no shame of my religion—I am a Catholic." "The

phrase," says our Englishman, "is a piece of natural statistic, for it is the language of *one in a minority*." Had our Englishman chosen he might have drawn a *further* conclusion. It is the language of one who has opposed to him a religion, whose weapon is *ridicule*.

—The Eleventh Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland, (c. 2, 311) gives us some queer peeps into the social condition of Ireland under Elizabeth. Even under the comparatively benign rule of Sir Henry Sidney, few leases or grants of land were given except under such *merciful* conditions as these:—1. The maintenance of four English horsemen; 2. The sons and principal servants to use the English language, dress and rule as far as possible; 3. Not to claim the Brehon law; 4. Not to maintain any man of Irish blood accustomed to bear arms, born outside the country; 5. To keep open all fords on the land, except fords adjoining an Irish county; 6. To live on the premises; 7. Not to marry or make compaternity with any Irish living outside the counties; 8. No woman having a jointure to marry an Irishman. How thoroughly wasted and desolate the country had become under English rule, we learn from No. 1519, which recites: "The provinces of Mounster and Thomonde are for the greatest parte growen so barren, wasted and desolate, that varie sklender and allmoste no provicion at all may for the presente be had in those countreies for the victuell-ing of our said garrison." Alas, poor Ireland!

H. B.

At our first setting out in life, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty, let us beware of the seducing appearances which surround us; and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If we allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, our inward peace will be impaired. But if any, which has the taint of guilt, take only possession of our mind, we may date, from that moment, the ruin of our tranquillity.

HOW IS IT IN IRELAND TO DAY?

S. J. MEANY, IN "THE CELTIC MONTHLY."

The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

BYRON.

SCATTERED but to be gathered again at a new shrine for a nation's worship! We might indeed take our text or epigraph, from a recent number of the "Irish Democrat" newspaper of this city to show how it is with Ireland to-day. The writer sums up the whole case of the country's hopefulness in the pithy sentence "The people are at the people's work." Led on by determined and disinterested Parliamentary leaders, the constituencies are alive to the necessity of a practical something rather than a sentimental nonentity; and to Charles Stewart Parnell, and his little band of obstructive progressionists, will be the honor and glory of having directed the mind of Ireland into the primary movement for the cure of her miseries. To estimate the present aright, and to give new cheer for exertion in the future, it is necessary to take a cursory review of Ireland's Past.

Ireland may be said to have lived centuries in the last thirty years. Woes and miseries whose name was legion, came upon her, and the spring of her youth departed. She was bowed to earth; her step grew feeble, and her heart heavy; age, premature age—the age which takes its wrinkles from disappointments, and its feebleness from hope deferred—relaxed the sinews of her frame, and froze the blood in her veins, and she sat in sack-cloth and ashes by the grave of her glories: weeping for the days when the sword of an O'Neill parried the blows that were aimed at her life.

These years form an era which is written in famine graves and convict cells, and on the gallows-tree. They are chronicled in blood. These years too were years of comprehensive measures. The most comprehensive measure ever attempted, was the assassination of a whole people. And to accomplish

this the ministerial intellect of a powerful nation was directed. English legislation from the day when Godby proposed the godless scheme of the wholesale transportation of the Irish people, to that on which was introduced amid the cheers of an admiring audience, the very comprehensive plan for a new plantation, or utter extermination of the Celtic race; and thence again to our own time when Gladstone put before the people the mockeries of Church disendowment and Landlord Laws; and Beaconsfield gracelessly gave that sublime sham, the University Act of last session; the Premiers of England had one aim and one darling hope. That hope has been partially realized. The "mere Irish" still surviving have a great mission; to prevent its complete accomplishment.

That the assassination of Ireland by statute law was regularly planned is evident to all. The country while peopled by Celts was found to be a difficulty; for the national spirit of the old race burst forth ever and anon; at one time in the absurdest agitation; at another in formidable because determined resistance. This would not be the case, if her counting houses were filled by London Jews, and her fair fields possessed by Yorkshire bullock-feeders. And so it was resolved that be the holder of power thorough Tory, canting Whig or mongrel Liberal, the Celts should be gotten rid of, buried in the plague pits, or transported in the emigrant ship. And the plague pits were filled and the emigrant ship crowded.

Such indeed was the past and present reaps the sowing of the past. To-day inherits the glory or degradation of yesterday; and Ireland of the present moment is a fair example of what wonders may be achieved by comprehensive measures and ameliorative legislation. Still some are rushing blindly to the emigrant ship as was foreseen and designed by government, others stand in listless apathy waiting for a miracle; the shoneen classes do their best to rob those under them and finding nothing more to steal, close up their shops and fail; the aristocracy agitates against rates, and sells itself for a place or an occasional dinner at the Castle; and strange to say Irish vanity survives the dishonor;

and weak as the people are they are as vain as ever.

And is there no hope for Ireland? Will it ever continue the organized misery which it is at present. If we thought so the cause of Ireland should have from us no advocacy save that the emigrant ship should receive the whole Irish people. But there is one hope for Ireland, the hope that her mind will cure her misery.

Though society in Ireland is corrupt, there is still remaining much honest intelligence. The people are not all knaves or wholly fools. There is the nucleus of a nation in the mere Irish who think, for some of them do think; and the object should be to collect the people round it—the individual particles to the flame centre. In the meantime let the cant about Irish division and Irish unfitness for freedom cease.

These divisions will not be lessened by talk; and as for unfitness and that sort of thing they are just as fit for freedom over there in Ireland as we are here on this continent. The Irish are not more divided than other people would be if they had passed through a history the leading events of which are penal laws and famine graves and suspensions of the constitution and such like comprehensive legislation of all kinds. The Irish are as much deserving of liberty as their masters. The Celt disdains a chain as much as the Saxon. Up to this however they have not taken the right course to break their chain, and they failed. Remember the words of the leader—"Fail—fail but never give up."

In 1848, Ireland commenced a struggle for national regeneration, or rather the hopes of five preceding years then culminated in a practical but futile effort. In 1879 she is still a province. In the history of these thirty years there is matter for enquiry, stimulus to exertion but not ground for despair. Though years of labor have passed away, though much has been written and something done the condition of the country has been changed for the worse. She has progressed but it has been the progress of desolation. She has advanced but it has been towards final ruin. The workshop is still empty; the laborer's home—where there is any—is still a wretched hovel—the artisan sits in forced idleness

by his cheerless hearth—the merchant's counting house is deserted, and the landlord demands rent, often in vain, from the impoverished tenant. And yet there are men—well meaning men—who tell us that all this is “prosperity.” There are others who admit the evils, but who tell us they are to be borne patiently, and that Ireland's struggles for freedom, for happiness and prosperity must be abandoned!

True the record of the past is bitter and saddening to read. Great and good men have been in exile and in suffering; gentle spirits, yet bold and true withal, fret life away in wearisome inertness; others released from these horrors, can but revisit in thought the land they loved so dearly and so well. But though the good men and true are thus banished, and though the traitor and the tyrant—the erst while patriot and the apostate placeman—live in luxury and sit in high places Ireland should not yet despond.

There is hope for the old Land yet! The men who are gone from her—“dead before the dawn”—taught her not to trust alone to leaders or foremost men, not to look one to another for aid or assistance; but to let her faith, her trust and her hope be accompanied by a manly self reliance.

And besides the lessons which remain in her writings, have they not left a grander and more striking lesson in their brief but noble career. Yes, though the memory of Ireland's past has bitter ingredients—though the blush of shame mantles the cheek as the eye rests on some page of Irish history—yet there are thoughts honorable and gratifying mingled in the retrospect; there are noble acts and heroic deeds, worthy of men, enshrined in that story the recollection of which is glorious even in the depths of Ireland's prostration and the memory of which is proud in the midst of her sorrow.

The pledge that Ireland's patriots gave of Ireland's truth—the promises they made of her fidelity—the hope they cherished of her courage, the trust they had in her perseverance—shall all be vain and fruitless? Shall all their efforts—the songs they sung of Ireland's ancient fame and proud pre-eminence—the words of earnest truth and light-

ning power which they penned to guide her thoughts and shape her mental energies—the heart-flowing eloquence they poured forth to rouse up to action worthy Irishmen—shall all be fruitless, and shall the purpose of their lives, the spirit of their actions be lost, though they have withdrawn from the scene? Has the seed fallen on stony ground? or shall it still bear fruit for Ireland? Shall their memory still urge to deeds of worth, and cheer Irishmen at home and here in this far land, to struggle for a nation's right? Yes, let it be so. There is no cause for despair. If the soldiers of Irish nationality cannot range under one banner, or acknowledge one commanding leadership, there is no reason why they should occupy hostile camps. Nations with more of the elements of success, with advantages superior, have seen the hopes of independence they had cherished for years, and poured their blood to realize, fade as a dream of the night. But they persevered and at last succeeded. Ireland's progress to nationality lies perhaps through many a struggle, through much of suffering and some failures; but the discomfiture which seems to destroy her hopes, ought but to nerve her to new exertions, ought to teach her what to avoid—and suggest other paths to the same wished for goal.

If she cannot bear disappointment and defeat, if her spirit sink because of one failure or two, or ten, then we have miscalculated her destiny, and a nation's dignity, a nation's wealth, a nation's prosperity, a nation's glory, is not for Ireland!

“Ireland is still the same infernal abyss of disaffection.” So saith the London Times.

Thank God! Strongly nourished in the blood and tears of the bravest and the truest of that island race, fondly cherished in the blackest depth of their despair, and grimly maintained in the face of myriad foes, burns one passion, which neither time nor tyranny could wring from the faithful hearts which have clung to it, through good and ill, unchanged. That passion is disaffection to England's government of Ireland.

Among the long list of illustrious individuals who have been born and reared to greatness in that island of sorrow and genius the hearts of the Celtic race

ever turn most lovingly to those who have incarnated that glorious principle. Their names are household words in many a home in Ireland; their toils, their triumphs and their sacrifices, their generosity, devotion and heroism are the theme which light many a heart and tongue with living fire, never to be extinguished. How they lived and loved and died, how they suffered and struggled, how they prayed and panted, and wrought and wrestled for that one great end; how they forfeited all else which make life sweet—love and peace and power and property, personal ease and professional advancement, and girt themselves to grapple with the massive weight of conquering imperialism; how fearlessly they faced the sabre, the dungeon, and the gibbet, and all the terrible scourges which tyranny provides against insurgent slavery. All these things are sadly familiar to us—ineffaceably written on our heart of hearts.

The utterance of a large soul was this: "If you would have a cause eternal train up its youth in defeat. . . .

. . . And great hearts have ever their sympathy with the worsted wrestler."

Little hearts cower in the shadows of defeat; but little hearts only. And amongst our people, thank Heaven, sovereign souls are never few. Memories of a gallant resistance, an unavailing heroism, have a deep and lasting charm for generous minds. An undefinable and intense interest clings to the mouldering walls of some gray old lonely ruin where once abode beauty, and valor and poesy, and hope made revelry, and sunshine brightened where now the shadow falls. But how much deeper is the interest when we look upon the ruins of a nation?

Is it to be marvelled at then that we, looking in memory across the wide waste of waters on that old garden land, prostrate as it is—on that wondrous decadence of noblest strength and divinest genius—on those blighted hopes, whose immortality has been whispered in our dreams, whose influence has permeated our souls thinking of her banished chiefs and baffled aims, is it to be marvelled that we should still cherish "disaffection" to the power that smote us?

This is what the enemy's press calls "disaffection." A modern term for an

old feeling. In the days when it was more powerfully manifested than in newspaper articles and platform pronouncements, when there was little use in endeavoring to squelch, with strong sentences, the exhibition of that sensation when the war between the Irish people and the oppressor was not carried on by masked batteries only, when cant and cowardice were less prevalent than at present, they had a shorter and terser name for this feeling. They called it "hatred." Nor did they dare to pretend to feel astonished at its existence in those days. It would be strange, indeed, if they did; while they were laying their plundering hands on all they could sweep from the land, and slaying their victims where and when they were able with their weapons of law and their weapons of steel, and every other weapon which could facilitate their murderous progress and insure their infernal domination. Surely, it is scarcely strange then that disaffection became an ardent feeling in every true heart in Ireland, that it became, alas! their largest inheritance, the greatest legacy bequeathed by the gloomy past. Reared under the blighting shadow of an alien empire, surrounded by the monstrous evils which foreign iniquity had wrought, Irishmen were not long in learning to curse the cause of their sorrows, their sufferings and their disgrace. These stern outcasts of creation, denied the merest, poorest subsistence, barred from the right which manhood all over the wide wide earth enjoyed and exercised—beggars and bondsmen in the fruitful soil once swayed by the regal rule of their fathers, outlaws of the Constitution which pursued them like a curse, pledged vehement vows destined afterwards to be redeemed in their best blood.

This, too, was "disaffection," and criminal judges in the plenitude of their constitutional zeal marked their stern sense of the mightiness of the offence by the condemnation of the culprit. But the subtle spirit was not quenched in blood. Neither famine nor the sword nor the convict gyve could stamp out the feeling. We were told at one time, indeed, by this same London Times that disaffection had vanished from Ireland. We heard to the infinite surprise of some of

us, that the Irish were pacified, Ireland is subdued shouted out the castle hacks in Dublin. But now again comes the truth. Disaffection is still hot in the heart of Ireland. Give the occasion, and the evidences present themselves. It is the consequence of Ireland's slavery, the prophecy of her redemption.

It is agreed on all hands that something must be done for Ireland; the only question in dispute is how to do it. If we be wise men we will study carefully the means before we adopt them, and like prudent seamen we will place buoys and beacons on the shoals of former shipwreck. Calamity has only one legitimate benefit attached to it, to guard from the course that led to its infiction.

If Ireland be prostrate, fallen, and degraded, it is neither from the want of spirit nor the absence of devotion. To say that Irishmen are apathetic in the cause of country is a lie and a libel. Attest it, Tara, and Mullaghmast, and Ennis. Attest it 1848 with all its proud hopes and disastrous failures. Attest it the convict cells and gallows-trees of the last decade. Attest it, oh fat placemen of Ireland, who sold a country you were too base to serve, and bartered the confidence of your brethren for the pensions and sinecures of the alien and oppressor.

These are the proofs of Ireland's truthful labors; they are also the evidence of her folly; let them be the guard and monitor of the future. Hitherto Irish politicians and English statesmen have played their own games; but whoever might win the people were sure to lose. They were soldiers, and got soldiers thanks. When Emancipation was carried a few leading Catholics were borne into Parliament on the shoulders of an excited peasantry, who in their generosity forgot themselves. The forty-shilling freeholders, the poor man's hold on the legislature, were sacrificed that some more rotten patriots might sell themselves at a profit. But what did the people gain by Emancipation? Were rents more light or ejections more rare? Did manufactures flourish and oppressions fade? No, in truth, the whole nation had fought together, and when victory came the upper classes seized the spoil and appropriated it.

See again the Corporations' Reform

Act. Comfortable burghers became Aldermen and Town Councillors, and gold chains were twined round necks that had hardly thought to wear them, and coats of arms were assumed by some who until then had worn coats without arms. But where was the country's gain after all? A second time it had sunk its own interest and benefited a class.

Then came the great message of peace, and a new boon was given to Ireland in the enlargement of Maynooth, the beautifying of the walls, and some trifling increase to the comforts of its professors and pupils. And next there were abortive franchise acts—a sham tenant protective measure and the much belauded disendowment of the church establishment. These are about the total sum of what Ireland has gained by some seventy years of constitutional agitation.

And if any man can show one solitary benefit in all that time conferred on the cabin or its cottier occupant, we should cheerfully advise the Irish people to enter on some new agitation of "the peace and perseverance" school, and deposit their farthing a week, their penny a month, their shilling a year, and "four weeks for nothing" at the porch of some new agitation shop.

One feature has marked all the efforts of the Irish people. They have followed leaders who were not of the people, and who uniformly neglected their interests. Look at the Repeal agitation alone. How many men rode into Parliament on public contributions, and skulked to the back benches, there to sit ashamed alike of their country and themselves, and only to be released from oblivion when gazetted to some lucrative appointment. Is this the history of Ireland? and if it be undeniable that it is so, shall it be repeated? Having already become contemptible by stupid confidence in egotistical mountebanks, can Ireland's vice be only cured by the annihilation of the country?

Where is the Celtic race of which we boast—the men whose greatness kept alive the sacred fire of literature, and gave it to the world? Must Ireland, once the home of sages and philosophers, and the nursery of warriors and statesmen, cower and crouch at the heels of a leader or perish? Is independence to be

won by servility? and is the first step to liberty to burn on the brow the brand of the slave? This the Irish people have done. They have been spaniels at the call of some demagogue, and barked or been quiet for his profit or his pleasure. They have debased themselves to the brute, and they are treated accordingly.

This is the history of the past which it should be Ireland's wish to cancel—the error which it is her duty to avoid. An artificial aristocracy, a platform nobility is far more dangerous, jealous and oppressive than the natural excrecence. If the Democracy of Ireland is to be benefited, the benefit must be effected by self-reliance. A nation of six million could never be oppressed but through its own crime or folly.

We of the Irish race have a common country, common wrongs, common hopes and a common enemy; but a divided action; and this is the secret of our distress. That division must be ended so far as possible, or we labor in vain. It has arisen from two causes; a difference about the way we are to work, and a difference about the instruments we are to employ.

Now, the people must do their own work, or it will remain undone, and they are beginning to do it. We have already glanced at the kind of success which attended aristocratic guidance; however advantageous in some respects to a class that success never reached the masses. Popular misery went on increasing and popular degradation was spread wider and wider till it has ended in a fruitful land turned into a graveyard by starvation. This as we have shown, was the end of constitutional agitation, and this the fruit of hard fought elections.

There must be an end of this Fabian policy. We must refuse episodes and digressions; storm no more outworks, but bend our strength at once against the citadel. We should be ready to take associates from all sides—counsel from all sides—brothers and compatriots from all sides—but on one condition; we should only shake hands on the terms proposed by the pious Israelite, that their hearts be as our hearts are, that their faces be turned towards Irish independence unqualified and undelayed.

It is proposed to continue to fight the

old fight under a new banner. Political preachers and educational missionaries are at work—for what in God's name? Is it to tell the people they are miserable? The lesson is already taught. Who does not shrink with horror from the pictures of the famine year? Strong men dying by the waysides, and infants seeking the breasts of breathless corpses, were impressive monitors of the past; and the wholesale exod of a people flying from tyranny and starvation is an illustration no less suggestive. Half the families of Ireland have had the benefit of such instructors. Is it to tell the people that foreign laws and a plundered independence are the criminal causes? Every fertile valley pregnant with the seeds of wasted life has preached the doctrine and made the repetition impertinent and useless. Is it that the Irish people should begin again the old perennial game of expectancy, and patiently sacrifice a couple millions more of their countrymen? Are there a few more deserving patriots requiring places on the Bench or in the Colonies, and are they to set up an aggregate meeting or two, to frighten Beaconsfield or Gladstone into pensioning off these? Oh, no! There is a new and different campaign for Ireland. The hopes of Ireland are turned to something else than the influx of a few score pretenders to an English Parliament; whether that Parliament sits at St. Stephen's, Westminster, or in the Old House at home in College Green. A new feeling is springing up in the Irish mind. With all our hearts we would accept the present Home Rule movement as the pioneer of, and the aid to, the development of this feeling. To cultivate the feeling in this soil is the task and duty of every Irish patriot—to root out the weeds that would strangle its growth, and to leave Ireland's hope no longer the stepping-stone to place power and corruption for her leaders, but the accurate shadowing of the substance while she has the power, the spirit, and the manhood to realize.

The Home Rule movement in Ireland, has at its head good men, honest men, earnest patriots. The movement itself as a means to an end, should have the co-operation of all lovers of Ireland, on the principle that every wrong redressed is a limb unbound to do battle for the right.

As a finality, which some of its advocates profess it to be, it should be unaccepted as insufficient even if attainable. The principles of the Home Rule Rulers, seem to us to be a multifarious compendium of industrialism and legislation—treason and loyalty. The leaders, with a few exceptions—some of which we have indicated—blend together with a pregnant felicity all extremes, and present in their doctrines a union rarely to be met with. They appeal to legislation, and at the same time, affect to despise parliamentary amelioration: they begin with a war-whoop, and end with a dissertation on the golden link of the Crown. They are all things to all men, and at the same time nothing to any. Now candidly, except on a theory of a means to an end, we cannot understand this Protean policy. We could comprehend an exhortation to give up all thoughts of nationality, to sacrifice the dream of independence before the splendors of basket making, or the mysterious brilliancy of lucifer matches—to surrender the old cry “Ireland for the Irish,” in view of a scheme which means Ireland for the English, just as firmly as ever—to yield up all the dreams of nationhood for a higher grand jury system, treating us to wearisome homilies on thorough draining and subsoiling, and the undeveloped mine of national prosperity that must be opened up by the extraction of stearine from bog peat: but to be at one and the same time, a given thing and its opposite—an Irish nationalist acknowledging imperial control—is a political jugglery for which we certainly have no stomach.

In regard of Parliamentary elections it is urged that the examples recently set in the return of Home Rule members is a hopeful indication deserving of emulation by all Irish constituencies. Doubtless! But what of that. Suppose that the one hundred and three members sent by Ireland to the British Parliament were all Home Rulers of the stamp added to the ranks at Clare, Longford, Ennis, and Limerick, each with the vigor and honesty of a Parnell or a Finigan, or an O’Gorman Mahon or an O’Connor Power—of a Lord Francis

Conyngham,* or an O’Donnell—where the good? With the tone and temper of British majorities no step in advance could be made to the desired end. We have seen more than once how antagonistic parties in the Senate House forget all their differences, and close up in solid front, when even a motion for enquiry is to be defeated. But even this oneness in representation is unattainable. Ireland’s electors have been five times over decimated, and according to Mr. Bright, Her Majesty has more soldiers on Irish soil, than Ireland has voters. Her hustings—what are they but great moral shambles where men are driven to betray their country.

There is a suffrage broader than the franchise—there is a hope for Ireland, brighter than the sinking cesspool of an election—there is a goal more attractive than the second fiddle playing of a Provincial Parliament.

We may indicate these things in another article. Meanwhile we wish, with all heartiness, the new crusade on the Parnell policy “God speed.”

* The later weeks of the last session of Parliament brought sadness to the Irish National Parliamentary ranks in the serious illness of the senior member for Clare—one who had “held the fort” alone during Sir Brian O’Loughlen’s strange disregard of the compliment paid him by the electors of that noble county. Lord Francis Conyngham, throwing aside the traditions of his order and the conventionalities of rank, was ever heart and soul in the People’s cause, and it is to be hoped that with restored health and vigor he may speedily take his place in the work of Ireland’s redemption.

SUICIDE AND IRRELIGION.—The terrible prevalence of the heinous crime of suicide may well awaken thoughts of sorrow in the Christian heart. From all quarters we hear of suicides committed in every conceivable manner. Notably in the last few years has this terrible crime, once rare with us, become so frequent. The cause is ascribed in a large measure to the prevalent distress, destitution, family troubles and kindred evils, induced by the hard times. The surest safeguard against suicide is religion and a wholesome fear of the future. Suicides are usually irreligious persons, who, having met with misfortune, have not the consolation of religion, or hope of future compensation to sustain them.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE
WRITINGS OF CARDINAL
NEWMAN.

THE ETHICS OF CULTURE.

(I.)

THE embellishment of the exterior is almost the beginning and the end of philosophical morality. This is why it aims at being modest rather than humble; this is how it can be proud at the very time that it is unassuming. To humility indeed it does not even aspire; humility is one of the most difficult of virtues, both to attain and to ascertain. It lies close upon the heart itself, and its tests are exceedingly delicate and subtle. Its counterfeits abound; however, we are little concerned with them here, for, I repeat, it is hardly professed, even by name, in the code of ethics which we are reviewing. As has been often observed, ancient civilization had not the idea, and had no word to express it; or rather, it had the idea, and considered it a defect of mind, not a virtue, so that the word which denoted it conveyed a reproach. As to the modern world, you may gather its ignorance of it by its perversion of the somewhat parallel term "condescension." Humility, or condescension, viewed as a virtue of conduct, may be said to consist, as in other things, so in our placing ourselves in our thoughts on a level with our inferiors. It is not only a voluntary relinquishment of the privileges of our own station, but an actual participation or assumption of the condition of those to whom we stoop. This is true humility, to feel and to behave as if we were low; not to cherish a notion of our importance while we affect a low position. Such was St. Paul's humility, when he called himself "the least of the saints;" such the humility of those many holy men who have considered themselves the greatest of sinners. It is an abdication, as far as their own thoughts are concerned, of those prerogatives or privileges to which others deem them entitled. Now it is not a little instructive to contrast with this idea—with this theological meaning of the word "condescension"—its proper English sense; put them into

juxtaposition, and you will at once see the difference between the world's humility and the humility of the Gospel. As the world uses the word, "condescension" is a stooping indeed of the person, but a bending forward unattended with any the slightest effort to leave by a single inch the seat in which it is so firmly established. It is the act of a superior, who protests to himself, while he commits it, that he is superior still, and that he is doing nothing else but an act of grace towards those on whose level, in theory, he is placing himself. And this is the nearest idea which the philosopher can form of the virtue of self-abasement; to do more than this is, to his mind, a meanness, or an hypocrisy, and at once excites his suspicion and disgust. What the world is, such it has ever been; we know the contempt which the educated pagans had for the martyrs and confessors of the Church, and it is shared by the anti-Catholic bodies of this day.

Such are the ethics of Philosophy, when faithfully represented; but an age like this, not pagan, but professedly Christian, cannot venture to reprobate humility in set terms, or to make a boast of pride. Accordingly, it looks out for some expedient by which it may blind itself to the real state of the case. Humility, with its grave and self-denying attributes, it cannot love; but what is more beautiful, what more winning, than modesty? What virtue, at first sight, simulates humility so well? Though what, in fact, is more radically distinct from it? In truth, great as is its charm, modesty is not the deepest or the most religious of virtues. Rather it is the advanced guard or sentinel of the soul militant, and watches continually over its nascent intercourse with the world about it. It goes the round of the senses; it mounts up into the countenance; it protects the eye and ear; it reigns in the voice and gesture. Its province is the outward department, as other virtues have relation to matters theological, others to society, and others to the mind itself. And being more superficial than other virtues, it is more easily disjoined from their company; it admits of being associated with principles or qualities naturally foreign to it, and is often made the cloak of feelings

or ends for which it was never given to us. So little is it the necessary index of humility, that it is even compatible with pride. The better for the purpose of philosophy; humble it cannot be, so forthwith modesty becomes its humility.

Pride, under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of the mind, is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect, and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense of honor direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it would naturally trouble. It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honor in a day like our own. It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant-girl; propriety of carriage and refined manners in her mistress; uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other; of an honorable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon.

Refined by the civilization which has brought it into activity, this self-respect infuses into the mind an intense horror of exposure, and a keen sensitiveness of notoriety and ridicule. It becomes the enemy of extravagances of any kind; it shrinks from what are called scenes; it has no mercy on the mock-heroic, on pretence or egotism, on verbosity in language, or what is called prosiness in conversation. It detests gross adulation;

not that it tends at all to the eradication of the appetite to which the flatterer ministers, but it sees the absurdity of indulging in it, it understands the annoyance thereby given to others, and if a tribute must be paid to the wealthy or the powerful, it demands greater subtlety and art in the preparation. Thus vanity is changed into a more dangerous self-conceit, as being checked in its natural eruption. It teaches men to suppress their feelings and to control their tempers, and to mitigate both the severity and the tone of their judgments. It prefers playful wit and satire in putting down what is objectionable, as a more refined and good-natured, as well as a more effectual method, than the expedient which is natural to uneducated minds. It is from this impatience of the tragic and the bombastic that it is now quietly but energetically opposing itself to the unchristian practice of duelling, which it brands as simply out of taste, and as the remnant of a barbarous age; and certainly it seems likely to effect what Religion has aimed at abolishing in vain.

(II.)

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This discretion is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the ab-

surd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to

which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character, which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principle. (*"Idea of a University,"* p. 204.

A good story of Gibbon is told in the last volume of *"Moore's Memoirs."* The dramatis personæ were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian; and an eminent French Physician—the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favor. Impatient at Gibbon occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him—"When Lady Foster is made ill by your twaddle I will cure her." On which Gibbon replied. "When Lady Foster is dead from your prescriptions I will immortalize her."

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

OTTAWA CITY.

IN all countries wheresoever situated, iced at the pole or burning at the line the first and grandest object is the city of all cities the nation's capital. It may be smaller, it may be uglier, it may be less favorably situated than any other city in the land, still it is the grand centre, the focus towards which converge all travellers, all adventurers, all merchants, in a word all people. In every country in the world, and more especially in the European countries, the people go *up* to the capital from all points—come *down* from the capital to all other cities. Even had they to really descend from some fortress city that stands high perched upon a mountain to the capital of the country which, we will suppose, like a small, dirty, unattractive hole in a low land—even then are they going *up* to the capital. This may seem in some way strange to us—but to the people of the old world it would seem still stranger were they to hear us speaking of going *down* to Ottawa, merely because we may by some chance find ourselves higher up the stream than the capital of the country.

However, be it up or down, a trip to Ottawa cannot be a lost trip. We might spend with great advantage a day or two around the capital of our country and although the city is not as large as Montreal or Quebec, or Toronto, although it is younger by far than many of our important towns, yet being the first by its rank and position in the land it should be the first also to attract our attention.

Situated upon a rocky height and surrounded by most beautiful and variegated scenery, Ottawa, the Bytown of other days, the capital of to-day is a most healthy and handsome place. Divided in two equal parts by the Rideau canal which is spanned by three fine bridges—two of which are unsurpassed in the country for strength and elegance of construction; washed on the east by the waters of the Rideau river which wends along until it pitches itself into

the broad flood of the Ottawa at the junction of which rivers is seen the beautiful curtain like fall which gives its name to the stream; bounded on the north by the Ottawa itself, which separates the city from Hull on the Lower Canada side and surrounded on the West and South by vast tracts of splendidly cultivated land that stretch far off as the eye can scan; thus situated and environed stands the Capital of Canada.

Pausing a moment on the Parliament hill and glancing around us—upon a fine, calm, bright summer day—we may take in at a glimpse the principal splendors of the surrounding country. Off to the north on the Quebec side of the river extends a grand fertile region rising in alternate terraces of cultivated fields and wooded hills until it is lost to the eye as it seems to join the purple Laurentides which in their turn, becoming bluer and dimmer in the distance, roll away in gigantic undulation until mingling with the clouds upon the azure horizon they are lost in a misty shroud. Westward along the banks of the Grand River the scene is very fine.

"It's upland sloping deck the mountain's side,

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride."

Nearer and nearer from out the green woods and from amongst the wooded island rolls the grand flood of the Ottawa—until its whole strength seems to concentrate in one mighty effort as it leaps headlong into the Big Kettle. Roaring and hissing and tumbling, now dashing over the half-hidden rocks now eddying round the adamantine piers, now;—

"Like a horse unbroken when he first feels the rein,

The maddened river struggles hard and tosses its tawny mane,

And bursts the curb that binds it—rejoicing to be free—

Whirls on its mad career—" the ever mighty stream.

Seen from the city, no sight can be grander than the cataract of the Chaudiere. Imprisoned within those artificial walls built by men of commerce and enterprise, the powerful flood seems continually to seek the freedom it enjoyed in years gone by, and the vain efforts of the watery giant, but seem to render more beautiful and more terrible the scene.

Turning towards the south and east beneath us the city extends its elegant proportions. Those wide streets with here and there rows of maple along the side walk—those numberless church spires rising upon all sides,—those majestic bridges spanning the locks and old canal,—those lofty and well built edifices distributed irregularly through the city,—those elegant walks and flowery and grass covered parks that extend far away along the opposite bank of the canal,—those large and grandly constructed public institutions seen at a distance, and above all that mighty and noble pile of buildings beneath the shadow of which we are standing. Here we are upon the very hill where so often met in deadly conflict the wild Indian of the past—where blazed the council fire on the young and daring, on the aged and wise; but—

“The chief of the Chief of the Ottawa now is no more,

Where the council-fire blazed on the height:
To-day towards the heavens sublimely soar

The signals of Canada's might;—

When the evening is still, on the old Bar-
rack-hill,

Towers a structure majestic and grand:
And a bright golden ray from the god-of-the-
day—

Gilds the monument spire of the land.”

It would be a vain task to now attempt a description of the parliament buildings of Ottawa. The subject is too extensive. It would require a whole essay to do justice to those huge proportions, those elegant carvings, those lofty towers, those gothic windows with their many-hued colors and grotesque and quaint devices—those sculptures rude—as Keats tells us—

“In ponderous stone, devolving the mood
Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,
Of beast, bethemoth and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster.”

And for the interior of the grand and most elegant chambers and halls and corridors—where at every step we stop to gaze and contemplate, now a beautiful old painting of some great man of our country, now a marble statue of the good Queen of the tritened empire. Were we to dwell much longer near those numberless objects of admiration we might be tempted to neglect the many other places worthy of notice with

which the Capital of our Dominion abounds.

Between the two bridges, the Dufferin and Sappes—stands the new and finely constructed post-office. A very grand situation. Halfway between the Upper and the Lower towns, within a few paces of the principal places of business and the Parliament House, opened on the one side to the passengers along the Dufferin bridge, on the other to those who pass by the Sappers' bridge, commanding a view of the broad avenue that for over a mile stretches off towards the Rideau river, the post office is truly a model.

The City hall is another edifice very worthy of notice. Altho' smaller in proportions it resembles somewhat the grand City hall of Montreal. It is built on a square facing which stands the Union House on the one side, the back of the Russell House on the other and two very handsome churches, one of which is the Baptist Tabernacle on the third. There on the site of the old City hall building, immortalized by the poem of Wm. P. Lett, Esq., this handsome construction “with grandeur marks the scene.”

The Catholic Cathedral otherwise known as the old French Church and now a Basilica Minor thanks to the energy and affectionate remembrance of the present bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Duhamel, is a fine old type and now after its many improvements both inside and outside is a fine new type of a beautiful church. From all sides and all places around Ottawa the traveller can ever perceive the two spires of the Catholic Basilica rising high over the surrounding buildings and like the indeces of truth pointing continually to the region of bliss that lies away beyond the blue dome of Nature's grand temple.

Amongst other buildings both public and private the Collegiate Institute and the convent generally known as the Gloucester street convent are well worthy of a passing notice. And one of the largest and most elegant constructions in the city is the College of Ottawa, our institution, where knowledge and piety and energy seem combined and wherein a first class education is afforded all those who seek learning within its walls. The August number of THE HARP con-

tains a full account of this establishment and its many advantages. We will, therefore, pass on as our space is limited to another old and venerable institution, one which dates its origin from the very birth of the city. We refer to the Convent of Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur which is under the direction of the Gray Nuns, otherwise known as the Sisters of Charity. One branch of this congregation is the Novitiate which is better known to the olden inhabitants as the Lower Town Convent on the corner of Sussex and Bolton streets beside the General hospital which is likewise under the care of these good nuns, stands the old convent; a large, well built stone edifice, an ornament and at the same time a treasure for the city. The second branch of this establishment is on Rideau street which is one of the principal and grandest streets in Ottawa. This Rideau street convent is the place where the sisters hold their classes and boarding-school. A very nice building well aired, well constructed, well surrounded, so far as the exterior is concerned. But it is in the interior alone that we can know the real worth of the establishment. Here is given by very learned and accomplished ladies, a good and thorough course of instruction. Here are taught painting, music, drawing and above all that universally admired accomplishment, domestic economy. Blending the useful and the pleasant as these good nuns alone can do so well this is in truth one of the most remarkable institutions of the city and certainly the one, if any there is, most worthy of notice, both on account of its age and the amount of good which it has ever done both in the capital and throughout the surroundings.

Such are some of the principal places of interest in and around Ottawa. We might dwell much longer upon each and all of those points so briefly marked out and might even show forth numberless other objects of attraction which embellish our capital. But circumstances will not permit. However those who are acquainted with the city can testify to our correctness in all we have said and those who have never seen the capital may perhaps be inspired by the happy idea of making someday or other a pilgrimage there. And if we might

be permitted to suggest a date we would advise them to come upon that grand occasion which every year takes place when like the pilgrims of old to Mecca, from every country in the Dominion our great ones hasten to meet in the grand Council Hall of the country. Ottawa is advancing in proportion as our country advances and in the not distant future it will doubtlessly be a city of very great importance both from a commercial standpoint and in every other way. May the banner that was planted upon the topmost tower of her Parliament House on the 1st of July 1867 long wave in triumph over this free and glorious land. And may the Nation itself like Beattie's Minstrel, feel,—

“Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace and glory.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE NUN OF KENMARE.

To the Editor of THE HARP:

DEAR SIR,—Again I am obliged to come with an appeal from the poor in Ireland to the well-off in America, for our harvests have failed, our potatoes are gone, the turf is rotten from the wet, and famine and fever are staring us in the face in every direction. God has made charity the grace by which He will crown His own at the Day of Judgment, and the doing or not doing of works of mercy the test of His favor and reward. I come then to ask every reader of THE HARP to do one good work for which he or she will be *perfectly certain* to receive a reward which will not be for a day or a year, but for ever and ever.

I do not care to mix up personal motives with a motive so sublime as the doing of an act the glory of which will last for all eternity, but God is so good that He not only allows us to love one another, but also rewards us for loving one another, so I will venture to appeal to the thousands of readers of my books in America, and will ask them also for the sake of any good they have obtained from these books, and for any love they have for the writer of them, to come now to my assistance. Yes, I will venture to appeal to bishops and priests as

well as to seculars in your great land, and I implore of each to send some little help to this forsaken place in Ireland, where we can get no assistance, and have not the means which other Convents have for obtaining help—remember I only ask help to give employment to those who are imploring for work to save them from starvation, and they know I cannot bear to see them suffer without an effort to do something for them. In return I offer them the constant fervent prayers of my devoted sisters in religion who will not cease to pray for every benefactor as long as they live, and in truth, I may say, after their decease,—for this very day some of the Sisters said to me of their own accord, “we will pray for those who help us, not only in this world, but when we go to our Lord,” and I know how faithful they will be to their word.

We have had bad typhus fever here for some time, the result, as we are assured by high sanitary authority, of the great distress which prevailed here last winter. Those who know what an epidemic of typhus fever is will understand how we need alms to help the sick, those who are struggling into convalescence, and still more the widow and the orphan. I met this day a case of which, if I give the even simple particulars, they might be almost questioned, yet, I can personally vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Several of the Sisters were sitting to-day working in the community room, as we are not allowed to have the schools open on account of the fever, lest the children should give the infection to each other, when we heard low, wailing moans at the enclosure door. Going out to see what was the matter, we found a comparatively young woman at the enclosure door in an abandonment of grief. Her husband, *Tadg-an-damam**, died last night of the fever, and she was left with seven children, the youngest a baby one fortnight old. Such

sorrow and such resignation I have rarely seen. What could I do but put my arms round the poor creature and try to comfort her. One of the Sisters said something about her seven little children, and it was then the beautiful, and, if I may say so, unconscious faith broke out. “Sure, dear, I gave them all to God and His Blessed Mother, when he died last night.” Oh, rich faith that abounds in poverty and triumphs in weakness! The woman was dazed with grief. She said very little, but all she did say were words of faith and hope and charity, and prayers for her dead husband. “May the Lord open the gates of heaven to him this day” broke from her again and again. I am afraid I must plead guilty to a strong partiality, for my own people, but if those who had not heard spontaneous prayers for the dead breaking forth from the lips of the poor Irish, once heard them, I think they would forgive me. There is a vivid faith in their petitions and a realization of the glories at the other side of the “gates” which they ask to have opened, that does one’s soul good to hear.

We are about to have a winter here of the most unexampled severity and distress. We want to give employment during the winter, the best form of charity, so as to prevent at least a little of the terrible misery which must come. We want to begin to build a Home for homeless girls, and thus a double good may be done, as it will give employment. Will not the little children and the girls of America help us; they might if they set to work with a good will. A dollar collected here and there in cents, would soon come up to a good sum of money. And perhaps God may inspire some one who reads this to send a great many dollars to lay the foundation stone.

I ask the American printers and book-binders who are in good employment to help me. I have just had an appeal from the printers and book-binders in Dublin to give them employment, they tell me they are suffering severely from the hard times and, alas, I know it to be true. They say in their address to me: “knowing that you have largely patronized the Irish printers in the past, we take this liberty of now writing to you in the hope that you will be able to

* *Teig of the two mothers!* I must admit that poor Teig (God rest his soul) had hazy ideas of political economy. He tried to support both his mother and grandmother, as he called both “mother” he obtained this soubriquet, not unnecessary where there are so many O’Sullivans and McCarthys, that a distinguishing name becomes unavoidable.

furnish us with some employment. We *believe* you are generally engaged in literary work of some kind, and we *know* that you take an interest in us and can feel for us in our present need. A great number of our body are out of employment and others only working half-time. Having already benefited from printing and binding many of your well known books, we would be thankful if you could again give us employment. Thanking you for your kindly feeling in keeping the work in this country."

There are 5,000 in this trade in Dublin I cannot refuse to help people, above all I cannot bear to see men who are willing and anxious to work, wanting employment.

Many of your honored and learned bishops and priests will know the name of my revered bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, for so many years Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. He writes to me, "I am delighted to learn that your next work, *The Life of Our Blessed Lady*, is already far advanced. As there is no good English book on this great subject, your pious zeal will supply a pressing want for English readers. The labor is above your strength, but you are ready, I am sure, to make any sacrifice to promote devotion to the Mother of God."

I want to put this book in the printers hands, but the times are so bad for selling books, I dare not, unless I can get some help. So come to the rescue good pressmen of America, and help me to give employment, and to publish this book for the honor of the Mother of God.

I hope soon to receive some hundreds, if not thousands, of letters with help. I am sure every one who reads this will do a little, and I will not fail to make a return of some kind in the shape of some souvenir of old Ireland, suitable to each kind donor.

Yours very gratefully,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Co., Kerry, Ireland.

P.S.—I beg also for the love of God that help may be sent *very quickly*. Severe frost has already set in, and I want to get in a store of meal and coal to give out weekly to those who are

utterly destitute, through no fault of their own, and who have not even a sod of turf, it is all destroyed by the wet summer.

ABROGATION OF THE ACT OF UNION.

(*Dublin Irishman.*)

THE English Press has issued a kind of manifesto of war against Ireland; and we welcome it warmly. The people who undertake such a task as that will quickly discover that there will be no shrinking on this side of the Channel. The further they go, the plainer they are, the more prompt, frank, and hearty will be the response of the Irish Nation.

The Saxon scribes say that Ireland has too many Representatives in the London Parliament. So say we—far too many. They say a score of them, at least, ought to be struck off, and make no more an appearance within the walls of Westminster. We go as far, and farther—five times as far—and declare that five score and three Irish Representatives should be struck off the London List, and forbidden to cross the threshold of the London Legislature. Move one, move all. There must be no petty maiming here; the blow must fall not on one limb, but on the whole body of the Representation.

England and Wales have "four hundred and ninety-three Representatives." Scotland has "sixty Representatives." Great Britain altogether have five hundred and fifty-three Representatives. To meet these there go from Ireland one hundred and three Representatives—less than one-fifth, between one-fifth and one-sixth, of the number of our opponents! The disproportion is great: it is made vaster by the fact that owing to electoral arts, a considerable proportion of these so-called Irish Representatives are in reality, nominees of England, and Representatives of English Interests.

But *Naboth's* small vineyard was an eyesore to the tyrant, and that *Jezebel*—the London Press—is urging that Ireland should be robbed of her vines in detail. They are not, in truth, very fertile vines; the enforced transplantation cankers and corrupts them. But

they have the name of being Irish, and that is enough to make the robbery desirable.

What our enemies think they could gain by this proposed plunder is somewhat beyond our powers to conceive. Do they fancy that they will maim Ireland, by mutilating the Representation that sits in their alien Parliament? Do they imagine that they will weaken Ireland, by stopping this influx of Irishmen into the British Legislature?

They are egregiously mistaken. Their effort, if successful, would result in hindering an outflow of strength, in stopping a waste of force, in giving back some lost men to Ireland.

The result would be good, but the intention is evil, offensive, and outraging. We have a right to regard it as a purposed act of political plunder, and to resent it as a deliberate act of insulting tyranny.

By that Charter of Robbers—the so-called Act of Union—it was stipulated that Ireland should possess a fixed number of representatives in the conjoined Parliaments. That was, in form, at all events, a Treaty between the Legislatures of the two Nations. To enact it, it was necessary that a majority of the Irish representatives should give their assent. Its provisions cannot be annulled by a mere majority of English or Scotch members—in other words, by a mere majority of the British Parliament.

The contrary may be asserted by the British, and they may even act upon the assertion. That, however, will only put their conduct in conformity with their past, and prove to demonstration before the world that they prefer brute force to justice.

This point has never been properly put: it has always been systematically ignored. Of course we can make allowance for ignorance, and for the weakness of understandings which are imposed upon by words. But we cannot conceive of men omitting to mark and maintain the rights of their country, even that poor remnant which was laid on the parchment of the Union, that it might not seem altogether as black as Erebus.

Our argument is this: Taking the Act of Union for what it is worth, it is

a Treaty between two kingdoms. To give it validity it was necessary, on this side, that a majority of the Irish Representatives should assent to all its provisions. Being a Treaty between two Powers, its stipulations cannot be annihilated at the will of one of the high contracting parties. Otherwise a treaty would have no meaning, and be a farce. Hence, if it were required to annul any one of its provisions, it would be absolutely requisite to get the assent of a majority of the Irish Representation.

To assert the contrary is to maintain that those statesmen who engaged in the work of drawing up this professedly solemn Treaty, in preparing its stipulations, and in sanctioning its provisions, were all imbeciles and idiots. If a British majority in the conjoined Parliaments could upset every arrangement, any arrangement was futile. If they had so much as dreamed that it could be thought that a British majority in the united Parliaments could, next day, annihilate every agreement which they had come to, and destroy every stipulation they had inserted, they would not have taken the trouble to draft so elaborate a document. All that would have been required, on this theory, would be a short Act declaring that the Irish representation was henceforth amalgamated with that of Britain.

There are stipulations in the Act of Union. These were made to bind whom? The British Legislature. They cannot, therefore, be annulled by the British members.

The assent of a majority of the Irish members is absolutely required. Whether they sit in College Green or in Westminster, they still form the Irish Representation. Their assent is as much required to the annulment of the stipulations of the Act as was that of their predecessors to the insertion of these stipulations.

One of these stipulations refer to the number of Irish members, and, fixing the Representation, should be jealously guarded by them. The present English proposal to strike off a fifth of the Irish members, and so to mutilate the Irish Representation, should be firmly met, and plainly declared to be a proposal to abrogate the Act of Union.

They should not, we hold, conde-

scend to oppose any measure to this effect in any way whatsoever. That would be altogether unwise and impolitic. That might, perhaps, succeed in hindering it by obstructive tactics; but that would mean that they would hinder their return to College-Green. One course only is clear and honorable. They should embody a statement of their convictions in a formal Manifesto—emphatically declaring that the destruction of this stipulation without their consent is tantamount to an abrogation of the Union—and, when the deed is done, they should formally retire from the British Parliament and convoke a Conventional Assembly in the Irish Capital.

It is the misfortune of this country, and, indeed, of most countries so oppressed, that the high lines of statesmanship commands less attention than the more immediate and striking cries of the day. We attribute to this defect the fact that the great question of the international relations between Ireland and England are far less spoken of than the questions of social reforms, which, if urgent, need not be eclipsing.

Of course the orator is tempted to speak that which he believes will interest his audience, to talk education to the clergy, trade to the merchant, land to the farmer—which may each be an excellent topic in its way, and yet be only part of a greater question. This, perhaps, comes of addressing people in sections—for thus a tendency to take merely a class or sectional view is developed. It may be necessary, it may be good to take that view—but it is a grievous fault to take that view only.

The development of the larger view requires a larger platform—Ireland is the audience where the national question is to be discussed, and it would appear that few minds as well as few voices are adapted to so vast an audience. Hence it is that the more easy method is adopted of attending chiefly, if not exclusively, to small fragmentary matters, and evading or deferring the national question.

If it had been otherwise, most assuredly the question of the abrogation of the Act of Union would have been discussed before this. It is a sufficiently impor-

tant one. Take it for what it professes to be, it is a treaty between two Powers; it could not have come into force without the assent of a majority of the Legislature in Dublin and of that in London. According to the British view, it is the legal force.

The Irish view is altogether different, and rightly so, because the members of that Legislature were elected to make laws in Dublin, not to destroy their law-making assembly. They were commissioned to follow a political life, not to commit political suicide. Their act in abolishing that which they had no right to abolish, but which they had been strictly charged to maintain, is therefore plainly null and void. French members would not more clearly go beyond their "mandat," if by a majority they voted the annexation of their Parliament to that of Berlin. They would be guillotined who attempted it. The corrupted Irish members ought to have been executed along with the corruptors. Grattan said only half the truth when he declared:—"There are no good Ministers in Ireland, because there is no axe in Ireland."

But, let us take the British view, and judging Britain by that, let us see how stands the case. Granting, then, that the Act of Union is a legal document, for the sake of argument, does it still exist, and how may it be annulled?

A Treaty of this kind may obviously be ended by the mutual consent of the two high contracting parties. This requires no argument. If America and England had entered into a treaty concerning their international relations they could at any time dissolve their partnership by mutual consent.

But, again, a Treaty of this kind may be annulled by any overt act on either side, amounting to a breach of any stipulation contained in it. A Treaty is like a specimen of the recently invented hardened glass, broken in part the whole of it explodes into powder. It is, of course, incompatible with the very idea of a contract that one party to it may select, at his own wanton will, which clause he will respect and which he will trample on.

Now, any one who takes the trouble to peruse the nefarious document termed the Act of Union will see that it con-

tains numerous stipulations. They were made to *bind*, or they mean nothing. They were made to bind the British Legislators, or their very existence would have been as absurd as useless.

If the British Legislators break any one of these without the formal consent of a majority of the Irish Legislators—the present representatives of the Irish Parliament—then, necessarily, the Act of Union falls asunder, like exploded glass.

We pointed out that this result would happen if, for instance, the hostile English proposal of reducing the number of Irish Representatives were carried into effect, against the protests of the Irish Legislators. It was expressly stipulated, in the so-called Act of Union, that Ireland should have a number of Representatives, fixed at one hundred and five—consequently, that stipulation would be glaringly broken, and the Act rendered void, if the said hostile proposal were carried through the London Parliament by the British Legislators.

This is the high ground that the Irish members should take, and would take if they had thoroughly preserved the traditions of Grattan, and realized perfectly the feeling that they are the Representatives of a Nation. It is pitiable to see that several of them have allowed themselves to be drawn down to discuss the details of the proposition, as though it were a clause in an English Reform Act, instead of meeting it as Irish Representatives ought only to meet it. Instead of upholding their dignity as Ambassadors, they descend to the role of clerks in England's antechamber.

It may be said that the English will demur to our position as regards this question. We cannot as yet conceive what pretexts they could possibly allege in the place of reasons, beyond the old statement that Parliament is omnipotent. That, however, would be misapplied. Parliament may be omnipotent over its own legislation, to amend or undo it—but, certainly, it cannot alter the clauses of a Treaty without the concurrence of the parties to that Treaty. British Legislators cannot rid themselves of stipulations made to bind British Legislators, unless with the

concurrence and distinct consent of the Representatives of those on whose behalf such stipulations were inserted. In this case the formal assent of the Irish Legislators must be obtained.

But we doubt whether there would be such a demur to this proposition of ours as might be supposed. Nay, already the idea that the Act of Union can be broken by a breach of one of its stipulations by the British Parliament has been admitted by the English mind. It is, in fact, too self-evident to be ignored, except, perhaps, by some of our own feeble friends.

The following extract from a letter, inserted prominently in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; concedes and establishes our argument. After mentioning that in "a large mixed company" he heard Englishmen denouncing Ireland, the writer proceeds to prove our position:

"The speaker went on to say that, in his judgment, both in law and equity, the Union had been repealed by Mr. Gladstone's Government. He put the case in this way: The Irish Church, by the sixth article of the Treaty of Union, was made an essential part of the Union. In destroying the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone unconsciously destroyed the Union. He said that he should be glad to get those Irishmen (indeed, he used another word than 'men' out of the House of Commons; he said that they had been at the beck of any Minister, for any mischief, who choose to purchase their aid by any job for any measure, however destructive of the kingdom in general and Ireland in particular. He gave as an instance the conduct of the Irish members and their support of Sir Robert Peel's free trade measures in 1846, from which Ireland is now so justly suffering. He observed, in the course of talk, that he saw no need of an Irish House of Commons, even if the Union were repealed—that Ireland would be much better ruled by an English and Scotch Parliament, without any Irish members. I confess that personally I have long held similar opinions without venturing to announce them—as being too unpopular for publicity. But my point is this: nobody had anything to say to the contrary—and that in a mixed company of all sorts of people, except Irish. Now, I would have the Irish ponder this little story, and consider that if the British public is provoked a trifle further it may be sufficiently aggravated to put some deep policy into action now not often publicly avowed."

We need not trouble about the *animus* of the writer. It is all the better that he should be full of animosity towards us. Perhaps it is not altogether

his fault that he is so dense as not to perceive the full drift of his argument, and so feeble-minded as to fancy that what he intends as a threat to deter us must count as a bait to stimulate our people. Since the result of provoking the British public a trifle further may be to make them recognize that the Act of Union not only can be, but has been broken, then provocation of the British public must not fail, until that public be aggravated to a point of acknowledging justice.

As to the talk about the ruling of Ireland by the English and Scotch Parliament merely, it will be time enough to notice it seriously when the deed is dared. The mysterious Englishman quoted may see no need of an Irish Parliament, but, on the other hand, the Irish Nation may see no need of alien tyrants.

"THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER, translated and adapted from the Original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, M. A., L.L.D., etc."—Large 4to., to be completed in 38 parts, at 25c. each. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Here is a book for every Catholic family. It is a holy and wholesome thought to teach infant lips to lisp the sacred name of Jesus and Mary, who should not the child's first reading-book, by the fireside, be the life of his Divine Saviour and Blessed Mother. Is there any story more beautiful?—Can any be more captivating than the life of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me?" Can parents read any history more interesting and instructive? And—speaking now of Father Brennan's work in particular, of which 18 parts have been issued—we can only supplement our former notices of the work by adding that it excels anything that has of late years come from the Catholic press, in purity of style, the number, beauty, and richness of its illustrations, quality of paper, and clearness of letterpress, whilst in cheapness it has no rival. We are glad to learn that the publishers are meeting with that success their enterprise so richly merits.

CADUC'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

BY J. K. F.

ABOUT half way between Ottawa City and the town of Pembroke there is in the Ottawa river a great rapid known as the Calumet. To the lumbermen upon the Upper Ottawa this was ever one of the most dangerous of places through which they had to pass with their timber. Speak to the lumberman of other days and even of to-day and before you have conversed a minute with him upon the subject of shanty life he will tell you of the many dangerous passes from the famous *Roche Capitaine* to the yet formidable *Long Sault*. And first and above all other places the great Calumet is the object of his admiration, wonder and sometimes fear. "Once started," he will tell you, "upon a crib of timber at the head of the Calumet there is no hope to return; you must go through to the end—if you strike all is over, if you slide along without hitting against the rock or island you run the risk of being sent to eternity when your crib lands at the foot." Such is the fury of the Calumet rapid that no man, except one, has ever set foot upon the island in the centre of the raging flood.

That man, that exception, and unfortunately for himself that sole exception, is the subject of the story which we record. Many years ago, long before civilization had so strongly established itself in the land, and when the lumber trade was in its infancy, a man of the name of Caduc was engaged in conducting small rafts over the wild and dangerous rapid of the Calumet. One day by some mistake he started alone upon a crib and faced the head of the furious flood. Placing too much confidence in his own skill he allowed himself to be whirled onward until losing all power and management over the frail timber crib he saw at a glance the almost inevitable death. In a wild act of mad despair, as the timber flew past the little wooded island in the centre of the stream, Caduc leaped upon the shore. Had he reflected a moment he would have found it the better plan to face the terrible dangers of the great rapid than

to land upon the lone island. There he was, equally distant from either shore and unable to go ahead or return. To trust himself into the water was certain death. No timber or boat in passing could stop to take him on. No help could be sent him. There upon the lone island he passed the night. The day day dawned but brought with it no consolation. The day passed and another night came on with its horrors and greatest of all the horror of starvation. In fine upon that island Caduc died and unburied his corpse lay by the shore until a wild storm one night lashed the waves of the stream which rising higher than ever carried off the body of the unfortunate man. Even unto this day the Indian and many of the white men dread to pass the night near the Calumet and they say that Caduc's moans are preserved by the winds, and are heard on the shore at night. Others more superstitious declare that he is seen walking the island and beckoning to the raft-men to come and take him.

But to all those who live in that region or who travel along the Ottawa no spot is better known for its wild terrors than the Calumet rapid—no place more famous than the little island now generally known as Caduc's Grave.

ANOMALIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
And a hare with downy hair;
A hart with all my heart I love,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one take a plane
To shave a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away all tares—

And Wright in writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong;
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to wright belong.

Beer offends brings a bier to man—
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as some other things.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline reclining.

A quail don't quail before a storm—
A beau will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son;
All Deys must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

A lass, alas! is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stay'd, she is not staid.

The springs spring forward in spring,
And shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
Their leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale—
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

[In entering on this, our Fifth Volume, we intend to make the "Children's Corner," more than ordinarily interesting and instructive. To this end we publish in our present number the first of a series of chapters on the "Earth we Inhabit." These to be followed by papers on the "Wonders of Astronomy," and other kindred subjects. From the clear, simple, and objective manner in which these chapters will be presented to children and the facts deduced and developed therefrom, it is our firm belief, as well as earnest hope, that the "Children's Corner" will have a strong attraction for many who have long since passed the Rubicon of childhood.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW MANY POUNDS THE WHOLE EARTH WEIGHS.

NATURAL philosophers have considered and investigated subjects that often appear to the unscientific man beyond the reach of human intelligence. Among these subjects may be reckoned the question, "How many pounds does the whole earth weigh?"

One would, indeed, believe that this is easy to answer. A person might assign almost any weight, and be perfectly certain that nobody would run after a scale in order to examine whether or not an ounce were wanting. Yet this question is by no means a joke, and the

answer to it is by no means a guess; on the contrary, both are real scientific results. The question in itself is as important a one, as the answer, which we are able to give, is a correct one.

Knowing the size of our globe one would think that there was no difficulty in determining its weight. To do this it would be necessary only to make a little ball of earth that can be accurately weighed; then we could easily calculate how many times the earth is larger than this little ball; and by so doing we might tell at one's finger ends, that--if we suppose the little earth-ball to weigh a hundred-weight, the whole globe being so many times larger, must weigh so many hundred-weights. Such a proceeding, however, would be very likely to mislead us. For all depends on the substance the little ball is made of. If made of loose earth it will weigh little; if stones are taken with it, it will weigh more; while if metals were put in it would, according to the metal you take, weigh still more.

If then we wish to determine the weight of our globe by the weight of that little ball, it is first necessary to know of what our globe consists; whether it contains stones, metals, or things entirely unknown; whether empty cavities, or whether, indeed, the whole earth is nothing but an empty sphere on the surface of which we live, and in whose inside there is possibly another world that might be reached by boring through the thick shell. With the exercise of a little thought it will readily be seen that the question, "How much does the Earth weigh?" in reality directs us to the investigation of the character of the earth's contents; this, however, is a question of a scientific nature.

The problem was solved not very long ago. The result obtained was, that the earth weighs 6,069,094,272 billions of tons; that, as a general thing, it consists of a mass a little less heavy than iron; that towards the surface it contains lighter materials; that towards the centre they increase in density; and that, finally, the earth, though containing many cavities near the surface, is itself not a hollow globe.

The way and manner in which they were able to investigate this scientifically we will attempt in our next number to set

forth as plainly and briefly as it can possibly be done.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE STAGE,
ORIGIN OF VARIOUS POPULAR
ANTHEMS, PLAYS, SONGS,
&c., &c.

UNDER the above heading we intend during the progress of THE HARP to cater to the wants of our young readers by supplying them with some curious and interesting facts not generally known, but nevertheless worthy of space and worthy of remembrance.

TRAGEDY.

Tragedy, like other acts, was rude and imperfect in its commencement. Among the Greeks, from whom our dramatic entertainments are derived, the origin of this act was no other than the song which was commonly sung at the festival of Bacchus. A goat was the sacrifice offered to that god. After the sacrifice, the priests and all the company attending, sung hymns in honor of Bacchus; and from the name of the victim, a Greek word for goat, joined with the Greek for a song, undoubtedly arose the word *tragedy*.

ORATORIOS.

The *oratoria* commenced with the fathers of the Oratory. In order to draw youth to church they had hymns, psalms, and spiritual songs, or cantatas, sung either in chorus, or by a single voice. These pieces were divided into two parts, the one performed before the sermon, and the other after it. Sacred stories, or events from Scripture, written in verse, and by way of dialogue, were set to music, and the first part being performed, the sermon succeeded, which the people were induced to stay and hear, that they might be present at the second part.

The subjects in early times were the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, Tobit with the Angel, his Father, and his Wife, and similar histories, which by the excellence of the composition, the band of instruments, and the performance, brought the Oratory into great repute, hence this species of musical drama obtained the general appellation of Oratorio.

RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

Appollinaris, who lived in the time of the emperor Julian, wrote religious odes, and turned particular histories and portions of the Old and New Testament into comedies and tragedies after the manner of Menander, Euripides, and Pindar. These were called mysteries, and were the first dramatic performances. The first dramatic representation in Italy was a spiritual comedy performed at Padua, in 1243, and there was a company instituted in Rome in 1264, whose chief employment was to represent the sufferings of Christ in Passion Week. In 1313, Philip the Fair, gave the most sumptuous entertainment at Paris ever remembered in that city. Edward II., and his queen Isabella, crossed over from England with a large retinue of nobility, and partook of the magnificent festivities. The pomp and profusion of the banquetings, the variety of amusements, and the splendor of the costumes were unsurpassed. On the occasion, Religious Plays were represented of the Glory of the Blessed, and at other times with the Torments of the Damned, and various other spectacles.

The Religious Guild, or fraternity of Corpus Christi at York, was obliged annually to perform a Corpus Christi play. But the more eminent performers of mysteries were the Society of Parish Clerks of London. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July, 1390, they played Interludes at Skinner's Well, as the usual place of their performance, before King Richard II., his queen, and their court; and at the same place, in 1490, they played the Creation of the World. The first trace of theatrical performance, however, in England, is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, and relates that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the Abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of St. Catherine, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey's performance took place in the year 1110, and he borrowed copes from the sacrist of St. Albans to dress his characters. In the reign of Henry VII., 1487, that king in his castle at Winchester, was entertained on a Sunday while at dinner with the performance of Christ's Descent into Hell;

and on the feast of St. Margaret in 1511, the miracle play of the Holy Martyr St. George was acted on a stage in an open field at Bassingborne, in Cambridgeshire, at which were a minstrel and three waits hired from Cambridge, with a property-man and a painter. Thus, it appears, that the earliest dramatic performances were of a religious nature, and that the present drama as will be seen in another article, takes its rise from the 16th century.

My young readers will not fail to observe the moral conveyed by this truly exquisite poetic gem.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The white turkey was dead! The white turkey was dead!

How the news through the barn-yard went flying!

Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys left, And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail, As a suitable symbol of sorrow, And his plainer wife said, "now the old bird is dead,

Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,

Who above them will watchfully hover?"

"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wing," said the Duck,

"Though I've eight of my own I must cover!"

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms,

In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';

I've nothing to spare—for my own I must care."

Said then the Hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,

For my heart is with love over-brimming;

The next morning that's fine, they shall go with my nine

Little yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in

"And for help they may call upon me too,

Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,

And a great deal of trouble to see to;

But these poor little things, they are all head and wings,

And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be, but, Oh, don't come to me!"

Said the Hen with one chicken.

"Half my care I suppose, there is nobody knows,

I'm the most overburdened of mothers!

They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon others."
 She went by with a chuck, and the Goose to
 the Duck
 Exclaimed with surprise, "Well, I never!"
 Said the Duck, "I declare those who have
 the least care,
 You will find are complaining forever!
 And when all things appear to look threaten-
 ing and drear,
 And when troubles your pathway are thick
 in,
 For some aid in your woe, Oh, beware how
 you go
 To a Hen with one chicken."

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
 With his marble block before him:—
 And his face lit up with a smile of joy
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.
 He carved that dream on the yielding stone
 With many a sharp incision;
 In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
 He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
 With our lives uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
 Our life dream passes o'er us.
 Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision:—
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
 Our lives, that angel vision.

HONOR OLD AGE.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence
 to the old man as he passes slowly along.
 Once like you, the vicissitudes of life
 have silvered the hair and changed the
 round face to the worn visage before
 you. Once that heart beat with asper-
 ations co-equal to any you have felt;
 aspirations were crushed by disappoint-
 ment, as yours are destined to be. Once
 that form stalked proudly through the
 gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of
 grace; now the hand of Time, that
 withers the flowers of yesterday, has
 warped the figure and destroyed that
 noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had
 the thousand thoughts that pass through
 your brain—now wishing to accomplish
 something worthy in fame; anon, imagin-
 ing life a dream that the sooner woke
 from the better. But he has lived the
 dream nearly through. The time to
 awake is very near at hand; yet his
 eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring,
 and his hand takes a firm grip of his
 staff. Bow low your head boy, as you
 would in your old age be revered.

MR. BOSTWICK'S EXPERIMENT.

It occurred to Mr. Bostwick, of West
 Hill, who is much given to pondering
 over and investigating matters of this
 kind, that of all the "heaters" he had
 yet seen, not one had caught, in a practi-
 cal manner, at the solution of the pro-
 blem how to keep more heat in the room
 than escapes up the chimney. Mr.
 Bostwick said that a series of hot and
 cold air pipes was all well enough, and
 so was a series of drums and air cham-
 bers, but after all, simplicity was the
 thing to be aimed at, and the principle
 was this: By the time the heat got to
 the top of the chimney there wasn't
 much of it left. It got away someway
 and somewhere on the way up. Now, if
 you could only keep it in the room, and
 make it travel a great enough distance
 before it got to the flue, it would all stay
 in the room instead of a wretched little
 per cent. All that you wanted was a
 sufficient length of pipe, supplied with
 dampers at regular intervals to retard
 the progress of the heat, and by the
 time the smoke got to the chimney, it
 would be cold as a spare-bed room, and
 every degree of heat generated in the
 stove would be disseminated in the room,
 and a man could winter his family on
 three cords of wood, keep every window
 in the house open day and night, and
 raise celery and early vegetables right
 along in February.

Mr. Bostwick put his theory into im-
 mediate operation. He bought two
 hundred and eighty-five feet of stovepipe,
 and everybody thought that he had gone
 mad. Men who had put up eight feet
 of stovepipe every year since they had
 been married came to him with tears in
 their eyes and begged him to hire a
 man to put it up, assuring him that it
 would be money saved. Women came
 to Mrs. Bostwick and urged her to stay
 with them, or board at a hotel, while
 the work was being done, assuring her
 that it would be all her life was worth
 to stay in a house where a man was put-
 ting up that much stovepipe. Between
 the two a compromise was effected. Mr.
 Bostwick hired an orthodox stove-man,
 in good standing and full fellowship, to
 come up and help him. Then he had
 a carpenter cut the necessary holes
 through the partitions and floors, and

they went to work. They coiled the pipe around the room, protecting the partitions and floors with earthenware collars where the pipe passed through them, until the house looked like an immense still. Mr. Bostwick put the terminus of the pipe into the flue himself, adjusting the socket and fitting the pipe with as much pomp and ceremony as though he was driving the last spike in the narrow gauge railroad.

"There," he said, "open the windows and look for Summer."

And he lighted the fire in the big wood stove, closed the dampers all along the line, and stood back holding his blackened hands with their outspread fingers away from him, and looked with proud anticipation for the result of his experiment.

Smoke.

It came creeping out of the joints of the pipe, and stealing out of the cracks around the stove door and plate, it curled up around the collars, and wound up the tinted wall paper like so many snakes; dark, heavy, gray smoke: pale, thin, blue smoke; cloudy, white smoke, streaked with black, so greasy that you could fairly smell the creosote; long, wavy folds of mouse-colored smoke. It grew less frequent and smaller in volume as it emerged at points further from the stove, until about 115,000 feet before it reached the flue it ceased to come out of the pipe, and the man said he guessed there was no waste heat escaping up the flue, and Mrs. Bostwick with a horrified look at the wall paper, sat down and wept.

The more they experimented the more smoke they got, until at last Bostwick reluctantly admitted that the distance was too great for the size of the stove. Opening the dampers only had the effect of coaxing the smoke a little further along the pipe, and Mr. Bostwick was compelled, late in the afternoon, to order the pipe in the upper rooms to be taken out. This left him with about 150 feet of pipe down stairs, which he knew would work like a charm. It worked like a creosote factory. The only effect of shortening the pipe was to increase the density of smoke. It came out of seams and joints and places in the stove and pipe where the man said he never knew there was a joint. The children,

coughing like freight engines, had been sent over to a neighbor's, where they carried such a smell of smoke that the alarm of fire was raised, and everybody went prowling around in closets, attics, bed-rooms, and halls, hunting for the fire, before the little innocents had been in the house five minutes.

Mrs. Bostwick, between crying over the wall paper and picture frames, and gouging the smoke out of her eyes with her apron, had rubbed and wept her whole face into one great red inflammation and Bostwick was so blind and mad and full of smoke that he felt, looked, and smelt like a hastily extinguished torch-light procession. He took down joint after joint of pipe, but the more he shortened it the worse it got, until at last, in desperation, he tore down the whole thing, threw it out of the window, and fitted the stove back in its place, with the old eight feet of pipe and one elbow, and yelled out to Mrs. Bostwick to bring the children home and get supper. And moodily remarking there was no use trying to do anything with a woman in the house, which appeared to give him a great deal of comfort, he relighted the fire and started it up.

If there had been smoke before, he was at a loss what to call the present manifestation. It came puffing and rolling out of the chimney, out of the pipe, out of the stove, in clouds that you could have hung a hat on, Bostwick could take his oath that the curling columns of blue smoke came out of the figures on the stove legs. He couldn't speak. He had never seen so much smoke in his life. 'The room was growing as black as Egypt. What did it mean? Bostwick believed that the prince of darkness had got into the pipe. Every time he drew a breath he could feel the smoke curl out of his ears. He felt and felt his way to the nearest window in blank amazement, and tumbling out of it, looked up and beheld the cleanest, purest chimney top he had ever seen in his life, with not a line of smoke within four hundred miles of it.

"Great—," he exclaimed, "somebody wake me up!"

Just then Mrs. Bostwick came weeping out on the side porch, looking around for something, as well as she

could look, with the things she was using for her eyes.

"I believe that precious man of yours," she sobbed, "ran away with my butter jar."

"What jar?" snarled Mr. Bostwick, who was too mad and bewildered to take much interest in household affairs.

"Why, my butter jar," she replied. "I had washed it to send it back to the grocery, and it was sitting out here with his stovepipe things, and he has taken it away with them."

Mr. Bostwick didn't say anything, but he went slowly into the house, put on his buckskin gloves, felt his way to the stove, climbed on a chair and pulled the pipe out of the hole. Then he seized the rim of the collar and pulled Mrs. Bostwick's butter jar, intact, sound as a nut, uncracked, and purified by fumigation. He went out of the house with it. Mrs. Bostwick said, "That's it;" but he heeded her not. He strode out to the front fence. "Where are you going with it," she cried. He never answered her. He opened the gate and went out into the middle of the street, set the butter jar down and held it down with his foot. He pulled off his coat.

"Asahel Bostwick," called his wife "that's my butter jar."

He rolled up his sleeves and clutched the butter jar without a word. He raised it in the air and poised himself to throw it fifteen thousand miles. But his foot slipped on the snow and the jar fell out of his hand, sprained his wrist, and dropped on a stone not sixty feet away, breaking itself. And since that day, no man has dared to talk with Mr. Bostwick about heaters. ✓

A REMARK WELL WORTH UNIVERSAL REFLECTION.--If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.

A NICE GEOGRAPHER.--Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no other way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

F A C E T I Æ.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? because she always advances with a bow.

It is one of the curious things of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.

An enterprising sign painter says he would pay liberally for the brush that "the signs of the times" are painted with.

Marie Christine has begun the study of the Spanish language. When Alphonso speaks to her she is going to know how to talk back.

Tempora mutantur---Formerly they were foolish virgins, who had no oil; now they are the foolish virgins who are too free with the kerosene.

A recent obituary notice says:---Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!"

It was a certain Mrs. A. J., of Louisiana who wrote in a Congressman's album:---Let me tell the lies of a nation and I care not who makes its laws.

It seems strange, but it is true. When we spend a dollar on ourselves we soon forget it, but when we give a dime to another we remember it a long time.

Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy: "What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus: "More!"

"Will you have some more beans, Johnny?" "No." "No, what?" "No beans," says Johnny, solemnly, pretending not to understand what is desired.

A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth \$30,000.

"Be ever ready to acknowledge a favour," said a writer. "We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in November.
1	Sat	ALL SAINTS. Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Condon and Maguire sentenced to death for the Fenian rescue at Manchester, 1867.
2	Sun	ALL SOULS. State Trials (Repeal) began, 1843.
3	Mon	Edmund Kean born, 1773. John Mitchel born, 1815. Catholic University, Dublin, opened, 1854. The Irish Pontifical Brigade, after service in the recent defence of the Papal territories, arrive at Queenstown, 1860.
4	Tues	St. MALACHY, Archbishop of Armagh. William III. landed, 1688. Peace with France proclaimed in Dublin, 1697.
5	Wed	Capitulation of Ballynakill, 1646. Charles Lucas, M. D., died, 1771. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy sailed from England, 1855.
6	Thurs	Massacre of the entire population (3,000) of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus, 1641. Death of Owen Roe O'Neill, 1649.
7	Fri	New Custom House, Dublin, opened for business, 1791. O'Connell chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1841.
8	Sat	Hugh Ward died, 1635.
9	Sun	Directions given by the Irish Society, "in order that Derry might not in future be peopled with Irish," that the inhabitants should not keep Irish servants or Irish apprentices, 1615. First meeting of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, at the Eagle Tavern, Eustace Street: Chairman, the Honorable Simeon Butler.
10	Mon	James, last Earl of Desmond, slain. Grand National Convention of Volunteers assembled at the Royal Exchange, 1783. M'Manus' Funeral, in Dublin, 1861.
11	Tues	Killeveny Chapel, Wexford, burned by the Yeomanry, 1798. Capture of James Stephens, Charles J. Kickham, H. Brophy, and Edward Duffy, at Fairfield House, near Dublin, in the year 1865.
12	Wed	Rinuccini arrived in Kilkenny, 1645. Battle of Knocknanoss, 1647.
13	Thurs	Repeal Rent for the week, £1,073 10s 1½d, 1843.
14	Fri	St. LAURENCE O'TOOLE, Patron of Dublin, died in the Monastery of Augum (now Eu), France, 1180. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, died, 1832.
15	Sat	Thomas Addis Emmet died in New York, 1827.
16	Sun	Florence Conroy died, 1629. Sentence of penal servitude on W. Halpin, J. Warren, and A. E. Costollo, 1867.
17	Mon	Wolfe Tone died in prison, 1798.
18	Tues	Banquet of Irish, English, and Scotch in Paris, to celebrate the victories of the Republicans, Lord Edward Fitzgerald present, 1792.
19	Wed	Decree of fraternity and assistance to all peoples passed by the French Convention, 1792.
20	Thurs	Proclamation that all who exercise spiritual jurisdiction under the Pope should on this date quit Ireland, 1678.
21	Fri	St. COLUMBANUS died at Bobbio in Italy, 615. Thomas Russell born at Bessborough, in the county Cork, 1767.
22	Sat	Irish Catholic "recusants" summoned to appear before the Lord Deputy in the Star Chamber.
23	Sun	Execution of William P. Allen, Michael O'Brien, and Michael Larkin, for the Fenian rescue at Manchester, 1867.
24	Mon	St. COLMAN, Patron of Cloyne. Napper Tandy arrested on neutral ground by order of the British Consul, 1798. Escape of James Stephens, Fenian "Head Centre," from Richmond Prison, Dublin, 1865.
25	Tues	O'Donovan Rossa elected member of Parliament for Tipperary, 1869.
26	Wed	Ireton died, 1651.
27	Thurs	Roderick O'Connor, last King of Ireland, died in the 82d year of his age, 1198. Opening of the Special Commission in Dublin for trial of Fenian prisoners, 1865.
28	Fri	Bedford Asylum for poor children founded by the Duke of Bedford, in Brunswick Street, Dublin, 1806.
29	Sat	Oliver Goldsmith born, 1731.
30	Sun	Dean Swift born, 1667.

WEAKNESS OF OLD AGE.—Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.—The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.—*Goethe.*



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. v.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—"RING THE BELLS."

BY ISAAC N. MAYNARD.

Ring the bells! let praise resound,
"The Promised King" at length is found,
And in a manger lies!
Behold the Babe of Bethlehem!
Surrounded by the "wisest men,"
And angels from the skies!

Ring the bells! the round world o'er
Let praise resound from shore to shore,
The Virgin's Son is born!
He who was promised ages long,
By Prophets in their glorious song!
Hail! bright, immortal morn!

Ring the bells! Salvation's come!
"Men of good will!" let every home
Resound with joy and praise!
Earth wears more roseate tints to-day
Than it hath worn since the first ray
Of light made golden days!

Ring the bells! the prisoner's free!
Heaven's gates are opened gloriously,
And Hope sits smiling there!
And Mercy spreadeth her dove-like wings,
And hails her sovereign "King of Kings!"
The Babe of Bethlehem fair!

Ring the bells! for Heaven to-day
Resounds with choral song and lay,
And Halleluias high!
"Our God hath made his promise good!
His word shall stand, hath ever stood,
Emblazoned on the sky!"

Ring the bells! let praise resound!
"The Savior of Mankind is found,
Low in a manger laid!
Behold! His Virgin Mother fair!
Behold! the Infant Jesus there,
With angels round His bed!

Halleluia! Halleluia!
Hosannah in excelsis!
Amen! Amen!

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG,
AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING POOR PADDY HAYES'S JOURNEY
AND HIS VISION BY THE WAY; HOW
HE FARED WITH HIS LANDLORD.

WHILE Paddy Hayes writhed in the agony of suspense and hunger under the old hawthorn tree, where he had spent so many peaceful hours, there gradually came out of the very intensity of the struggle a strange calmness—not quite the apathy of despair, but that which quietly accepts the most terrible crisis as an inevitable necessity, and stares horror in the face with a soul too numbered to recognize its danger. For a while Paddy found himself nerved by the very extremity of his position; he found himself also repeating the old saying that "when things come to the worst they often mend;" and in the fulness of his faith, he grew to realize a new hope in his entire submission to the Divine will. Then, saying "God's holy will be done," he roused himself to his feet, and started up hill towards the "Crag" with a strength born of excitement and undefined expectations. "Who knows after all," he thought, "what the old master may do? The devil is 'nt always as black as he's painted,—and, besides, 'tis my first application for an indulgence. He can't help seeing

how bad the times are," the poor fellow continued; "and for sake of the ould friendship, he can't be hard upon me for a while."

Alas! Paddy did not know how hard is the grip of gold upon the human heart. Only experience can teach one how gradually, but how surely, the demon of avarice, like to the locusts' plague, eats up all green and gentle things, and destroys every blossom of even natural affection in the soul.

As the famine-stricken father toiled up the steep mountain path, he forgot half his weariness in the contemplation of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as he should be, and lost himself, even as the thirst-maddened travellers pursue the mocking mirage of the Eastern desert.

It had been a hot day, and was now towards twilight; for poor Paddy felt a certain shrinking from facing the great house in the full glare of daylight, when all the people would be about, and full of speculation as to his probable necessities. Paddy though not proud in the worst sense of the word, was keenly sensitive; and he shrank at any exposure of his wants, even to his nearest neighbors and best-tried friends; and so he made up his mind to seek Mr. Giffard D'Alton in the quiet evening time.

Already the white vapors wreathed the crest of Slieve-na-Mon, and a dull, stifling atmosphere attested the scorching heat of the noontide. Not a leaf stirred; not even a tiny blade of grass trembled; the very birds were silent in the sultry gloom, and the clouds gathered themselves in low-lying yellow packs—as if too lazy to float in the golden mellowness of the sun. Yet there was a strange gloom in the sky, and there was a faint, subtle and most deadly oppression. Some people called it an odor of death in the air. It could not be named, and it was too flitful for analysis; but it hovered like a malignant breath all over the land in that Black '47. Many said it was the infection of the blackened potatoe stalks, and others that it was spread by the garments of the fever stricken; but one felt it in the saloons of the rich and in fair wide city squares—far away from the blight and the squalor—irrepressible and almost insensible, but yet ever active. It seemed the visible expression

of a curse; and it haunts us still with a strange and oppressive memory! Borne onwards and upwards with the thick mists from the valley, it entered into poor Paddy Hayes's very heart, and poisoned the life strength that had been left to him after long days of hunger. His step became slower and then uncertain; his chest heaved painfully; a cold sweat burst out upon his forehead; and murmuring "Mother of God, assist me," he staggered and fell, fortunately against the soft, green pillow of the ditch side.

For a long time—he did not know how long—he was quite insensible. Then, gradually, the cooler air of the night revived him, and he recovered a kind of dreamy consciousness. We say dreamy, for it is difficult to account for his further experiences on that most eventful night, otherwise than as the highly-wrought fancies of famine-bred delirium. Paddy declared that, when he came to his senses, he saw, above and below and about him, a number of night fires, glowing like so many gems in the pearly gloom of the moonshine; and then, remembering what, in his great sorrow, he had forgotten—that it was St. John's Eve—he took out his rosary and commenced to say his beads. Having come to the Fifth Glorious Mystery, he says he found himself all at once in a glow of radiant light—brighter and clearer than ever he had known before; and he found himself in a mighty space—immeasurable; and he was surrounded by a multitude of every age—men, women, and children, all clad in white garments, and wearing golden crowns, and all alike bearing green palms in the right hand. Around this palm in every case was twined a rosary, sparkling as so many diamond dewdrops in the great glory of the unearthly light! Paddy seeing the eyes of all turned upwards, with a look of unspeakable peace and joy, sought for the object which seemed so to entrance them; and far and far above—away and yet, from the dazzling splendor which surrounded her, near by the very reflection of her glory—he saw a lady, standing lightly on the crescent moon—a crown of twelve gleaming stars upon her head, and in her clasped hands a golden rosary! Suddenly, a low, sweet strain fell upon Paddy's ravished ears,

and in an ecstasy all that mighty multitude fell upon their faces, and with one voice repeated: "Hail Mary, full of grace!" The Queen of Heaven then inclined towards them, and Paddy, gaining some courage, began to recognize many of his old neighbors in the great crowd—many little children, whom he had known, and numbers, young and old, who had died since the bad times came, all smiling upon him, and some beckoning him to enter their ranks. As the poor fellow still wondered and felt a strange sweet sleep steal upon him, he saw a fair angel at his side, who repeated in tones of ringing music, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." And then, while Paddy remembered, with a great joy, how constant he had been in the recital of his evening rosary, the angel held a golden cup to his lips and bade him drink! The very elixir of life the draught seemed to be. Then a great darkness fell upon him, and he was once more alone upon the lonely mountain path.

He was not alone, however, and, for the latter part of his dream, there was a very substantial reality. Leaning over him at that critical moment was a ministering angel, in the shape of him known to our readers as Mr. Meldon. He held a silver flask to Paddy's unconscious lips; and as the rare old Madeira reached the poor fluttering heart, the generous stimulant brought back sense and partial strength to the sufferer. Mr. Meldon felt rewarded for his charity when he saw how rapidly Paddy recovered, and how sincere, though silent, was his gratitude.

A few words were sufficient to explain Mr. Meldon's appearance;—his dog-cart was at hand; he had been returning from a late visit in the neighborhood, his horse started violently, and refused to move further, as he reached the spot where Paddy lay, all unconscious in the shadow, and it was while examining into the cause of the animal's sudden terror that he had found one whom he had esteemed much, as an honest man and a kindly neighbor.

"Going to Mr. D'Alton's you say?" resumed Mr. Meldon, when he had succeeded in setting poor Paddy comfortably in the dog-cart and made "Rois"

understand that his late rapid movements were to be moderated for sake of the new-comer. "Well, it is on my way home, and I can quite easily drop you at the gate, as I pass by. We are strangers—Mr. D'Alton and I," continued Mr. Meldon; and for a moment his full deep voice sounded strained and harsh, and something of nervous twitching about his lips was remarkable from the usual self-possession of his manner. "Strangers" he repeated in a lighter tone "or I should go with you to the 'Crag' and bring you home again. You are not able to walk, and another faintness may be fatal."

"God bless you, Mr. Meldon," murmured Paddy. "And He will. Oh! sir, if Mr. D'Alton were only like you, what an easy time of it I'd have this night."

"Like me!" repeated Mr. Meldon; and the same strange constraint—now mixed with a shade of irony—gave evidence of some hidden feeling. "And, why like me, Paddy—How could his resemblance to my poor dignity be of any possible service to you?"

"The greatest, sir, for you have the heart to feel, and the hand to give—and the nature in you that never will injure the poor. Sure, we all know of your doings, sir! Far and near the people are talkin' of how God sint you to them, these bad times; and many's the one says that, if you were at the 'Crag' in place of ould D'Alton, 'tis different stories the tenants would have to tell.

Mr. Meldon laughed a low, quaint laugh, and then he sighed heavily, and for some moments seemed to be lost in thought.

"I must really cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance, Paddy! if only for your sake. Who knows after all he may be better than you think?"

"He may do something good, sir, if he was left to himself and Miss Amy—darling Miss Amy," answered Paddy; but, what between Baring and Cuneen, the devil has a double grip of him."

"Baring and Cuneen," repeated Mr. Meldon in a tone of astonishment.

"'Tis the truth I'm telling you, sir! 'Tis all Baring's doings. I never call him Mr. Baring or much less Master Charles—'twould break my heart. There's only one Master for me, and

he's far, far away—may be dead in a foreign land. Oh, Master Henry—Master Henry—little trouble I'd be in, if you had your own!" And poor Paddy, overcome by a rush of memories, sobbed violently.

Mr. Meldon started as if in sudden pain, and then forgetful of his restraint upon Rois, a short time before, urged the much-surprised animal to his full speed. A few moments, and the lodge gates of the Crag were reached.

"Now, then!" cried Mr. Meldon; and his voice seemed to tremble with emotion, which struck Paddy Hayes pleasantly as a sign of sympathy for himself, "here we are, Paddy; you go in and make your case. I wish you God-speed and good-night! Trust in God, my man, and fear nothing!" And, waving his hand in adieu, Mr. Meldon disappeared rapidly round the turn of the ever winding road.

With a trembling step and an anxious heart, Paddy Hayes made his way up the avenue, now dark in the night gloom, deepened by the arching lime trees. He prayed as he went; and too fearful to pass in by the front entrance, he made his way round to the servants' quarters, where, as he had been hoping, he met with Nellie, the nurse. Poor fellow! Even that piece of good luck seemed to him a good omen, and it was with some little show of cheerfulness he asked the good Nelly to announce his arrival to the master.

"He was going on about you all day," said Nelly—"the rint!"

"God help me, Nelly," he replied, for a brass fardin of it is'n't in my pocket for him! And what's worse than all—no manes of getting it."

"God help you, Paddy," said Nelly, in a soft, soothing tone of intense pity. "Tim Delane was here yesterday, and Bill Connors and John McGrath."

"Well?" asked Paddy, with eager eyes, for her manner had almost deprived him of speech.

"Yerra, what could you expect?" answered the old nurse, while the big tears welled up into her clear bright eyes; "what could you expect from the man who turned out his own flesh and blood? 'Tisn't much 'twill cost him to turn out of house and home the whole country side," she continued; "but I'll

ax him for you, Paddy, *achree*, and I'll make Miss Amy, the angel, pray for you; and I'll say a round of my bades for you down on my bended knees while you are in with him; and the faithful creature hurried off to keep her word.

A few minutes after, and the dining-room door banged to violently; a heavy, rapid step, a volley of imprecations; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton stood face to face with his victim.

"Nothing but the rent would bring you here at this hour, Hayes," he commenced. "You are always punctual, though some days behindhand this gale," he continued, ignoring the mute agony of the face that met his hard, unpitying stare.

"God help me, sir," answered Paddy. "Don't press me, Mr. D'Alton," the poor fellow went on to say with passionate earnestness; "only give me time, and I'll pay you all."

"Pay me all! I'd like to see you *not*," sneered Mr. D'Alton. "You'll pay me all; and, what's more, you'll pay me now—or by—the bailiffs will be at your door before a week."

"Then may God have mercy on me, and forgive you!" murmured the unfortunate man; my last hope is gone!"

As he staggered towards the door, he left Mr. Giffard D'Alton in a state of rage, uttering a torrent of imprecations too dreadful to be described, and calling down unmentionable anathemas upon the lazy, good-for-nothing swindlers who would try to take an honest man's property, and send him to die in a work-house.

It was all over for poor Paddy Hayes. The fiat had gone forth! As poor Hayes thought of his relentless landlord, and the dear ones in the old home, prayerfully awaiting his return, all the agony of the morning time—and with tenfold its intensity—seized upon his soul.

Outside the door, staggering and swaying like a drunken man, he was met by Amy D'Alton and her faithful attendant. One glance at the white horror in his face told them his story; and with an infinite grace, born of her deep sympathy, gentle Amy laid one small, white hand upon his trembling arm.

"Oh! I am so sorry for you, Patrick!" she cried—"so sorry that I cannot help you—that I dare not plead for you;"

and the large tears fell upon the toil-worn hand she clasped fervently within her own.

There might have been—in truth we know there was—at that very moment, a fierce struggle going on in the breast of Paddy Hayes. It was a golden moment for the Tempter, and he did not let it pass idly by. “Curse God and die!” was the suggestion of the evil one to holy Job in the days of old. And “Have revenge! Curse him and his, in the bitterness of your heart; lay the blood of the homeless at his door, and wither the gold within his grasp!”—whispered the Angel of Malice in the ear of the frenzied man! One moment of irresolution, and in his weakness and over-wrought condition, the sin might have been accomplished, and the fearful words of doom registered against him—if, like the good angel she truly resembled, Amy’s soft, sweet voice had not exorcised the evil spirit as did David’s harp of old; and all the chivalry and tenderness of his nature, triumphed at once and for ever, within the sorely-tried heart of Paddy Hayes.

“Thank you, Miss Amy,” he whispered; “and oh! God bless you, and—” he hesitated for a second, as if what he was about to say struggled for utterance with an invisible power; and then by an heroic effort of charity, faith triumphed, and his voice was clear though tremulous, as he added, “and your father and all! Pray for me, Miss D’Alton; and if you never see me again, be sure that I will never forget your kindness to me this night.”

In vain, Amy pressed him to come into her own little room and partake of the supper provided for him. In vain, Nelly, who saw the famine glare in his unnaturally large, bright eyes, implored of him not to refuse her young mistress. He did not rage or curse, and he conquered his biting passion, to the extent of even blessing the hand that had crushed him; but his heart was too full, and his soul too agonized, to taste the bread of the man who had just trampled on his life. With a sad, wan smile of thanks upon his wasted face, he vanished from Amy’s sight, and was soon lost to view in the deep shadows of the avenue.

Once again in the open air, the cool night breeze refreshed him, and know-

ing the worst, as he did, at least the agony of suspense was over. He thought of his fast-sinking wife and his little crippled daughter, pining for the nourishment he could no longer provide; and a strange sense of relief seemed to come upon him, as he thought of how near the end might be to them all, and how soon they might be beyond all earthly trouble! He remembered his dream, too—his Vision as he called it; and he began to think it had come as a warning of the glory to come! “A little pain here,” he murmured; “and then the white robe, and the golden crown, and the martyr’s palm;—all martyrs!” he continued, “for all of them could have kept their homes and their lives if they only sould the Cross for soup. God protect me!” he prayed, making the sign of the Cross as the very idea brought the cravings of his own hunger fresh and furious upon him. “God protect me and mine! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.”

Lastly, he thought of “Crichawn”—the good true brother, who had never failed or faltered, and who, he knew, often fasted himself, that he might feed those he loved better than life. Brave “Crichawn” had gone, only a week before, to another country where there was some prospect of work, in order that he might at once relieve the poor householder of even his nominal support, and provide some little fund for his sustenance.

“Oh! for ‘Crichawn’s’ strong arm, now!” the old man moaned as he passed outside the lodge gates; and the long, weary way down the hill side—without strength and without hope—lay blankly before him. And for a moment he leaned heavily against the massive cut-stone pillars of the entrance gate. He was in the deep, dim shadow of the lime trees; and the honeyed branches bent low, and swayed gently to and fro above him, and the balmy sweetness shed a soothing, and, as it seemed, a quite sensibly-felt sympathy that comforted him—he hardly knew why. Out beyond the trees there was a clear way where the moonlight shone full and bright, revealing every object with distinctness; and in the space he could see a vehicle slowly driving up and down the level

road, and instinct and hope whispered to him it was Mr. Meldon, waiting the result of his visit to Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and Mr. Meldon it was.

The very sight of so true a friend, and such an unexpected help, gave Paddy Hayes, for the moment, renewed strength, and in a few rapid strides he had reached Mr. Meldon, almost unobserved. So deep were that gentleman's meditations, as he lay back in the seat of his well appointed phaeton, leaving the reins loose to "Rois," who—entering, it seemed, into his master's humor—strolled leisurely along, and sniffed at the young green meadows, now breathing out only the richness of the midsummer night. The horse pricked his ears and gave a premonitory shake; and Mr. Meldon, aroused by the noise, turned his head to where Paddy stood, straight, stiff, and silent—a grim shadow in the silvery light.

"Well?" he said, after a slight pause, during which he waited with much anxiety for a word from Paddy.

"God's will be done, sir," answered the poor man; "'tis all over for me. He would'n't listen to anything—prayer or promise—Mr. Meldon. Nothing but 'the rint or the bailiff,' he said. Sure 'twas only yesterday, ould Nelly told me, he named three or four more. What could I expect?"

"Ay, what indeed," replied Mr. Meldon; and his voice was a curious mingling of so row and bitterness. "What, indeed!" he repeated more softly. "After all, Paddy, it was well you were someway prepared. Come, my poor fellow, better luck next time. Jump in, or 'Rois' will lose all patience, and take the law and the road into his own discretion."

Mr. Meldon spoke lightly and even laughed, as if to dispel the tension of his own thoughts, or divert, somewhat the grief of his companion; but he was startled out of his assumed composure very suddenly.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he saw the poor man raise his hand to his throat, as though trying to tear away some obstacle which seemed to prevent his speaking. Then, after swaying for a moment to and fro, he threw up his arms wildly above his head; and with a

dull heavy thud he fell a lifeless heap upon the narrow mountain way.

An instant, and Mr. Meldon was kneeling once more by his side, supporting the poor grey head upon his breast, even with a son's tenderness. But this time the silver flask was produced in vain, and the needful stimulant could not pass through the firmly-clenched teeth. A slight foam gathered upon the dry lips, and the limbs quivered once or twice, only to contract again more rigidly. Mr. Meldon put one hand over the heart. It beat—and there might be hope. It hung on a mere thread, however. Many days of cruel hunger had weakened that once powerful frame, and the last few hours of fiery ordeal and crushing disaster had completed the wreck.

"Too late!" moaned Mr. Meldon, as, not without painful effort, he raised the stiff, insensible form on to the soft cushions of his phaeton. "Too late!" he murmured, as driving rapidly on, he reached the silent home of the Hayeses, in the chill grey of the dawn, and, entering softly in, laid down his burden on the little settle in the kitchen, and drove away—furiously this time—to bring priest and doctor and all needful help, as he thanked God for the impulse that had bade him wait the return of Paddy Hayes; but he, more often, and very sadly, repeated the answer to some hidden thought, "Too late, too late!"

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON MET "CRICH-AWN," AND CHRONICLING THE DEATH OF PADDY HAYES AND THE SINGULAR THINGS WHICH FOLLOWED IT.

MR. MELDON drove along rapidly, first in the direction of Father Aylmer's, as the one of all others most necessary in the dire extremity in which he had left the much-tried Paddy Hayes. He saw, at an angle of the road, straight in his way, a very singular figure, just at a point where the bright rays of the rising sun at once heightened and magnified its original sufficiently startling effect. Mr. Meldon was in the hollow, and consequently in the dim, grey shadows, while the apparition, which had so suddenly attracted his attention, stood on the topmost curve of a rapidly

declining hill, or rather hillock. In fact, hillocks abound in the locality we are writing of, and give much of a varied and interesting character to its scenery.

It was in a halo of rosy light that Mr. Meldon first beheld one who was destined to become his faithful servant and constant companion for a lifetime—for "Crichawn" it was who stood upon the hill-top, and "Crichawn" it was who, walking leisurely along, gave full time for the amazement his curious combination of face, figure and costume afforded. Mr. Meldon looked at his short, block-like neck, immense width of shoulder and waist contrasted with his stunted height—hardly five feet—unnaturally long arms, slender as a woman's, yet firm and flexible in every motion, and even graceful, to the small white hands, beautiful in shape and color. His thin, twisted-looking legs, well-set foot, and whole outline reminded Mr. Meldon of one of the grotesque figures he had once seen in the curiously-wrought devices of a rood-screen, in a Belgian cathedral.

Mr. Meldon looked at "Crichawn's" face, and in its grave, ascetic features, small mouth, broad brow, delicate chin, and large, dark eyes, earnest and sad, he seemed to see, once again, the head of a mediæval saint which had haunted him long after he had admired it in the glorious stained glass of a little chapel in Venice. "Crichawn" had the same olive tints of complexion; his dark hair curled closely round the temple curves, and his head was slightly bent, and, what was unusual for country folks in the days we write of, he wore his beard, dark brown, with the red light through it, just as the painter monk had put in his storied pane. To make the illusion more perfect, "Crichawn" at that time wore a long, freize coat, and this morning, for some reason or another, he had a coarse piece of whipcord tied tightly round his waist. His hat was off, his beads in his hands, and he had no shoes. Poor fellow! they had been pawned long since, to buy tea and sugar for little Ally and her mother. And so, for that first meeting, if for no other, "Crichawn" seemed to Mr. Meldon's artistic eye a very marvel—a living, moving piece of rare old art, wandering out of its frame, astray on a lonely Irish road. As it was, he

determined on satisfying his curiosity, and, at the same time, securing, if possible, the services of the strange figure who held the beads and who told them as solemnly as ever "Monk of Old." For this he employed the little salutation, at once a prayer and a greeting—"God save you." At the familiar words, uttered in what seemed to "Crichawn" an English accent, he raised his head, and replied in a quite, though astonished tone, "God save you kindly, sir;" and, then, recognizing who had spoken to him, added, "God bless you, Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon felt much surprised, for he forgot—or it never had occurred to him—that he was well known to all the neighborhood for his many deeds of great benevolence, while to himself, as a new-comer, few comparatively were acquaintances.

"Oh! so you know me, then?" he replied. "I am glad of that. It makes what I want you to do much easier."

"Anything you want, Mr. Meldon, I am ready to do my best," was "Crichawn's" reply, in the same quiet, earnest tone, which had at once prepossessed Mr. Meldon in his favor.

"It is a case of life and death," he said. "Can you run?" as he instinctively directed his eyes from the mis-shapen limb, half-sorry for the question.

"Run, sir!" said "Crichawn;" 'tis easy to know you're a stranger. Not a man in Tipperary would ask 'Crichawn' that question."

"Are you 'Crichawn'?" cried Mr. Meldon at once glad and aghast at the messenger he had so strangely found.

"Yes, sir."

"Then there is little need to hasten you by words of mine. Go as fast as you can from this to Dr. Murphy's. He will take you with him back to"—Mr. Meldon cleared his throat as if from sudden hoarsness—"Paddy Hayes's, who has got a sudden fit. I am going straight to Father Aylmer, and will meet you directly at the cottage."

"Great God!" gasped "Crichawn;" and bounding over the hedge, he sprang down the declivity, and in a few deer like bounds was out of sight, before Mr. Meldon could gather up the reins lying loose on the neck of the now weary Rois, or could realize that "Crichawn"

had even understood the full purport of his words.

"A strange coincidence," he said half to himself and half to Rois, who looked anxiously back at his master, as if to ask what new eccentricity he was about to engage in.

"Come on, old boy; now do your best," was stimulus enough to set the spirited horse off with renewed vigor on their quest.

Father Aylmer's house was speedily reached. It was barely six o'clock yet, the little household was astir. Smoke circled cheerily; and the hall door was ajar, and, there, right on the tiny green plot, in front of the house, was Father Aylmer, breviary in hand, wearing his cassock and cap, and evidently preparing for his daily Mass.

The unwonted appearance of Mr. Meldon at such an hour did not disturb the good old priest; and much of the light of his interrupted communings with the Unseen shone in his calm, sweet smile, and the gentle gravity with which he received the sad tidings. To him, Paddy Hayes had ever been a good friend, as well as a stay and support, in many trials, from Paddy's constant and fervent piety and example.

"God be praised," he said; "it was only last Saturday he was with me;" then begging Mr. Meldon to wait a moment, he went into the hall, and, opening a side door, was busy in his little oratory for a few minutes, and came out wrapped in his long priest's cloak; and signifying by a slight gesture to Mr. Meldon that he was ready, he got into the phaeton without a word.

Once more the bewildered Rois was urged to do his best in the good cause. It was a silent drive, but Mr. Meldon used to say, afterwards, that it was one of the happiest hours in his life. The old priest was absorbed in meditation; and only his guardian angel could number the acts of love and adoration, ascending in homage to the hidden God, which were spoken by the heart of Father Aylmer.

Mr. Meldon was silent from deep respect and veneration. An earnest Catholic, he did not venture to break the solemn silence; and as he sped swiftly along the shady road, he felt a new delight in the balmy fragrance of the

meadows, and a thrill of pure ecstasy in the birds' song, and the ripple of the mountain stream. All nature was alive and instinct with joy, to pay homage to its Maker; and Mr. Meldon thought of many a gorgeous pageant in far-off countries, where our Lord was borne to His sick amid a kneeling crowd, with white-robed priest and all the Catholic ritual; and yet, somehow, he was conscious of a deeper and more reverent feeling, in that silent, homely drive, where angels seemed to sing responses in the whispering breeze, and the birds made a chorus of sacred jubilee that he had never felt before.

The old priest sat still and prayerful, a sweet smile upon his lips, and in his eyes a radiant light; and round his long grey hair the sunbeams lingered, lighting up the pale, worn face, with a flickering aureole. Notwithstanding Mr. Meldon's fatigue and his anxiety about the sick man, it seemed all too soon when Rois drew up at Paddy Hayes's door, and the murmur and confusion within gave evidence of the success of "Crichawn's" mission, in the arrival of Dr. Murphy.

"Crichawn's" quick ear caught the noise of wheels, and in a second he had taken Rois by the head, and, leading the tired creature round to what had once been a cosy stable, he did his best to put the poor animal up comfortably. He made the phaeton safe, of course, and then, in his own swift, noiseless way, he was back in the sick room before anyone could have paused to miss him.

It was a sad, and, in many respects, a striking scene. Paddy Hayes, now conscious, but, evidently sinking rapidly, lay upon an old oaken settle in the kitchen, dressed as he had been the night before, save that his cravat was off and his neck exposed. One of the neighbors sat at his head and supported his shoulders, while the doctor felt his pulse and the beating of his heart.

Through an open door on the left side, a bed-room was visible, and on the bed a woman moaned and tossed restlessly to and fro—muttering in all the wild incoherence of typhus. It was Mary Hayes, happily insensible to the misery around her; her soul was far away, borne on the wings of that strange delirium, which had carried her back to

the days of her proud young motherhood. She crooned a low cradle song, and rocked an imaginary babe softly to sleep in her wasted arms. In the inner corner of the apartment, on a low sofa bed, lay a girl of thirteen, pale as a snow wreath, her dark blue eyes dilated with terror, and her lips clenched, as if to smother the intense agony that would fain find relief in groans. She was half reclining on the poor pillow. She bent her head, as if to catch the least sound from without; and, with senses rendered acute by long suffering, she caught even the tones of cautious whispering.

"What do you say, Doctor?—any hope?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"None, he is sinking rapidly;—only Father Aylmer can assist him now," was the reply.

The listening girl gasped painfully, and made a violent exertion as if to throw herself from the bed. Alas, she was paralysed! the fruitless exertion to move the benumbed limbs reacted on the overtaxed heart; and Ally Hayes fainted away. For some time, at least, she was spared the trial of consciousness, while the poor mother stared at her with wide-open, glittering eyes, that did not see, and nursed the spirit babe in a terrible mockery of the agony around her.

Father Aylmer was now left alone with the dying man, but his ministration was swift and soothing. Only a week before, as he had told Mr. Meldon, the faithful penitent had received absolution from his old confessor. There was no long arrears to clear up, no scruples to allay, no terrible temptations to combat. "As a man lives so shall he die." And for Paddy Hayes the end was "peace." Therefore, when Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn," at a call from Father Aylmer, entered the little kitchen, they found the dying man calm, and even radiant.

There was no time to lose, the doctor said; and then the Holy Viaticum was brought to him, for his last long journey.

After a few moments of evidently intense devotion, he raised his head slowly, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Meldon, he seemed to wish to speak. With ready tact, the little group drew back, and allowed Mr. Meldon to approach the dying man.

"God bless you, sir," he faintly whispered, "and reward you!" And, then, by a last effort, grasping Mr. Meldon's hand in a convulsive clasp, he said in a louder tone, as the last appeal of human agony, "Mary—my little Ally!"

"Do not fear," answered Mr. Meldon,

"They are now in my charge; I will protect them. Then, seeing the intense relief transfiguring for a moment even the shadow of death upon the face of the father and husband, his own took a shade of sudden resolution, and bending his head, so that his lips touched the ear of the sufferer, he whispered a few rapid words. The effect was electrical. Paddy Hayes absolutely raised himself, as if endued with a new life, and with a great joy and infinite contentment, gazed for a second fixedly upon Mr. Meldon—then strove to press a kiss upon his hand! It was beyond his strength; and he fell back heavily, with the grey shadow quenching all the grateful love within his eyes.

"Crichawn" and Father Aylmer were now by his side, and the priest held the crucifix to his lips, and recited the Litany for the departing soul. For a while, Paddy Hayes followed the responses, but, by degrees, this world seemed to pass away, and a world invisible seemed to surround him.

"Holy Mary!" he murmured. "Holy Mary! I see my mother near her, and my little sister. Oh! how bright it is!" he said again; "how warm—all sunshine and gold! Holy Mary!" And, then, again "Jesus!" Once more he repeated the holy name; once more he invoked the holy name, Jesus! Those who heard it can never forget, that tone of love unutterable, of wonder immeasurable, of joy ecstatic.

"God have mercy on his soul," said Father Aylmer, as he gently closed the eyes, and folded the arms of the dead. "God have mercy on him!" he repeated; "but if ever a departing spirit met the embraces of our Blessed Lord, I think it was Paddy Hayes's happy lot, when he made that last aspiration. We all know," the good priest continued, "how easily he could have his life and his land if he gave up his conscience. Can we doubt that he has even now received his reward?"

By this time there was quite a con-

gregation in the house. All the neighbors had come in, one by one, and, as it always happens in cases of such extremity, no one came empty-handed. Out of their own poverty the poor provided the little necessities required; and swiftly and silently the women set to work to find out where the habit was kept, to make down the fire, and set down the kettle, and make the cup of tea and drop of whey for the sick woman and child. The disordered house was soon tidy; the corpse was decently laid out in the brown habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and reverently and prayerfully James the Pilgrim crossed the hands upon the breast, folding between the fingers the well-worn rosary of the deceased.

It was soon a regular wake, but a wake in the best sense of the word—as such a solemn occasion should at all times be observed. To be sure, there was the simple gossip of the countryside, and the men smoked the calumet of peace in the chimney corner; but out of respect for the poor sufferers in the next room, the *caoine* was not raised but at certain times. James the Pilgrim took care to give out the Rosary, after which he related many wonderful tales to beguile the tedium of the night; and thus the long hours wore swiftly away.

"Crichawn" had been sent into Waterford by Mr. Meldon almost immediately after the death of his brother, with orders to provide a suitable coffin and all necessities for a respectable funeral at that gentleman's expense; and from his own house he had taken care to send the wine and broth and arrowroot ordered by Dr. Murphy for poor Ally Hayes and her mother.

At the early dawn on the next morning, a very solemn procession wound out of the narrow *borheen* leading into the once pretty cottage of the Hayeses. At its head were Father Aylmer and Father Ned, and next them the hearse and coffin; and by its side walked "Crichawn." After the hearse came Mr. Meldon's carriage, bearing Mr. Meldon himself, wearing crape—just as if it was for "the jinty"—and then came the neighbors in long array, for Paddy Hayes had no enemies, and even his very misfortunes excited a double anxiety to show some mark of respect to his remains.

It was a dark morning, promising what is called among country people a "rich day." Not a breeze was astir, and the gentle Summer rain descended, rather than fell, in an odorous dew upon the thirsty earth; and soon, in the stillness of the old churchyard, all that was mortal of Paddy Hayes was laid, by loving hands, peacefully and prayerfully to rest.

After all was over, and "Crichawn" was left, as he thought alone, by the new-made grave, he threw himself at full length upon it, and gave full vent to the emotions of his bitter sorrow. Only for a little while however; for, starting as he felt a hand laid gently but firmly upon his shoulder, he met the kind gaze of Mr. Meldon bent, as was that gentleman's way, intently upon him.

"Tom," he said, "have you a knowledge of horses? Can you drive a pair?"

For a moment, "Crichawn" rubbed his eyes in sheer astonishment. The offer, and the tone in which it was given was a veritable cold shower bath upon the passionate outpouring of his spirit, but the shock was premeditated, and after a second it produced its effect. "Crichawn" rose to his feet, and, accepting the state of things with consummate tact, replied quite simply, "Yes, sir, I had always a fancy for horses, and like to be about them."

"Then you will care for Rois," Mr. Meldon said gaily. "Henceforth he will be your charge; and his owner too," he added.

There are many things I know you can do for me—things that require trust and prudence; and—but we shall see."

"Crichawn" did not speak. He seemed to divine by intuition the nature of his benefactor, and knew that any display of feeling would jar upon Mr. Meldon's sensitive nerves; so he remained quite silent, in the attitude however of a servant who waited his master's orders. After a moment's thought, Mr. Meldon looked up, and, evidently pleased by the manner of his new attendant, said, "Then, after you have seen things straight at the cottage, you can come over, or, better still, wait for me there."

As Mr. Meldon drove rapidly away, poor "Crichawn" knelt down for one brief moment, and kissing the freshly

turned earth, thanked God, and the spirit of his mother, to whose prayers in heaven he felt a sad satisfaction in attributing the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him.

It was well the faithful servant had experienced so much consolation, for his endurance was destined to be sorely tried that very day.

On his arrival at the house of mourning, his attention was attracted, at some distance off, by an unusual noise, and a gathering of people quite unusual, now that wake and funeral were over. His first thought was that his sister-in-law was dead, though that very morning the doctor had pronounced the crisis past, and assured him that care and quiet were all that were needed for a speedy recovery. Still he knew how very treacherous the typhus was, and his heart sank within him as he thought of little Ally, without a mother's care in her infirmity, and how lonely he himself would be in the world. He approached the cottage with a feeling very new to "Crichawn" and asked the first he met what was the meaning of the crowd.

"The meaning of the crowd? Well, I tell you that you're come just in time. See, now! There's D'Alton's bailiff over there, an' there's three or four makin' inventhries of nothin'; an' I tell you soon there'll be murder here unless some wan prevints it."

"Crichawn's" eyes flashed with a fire terrible to behold.

"Inventhries over the coffin!" he said "over the coffin!" he repeated; and gazing on D'Alton's men even with the consciousness that he could settle for double the number of these single-handed, he appeared about to make a spring—the spring of the tiger—when, lo! who drives right into the cottage road but Mr. Meldon.

Already "Crichawn" had begun to look upon Mr. Meldon as "head of the family." He merely looked at that gentleman, therefore, and seemed to ask "What shall I do." "Crichawn's" anger went down in the presence of that betrayed by Mr. Meldon. He declared he could never forget the terrible expression of his master's face;—evidently he was unable to control it—sufficiently to meet D'Alton's work men.

"Let it pass," he said to "Crichawn." "All the better now that you are in my service."

Calling him nearer; he spoke for a while rapidly and earnestly; and then without even a glance at the shamefaced bailiffs he departed as quickly as he had arrived.

That night, the gamekeeper's lodge on Mr. Meldon's estate received the outcast family, and there, when Mary Hayes awoke to health and widowhood, she found herself surrounded with many of her old comforts, and a sympathy which, as she said, made it ungrateful for her to repine; and there little Ally patiently suffered her painful malady, until by a wonderful inspiration she, too, was made whole—but the explanation of the manner must wait for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON CAME TO BE INTIMATE WITH ALLY HAYES, AND ALSO CHRONICLING AN EVENT VERY DISTASTING TO MESSRS. HUXLEY AND TYN-DALL.

As the Midsummer wore on to Autumn, and the tints deepened on the trees, the hearts of the inmates within the lodge commenced to brighten, as a new life and better prospects began to open before them. It is true that Mary Hayes still bore the traces of the cruel trial she had gone through, and her snowy widow's cap was only rivalled by the whiteness of her thin face, from which the old bloom had for ever departed. But, whatever the amount of her sorrow might have been, it was held in check by a deep feeling of resignation, and a great sense of gratitude to God for the refuge she had found so unexpectedly.

Mary Hayes's duties at the lodge were only nominal. "Crichawn's" wages were liberal, and were backed by many a generous gratuity; for most people were excited by the romantic nature of his associations with Mr. Meldon, as well as by something of a mysterious attraction about the poor fellow himself. Thus the poor fellow had quite a fortune in the minds of the simple folk about him. But, "Crichawn" began at once to pay the debts contracted by his brother in the hard times before his death. In these first sad days, Mary Hayes had

made a solemn declaration in "Crichawn's" hearing that she would "beg the world over, and grudge herself and the chi d a bit or sup, unless she could feel that Paddy's sowl would rest in peace, when the last penny he owed was paid."

"Wisha hould your tongue, Mary ashore," was "Crichawn's" rejoinder, "and don't be borrying trouble for yourself whin the Lord knows you had enough of it already. Look at that for you, now," said the warm-hearted fellow, producing an old brown pocket-book, from which peeped out the crisp edges of several new bank-notes. "Shure 'tis the masther himself, God bless him, paid me this very morning my quarter in advance, 'for I know,' says he, 'you'll have many little demands on you now, perhaps'—slipping the notes at the same time into my hand, and like a rale gentleman, as he is, walkin' away when he seen the tears in my eyes, widout another word. And sure enough, Mary, I could'n spake for a good tin minutes; and thin I fell down upon my two knees, and promised the Mother of God that a fardin of my wages I'd never touch 'till Paddy was clear; and now 'tis no affair of yours, achree; mind little Ally, and don't be tasing yourself any more."

"An' who will you pay?" asked Mary.

"I'm goin' to pay Patsy Leary, the very first. Do you remember the day the white cow was drivin' away for the poor-rates, how he came behind poor Paddy's back and slipped the pound-note into his fist, and how Ally clapped her hands when *Bawneen* came back. 'Tis proud I am to be taking it to him this mornin', though I believe God gave it to him on the double many a time since."

The poor widow was on her knees by the hearth in a moment. The tears streamed down her face in torrents, and her hands were raised to heaven, while she rocked softly to and fro, after the manner of our peasantry when deeply excited.

"Arrah, what is the matter now Mary? You're worse to me than the grey mare," he muttered,—"and she's bad enough—like to kick the brains out o' me every time she gets her oats; but I declare I'd sooner be kicked every hour

in the day than see you cryin' like that, Mary, for it breaks my very heart," said "Crichawn."

"Don't be angry, Tom," answered the widow. "I won't cry any more if it plazes you, on'y this wasnt, for, O *dear-bhrathair*, your goodness has melted the could hard rock of the grief that was wearin' me down—wearin' me down," she went on, "whin I used to think how his bones would'n't rest in the clay."

"God forgive you thin," said "Crichawn," "when Father Ned could tell you over and over agin that his soul was in heaven. 'Tis aisy you ought to be about his bones," laughed "Crichawn," trying to assume a levity he was far from feeling. "And see, Mary," he added with a rare tact, "have a bit of supper for me about tin. I'll have to walk all night with that devil of a mare. The masther's goin' to sell her at long last at the fair; an' I would'n't thrust Peter with her as far as I'd throw him."

Whistling the "Groves of Blarney," "Crichawn" walked rapidly away, at the same time applying the cuff of his coat across his eyes in a manner that seemed to contradict the freedom of mind he had been trying to manifest.

From this scene, it is easy to imagine how quietly, and even happily, the days glided by for Mary Hayes and little Ally. Indeed, if the shadow rested long anywhere, it seemed to linger most upon the child's face; and her depression of spirits,—so different from the elastic youth, whose trials are always transient,—was put down to the effect of her delicacy. The reader may remember that Ally was a paralytic, and had for the three years previously lost entirely the use of her lower limbs. The stroke came suddenly, one hot July day, when the child, a laughing, golden-haired sprite of seven Summers, strayed into the meadow where the haymakers were busily at work. For a time, Ally was the gayest of what is always a merry gathering. She tossed the fragrant wisp far above her head, sought for the wild honey, and the corn crakes, nest hunted, and crowned herself with improvised wreaths of meadow-sweet, and crimson peopies. As she flitted from one rank or the haymakers to another, no one particularly missed her; and the hot day wore into the thick, misty dew of the

Summer night. The meadow was silent, and Paddy Hayes had stuck his rake, the very last man, in the heavy swath, and turned towards home, when he heard his wife's voice calling him in tones of alarm, mingled with call upon call for "Ally."

A search was made on the spot, and under an old hawthorn tree that grew into many twisted and tangled roots and knots, and wicked uncanny-looking branches, they found the child asleep. Her face was very pale, and (he stupor more than natural, as she was borne tenderly into the house in her father's arms, and laid in her mother's lap by the fire. She was speedily undressed and made to take a little hot milk, but though for a while she lay quiet in her cosy cot bed, it was hardly dawn when the child began to moan painfully, and toss restlessly to and fro upon the pillows; and then the frightened mother found her with blazing cheeks, and flashing eyes, evidently in a high state of delirium.

Of course the old crones shook their heads, and whispered mysteriously that the tree was haunted, and that poor Ally had fallen asleep over a Fairy Ring.

"Didn't Denis Foley the greatest faction fighter in the three counties," asked Maurice More, "fall asleep one May eve in the self same spot; and sure every wan saw him taken up a cripple to his dying day? An' if that wasn't enough for 'em, didn't they hear the child's own talk, so square and so strange, no wan could make it out."

"Thru' for you," answered Brideen Dhuv, "tho' Father Aylmer said it was from the effects of a sudden chill, and Dr. Murphy declared it was fever brought on by a dhrink of the cowl'd well-wather, when little Ally was over-heated and fatigued, and that to fall asleep in the dew, was always dangerous. But we know that the priest or the doctor would niver give in to the fairies, though in their hearts they couldn't help knowin' it."

(To be continued.)

TRIUMPH OF APPLICATION.—Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.
—*Rochevoucault.*

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

BY J. KEEGAN.

"Come, buy my nice, fresh Ivy, and my Holly sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Times,
and a Happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you take my ivy?—the loveliest ever seen!
Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all you who love the Green!
Do!—take a little bunch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
That God may bless your Christmas, and be with you New Year's Day.

"This wind is black and bitter, and the hail-stones do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff entangling hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I say—
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the cold rain rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town;—
One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and Holly boughs so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps—while her hot, impeded breath
Too plainly told her early doom—though the burden of her lay
Was still of life and Christmas joys and a Happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas street, I heard the wanderer sing,
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring—
My heart felt cold and lonely and my thoughts were far away,
Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods among the Holly Green;
I dreamed of my own native cot and porch with ivy screen;
I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd—of Hopes that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy;
 The hurrying crowd passed to and fro but did not heed her cry;
 She uttered one low, piercing moan—then cast her boughs away—
 And smiling cried—"I'll rest with God before the New Year's Day!"

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new made grave,
 Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring wave;
 The Minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged her happy way,
 And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless New Year's Day.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY PROF. O'GRADY.

THE most important event in the home or family circle during the last month was the putting out of the Joly administration and the putting in of the Chapleau ministry. You all know how this change was brought to pass, and are, I presume, tired and sick of hearing and reading about the rings and scandals, the conspiracies and *coup d'etats* that mark the political history of the province of Quebec since Confederation. It is an old saying that "when rogues fall out honest people get their own," but the Honorable Ministers of This and That, the Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate and the Legislative Councils, and the Gentlemen of the House of Commons and the Legislative Assemblies—rogues all of them, if their individual opinion of one another is worth anything, and I grant it is—as far as they are concerned, have long since *shelved* this venerable adage, and informed the plundered tax-payer that its "usefulness is gone." No one now but the veriest dolt expects to see the country gain anything by a change of government, federal or provincial, and those who cheer so lustily over that event are chiefly knaves. This, you will perceive, is a compliment to our intelligence as a nation, albeit a reflection on the honesty of a considerable portion of the population. Where can you find a politician to-day who is not a place-hunter for himself, or some of

his sisters, his cousins, his uncles, or his aunts? Look to Ottawa, look to Quebec, look to Toronto,—see the ever-increasing swarm of salary-grabbers and contractors, who carry the free and independent vote in their pockets, and, with threats of using it as a gallows or guillotine, bully ministers until they unconditionally surrender. How often did Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Joly *yield to expediency* in this way, I wonder. And what did it profit them in the end? Their successors in office already feel the same pressure, and seem to like it—that is, if they speak their mind at their cups. This way of governing the country will continue on for a few years more, until there is nothing left to plunder, and then—*God save the Queen!*

* * *

Mr. Blake has returned to public life, the newly elected member for West Durham. Mr. Blake is not a statesman, nor yet a mere politician. He has not experience enough for the former, and is too honest to be the latter. As a theorist he stands high, but he is a mere baby in practice. He is too timid to lead, and too independent to follow. But it was felt that Mr. Blake was wanted in Parliament. Nearly everybody admitted it, though nobody knew exactly why. Now that he is back again, the most extravagant things are expected of him. He is to lead the party with which he is nominally allied to victory, and to save us from the dangers that threaten our existence as a British colony. Mr. Blake cannot lead his party—or rather the party that claims him—to victory or defeat, and consequently can neither save nor ruin the country. Anyhow, what party cares a straw about the country? Government by such parties as we have in Canada is a curse. Mr. Blake knows it; he cannot help it. He talks, indeed, about *Consolidation of the Empire*, and is laughed at. He hears others prate about *Canadian Independence*, and laughs at them, as well he may. Some cautiously whisper *Annexation*, and he remains silent. He is wise. Mr. Blake will take his seat next session, looking very learned and sage as he unquestionably is; he will be received with plaudits

from *both sides*; he will deliver a few fine speeches, and finding no support on *either side*, will quietly resign. I am no Vennor. Watch and see! If these words don't come to pass, may I be gazetted an Official Assignee.

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Ne sutor ultra crepidam. There's Latin for you. I wasn't a professor of the dead languages thirty-two years for nothing. But—alas! for my occupation—to be educated to talk fine Latin like that in these days of enlightenment and steam-presses, you don't require the services of a professor. All you need is a copy of a decent edition of "Webster," and in the back pages you will find all the choicest gems from every classic language ready for use. There's where I got the one under consideration. In English it means, "let the shoemaker stick to his last," or in other words, *mind your own business*. Any departure from this precept hurts my feelings. It pains me to see a doctor tinkering at the law, or a lawyer peddling in medicine, and I am tempted to call him a fool, which he is and a dangerous one too. If I see a tailor trying to shoe a horse, or a dancing master trying to fell an ox, it makes me mad, and I shout at the top of my voice, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, whether he understands or not. Some people seem to have an awful lot of *crepidams*,—"lasts," not "shoemakers." Journalists, for instance. They are jacks of all trades, and that's why they're masters of none. That must be the reason also why every editor calls himself "*we*." Editors cannot be restrained like other animals. They have a right to run at large. "A free Press" is one of the glorious privileges of the age we live in—*free* to lie, to malign, to insult, to corrupt, to outrage, to do everything forbidden by the Ten Commandments. An editor is independent of all law, human and divine. So, when I read last week how one of them denounced as debasing folly some of the most ancient and sacred ceremonies of the Church, abused and insulted a Bishop about them, and ridiculed the faithful, I wasn't the least surprised. If you take the bit and reins from a horse's mouth, don't be surprised if he runs wild. In some places cows and hogs are allowed

to run at large, and if they trample and root in a person's garden there is no redress for him by law; but if he has a good whip or stout stick handy, and is active enough, he can in very short time take all the satisfaction he wants out of their hides. I have heard of the same persuasion being used on *editors at large*, and it succeeded admirably.

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There was a time when I knew far more about American politics than our simple minded cousins themselves, and my blood and legal relations looked up to me as an oracle on all the great questions which made one righteous citizen vote Republican and another Democrat. My intellect was young and vigorous then, and parties, like the rules of base-ball, were not so infernally numerous and so plaguely mixed up as they are now. Here I have been wrestling six sidereal (?) hours with the returns from different states of the November elections, for the purpose of ascertaining who carried and who lost, but there is no use,—I give it up in despair. Nothing can be made out of those figures. This much I have gleaned, however,—and it is with deep sorrow I say it—that they don't do these things over there much better than we do them here,—poor people, this comes of living so near us, and bad example so contagious.

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As I write, the news comes from over the sea that Davitt and Daly, two leading agitators of the Irish land question, have been arrested. The greatest excitement prevails throughout Ireland and in Irish centres in England. The Irish press, with the exception of the subsidized government organs, condemns the arrest as foolish as well as tyrannical, and even some of the English papers come down on it in the same strain. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and the seizure and imprisonment of some of the leaders was clearly foreshadowed by the marching in of whole regiments of foot, horse and artillery. What will follow? The arrest of Parnell? I don't think it. Whoever has watched this agitation closely must have noticed that Parnell and Davitt

although rowing in the same boat, never pulled the same stroke. The Davitt stroke was—banish the landlords, and seize and divide the land; Parnell's—purchase the land in block, and sell it out again in parts and on time to the people. Davitt's arrest will strengthen Parnell's hands, but there are too many bayonets behind the landlords' back. God help our people, and defend their rights!

HAVE YOU SEEN? *

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Have you seen the round sun on the mountain of Clara?
 Have you seen his bright rays on the hills of Ivarah?
 Have you seen him at morn o'er Ben-Heber ascending?
 Have you seen him when far in the west he's descending?
 Have you seen him at noon on the high Galtees shining,
 As the blue cloudy wreaths are with purple combining?
 Have you seen his rays fall on your rills and your fountains?
 'Tis thus, brightly he shines on our hills and our mountains.

Have you seen the pale moon on a summer eve gleaming,
 Where the Shannon's soft waves are 'round Scattery streaming?
 Thro' the old Muckcross-hall have you seen her light glancing?
 Have you seen it at eve, when the fairies are dancing,
 'Round the Moat of Knockgraffon by Anner's fair water?
 Have you seen her look down on your red fields of slaughter?
 Have you seen her beams light your own shrines of devotion?
 Thus pale, bright and haloed she shines o'er the ocean.

Have you heard the wind moan thro' the shrines of the Gueber,
 'Neath whose shade once of old flashed the bright celtic sabre?
 Have you heard the wild notes of the Banshee at even?
 Have you heard the trees sigh to the breezes of heaven?
 Have you heard the loud blast when the tempest is crashing,
 When the waves on Tramore in mad fury are dashing?
 'Round your own native Isle have you heard the winds singing?
 'Tis thus thro' our forests their loud music is ringing.

* Written in answer to the question: What is there in Canada that is the same as we have in Ireland? Give me an idea of your country.

Have you seen the green robe that kind nature has given,
 To the Isle of the West—fairest land beneath heaven?
 Have you seen the blue dome high suspended above her?
 Have you seen the proud glance of the children that love her?
 Have you marked all the gifts—all the beauties that blest her,
 And the spirit that 'rose when the foe would molest her?
 Those beauties, that spirit all united arising—
 The gaze of the exile are with splendor arising!

Have you read of fair Erin the once brilliant story?
 Like her we have hope, we have joy, we have glory!
 Have you heard of her ages of sorrow and weeping?
 But to us in this land no such harvest for reaping!
 Have you heard of the rights that her sons were defending?
 Those rights on our soil in sweet concord are blending!
 Of your own native Isle you have heard of the sorrow—
 Yours was dark as the night—ours is bright as the morrow?

Laval University, Quebec,

CHIT-CHAT.

—Evidently the kings of old had a most *royal* way of doing things. It is recorded that "Old King Cole was a merry old soul" however disagreeable his three sons may have been. Xerxes appears to have been another of your "Merry Monarchs," at least if you can believe his historians, which you cannot, as there were Froudes in those days. *It is related* (we particularly wish our readers to note the expression as we would not for the life of us be held accountable for the libel even of so exalted a personage) that when in a storm he crossed over in a boat (which he *did not*) to Asia after the defeat at Thermopolæ, he asked the steersman (passengers are *particularly* requested *not* to talk to the man at the wheel) if he thought they were safe? The steersman, either not relishing this infringement of nautical rules, or not particularly liking the nationality of the king's retinue answered that with so many Persians (we had almost said Parsons)

on board, they could not expect to be safe. Hereon the *Merry Monarch* cried out "Persians! let us now see how much you love your Prince—my safety depends on you." This was bringing matters to a focus, but the Persians (not the *Parsons*) were equal, if not superior to the occasion, for they forthwith like so many frogs, without throwing off their duds flopped into the water. The vessel thus lightened arrived safely in Asia. Xerxes to show his *gratitude* gave the Pilot a *gold crown* for having saved the life of a King, but *cut his head off* for having lost him so many Persians. This was very *merry* on the part of the Monarch, and is a remarkably early example of the modern principle of "*give and take*."

—The Oracle of Delphi was equally *merry* at the expense of the Greeks, which was very ungrateful of the Oracle seeing that it had received the best part of the plunder. When after depositing the plunder in the temple, the Greeks asked, if things were generally satisfactory? the Oracle answered, that as far as Greece in general was concerned things were eminently satisfactory; but as far as *Ægina* was concerned it was otherwise. As she had *suffered most* at Salamis the Oracle would expect a further bonus.

—Harvey the celebrated anatomist, who is said to have first discovered the circulation of the blood, had no very exalted idea of Sir Francis Bacon's "Inductive Philosophy." Being asked if he did not admire that great work which the Lord High Chancellor had written he replied "Yes; he writes philosophy like a *Chancellor*."

—Eugene Delacroix the great French painter came over to England to study our landscape painters. He was an acute observer of men and things. His epitome of English character is laconic if not just. *On dit a tort que—"goddam" est la fond de la langue. C'est un "shilling; sir."* (They say wrong, that "goddam!" is the foundation of the English language it is—"a *shilling; sir!*"

—Peace! peace! and there is no peace. T. C. Cliffe Leslie, L. L. D., has proved that through the so-called period of peace, (between 1814—1854) England was engaged in no less than a hundred little wars!

—Mr. Newman Hall being a layman and not a priest is his own Church his own Councils and his own Pope, and consequently is not called upon to submit his teachings to any tribunal save the great "Number One." This is convenient, especially when Number One has not much of a code of doctrines to teach. When Mr. Hall "preached" the other day in London, (Eng.) "the throng of strangers" we are told was so great "that a few minutes after the doors were "thrown open, it was found necessary to shut them, and many hundreds had "to go away without having gained ad-"mission." This is suggestive. What went out this great multitude to see? A reed shaken by the wind? Well! certainly not an oak which could stand firm and unmoved by the adversities of conjugal life. Mr. Hall's Xantippa is too much for him. But what then went they out to see? A Prophet? We hardly think so—for Prophets have a mission and Mr. Hall has none; nay; he studiously repudiates one. Mr. Hall's mission is self—the great Number One. Mr. Hall is a doctrine to himself, and we are sorry to find that it includes Divorce Courts. But what then went out this great multitude to see? Obviously to see *him*—the great Number One—and to see how he looked after he had rubbed skirts with a Divorce Court. Are we unjust to self-constituted-Preacher Hall? We think *not*. We are not aware, that these shut doors, and multitudes going home without admission, are the normal state of Preacher Hall's preachings. Whence then did they arise on this occasion? Had Preacher Hall discovered some new doctrine, some new deductions for instance, from the anthropoidal ape to expound? History does not record that he had. Whence then the crowd on this occasion? To say the least of it—its "going out" so soon after the Divorce Court is—*suggestive*. A way-side preacher in the Queen's Park said the other day "What a blessing that I in this free country can stand here and

preach *the gospel to you.*" He meant *his ideas of the Gospel.* His Gospel and Mr. Preacher Hall's have the same authority, although Mr. Preacher Hall's is propounded in a costly and handsome tabernacle with high pew rents and velvet cushions and Mr. Preacher Queen's Park's is roared out from lusty lungs under the canopy of heaven to street boys and the policeman, with a greasy cap for an offertory plate. Both gospels depend upon *individual approval.* Now it is ordinarily believed that individual approval is not the highest form of supernatural mission. St. Paul did not "send himself" nor St. Peter, nor any of the other apostles, at least if they did they did not let the world know it, for they knew full well, that the men of those days were not so stupid as to tolerate them for a moment, if they could not prove that they were *sent* by somebody, and that that somebody was *God.* But we have changed all this—a fine voice—a fluent tongue—at-homeness in the pulpit—a certain acceptableness of appearance and some little learning on general subjects are all the mission that are necessary now-a-days; nay; as in the case of the Queen's Park man "cheek" will supply the place of all these. One thing is noticeable in all these self-made apostles, whether wayside or wayward—whether heaven canopied or tabernacle covered—they never preach Christ and Him crucified—they never insist on expiation for sin and they never preach anything else but emotional religion. By these signs shall ye know them.

—But the multitude that "went out"—what of them? Well! they asked no mission, and they got it. In fact—they (those at least who got in) got all they came for. It was not a prophet they "went out" to see—nor even "a reed agitated by the wind." When they left their homes in the morning nor prophet nor reed were in their mind. It is true that a preacher-in-a-divorce-court and much more, a preacher-in-a-divorce-court-without-a-mission looks very like a reed and a broken reed at that. But we will venture to say, that very few of those who in so great a multitude gathered that day to "sit under" Mr. Preacher Hall had given either the reed idea or the prophet idea a thought. They

were in for amusement—Sunday amusement, if you like, but amusement, and we suppose they got it. As for asking *a mission* bah!—They knew—these Sunday decorous amusement seekers—that Mr. Newman Hall had as little mission as themselves—they knew that he was self-elected; or if elected external of self he was elected of good looks—good voice—sweeping oratory and the necessity of Sunday decorous amusement. Beyond this they did not go. Demand had begotten supply. Mr. Newman Hall and his audience were a necessity—a law to each other. It is true that in this especial instance there was a further element—the divorce court. This last element like the others is *suggestive.* There are in christian London—the London of the 19th century a tabernacle full and to spare of Sunday amusement seekers, who desire to get a good stare at that last development from the anthropoidal ape—a self-constituted-Preacher-just-through-the-Divorce-Court. In sooth it is a strange specimen of the genus *Homo.*

H. B.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

QUEBEC.

"OLD times are changed, old manners gone"—sang the Laird of Abbotsford three score and ten years ago, and even then there was much truth in that line of the great bard; but now-a-days, in the age of mighty progress, of universal civilization, of gigantic success with still greater reason do we repeat that happy expression. The olden customs are dying away by degress and in Canada, this new and rising country, there seems to be no trace of anything ancient. Altho' Europe progressed for ages and in fine succeeded in touching the topmost point of worldly honor and worldly power, yet there was and is still to be found, here and there, preserved, the old customs, the old laws, the old manners. Although Italy flourished 'neath the glare of modern civilization, still the faithful of the first ages, their habits, their ideas, their works all lived and

still live deep down in the winding corridors and subterranean passages of the time-famed Catacombs; still might we study the past beneath the huge shadows of the Flavian Amphitheatre, or dream of pagan splendor under the vast dome of the Pantheon; still may the antiquarian find a mine of wealth 'neath the lava-covered cities of Herculanium and Pompeii.

Where to-day the iron-horse dashes along through the vine-clad sloping of France or by the elmgroves of England, are to be seen the Roman ways—those wonderful roads over which so often went and came the followers of the Cæsar. And in Ireland, beside the mansion is the holy well, near the new and rising town stands the ruined aisles of some long deserted convent, the holy fane of a Muckross or a Clonmacnoise, the splendid remains of Holy-Cross or the hundred times historic rock of Cashel. Were Ireland one day to become the home and centre of commerce and progress, were every village and town to be made the *rendezvous* of the manufacturing world, still would the old land, the old people, the "Ancient Race" and the olden manners survive, still would they be seen in each ruined shrine, and shattered monument. Even in such a time would the moat and rath and brake recall the story of the fairies, and the night-wind revive the moan of the Banshee, and the sun-towers on the hills and in the vales repeat, as it were, the name of Erin's Gobhan-Saer.

In Canada such is not the case. All here is new, and very truthful would be the words of Scott if applied to our land or our people. Yet in the midst of all that progress and change there remains one exception. There is even unto this one place in the country, which has preserved, if not all, at least many of the old manners and old customs, and which seems to stand forth immutable amidst change.

There still exists a spot that bears the marks of olden days, that tells in mute eloquence the story of the country's infancy, its rise and its onward march. There yet is to be found a conservatory of things past, a monument of former strength, an index of present peace and happiness, a relic of Canadian glory. And that place, that spot, that conser-

vatory, that monument, that ancient relic is the historic city of Quebec.

Already in our first essay we have spoken of Quebec from an historical stand-point and told in as short a manner as possible the story of a great number of those important and famous events that dot the page of Canadian history. It would then be but a repetition to speak of the many battles and sieges that took place around the walls of the ancient town. But Quebec is not only famous on account of the changes that have taken place with regard to the country within its fortifications, and the names, immortal in the Canadian annals, that adorn the monuments of the City. Quebec is also known throughout the world and more-so upon this continent for its position, its form, its peculiarities, its scenery and its institutions.

No place in America, and only one place in the world is better situated and more powerful than Quebec. Perched upon its rocky throne it frowns down upon the mighty St. Lawrence, that rolls its waters beneath the battlements.

Several hundred feet above the flood stands the Citadel, perhaps the strongest on this side of the Atlantic. On the north side the river St. Charles flows past the city and loses itself in the St. Lawrence. Behind the citadel lay the plains of Abraham, so well known as the field of Wolfe's glory and his death. Beyond the heights and down towards the valley of the St. Charles the largest portion of the city stretches. On the opposite bank of the main stream rises the town of Levis, crowned with a splendid and powerful set of fortifications.

The city is divided into Upper and Lower Towns, the one being over two hundred feet above the other.

Upon a fine clear day in Summer, Quebec and its surroundings present, perhaps, one of the most beautiful panoramas in the country. Upon a rainy day the mud, the slush, the pouring water, the dull sky, the narrow streets, the wending byways, the antique gabled houses, the numerous hills, in a word the whole city in general and every object in particular, presents a most gloomy aspect. Upon a winter's day when the storm-

king is abroad and the sleet and snow drift madly along the crooked streets and the tempest sweeps down from the citadel-height driving before it the icy shower, and the wind of winter howl in fury along the ancient ramparts singing its wrathful chant in the mouths of fifty brazen cannons, relics of the past, and sighing mournfully as it rounds the huge cape, when the white-clad phantom-king touches with his ice-covered hand the rivers, the vales and the hills. Quebec is an object of interest and admiration.

Now that its walls are no longer battered and scaled by thundering and contending armies, its citadel is invaded by the wild and all-powerful army of the elements led on by that aged warrior, who has for centuries conquered and reconquered the earth—old Winter. To describe Quebec on such a day is, to say the least, too difficult a task—one must see it in order to form a true idea of a winter storm or a rainy day in the old capital. But on such a day as we so often find towards the end of May, after the cloudy chill of winter is past and before the burning heat of Summer has set in, no scene can be grander than the view from the Durham and Dufferin Terraces of Quebec.

Beneath you, two hundred feet down, rolls the St. Lawrence separating Quebec from the Levis heights. Towards the north-east the beautiful Island of Orleans divides the great stream. Along the north and away beyond the St. Charles lay the Beauport flats stretching off towards the foot of the purple Laurentides. Here and there in the far distance is seen the spire of a village church and immediately below Quebec wends the long and narrow village of Beauport. Off to the West the valley of the St. Charles spreads out and nearer to you extends suburban Quebec. Behind rises up the great rock crowned with the old citadel-wall. Gazing upon the city itself the eye is first attracted by the spire of the old Basilica and the triple-towered roof of Laval. The rest, to the eye, is a mass of confusion, a heap of buildings, many old, few new, huddled together without the least regard to proportion or position. In a word Quebec proper is the type of some ancient city of Europe.

The magnificent platform from which you catch such a glimpse of the city and its surrounding is 1400 feet long and 200 feet above the river. It was first merely a small floor railed-in and forming the cellar roof of the old St. Louis Castle and known as the Durham Terrace. Our last beloved and greatly lamented Governor, Lord Dufferin suggested the idea of a prolongation of the old terrace, and now, thanks to that happy conception, it has become one of the grandest walks in America. Crowned with fine antique looking summer-houses, called *Kiosks*, it affords comfort to thousands, adds wonderfully to the embellishment of the city, and commands a view of miles upon miles of country.

Take up the common guide to the city and you will see the names of these places of interest, which in themselves suffice to attract the public to the ancient capital. The citadel, battered by a thousand shots, the theatre of a hundred fights, the grandest and proudest land-mark of the nation's early struggles. The Governor's garden where stands the monument erected to the memory of the 'brightest-stars in the sky of Canada's past. Wolfe and Montcalm—as—

"It's summit high against the sky,

Like sentinel defending,
Points from the sod to where with God
Their spirits, now, are blending."

The Grand Battery with its range of guns, pointing on all sides and telling in a language the most powerful the strength of the olden wall. The churches beautiful and famous for their grandeur of construction and the richness of their paintings. The spot where the immortal Montgomery fell as he stood midway between the height which he sought to gain and the river that swept below. The plains of Abraham where the gallant Wolfe expired in the arms of victory. The splendid building and grand galleries of the University of Laval, one of the oldest and one of the first institutions in the land. The home of learning and of the learned it looks down from its lofty position on old Stadacona upon a whole Province, ay, on the entire country and the rays of its sciences, its arts, its laws penetrate even into the remotest corners of the

land casting a glow of beauty wheresoever they fall.

Quebec is "the gateway and the guard of Canada." One feels, on approaching the old city, that he is going back into the ages long past. The outward form of Mediævalism is there, but the spirit and soul that animated the former ages is replaced by that of more modern times—and with truth we can repeat, when gazing upon the old world reproduced in one of our own comparatively new places, the words of Oliver Wendel Holmes, when he sang a few months ago in a glowing strain of true poetry, the fame of the immortal Thomas Moore:—

"I feel like the priest to his altar returning;
The crowd that was kneeling no longer is there:

The flame has died out, but the brands are still burning
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the air."

There stands old Quebec, not the largest, not the grandest, but at least the most interesting and most truly national city in our fair Dominion. Contemplating these ancient walls one might ask as did Edgar Allen Poe of the ruined Coliseum, if these are "All of the fame and the colossal left by the corrosive hours to Fate and me?" And in a mute and sublime eloquence would they make reply:

"We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE POPES.—The whole number of Popes, from St. Peter to Leo. XIII., is 258. Of these, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 104 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen; 9 Greeks; 7 Germans; 5 Asiatics; 3 Africans; 3 Spaniards; 2 Dalmatians; 1 Hebrew; 1 Thracian; 1 Dutchman; 1 Portuguese; 1 Candiot; and 1 Englishman.

As the sun surpasses in splendor all other planets, so Mary in her sufferings exceeded the sufferings of all other martyrs.—*St. Basil.*

THE IRISH FAMINE.

(*Catholic Universe.*)

AGAIN Ireland is threatened with famine, and the cry for bread is heard over the land. For the last two years the crops have failed; this year, more markedly in the south and west of the country, the crops have been an almost total failure. For Ireland this is a dreadful state of things. In this country a failure in one section is usually compensated for by abundance in another, but in Ireland a failure in one part gravely affects the whole country. Where, at best, a country can but barely provide for the population, failure, even in part, brings serious distress, but where two successive years of failure follow each other, famine must inevitably result. This seems to be the present prospect in Ireland, and presents a condition of affairs that appeals to the charitable sympathies of the Christian world.

Three hundred years of oppression, to which have been added robbery and confiscation in every form that malice and ingenuity could devise, have produced their natural results. A system of landlordism has arisen that is a disgrace to a civilized age or nation; tenants without rights in the soil they cultivate, or encouragement to improve, lest their improvements but increase their rents; no fixity of tenure, but dependent day by day on the will or whim of an agent; rack rents; the fairest portions of the country turned into deer parks or pleasure grounds for the "gentry"—all this and more, while the people are reduced to potatoes and miserable hovels to keep them from cold and starvation, are not only a matter for grave thought to the world, and should direct thoughtful observation to Ireland and to the cause of this periodic cry of distress among the Irish.

That the Irish are neither lazy, nor unwilling to make an honest effort to make a living, is seen in their success in America, where they are law-abiding citizens and reasonably successful in business. Here they succeed and rise, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which they have labored. In decency they rear their families, educate their children, acquire property

and position, and they and their children take their place in American society as not only respectable citizens, but successful and self-supporting members of society.

On all sides it is admitted Ireland is a fertile country, but owing to the nature of the laws, the want of fixity in the tenure of the land, the lack of encouragement to the farmer and the excessive character of the rents, the country is kept so constantly from hand to mouth that it is simply impossible for the people to have anything provided ahead. Each year consumes its own products, and leaves the next where the last ended, with nothing laid past—and under the present condition of things it is utterly impossible for the country ever to have anything laid past.

Under these circumstances, a summer like the one just past, where it has been one continuous rain, where the crops have rotted in the fields, and the people have been unable to save the turf on which their winter's fires depend, it can be easily understood why at this early period of the year, the gaunt faces and the starved cry of the people, rises up and asks for bread for themselves and their children. If this is now, and that it is so is seen in the present agitation that is going on in the country, what will the condition of the people be during the latter part of the winter and early spring? Where are the people to find seed or the means to put in their next year's crop? How are they to live till the next year's crops are gathered in? True they can die, they have done this before, but are the scenes of '47 to be repeated? and are the Irish people to starve and die by famine, and disease and fever; or because they cannot pay the rents to be turned out to die by the ditch, or to go to the poor-house, and this while our country has been so blessed by God with abundant harvests?

This cannot be; this must not be; no people can be permitted to starve whilst we have abundance. The Irish in Ireland cannot, and must not, be permitted to starve while their brethren and kinsfolk in America have enough and to spare. We must give of our abundance. We may not be able to give as we would wish, or as our hearts would prompt,

and what we give as a diocese may not be much to Ireland as a nation, but what we give, though little as it will be in the aggregate, will be a great deal to those whose distress we relieve. It behooves us as Christians, it behooves us as members of a common family and of a common nationality, to be up and doing, to give of our abundance or to give of our limited means.

We are not called upon to discuss the causes that have produced the present condition of things in Ireland; nor are we called upon to study the political questions that disturb Ireland; nor are we called upon to take sides on this or that political issue; those are questions for the Irish people to settle for themselves, and to be settled in Ireland, not in America, but we are called upon as Catholics to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, and to help to save a people from starvation and death.

Both priests and people must take an active hand in this work, this the more in those congregations distinctively Irish; but hunger is a cry that appeals to no nationality, hence also, those congregations, not Irish, will lend a helping hand to their brethren of a common faith, who, by oppression and persecution, have been reduced to their present state of suffering. We therefore appeal to the diocese, to the whole Catholic population of the diocese, let its nationality be what it may, to give to the starving people of Ireland. We know full well the many home calls that are constantly made, and how much our ever generous Catholics give of their limited means; we know also, that at this present moment the appeal for the support of the six hundred orphans that are entirely dependent on the charity of the diocese for support, is about to be made in the cities of Cleveland and Toledo, and has just been made in the other parts of the diocese. We know all this, yet the Irish are starving, and the cry of distress arises from the land. The winter and the cold is on them. They appeal to us for bread. We must do what we can, and, whether much or little, give what we can.

We therefore direct that on the first Sunday in Advent a collection be taken up throughout the Diocese, or where collections are already announced for

that Sunday, that the collection for the above purpose be taken up on any Sunday between this and Christmas, and that such sums as may be thus collected be sent to our Secretary, who under our direction will remit it to the Bishops of such districts as are in the most need, to be by them sent to the priests of their respective dioceses, who will distribute to the worthy poor. In this way every dollar collected will reach a worthy and deserving object, and at the same time will be so directed that the most needy will be relieved. We also pray God to bless those who give and thus help to relieve the needy and feed the hungry.

† R. GILMOUR,
Bishop of Cleveland.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

OF the three great holiday festivals, Christmas Day is, for many reasons, the greatest; and one reason among others is, that it stands out of the winter-time, the first and warmest of them. It is the eye and fire of the season, as the fire is of Christmas and of one's room. We have always loved it, and ever shall, first, (to give a child's reason, and a very good one, too, in this instance,) because Christmas Day is Christmas Day; second, (which is included in that reason, or rather includes it, for it is the greatest,) because of a high tone, which will, more properly stand by itself at the close of this article; third, because of the hollies and other evergreens which people conspire to bring into cities and houses on this day, making a kind of summer in winter, and reminding us that "The poetry of earth is never dead;" fourth, because of the fine things which the poets and others have said about it; fifth, because there is no business going on,—“Mammon” is suspended; and, sixth, because New Year's Day and Twelfth Day come after it; that is to say, because it is the leader of a set of holydays, and the spirit is not beaten down into common-place the moment it is over. It closes and begins the year with cheerfulness. We have collected, for THE HARP, some notices of the principal events connect-

ed with Christmas. Most of them are now losing their old lustre, only to give way, we trust bye and bye, to better evidences of rejoicing. The beadle, as (understood in England and some other countries,) we can dispense with, and even the Christmas-boxes; especially as we hope nobody will then want them. And the “Bellman's Verses” shall turn to something nobler, albeit, we have a liking for him; ay, for his very absurdities; there is something in them so old, so unpretending, and so reminiscent about him. As long as the bellman is alive, one's grandfather does not seem dead, and his cocked-hat lives with him. Good “Bellman's Verses” will not do all. There have been some such things of late, “most tolerable and not to be endured.” Warton and Cowper unthinkingly set the way to them. You may be childlike at Christmas; you may be merry; you may be absurd—in the worldly sense of the term; but you must write with a faith, and so redeem your old Christmas reputation somehow. Belief in something great and good preserves a respectability, even in the most childish mistakes; but it feels that the company of banter is unworthy of it. The very absurdity of the “Bellman's Verses” is only bearable, nay, only pleasant, when we suppose them written by some actual doggerel-poet in good faith. Mere mediocrity hardly allows us to give our Christmas-box, or to believe it now-a-days in earnest, and the smartness of your cleverest worldly-wise men is felt to be wholly out of place. No, no; give us the good old decrepid “Bellman's Verses” hobbling as their bringer, and taking themselves for something respectable like his cocked-hat, or give us none at all. We should not like even to see him in a round hat. He would lose something of the old and oracular by it. In a round hat, he should keep out of sight, and not contradict the portrait of himself at the top of his sheet of verses, with his bell and his beadle's staff. The pictures round the verses may be new; but we like the old better, no matter how worn out, provided the subject be discernable; no matter what blots for the eyes, and muddiness for the clouds. The worst of these old wood-cuts are often copied from good pictures; and, at all events,

they wear an aspect of the old sincerity. Give us, in short, a foundation of that true old Christmas sincerity to go upon—to Church in the morning—to dance in the evening. We can begin the day with a mild gravity of recollection, and finish it with all kinds of forgetful mirth, —forgetful, because realizing the happiness for which we are thoughtful. It is a pernicious mistake among persons who exclusively call themselves religious, to think they ought never to be cheerful, without calling to mind considerations too vast and grand for cheerfulness; thereby representing the object of their reverence after the fashion of an officious and tyrannical parent, who should cast the perpetual shadow of his dignity over his children's sports. Those sports are a part of the general ordinance of things. Man is a laughing as well as a thinking animal; and "there is a time," says the wise man, "for all things." To have a thorough sense then of Christmas grave and gay, and to reconcile as much as possible its old times to the new, one ought to begin with Christmas Eve, to see the log put on the fire, the boughs fixed somewhere in the room, and to call to mind what is said by the poets, and those beautiful accounts of angels singing in the air, which inspired the seraphical strains of Handel and Corelli. Here for the curious is given: The Golden Carol of The Three Kings of Cologne.

We saw a light shine out afar,
On Christmas in the morning,
And straight we knew Christ's Star it was,
Bright beaming in the morning.
Then did we fall on bended knee,
On Christmas in the morning,
And prais'd the Lord, who'd let us see
His glory at its dawning.

Oh! ever thought be of His Name,
On Christmas in the morning,
Who bore for us both grief and shame,
Afflictions sharp and scorning.
And may we die, (when death shall come),
On Christmas in the morning,
And see in Heav'n, our glorious home,
That Star of Christmas morning.

Those who possess musical instruments should turn to these strains, or procure them, and warm their imaginations by their performance. In paintings from Italy (where the violin, on account of its great mastery, and the enthusiasm of the people is held in more

esteem than with us), we often see choral visions of angels in the clouds, singing and playing on that instrument as well as the harp; and certainly, if ever a sound which may be supposed to resemble them, was yet heard upon earth, it is in some of the harmonies of Arcangelo Corelli. And the recitative of Handel's divine strain, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields," is as exquisite for truth and simplicity as the cheek of innocence. Shakspeare has touched upon Christmas Eve, with a reverential tenderness, sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly;

*Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.*

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;

So hallowed and so *gracious* is the time.

Upon which (for it is a character in Hamlet who is speaking) Horatio observes, in a sentence remarkable for the breath of its sentiment as well as the niceness of its sincerity (like the whole of that apparently favorite character of the poet, who loved a friend.)

So have I heard, *and do in part believe it*, that is to say, he believed all that was worthy, and recognized the balmy and Christian effect produced upon well-disposed and sympathetic minds by reflections on the season.

Milton has sung of these angelic symphonies in an Ode that challenges the English language. In fact it is the finest Christmas Carol ever written by an Englishman. It is an Ode or Hymn, written on the Nativity, when Milton was but a youth,—not, of course, one of his best, but with almost as fine things in it here and there, as he ever produced.

A Christmas Day to be perfect, should be clear and cold, with holly-branches, in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner, with mince-pies, and games and forfeits in the evening. You cannot have it in perfection, if you are very fine and fashionable. Neither also, can it be enjoyed by the very poor; so that, in fact, a perfect Christmas is impossible to be had, till the progress of things has distributed comfort more equally. But

where we do our best, we are privileged to enjoy our utmost; and charity gives us a right to hope. A Christmas evening should, if possible, finish with music. It carries off the excitement without abruptness, and sheds a repose over the conclusion of enjoyment. A word respecting the more serious part of the day's subject alluded to above. It is but a word, but it may sow a seed of reflection in some of the best natures, especially in these days of perplexity between new doctrines and old. It appears to us, that there is a point never enough dwelt upon, if at all, by those who attempt to bring about a reconciliation between belief and the want of it. It is addressed only to believers in a Providence, but those who have that belief, if they have no other, are a numerous body. The point is this,—that Christianity, to say the least of it, is a Great Event. It has had a wonderful effect upon the world, and still has, even in the workings of its apparently unfilial daughter, Modern Philosophy, who could never have been what she is, but for the doctrine of boundless Force, or as some will have it Deity, grafted upon the elegant self-reference of the Greeks, and the patriotism of the Romans, which was so often a pretext for the most unneighborly injustice.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The celebrated Anglican Bishop Taylor observes, that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the Angels to the Shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas Carol. Bourne seems perfectly right in deriving the word carol from *cantare*, to sing, and *vola*, an interjection of joy. This species of pious song is undoubtedly of most ancient date. Here is the earliest metrical version perhaps extant in English.

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA"

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,

In Excelsis Gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great Grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to thy solace,

In Excelsis Gloria!

Having now reached the limits proposed at the outstart in this article, from a gay and fanciful point of view, it behooves us to cast a glance on that greatest of great events—the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This great event is celebrated by Catholics, throughout the world in the most gorgeous and rapturous strains of music, accompanied with the never ending "Glory be to God in the highest." Yet, while this sublime Canticle is still reverberating throughout the stately edifices erected to the praise and adoration of the Living God—a sweet, musical voice whispers, the autumn is near its close, the torrents are rushing wildly down into the valleys, the north wind whistles through the cyprian trees, and a gray, cloudy sky announces the approach of winter's snow. * * *

On a dark, gloomy morning, in the year of Rome 748, a Nazarene was seen briskly engaged in preparing for a journey, which could not have been one of his choice, for the time was unseasonable, and the woman who accompanied him, and whom he seated so carefully on the mild and patient animal which the daughters of the East prefer, was very young, resplendently beautiful, and in a state requiring the utmost care, solicitude and attention.

To the saddle of the docile animal on which the young Galilean rode was attached a basket of palm leaves, containing provisions for the journey; dates, figs, and dried grapes, some barley-cakes, and an earthen pitcher for taking water from the spring or the cistern. A leathern flask, of Egyptian manufacture, hung on the opposite side. Such was the humble outfit of the holy pair, who quitted their poor abode and descended the narrow streets of Nazareth, amid the holy greetings and the kind wishes of their friends and neighbors, who cried on every side, Go in peace! These travellers, who thus set out on that cold, cloudy morning,

were the humble descendants of the great Kings of Juda,—Joseph and Mary. And for what think my readers? To obey an order of a pagan and a stranger, to inscribe their obscure names beside the most illustrious names in the kingdom. This journey undertaken at such an inclement season, and in such a country, must have been extremely painful to the Blessed Virgin—but still she did not murmur. That delicate and fragile creature had a soul both firm and courageous, a lofty soul, which greatness did not dazzle nor joy agitate, and which bore misfortune silently and calmly.

Let us now contemplate the calm, immobile, and heavenly countenance of her saintly spouse, advancing by her side, meditating on the ancient prophecies which promised, four thousand years before, a Liberator to his people. As he journeyed towards Bethlehem, at the bidding of a Roman, he reflected on the words of the prophet Micheas, "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be the Ruler in Israel." Glancing, then, at his humble equipage and his modest spouse, in her plain, unpretending apparel, the patriarch began to revolve in his mind the great prophecies of Isaiah and to comprehend the designs of God in his Christ, "He shall grow up as a tender plant before Him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground; there is no beauty in him, nor comeliness * * despised and the most abject of men." After five days of a toilsome journey, the travellers caught a distant view of Bethlehem, the City of Kings, seated on a rising ground, amid smiling hills planted with vines, olives, and groves of smiling oaks. Camels laden with women wrapped in purple cloaks, and covered with white veils, Arab horses, dashing along at full speed, bearing gay and brilliant cavaliers, groups of old men mounted on white asses, and chatting gaily together like the ancient judges of Israel, were all going up to the City of David, already crowded with Hebrews, who had arrived on the previous days. Outside the city, but a short distance from the walls, arose a large, square building, whose white walls

stood out in strong relief from the pale green of the olive trees which covered the hill. It looked like one of the Persian Caravansaries. This was the inn; Joseph hastened thither in hopes of obtaining one of the narrow cells, which belonged of right to the first comer, and was never refused to any one; but finding merchants and travellers issuing from its portals in goodly numbers for want of room, he, too, was compelled to depart. We will not attempt to pourtray the wistful countenance, or describe the inward feelings of Joseph on that occasion. The evening wind fell cold and piercing on the young Virgin, who breathed not a word of complaint, though her face grew paler every moment, for she was scarcely able to support herself. Joseph, in despair, continued his fruitless attempts, and more than once, alas! he saw some wealthier stranger admitted where he had been rudely repulsed. The night closed in. The lonely travellers seeing themselves rejected by all the world, and despairing of obtaining a shelter in the city of their fathers, quitted Bethlehem, without knowing which way they ought to turn, and advanced at random through the fields, still partially lighted by the fading twilight, while the jackals made the air resound with their shrill cries, as they roamed in search of their prey. Southward within a short distance of the inhospitable city, there appeared a gloomy cavern, hollowed in the rock. The entrance was towards the north, and the cave became narrower towards its farther end. It served as a common stable to the Bethlehemites, and sometimes as a shelter for the shepherds on stormy nights. The pious couple blessed Heaven for having guided their steps towards this rude asylum; and Mary, with the help of Joseph's arm, made her way to a bare rock, which formed a sort of seat, though narrow and uncomfortable, in a hollow of the rock. It was there, *in the fortifications of rocks*, as Isaiah had predicted, just as the rising of the mysterious constellation Virgo announced midnight, that the *alma* of the Messianic prophecy, amidst the solemn stillness of nature, concealed by a luminous cloud, brought forth Him whom God himself had produced *before*

the hills, and who was begotten from all eternity.

He suddenly appeared, like a sun-beam emerging from a cloud, before the eyes of his young, astonished mother, and came to the possession of the throne of his poverty, whilst the angels of God, prostrate around, adored Him under His human form. Thus were accomplished the great prophecies of Isaiah and Micheas. And as further objective testimony of these accomplished prophecies, an Angel of the Lord stood before some shepherds who were keeping midnight watch over their flocks, and said to them, for they were seized with great fear: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign to you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the Highest; and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will." In response to this, Glory to God in the Highest, &c., Catholics adore, praise, and glorify God their Saviour on Christmas morning. In response to this first and most sublime Canticle, Catholics advance on Christmas Eve, surrounded with heavenly music and heavenly visions, as did the shepherds of old, with joy, faith, hope, and love towards that crib where they deserve to find the promised Saviour, since they come to seek Him with pure hearts and single minds.

W. M. K.

A mere bauble—the most trifling interest, the omission of a compliment dissolves worldly friendship; but Christian charity is founded on God alone who can never fail.—*Blessed Roridgaaz.*

BEAUTY LIKE SUMMER FRUIT.—Beauty is as Summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly, again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.—*Lord Bacon.*

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

THE world considers that all men are pretty much on a level, or that, differ though they may, they differ by such fine shades from each other, that it is impossible, because it would be untrue and unjust, to divide them into two bodies, or to divide them at all. Each man is like himself and no one else; each man has his own opinions, his own rule of faith and conduct, his own worship; if a number join together in a religious form, this is an accident, for the sake of convenience; for each is complete in himself; religion is simply a personal concern; there is no such thing really as a common or joint religion, that is, one in which a number of men, strictly speaking, partake; it is all matter of private judgment. Hence, as men sometimes proceed even to avow, there is no such thing as a true religion or a false; that is true to each, which each sincerely believes to be true; and what is true to one, is not true to his neighbor. There are no special doctrines necessary to be believed in order to salvation; it is not very difficult to be saved; and most men may take it for granted that they shall be saved. All men are in God's favor, except so far as, and while, they commit acts of sin; but when the sin is over they get back into His favor again, naturally, and as a thing of course, no one knows how, owing to God's infinite indulgence, unless indeed they persevere and die in a course of sin, and perhaps even then. There is no such place as hell, or at least punishment is not eternal. Predestination, election, grace, perseverance, faith, sanctity, unbelief, and reprobation are strange ideas, and, as they think, very false ones. This is the cast of opinion of men in general, in proportion as they exercise their minds on the subject of religion, and think for themselves; and if in any respect they depart from the easy, cheerful, and tranquil temper of mind which it expresses, it is when they are led to think of those who pre-

sume to take the contrary view, that is, who take the view set forth by Christ and His Apostles. On these they are commonly severe, that is, on the very persons whom God acknowledges as His, and is training heavenward—on Catholics who are the witnesses and preachers of those awful doctrines of grace, which condemn the world, and which the world cannot endure.

In truth the world does not know of the existence of grace; nor is it wonderful, for it is ever contented with itself, and has never turned to account the supernatural aids bestowed upon it. Its highest idea of man lies in the order of nature; its pattern man is the natural man; it thinks it wrong to be anything else than a natural man. It sees that nature has a number of tendencies, inclinations, and passions; and because these are natural, it thinks that each of them may be indulged for its own sake, so far as it does no harm to others, or to a person's bodily, mental, and temporal well-being. It considers that want of moderation, or excess, is the very definition of sin, if it goes so far as to recognize that word. It thinks that he is the perfect man who eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and walks, and diverts himself, and studies, and writes, and attends to religion in moderation. The devotional feeling, and the intellect, and the flesh, have each its claim upon us, and each must have play, if the Creator is to be duly honored.

It does not understand, it will not admit, that impulses and propensities which are found in our nature, as God created it, may nevertheless, if indulged, become sins, on the ground that He has subjected them to higher principles, whether these principles be in our nature, or be superadded to our nature. Hence it is very slow to believe that evil thoughts are really displeasing to God, and incur punishment. Works, indeed, tangible actions, which are seen and which have influence, it will allow to be wrong; but it will not believe even that deeds are sinful, or that they are more than reprehensible, if they are private or personal; and it is blind utterly to the malice of thoughts, of imaginations, of wishes and of words. Because the wild emotions of anger, desire, greediness, craft, cruelty, are no sin in

the brute creation, which has neither the means nor the command to repress them, therefore they are no sins in a being who has a diviner sense and a controlling power. Concupiscence may be indulged, because it is in its first elements natural.

Behold here the true origin and fountain-head of the warfare between the Church and the world; here they join issue, and diverge from each other. The Church is built upon the doctrine that impurity is hateful to God, and that concupiscence is its root; with the Prince of the Apostles, her visible Head, she denounces "the corruption of concupiscence which is in the world," or, that corruption in the world which comes of concupiscence; whereas the corrupt world defends, nay, I may even say, sanctifies that very concupiscence which is the world's corruption. Its bolder and more consistent teachers make the laws of this physical creation so supreme, as to disbelieve the existence of miracles, as being an unseemly violation of them; and in like manner, it deifies and worships human nature and its impulses, and denies the power and the grant of grace. This is the source of the hatred which the world bears to the Church; it finds a whole catalogue of sins brought into light and denounced, which it would fain believe to be no sins at all; it finds itself, to its indignation and impatience, surrounded with sin, morning, noon, and night; it finds that a stern law lies against it, where it believed that it was its own master and need not think of God; it finds guilt accumulating upon it hourly, which nothing can prevent, nothing remove, but a higher power, the grace of God. It finds itself in danger of being humbled to the earth as a rebel, instead of being allowed to indulge its self-dependence and complacency. Hence it takes its stand on nature, and denies or rejects divine grace. Like the proud spirit in the beginning, it wishes to find its supreme good in its own self, and nothing above it; it undertakes to be sufficient for its own happiness; it has no desire for the supernatural, and therefore does not believe in it. And as nature cannot rise above nature, it will not believe that the narrow way is possible; it hates those who enter upon it as if pretenders and hypo-

erites, or laughs at their aspirations as romance and fanaticism, lest it should have to believe in the existence of grace. ("Discourses to Mixed Congregations," p. 148.)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

The old year is dying, is passing away,
And his flickering spirit almost hath fled;
His grave is already prepared they say—
Awhile and the child of old Time will be dead;
But the red-berried holly with mistletoe
blends,
And reminds us another glad season is near;
I'll follow the thought, and so wish you,
my friends,
A right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

What the past to us each on his journey hath
been,
If a joy to the heart or a cloud to the brow;
Or chequer'd by shadows, with sunshine between,
We'll stay not to ask of the passing one
now.
Let fond hearts grow fonder, warm feelings
unite;
Let new friends be true friends, and old
ones more dear;
And eyes that were tearful with hope become
bright,
With a right Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year.

CHATEAU REGNIER.

A STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

I.

A PROUD man was Baron Regnier. In the old days of Charlemagne, the Chateau Regnier had risen, a modest mansion on the pleasant banks of the Garonne. That great monarch died; his empire fell to pieces; the lords became each one an independent sovereign in his own castle, making perpetual war on each other, and elected kings who could neither enforce respect or obedience. Then the Chateau Regnier was enlarged and fortified, its retainers and vassals became numerous, and as was the method of growing rich in those times, large parties of horsemen would

sally from its gates, as suited their pleasure or necessities, to plunder neighboring lords or defenceless travellers.

The Barons Regnier were brave men; never was there a brilliant or dangerous expedition wherein some scion of the house did not distinguish himself. When the first preaching of the Crusades stirred the soul of Europe, there was bustle of preparation and burnishing of weapons at the chateau; even in the motly company of Peter the Hermit went one of the younger sons of the family, who did his part of plundering in Hungary and Dalmatia, and perished on the shores of the Bosphorous; and in the more orderly expedition that followed, the reigning baron himself led a brave array under the banner of Raymond of Toulouse.

The return of the crusades brought more refined tastes in France, though not more peaceable manners. The Chateau Regnier was enriched and beautified; troubadours gathered there; feasts were continually spread; still plunder and anarchy were the order of the day till the reign of Louis le Gros. That energetic king devoted his life to establishing law and order in France. Then the house of Regnier, having plundered all that it conveniently could, took part with the king to prevent all further plundering, so it grew strong in its possessions.

With such a line of ancestry to look back on, no wonder that the Baron Regnier was proud. He himself in his youth had shared in the disasters of a crusade. After his return home, he had married a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved; but his happiness was of short duration; in three years after their union she died, leaving him an image of herself—a frail and lovely little being, the last flower on the rugged stem of that great house.

A lovely land is the south of France. Two thousand years ago the old geographer called it the Beautiful, and its soft *langue d'or* is the very language of love. It was on the shores of the Garonne, in the twelfth century, that the troubadours sang their sweetest songs. Among them was found Pierre Rogiers, who wearied once of the cloister, and so wandered out into the world—to the court of the beautiful Ermengarde at

Narbonne, to the palaces of Aragon, at last to the shores of the Garonne, and finding every where only vanity of vanities, once more entered the gates of the monastery and lay down to die.

Here, too, lived Bernard de Aentadour, who lived and celebrated in his songs more than one royal princess. Here he dwelt in courtly splendor, till he grew weary of all things earthly and yearned for the quiet of the cloister, and wrapping the monk's robe around him, he too died in peace.

No wonder if Clemence Regnier, growing up a beautiful girl in the midst of these influences, should yield her soft promptings of affection. She was the favorite companion of her father; no wish of hers was ungratified; her sweetness of temper endeared her to all around her; she was sought in marriage by many rich nobles of Toulouse, she refused them all, and gave her preference to the younger son of a neighboring baron—a penniless and landless knight.

When the old baron first discovered their mutual attachment, he was at first incredulous, then amazed, then angry. He persistently and peremptorily refused his consent. The De Regniers had for so long married, as they had done every thing else, only to augment their power and wealth, that a marriage where love and happiness only were considered, were an absurd idea to the baron.

"This comes of all these jongleurs and their trashy songs!" he exclaimed; "they have got nothing to do but wander about the world and turn girls' and boys' heads with their songs. I'll have no more of them here!"

So the baron turned all poets and musicians out of his chateau, but he could not turn love and romance out; the young heart of Clemence was their impregnable citadel, and there they held their ground against all the baron's assaults.

Four years went by; Clemence was pining away with grief, for she loved her father and she loved her lover; at last her love for the latter prevailed, and, trusting to win the old baron's forgiveness afterwards, Clemence fled from the chateau with the young Count de Regnault.

Baron de Regnier was a man who, when moderately irritated, gave vent to his wrath in angry words, but when deeply wounded he was silent; and here both his pride and his affection had been wounded most deeply.

He signified to the guests at the castle that they might depart; he closed the grand halls, keeping near him a few old servants; dismissed his chaplain, whom he suspected, though falsely of having married the runaway couple, and who had been their messenger to him, begging for his forgiveness and permission to come to him; closed his chapel doors; and shut himself up, gloomy and alone, in a suite of rooms in a wing of the chateau.

Many loving and penitent messages came to him from Clemence. At first he took no notice of them; at last, to one he returned an answer—"He would never see her again."

II.

THE summer came and the winter, and many a summer and winter passed, and the dreariest domain of all France was the once merry chateau Regnier. Year after year the old man brooded alone. If friendship or chance brought friends to the chateau, they were received with stately formality, which forbade their stay; rarely did a stranger pass a night within its walls. The retainers kept their Christmas holidays as best they might; no great hall was opened and lighted, no feast was spread. They wondered how long the baron would live such a life, and what would become of the chateau should he die, for he had no heir to take it.

Ten years passed; the old man began to grow tired at last of his solitude; he listened to the voice of conscience—it reproached him with the long years of neglected duties. The first thing he did was to open the doors of his chapel. He sent for artisans and ordered it to be repaired and refitted, then he sent a messenger to the bishop of Toulouse, asking him to send a chaplain to the Chateau Regnier.

The church was in those days what she is now—the great republic of the world; but at that time she was the only republic, the one impregnable citadel where through all the centuries that we

call the Middle Ages, liberties and equality of men held their ground against hereditary right and feudal despotism. In the monastery the prior was often of lowly birth, while in the humbler brethren whom he ruled might be found men of patrician even of royal lineage. Virtue and talent were the only rank acknowledged; the noble knelt and confessed his sins, and received absolution from the hands of the serf. Thus, beside the princely-born Bernard we see the name of Fulbert, the illustrious Bishop of Chartres, raised to the episcopal throne from poverty and obscurity—as he himself says, “*sicut de stercore paupur*,” and the life-long friend and minister of Louis the sixth, Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, and regent of France, was the son of a bourgeois of St. Omer.

So it happened that when the baron sent to the Bishop of Toulouse for a chaplain, a priest who was the son of a vassal of Chateau Regnier, threw himself at the prelates feet, and begged that he might be sent. The Bishop looked on him with surprise and displeasure.

“Monseigneur,” said the priest, “you reproach me in your heart for what appears to you my presumption and boldness in making this request, I have a most earnest reason, for the love of God, in asking this; for a very brief time do I ask to remain chaplain at the Chateau Regnier, but I do most earnestly ask it.” So he was sent.

The young Pere Rudal had been in his childhood a favorite with the baron. It was the baron who had first taken notice of the bright boy, and who had sent him away to the great schools of Lyons to be educated; and how, when he saw his former favorite returned to him, the old man’s heart warmed again and opened to the young priest.

It was with strange emotions that the Pere Rudal stood once more in the home of his childhood. When a careless boy there, with no very practical plans for life, he had loved, with a boy’s romantic love, the beautiful Clemence. He was something of a dreamer and poet; she had been the queen of his reveries. He was a child of a vassal and she of noble birth. This thought saddened him and many were the ditties wherein he bewailed, in true troubadour fashion, this mournful fact; but though

he was a boy of twelve when she was a girl of seventeen did not at the time occur to him.

After he had gone to the university he heard of her departure from her father’s castle, and the old man’s unforgiving anger against her. The thought of her grief kept the remembrance of her in his heart, and now—though he could laugh at those old dreams of romance—he could love her with a nobler love. He knew the baron’s former predilection of himself and he prayed daily to heaven that he might once more see her restored to her father’s hall.

At the chateau he was the baron’s constant companion. He led the old man little by little, to interest himself once more in the duties of life—in plans for ameliorating the condition of some of the poor vassals—in some improvements in the chateau. Before two years had passed the old man seemed to love him like a son. Yet often a cloud passing over the weary face, a deep sigh, a sudden indifference to all earthly things, betrayed the life-long grief of the baron’s heart, and the thought still kept of her whom that heart so truly loved, but would not pardon.

It was drawing near to the Christmas season, when one day Pere Rudal said to the Baron:

“My lord, more than a year have I been with you, and although you have heaped many favors upon me, I have never yet solicited one; now I am going to ask one.”

“My dear friend and companion,” replied the baron, “whatever is in my power, you know that you have only to ask.”

“In the old days,” continued the priest, “this chateau of yours saw many a gay feast especially at the Christmas tide; then there were nobles and ladies here; now it has grown gloomy and silent. What I ask is, that this Christmas you give an entertainment but one of a novel kind; let the halls be opened and a banquet be spread, and invite all your poor neighbors, your vassals, your retainers, their wives and children; and none be omitted: do this for the love of that little Child who was so poor and an outcast for us. I myself will superintend the whole, and pledge myself for the good conduct and happiness of all;

and moreover you yourself will accompany and remain among your guests, at least for a little while. I know I am making a bold request in asking this, but I am sure you will not refuse it, and I promise you will not repent it."

The baron acceded to the request. Had he been asked to entertain grand company at his castle, in his present mood he would have refused at once and haughtily; but he was too generous to refuse anything asked in the name of the poor; besides he felt in his heart the truth of what the young priest had said to him; "There is no solace for grief like that of solacing the sorrows of others; and no happiness like that of adding to their happiness."

III.

CHRISTMAS Day came; and after the Grand Mass was over, the great hall of the chateau was opened, and tables were spread with abundance of good cheer; there were presents for the little children, too; and there were jongleurs who, instead of the customary love ditties, sang old Christmas carols in the soft Provincial dialect. Amidst the hilarity there was, what by no means was common in those days, order and decorum. This was due in part to the restraint and awe inspired by the chateau—opened for the first time in so many years; but more to the presence in their midst of the baron and the priest, who passed from one group to another with a kind word to each.

After a while the priest laid his hand on the baron's arm:

"Let us retire to yonder oriel window—there we may sit in quiet and contemplate the merry scene."

The baron gladly escaped from the crowd, but, as he seated himself, a sigh escaped him, and a cloud gathered on his brow.

"How happy you have made these good people," said the priest. "The merriment of the children has something contagious in it, has it not?"

"What have I to do with the merriment of other people's children—I, a poor childless old man?"

The baron spoke bitterly; for the first time in his life had he made an allusion to his griefs.

"But see these three pretty little

children coming towards us," the priest continued; "we did not see them as we passed through the hall." And he beckoned them nearer—a little girl about eight years old, a little boy some two or three years younger, and the smallest just able to walk; beautiful children they were, but dressed in the ordinary dress of peasant children.

"Do not refuse to kiss these pretty little ones for the Child who was born to-day," pleaded the priest, as he raised one on his knee. "Now, my lord, if it were the poorest vassal in your domains, would he not be a happy man whom these pretty ones would call grandpapa?"

The baron's face assumed a look of displeasure. "I want no more of this; entertain your guests as you please, but spare me my presence here any further. I am glad if I can do anything towards making others happy, but happiness for myself is gone in this world."

"My lord," said the Pere Rudal, "why is your happiness gone. When your daughter, your Clemence, threw herself and her little ones at your feet, and prayed you for the love of the little Child born in Bethlehem, to take her little ones to your heart, why did you coldly turn away and refuse her?"

The baron turned to him with unfeigned surprise. "What do you mean?" said he. "I have never seen her since and her children never."

"But you see them now."

"Oh father!" said a well known voice, and his own daughter Clemence was kneeling in the midst of her little ones at his feet.

The old man sank back in his seat—his daughter's arm was thrown around his neck—her head was resting on his heart—and after an instant's struggle between love, the divine instinct, and pride, the human fault, his arm was clasped closely about her. Pere Rudal lifted up the youngest child and placed it on the baron's knee, and then quietly stole away.

A merry place was the Chateau Regnier after that night; the rooms and halls were opened to the daylight;—there was romping and laughing of children from one end of it to the other. The Count de Regnault was sent for on

the very next day after that happy Christmas, and was embraced by the baron as a son—and evermore thereafter, with great splendor and merriment, was the feast held at the chateau, so that the Christmas festivities of Chateau Regnier became famous throughout France.

As for the young priest—that night, after he had seen Clemence once more in her father's arms, he left the chateau and never returned to it. He went away to Toulouse and wrote from thence to the baron, telling him that his love for him and his was unalterable, but his mission at the chateau was accomplished; the voice of duty called him elsewhere; and he begged the baron's consent to depart. The baron gave his acquiescence reluctantly. Pere Rudal soon after entered the order of the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, which had been recently established, and perished on the voyage to Tunis.

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

The following is taken from a communication to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, and treats of a subject on which an immense amount of misrepresentation is continually being reproduced:

Upon the alleged persecution of this illustrious astronomer the bitter enemies of our holy faith have grounded the most malignant calumnies against the Church and Papacy; while it is unhappily the fact that the majority of Catholics are so ill-informed of the true history of the case as to be quite incapable of refuting the mendacious statements of pseudo-historians and Protestant poets who have written in such a wonderfully romantic strain about "the starry Galileo and his woes." With your accustomed courtesy perhaps you would permit me to supplement your own acceptable paragraph with one or two remarks of my own upon a subject which Catholic writers appear to me to have singularly neglected. I much desire to elicit from some of your clerical or other well-informed readers something further anent the true story of Galileo and the Inquisition.

Protestant writers have charged the

Catholic Church with having been, in all ages, the persistent enemy of scientific progress; and, in proof of this, the condemnation of the heliocentric theory of Galileo is constantly adduced. It is not difficult to demonstrate the falsity of his accusation.

Two hundred years before the time of Galileo there was born of humble parents at Goblentz, Germany, a child who was destined to be one of the most eminent scientific scholars of his age. Nicholas Gusa inclined to the study of astronomy, and as the result of earnest investigation he arrived at the conclusion "that the earth, and not the sun, is in motion, and that the true system of astronomy should be called not geocentric, but heliocentric. This opinion he maintained side by side with his friend Cardinal Ceserini, before the assembled Fathers of the Council (of Basil, 1431.)" How was this audacious ecclesiastic punished for promulgating the doctrines which the Inquisition denounced as "heretical" in Galileo? Nicholas Gusa was summoned to Rome by the reigning Pontiff—Nicholas V.—who conferred on the distinguished philosopher a Cardinal's Hat, together with the spiritual government of the diocese of Brixon, in Switzerland.

Later on the same theory was taught from a chair in the Pope's University at Rome by a still greater man—Nicholas Copernicus. Through the generosity of Cardinal Schomberg, who supplied the necessary funds, and with the assistance of another Churchman, Gisio, Bishop of Eremeland, Copernicus was, in 1543, enabled to publish his celebrated work "De Revolutionibus," which (by desire of his Holiness) was dedicated to the reigning Pontiff—Paul the Third. At the same time the new system was maintained by Celio Calcagnini, who was Proto-Notary Apostolic under Clement VII., and Paul III.; and John Widmanstadt, private secretary to Pope Clement VII., who, says a writer in the *Dublin Review*, "has left behind him a monument, still to be seen in the Royal Library of Munich, of the pleasure which he received on another occasion, in 1533, exactly ten years before the appearance of the "De Revolutionibus," from the exposition of the forthcoming system of John Albert Widmanstadt,

who had just arrived from Germany. It consists of a volume in the fly-leaf of which it is mentioned, in the handwriting of Widmanstadt himself, that the Pontiff had presented it to him in testimony of the gratification he derived from his exposition, delivered by his (the Pontiff's) command in the Vatican Gardens." Yet more remarkable still is the fact that, while the affairs of Galileo himself were for the first time before the Inquisition (March, 1615,) "the preceptor of Popes, the talented Jesuit, Torquato de Cuppis was delivering lectures in the Roman College (Bellarmine's own) in support of the same Copernican doctrine—while in the Pope's own University (Sapienza) another Jesuit, as Nelli testifies, in delivering similar lectures; and yet Bellarmine and the Jesuits have been accused of the most bigoted hostility to the Copernican system of astronomy." In the following year, when Galileo was again before the Holy Office, we learn from the same authority (*Dublin Review*) "the chair of astronomy in the Pope's own University of Bologna was offered to the immortal Kepler after Galileo, the most active, and before Galileo and all others, the most efficient advocate of Copernicanism in his day."

When such was the Church's attitude towards those eminent professors of the Copernican theory, why, it may be asked, was not the same treatment accorded to Galileo? The question will be most concisely answered by the following extract from Fredet's "Modern History:"

"This celebrated man was not arraigned as an astronomer but as a bad theologian, and for having pretended to impute to the Bible dogmas of his own invention. His great discoveries, it is true, provoked envy against him; but his pretension to prove the Copernican system from the Bible was the real cause of his being summoned before the inquisitors at Rome; and the restlessness of the mind, the only source of the troubles which he underwent on that account.

"In his first journeys to Rome (1611, etc.) Galileo found only admirers among the Cardinals and other distinguished personages. The Pope himself

granted him a favorable audience, and Cardinal Bellarmine merely forbade him, in the name of his Holiness, to blend in future the Bible with his astronomical systems. Other learned prelates equally pointed out to him the course of prudence to be observed by him on this point; but his obstinacy and vanity did not permit him to follow their advice.

"Some years after, he published his 'Dialogues and Memoirs,' in which he again took upon himself to raise the system of the rotation of the earth to the dignity of a dogmatical tenet. Being summoned before the tribunals of Rome, the lodging assigned to him in that city was not a gloomy prison, nor a frightful dungeon, but the palace of Tuscany, and for 18 days, the apartments of the attorney-general, where he had every facility to take exercise and carry on his correspondence. During the trial, the main object of his answers was not the scientific view of the question, since he had been allowed to defend his system as an astronomical hypothesis, but its pretended association with the Bible. Not long after, having received his sentence and made his recantation, Galileo obtained leave to revisit his native country, and, far from being persecuted, was dismissed with new marks of esteem for his talents and regard for his person." (Fredet's "Modern History," note M. pp. 526-7.)

To this notice we may append the following extract from the *Freeman's Journal* report (Dec. 18th, 1878) of a lecture delivered before St. Kevin's Branch of the Catholic Union of Ireland by the Very Rev. Canon Murphy, the accomplished president of the society. "On three occasions the affairs of Galileo were brought under the notice of the Inquisition. On two or three occasions he was never cited by that tribunal. The denunciation against him was annulled without causing him any molestation. On the second occasion he actually forced the Inquisition to take up his cause and to pronounce judgment more on its scriptural than on its philosophical aspect. Lastly, he was arraigned before the Inquisition, but it was to render an account of his flagrant transgression of an

injunction laid on him by the highest tribunal in the land, a transgression, too, which was aggravated by circumstances of insult and contumely. In a word, he was arraigned for a grievous contempt of court."

SAVED BY A SONG.

It was Christmas Eve. A cold, old-fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and broker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd who had thronged those streets by day, had one by one drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouses loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam from a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation so profound than in St. Winifred's Court. St. Winifred's is one of those queer little alleys which intersect the heart of Eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's Church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception we have referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

Many of these ancient churches still remain in odd nooks and corners of the city, relics of a time when London merchants made their homes in the same spot whereon they earned their daily bread, worshipping on Sunday in these narrow aisles, and when their time came asking no better resting-place than beneath those venerable flag-stones on which they knelt in life. The liberality of ancient founders and benefactors has left many of these old churches richly endowed, and still, Sunday after Sunday, rector and curate mount their

respective desks, and struggle through their weekly task; but portly aldermen and dignified burgesses no longer fill the high-backed pews. A wheezy verger and pew-opener, with a dozen or so of ancient men and women, care-takers of adjoining warehouses or offices, too often form the only congregation.

St. Winifred's, like many of its sister edifices, though small in extent, is a noble monument of ecclesiastical architecture, having been designed by an architect of world-wide fame, and boasting stained glass windows of richest color and exquisite design, and oaken carvings of flower and leaf, to which the touch of a master has imparted all but living beauty. The western extremity of the church abuts upon a narrow lane, on a week day one of the busiest in the city; but on Sundays the broad portal is flung open in vain, for its invitation is addressed to empty streets and deserted houses.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas Eve, in St. Winifred's court, was a faint gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three-cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same month had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayward youth, had in early life ran away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been the most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business, or distracted the attention from the nobler clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church and "talk to himself," as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere human lis-

tener could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was of comparatively small size and made but scanty show of pipes and pedals; but the blackened case and yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skilful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned organ-builder turned out a more skilful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and loving tender study had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas Eve as he sits before the ancient key-board, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering wierdly over the ancient carving and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those keys, the shaking hands shake no longer, the feeble sight finds no labor in those well remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and could they re-visit the earth, need ask no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge for the loved and lost, to the pæan of the jubilant victor—each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the song of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Æolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius. Michael Fray sat and made music, charming his sorrows to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower over his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his wierd improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder! Well, this will be the last; and yet Christmas comes again, and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell, all gone! Young, and bright, and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad, and friendless; and yet I live on, live on! Well, I suppose God knows best!" While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of later date. "Yes, here it is—poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began, in tender flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing the self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead and gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the key-board before him and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol; and I could almost swear the voice is my own lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice? But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—without pausing even to close the organ, or to extinguish its flickering can-

dle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth bare-headed into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the southeastern side of London. Both walked wearily as though they had tramped from a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause; and the man, who carried a violin, would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-nipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl, with a sweet though very sad voice, accompanied him with the inappropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather, few who could help it would stay away from their warm fires; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on despatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers-by became fewer and farther between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it, grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I daresay we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man, bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace after having struggled against it all these years—to come to

the workhouse at last! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars mustn't be choosers; and, I daresay, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender little Lily. The thought breaks my heart! it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me, and never of yourself. What does it matter, after all? it's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I daresay it is not so very bad; and, after all, something may happen to prevent it even now!"

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe he will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely around her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winifred's church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ solemnly pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final cords died away; "noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily, darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by a common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice carolled forth the second verse of the

song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown about by the winter wind, stood before them. He hurried forward and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the day when he sailed on his fatal voyage. He had hurried forth forgetting the years that had passed, full of tender memories of happy boyhood days, to find, alas! only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotions; "you sang a song just now which—which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler, waxing wroth; "then your brother must have stolen it from me! What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name—a name I am proud to speak," said Michael firing up in his turn; "his name was Richard Fray!"

The old street musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What?" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for I am Richard Fray."

Half an hour later and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint, three-cornered parlor. Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm, dry clothing for the wanderers. Drawers long closed yielded, when opened, a sweet scent of lavender and gave up their treasures—homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell—for Lily's

benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-sodden clothes were replaced by Michael's best coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal, and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray had told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it had come to pass that, each thinking the other dead, they had lived their lives, and married, and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though severed by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet, a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features fanciful likenesses to his lost Nelly, the strange similarity of the sweet voice aiding the tender illusion. And surely no happier family party was gathered together in all England, on that Christmastide, than the little group round Michael Fray's quiet fireside.

"Well, grandfather dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling, said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God for give me for having ever doubted Him."

TEMPERANCE MEDALS.

FROM an interesting paper on "Canadian Temperance Medals" by R. W. McLachlan, read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, we extract the following description of the Medals of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of this City, established in 1840 and then known as the Roman Catholic Temperance Association, which name however was in the following year (1841) changed to the present name of the Society:—

Ob. ROM. CATHC. TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Ex. REV. P. PHELAN, PRES. MONTREAL, feb. 23, 1840. Arms, consisting of shield with lamb to left above and radiated I. H. S. below. Crest, a radiated cross surrounded by the word PLEDGE. Supporters to the right, a man with flag inscribed SOBRIETY; to the left, a woman with DOMESTIC COMFORT on her flag. A rose, shamrock, and thistle, on the ground work.

Rev.: O MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE THAT WE CHASTE & TEMPERATE BE. *Ec.* J. ARNAULT. The Virgin standing on a globe in the act of trampling a serpent. The globe is inscribed CANADA with a letter M and a cross in the foreground.

J. Arnault, whose name appears on this medal as its engraver, came here, from France, on the invitation of the gentlemen of the Seminary. He remained in Canada about fifteen years under their patronage, when he returned to his native land. His workshop was located in Craig Street, near the place now occupied by Chanteloup's brass foundry. This medal we can class not only as Canadian, but of Canadian workmanship, and while it is one of the earliest medals struck here, it shows some considerable degree of merit. The obverse is copied from that appearing on the Father Mathew medals, which in turn seems to have been adapted from the design prevailing on the medals of the London Temperance Society. The supporters, a man whose motto is "Sobriety," and a woman, with "Domestic comfort" written on her banner, as the result of sobriety in her husband, are intended to represent that by adhesion to temperance principles will return the departed home joys of former days. The Catholic Temperance Association, like many others, was first organized for the promotion mainly of moderation, but it was soon found that simple moderation did not work well in the reclaiming of those accustomed to excess; so in the following year (1841) on the anniversary Sunday of its founding, it was re-organized into a total abstinence society. The reverend president, whose torch was lighted at the blaze of temperance enthusiasm kindled by Father Mathew, was the heart and soul of the movement, and continued to work in the cause in Montreal until transferred to a higher sphere of labour as Bishop of Kingston.

Ob.: ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, MONTREAL. ESTABD. FEB. 21st, 1841. Arms as in last, save that the position of the supporters are changed. Above, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. Beneath is a ribbon attached, inscribed TEMPERANCE. CHARITY. RELIGION.

Rev.: Plain.

This medal was struck during the present year from a die engraved by Mr. J. D. Scott, the same artist who engraved the dies for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society's medal. It shows evidence of a considerable degree of merit. When placed beside the first medal issued by the same society nearly forty years ago, we can have no cause to complain regarding want of improvement in our Canadian art. The old design is here revived, which is perhaps as appropriate as any heretofore used. Only twenty-five impressions were struck off when the die was accidentally broken. A new die has been ordered which, it is expected, will be completed before the end of the year.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA F. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears
in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command
has been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a
sin—
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever
had been—
And he hoped, after this, he'd nevermore
hear
How he scrambled down chimnies with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple
told ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did
peep,
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas
aseep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice
replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my
eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear Papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used
to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma
would say.
And maybe she asked him to send Santa
Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought
every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did
den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents
aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a
word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to
each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly be-
lieve
That the presents we ask for we're sure to
receive;
You must wait just as still ill I say th
'Amen,'

And by that you will know that your turn
has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of
Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a
spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to
night,
And bing us some pesants before it is light;
I wan't he should div me a nice ittle sed,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted
red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then Desus, I'll be a dood boy;"
Their prayers being ended, they raised up
their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again
sought their beds,
They were soon lost in slumber, both peace-
ful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming
in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had
struck ten;
Ere the father had thought of his children
again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed
sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's
blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mental-
ly said,
"And should not have sent them so early
to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found
vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per
cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles
ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked for
kiss;
And just to make sure, I'll steal up to the
door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their
prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the
big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his
ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he
with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christ-
mas draw nigh,
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in
my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went
down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing
gown,

Donned, hat coat and boots, and was out in
the street—
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought every-
thing.
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold
ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store;
That the various presents outnumbered a
score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday
load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was
stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea,
A work-box well filled in the centre was
laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had pray-
ed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners, and all paint-
ed red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books
pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the
tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in
the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply
been paid;
As he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a
year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever
before,
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent.
more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christ-
mas eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the
light,
And, tripping down stairs, he retired for the
night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning
sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one
by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents es-
pied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a
bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of
them found,
They laughed and they cried, in their inno-
cent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in
the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left
before light;
"And now" added Annie, in a voice soft and
low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' pa-
pa, I know."

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTEMPT TO WEIGH THE EARTH.

It is our task to explain by what means men have succeeded in weighing the earth, and thus become acquainted with the weight of its ingredients. The means is simpler than might be thought at the moment. The execution, however, is more difficult than one would at first suppose. Ever since the discovery of the immortal Newton, it has been known that all celestial bodies attract one another, and that this attraction is the greater, the greater the attracting body is. Not only such celestial bodies as the sun, the earth, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, but *all* bodies have this power of attraction; and it increases in direct proportion to the increase of the mass of the body. In order to make this clear, let us illustrate it by an example. A pound of iron attracts a small body near by; two pounds of iron attracts it precisely twice as much; in other words, the greater the weight of an object, the greater the power of attraction it exercises on the objects near by. Hence, if we know the attractive power of a body, we also know its weight. Nay, we would be able to do without scales of any kind in the world, if we were only able to measure accurately the attractive power of every object. This, however, is not possible; for the earth is so large a mass, and has consequently so great an attractive power, that it draws down to itself all objects which we may wish other bodies to attract. If, therefore, we wish to place a small ball in the neighborhood of ever so large an iron ball, for the purpose of having the little one attracted by the large one, this little ball will, as soon as we let it go, fall to the earth, because the attractive power of the earth is many, very many times greater than that of the largest iron ball; so much greater it is that the attraction of the iron ball is not even perceptible.

Physical science, however, has taught us to measure the earth's attractive power very accurately, and this by a very simple instrument, viz., a pendulum, such as is used in a clock standing against the wall. If a pendulum in a state of rest—in which it is nearest

to the earth—is disturbed, it hastens back to its resting point with a certain velocity. But because it is started and cannot stop without the application of force, it recedes from the earth on the other side. The earth's attraction in the meanwhile draws it back, making it go the same way over again. Thus it moves to and fro with a velocity which would increase, if the earth's mass were to increase; and decrease, if the earth's mass were to decrease. Since the velocity of a pendulum may be measured very accurately by counting the number of vibrations it makes in a day, we are able also to calculate accurately the attractive power of the earth.

A few moment's consideration will make it clear to everybody, that the precise weight of the earth can be known as soon as an apparatus is contrived, by means of which a pendulum may be attracted by a certain known mass, and thus be made to move to and fro. Let us suppose this mass to be a ball of a hundred pounds, and placed near a pendulum. Then as many times as this ball weighs less than the earth, so many times more slowly will a pendulum be moved by the ball.

It was in this way that the experiment was made and the desired result obtained. But it was not a very easy undertaking, and we wish, therefore, to give our thinking readers in the next chapter a more minute description of this interesting experiment, with which we shall for the present conclude the subject.

(To be continued.)

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE STAGE,
ORIGIN OF VARIOUS POPULAR
ANTHEMS, PLAYS, SONGS,
&c., &c.

PUBLIC THEATRES IN ROME.

THE first public theatre opened in Rome, was in 1671; and in 1677, the Opera was established in Venice. In 1680, at Padua, the opera of Berenice was performed in a style which makes all the processions and stage paraphernalia of modern times shrink into insignificance.

RISE OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND—

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE!"

WILLIAM FITZSTEPHEN, a monk of Canterbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., and died in 1191, in speaking of the performances of the stage, says, London, instead of common Interludes belonging to the theatre, hath plays of a more holy subject; representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear. In the reign of Edward III., it was ordained by act of parliament that the strollers should be whipped and banished out of London, on account of the scandalous masquerades which they represented. By these masquerades we are to understand a species of entertainment similar to the performances of the mummers; of which some remains were to be met with so late as on Christmas Eve, 1817, in an obscure village in Cumberland, where there was a numerous party of them. Their drama related to some historical subject, and several of the speeches were in verse, and delivered with good emphasis. The whole concluded with a battle, in which one of the heroes was subdued; but the main character was a jester, who constantly interrupted the heroes with his buffoonry, like the clown in the tragedies of Calderon, the Spanish Shakspeare. The play of Hock Tuesday, performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, was in dumb-show, the actors not having had time to get their parts. It represented, says Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, after Laneham, the outrage and insupportable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, King Ethelred's chieftain in wars; his counselling and contriving the plot to despatch them; concluding with conflicts (between Danish and English warriors), and their final suppression, expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner. One can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete tragedy. The drama, in England, undoubtedly arose much in the same way as it did in Greece. The strollers, or vagrants, with their theatres in the yards of inns, answer to the company and exhibitions

of Thespsis; and the improvements were gradual, till at last, to use the words of Sir George Buck, who wrote in 1631, dramatic poesy is so lively expressed and represented on the public stages and the theatres of this city (London), as Rome, in the highest pitch of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed.

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling,
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes;
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear; what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold,
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby---
I've thought of the very best plan---
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blissest baby---
And now before you go
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

THE ACCUSING BIRDS.

MURDER is so great a crime, my friends, that God almost always so ordains that the wretches who commit it are discovered and punished even in this life. Some curious stories are told on this subject. Here is a very extraordinary one:—

St. Meinrad was a young lord of Suabia, in Germany. In the flower of his age he left his illustrious family to commune with God in solitude. The night often surprised him reading the Sacred Scriptures, a manuscript copy of which, with golden clasps, had come down to him from his fathers. Often, too, he meditated on the virtues, the holiness, the goodness, and the miracles of the Blessed Virgin. He made his vows in the Abbey of Reichenau, situated in the Duchy of Baden, and he afterwards left it to take up his abode in a little her-

mitage, on the summit of Mount Etzel. There he spent seven years, but the good odor of his virtues reached the depths of the valleys. At first shepherds and woodcutters came to him, then lords, then noble ladies, then, at last, a multitude of people. This homage was a torment to the holy hermit, who loved only meditation, humility, and the solitude of the woods. Hence it was that he secretly left this hermitage, and took nothing with him but the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the only ornament of his little chapel. He took refuge in Switzerland, in a forest of the Canton of Schwitz, which bore the characteristic name of the Black or Dark Forest. He there spent peaceful and happy days, and would have reached a good old age, if he had not been murdered at the end of thirty two years, by robbers, with whom he had had the charity to share the limpid water of his spring, and the wild fruits of his forest. But God did not permit the atrocious crime to remain unknown and unpunished. The murderers had been seen by no one, but they were betrayed by two crows, who harrassed them continually, even in Zurich. They followed the robbers everywhere with incredible fury; they penetrated even into the city, and made their way even through the windows of the inn where the murderers had taken refuge, and never left them until they were arrested. The ruffians then confessed their crime, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In memory of this singular event, which took place in the year 861, the Abbey of Reichenau, of whose community St. Meinrad had been a member, placed the figure of two crows on its arms and on its seal.—*Bollandist's Act Sanc.*

RETALIATION.

A LADY once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern :

One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt

she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother turned and said :

"See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning."

Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable she would say, "Take care my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."—*Youth's Companion.*

READING.

WHEN the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendor of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us, "poetry don't sell;" critics may cry "poetry is a drug," thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading, and when we enter mechanic's libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles or fences in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where we used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little—God has made
 Million leaves for forest shade—
 Smallest stars that glory bring.
 God employeth everything.
 Then the little thou hast done,—
 Little battles thou hast won,
 Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,
 Little words in love expressed,
 Little wrongs at once confessed,
 Little favors kindly done,
 Little toils thou didst not shun,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little slights with patience borne—
 These shall crown thy pillowed head,
 Holy light upon thee shed.
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

THE JACKASS AND THE BEAR.

A LUCKY blunder of stupidity may give it a higher value than wit, for the time being. A donkey once saved his master's life by braying at just the right time. Mr. John Rockfellow, a hunter in Arizona, tells this story of himself in a Western exchange:

I was coming up from the Santa Cruz valley, riding a buro (jackass), but, on coming to a very steep hill, dismounted and was slowly walking up, when I abruptly met an immense cinnamon bear. He was less than twenty feet away.

Of course to run was out of the question, so I stood and stared at him, as I slowly pulled out my six-shooter from the holster.

Old hunters say it isn't safe to tackle a cinnamon with a rifle carrying less than seventy grains of powder, and then give him a dead shot, as the cinnamons are worse than the grizzlies. I didn't have my rifle with me, and as my six-shooter uses only twenty-three of powder, I concluded I was not looking for a fight unless the bear was.

What his intentions were I don't know, but my buro, who was some distance ahead, just then caught sight of him, and instead of running away, as one would expect, started for Mr. Bruin with tail and ears erect, and to cap the climax, commenced to bray.

This was too much. The old bear started as if he was shot out of a gun. He just tore up the ground, and when he couldn't run fast enough he rolled down the mountain side.

"Old Balaam" has played that trick before with me when I have been trying to get up on to a deer, and I have always pounded him for it, but last night I concluded I would give him a leather medal.

REVIEWS.

EMMANUEL: A book of Eucharistic Verses.
 By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.
 Hickey & Co., New York.

This little book of devotion has received the highest praise from the Catholic press. The author says: "These Eucharistic Verses, which were nearly all written many years ago we put together in their present shape rather as prayers than as poems. I hope they will be found sufficiently earnest and simple to be sometimes used as practical exercises of devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist—that sacrament in which our Divine Redeemer, in a sense even more intimate and tender than in the Incarnation, has become indeed our Emmanuel, *Nobiscum Deus*, 'God with us.'"

FLEURANGE: By Madam Augustus Craven.
 Translated from the French by M. P. T.
 Hickey & Co. New York.

This story formerly appeared in the columns of the *Catholic World*. It is a high class Catholic Novel and forms part of the "Vatican Library" and is sold for the low price of 25 cents.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD: New York; Benziger Bros.

We are in receipt of Parts 19 and 20 of this noble work. Every Catholic family should subscribe for it, only 25 cents a number.

THE ILLUSTRATED CELTIC MONTHLY: New York; James Haltigan, Editor and Publisher.

The November Number of this excellent Magazine is full of good things, but we are promised better in the next which will be "a double Christmas number of nearly two hundred pages. It shall appear in an entirely new dress, and will be printed in the very best manner on superfine paper and adorned with illustrations of the highest artistic merit, &c., &c." We congratulate the publisher on the great success that has, in so short a time, attended his efforts.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for December, 1879, is a capital number. This Magazine and THE HARP can be had for \$2.25 per annum in advance.

F A C E T I Æ.

About the guiltiest looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a new married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Martin F. Tupper asks, "Where are the pure, the noble and the meek?" Don't know where they are in England; but in this country they are running for office.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Snodgrass says that two young ladies kissing each other are like an emblem of Christianity, because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed says: "To educate young ladies to let them know all about the ogies, the omenies, the ifics, the tics, and the mystics; but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, darning, washing, baking, and making pudding."

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the sartorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh, no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

"Peter what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain: I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?"—"Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left."

"I should just like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table, the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness.

A New York pickpocket, taken with his hands in some one's pocket, endeavoured to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" said the judge benevolently. "Haven't you a lawyer?"

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eye glass, "sea-bathing has grown unpopular; because, you see--aw--the vulgar herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."

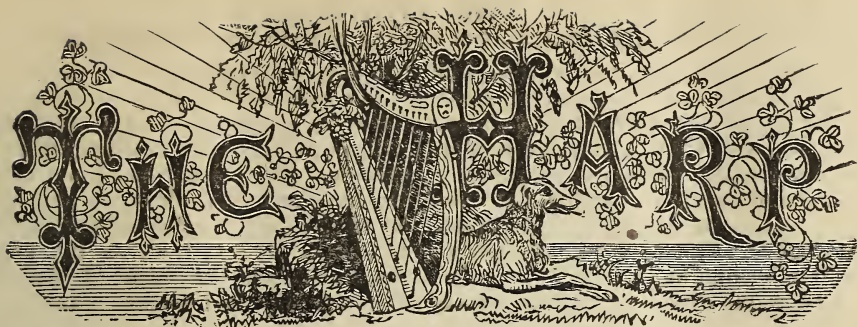
A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman entered a Woodward avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said, "Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday?" "Yes ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment. "Did you tell my son this duster could be worn either to a pic-nic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?" "I did, madam, and so it can." "Did you tell him it made a good fly blanket when not otherwise needed?" "I did." That it could be used as a boat sail, a stretcher, a strawbed, and a bed-spread? "Yes, ma'am, I did." "And that many people used them as table-covers?" "I did." "And that they would last for years and then would make excellent stuff for rag carpet?" "I did." "And you only charged a dollar?" "Only a dollar ma'am." "Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid that he stole the garment. I'm glad it's all right." "It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventive of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease." "Land save us!" she gasped as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows they won't fix 'em 'fore long that they raise a mortgage off the farm?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in December.
1	Mon	Assembly of Volunteer Delegates to obtain Reform, dissolved, 1793. Thomas C. Luby sentenced to twenty years penal servitude for Fenianism, 1865.
2	Tues	Henry Flood died, 1791.
3	Wed	James II. abdicated, 1688. Sarsfield, with 4,500 men, landed at Brest, after the capitulation of Limerick, 1691. Proclamation against Secret Societies issued by the Earl of Eglinton, Viceroy of Ireland, 1858.
4	Thurs	Father Theobald Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance, died in the year 1858.
5	Fri	General Ginckle departs for England, 1691.
6	Sat	Father William Gahan died, 1804. John O'Leary, Editor of the <i>Irish People</i> newspaper, sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, 1865.
7	Sun	St. COLUMBKILLE born, at Gartan, Kilmacrennan, in Tyrconnell, in the year 521.
8	Mon	IMMACULATE CONCEPTION B. V. M. Monster Funeral Procession in Dublin in honor of the Patriots, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, 1867. Assemblage of Ecumenical Council in Rome, 1869.
9	Tues	John O'Donovan, LL.D., the celebrated Gaelic scholar and translator, died, 1861.
10	Wed	St. LAURENCE. First Meeting of Reformed Parliament, 1868.
11	Thurs	Sixteen persons arrested in Belfast, charged with being members of a seditious society, 1858.
12	Fri	Gerald Griffin born, 1803.
13	Sat	Orange riot in the Theatre Royal, Dublin—attack on the Lord Lieutenant, 1822.
14	Sun	Leaders of the United Irishmen publish a proclamation exhorting the Volunteers to resume their arms, 1792.
15	Mon	The village of Clontarf burned, and its inhabitants put to the sword, by order of the Lords Justices, 1641.
16	Tues	French Expedition, with T. Wolfe Tone on board, sailed from Brest, 1796.
17	Wed	Dublin and Kingstown Railway, being the first in Ireland, opened for traffic, 1834.
18	Thurs	St. FLANNAN, Patron of Killaloe. The gates of Londonderry shut against the Earl of Antrim's regiment, 1688.
19	Fri	Repeal Banquet at Waterford, 1844.
20	Sat	Numerous arrests in Ireland under Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, 1866.
21	Sun	Meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh to protest against the illegal violence which the Catholics of that county were subjected to, 1795.
22	Mon	St. THOMAS. Battle of Kinsale, 1601. Death of General Corcoran, 1863.
23	Tues	Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, landed and sworn Lord Lieutenant, 1780.
24	Wed	French Fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, 1796.
25	Thurs	CHRISTMAS DAY. Con O'Donnell and Con, son of Niall Oge O'Neill, escaped from Dublin Castle, 1575.
26	Fri	St. STEPHEN. The "Play-house" in Smock Alley, now Essex street West, fell, and killed and wounded several of the persons assembled, 1701.
27	Sat	Great storm in Dublin, which levelled several houses, tore up trees, and did considerable damage to house property in the city and suburbs, 1852.
28	Sun	Great preparations to resist another Fenian Invasion in Canada, 1866.
29	Mon	James Finton Lalor died, 1850.
30	Tues	Repeal rent for the week, £778 16s. 1844.
31	Wed	Extensive seizure of Fenian arms in Belfast, 1866.

The first virtue which the Blessed Mother especially practised from childhood was humility.—*St. Matilda.*

ACCIDENTS.—No accidents are so unlucky, but what the prudent may draw some advantage from; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice. Accidents sometimes happen, from which a man cannot extricate himself without a degree of madness.

ABILITY.—The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age in which we live. To know when to conceal our ability, requires no small degree of it. Few of us have abilities to know all the ill we occasion. There are some affairs, as well as some distempers, which by ill-timed remedies are made much worse: great ability is requisite to know the danger of applying them.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1880.

No. 3.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
THREE HUNDRED MEN AND THREE MEN.*
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
When my dear country shall be made
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

—O—

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,

DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "*Alley Moore*," "*Jack Hazlitt*," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

AND here a volume of cases in point, any one of which would sorely overtax the reader's patience, was brought to bear upon the argument in hand. We shall not pursue the disputed point with the dear old simple souls, who made themselves so delightfully miserable with all manners of fairy lore, in the days we write of. It is enough for our purpose to state that little Ally had a weary illness—slowly but surely fighting her way on to life and reason, but, alas, not to the use of her limbs; for, from her waist down, that July day she was perfectly paralysed.

After the languors of convalescence had worn off, the naturally quick and high-spirited child began to pine for the freedom she had lost, and many a time the tears flowed fast as she watched the merry games of her former companions, or saw them flit away, from a brief visit to her little chair in the window nook, to scamper their wild will over the hill side, and down by the river she had loved so well.

But Ally Hayes was, most of all things, sensitive and affectionate, and her perceptions, quickened by illness, grew speedily to understand that to see

* The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylæ, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.

her suffer in any way was a sore trial to her parents, and the more than brother, her uncle, whose divinity she seemed to be; and, with a courage and endurance simply heroic in so young a soul, she made up her mind, not only not to notice, but not even to deprecate the romps and games of the thoughtless children around her.

Ally in due time begged her mother to teach her to knit and to sew and was frantically impatient for books and pictures; and when the first struggle was over, her mind grew to love what it fed upon, and no one could have detected even a shade of discontent upon the brow of the silent tranquil-looking girl, who seemed to enjoy her enforced inaction, until the hard times came, and she saw how anxiety to shield her and provide for her became a new pang, and an added responsibility to her idolised parents. From that time, her prayer to God for health became an agony of supplication, dying into a very stupor of horror in the sad scenes of her father's death, and the subsequent visit of the bailiffs, but reviving with renewed energy when the first shock of surprise at their occupation of the game-keeper's lodge was over, and she saw, at every turn, how useful she could be, and how much she might do to alleviate the sorrow, as well as to help the weakness of her much-enduring mother.

Things had gone on this way through the declining Summer and all through the beautiful Autumn time. Ally saw her dear mother peaceful and even happy; but she sighed as she marked the extreme pallor of her cheeks, and the depression which overcame her at any unusual exertion; and, night and day, the child's supplications for health and strength to aid those she loved became more frequent and more fervent, until at last, the mental strain began to affect her visibly, and the change in her appearance seemed to renew all her mother's sorrows.

Poor little Ally was in sore distress. To confide in her mother or her uncle would be to reveal all she suffered; and, if there was no remedy to be had, was it not better she should bear her trouble alone? The heroic child made up her mind to do so.

While sitting in her favorite window

one day, saying her Rosary, it occurred to her forcibly to say the Fifteen Mysteries, for a direct manifestation of God's will, as regarded her being cured or the reverse. Her mother had gone to Mr. Meldon's and there was no one by to check the long work of her fervent faith and hope. It was towards the end of November, and the gloom of the short Winter's day had deepened into darkness, allowing only the glimmer of the fire light to flicker fitfully, and indistinctly upon the familiar objects of the little kitchen.

Wearied with the long recital of the Rosary, and the emotions called forth by the prayers she offered for light and help, Ally lay back in her little chair, closing her eyes for a refreshing sleep, when an impulse she could not account for made her raise her glance to an old picture which hung, in a plain, black-painted frame, above the fire-place, and represented, in divers glowing tints, "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was that in which she is represented as handing the holy scapular to St. Simon Stock.

It may have been the effect of the fitful light upon the little picture, or more likely the outcome of her own overwrought imagination, but Ally fainted away, as she seemed to see the figure of Our Lady gradually enlarge, until the face wore a loving smile, and, while with one hand she held the scapulars, with the other she pointed significantly towards them, with a gentle inclination of her head towards Ally. A great darkness, which was in truth extreme fright and faintness, fell upon the child.

How long she continued thus she knew not; but she was roused by the sound of voices coming towards the house, and soon recognized the welcome tones of James the Pilgrim, accompanying Uncle Tom. And now the poor child's heart beat fast, for she could not help seeing, in the unexpected arrival of James the Pilgrim, a direct interposition of Providence in her favor. To him she could reveal everything, and be sure of advice, and help, and sympathy; and she could hardly restrain herself from weeping as the faithful old fellow entered the doorway, and cried out for his own little Colleen," and hunted about for a light till he'd "show her without

delay the fine new prayer-book he had brought her that very day from the fair of Carrick."

James himself was quick to see that an unusual pre-occupation and excitement, obliterating for the present all interest in his handsome present, possessed the usually frank and open-hearted Ally; and he could not help noticing, as he told his usual round of stories after supper, and was relating one, in particular, where a soldier's life had been saved in battle, from the bullet having glanced away from the scapular of Our Lady which he wore over his heart, that Ally gave a great start, and hardly suppressed a loud exclamation, James, therefore, was not surprised when he came to bid her good night to hear her whisper. "Daddy James, don't go away in the morning till I talk to you first."

He was much surprised and deeply interested when Ally unfolded her hopes and fears, and vehemently asserted her belief that "Our Lady would cure her by means of the holy scapular of Mount Carmel."

James listened attentively to the narration; and, while he wisely tried to moderate Ally's ardor, he took great care to say nothing that could lessen her beautiful confidence, or even inspire her with the idea of there having been anything unusual in the idea she had taken up about the movements of the picture.

"Trust in God and His Holy Mother, Ally bawn," said the old man. "I'll go to Father Aylmer to-day, and tell him the whole story. Most likely he'll come over himself to see my girlreen; and then we'll do what the priest tells you, Ally asthore; and that will be surely God's will."

With an anxious heart Ally, saw old James depart for Father Aylmer's, determining within herself to accompany him on her Rosary all the way; and great therefore was her joy when James returned towards evening with the welcome intelligence that Father Aylmer was to say Holy Mass at Kilsheelan next morning, and would come over to see her in the course of the day.

Father Aylmer had heard the story from James the Pilgrim, but he was naturally anxious to question the child

himself and see how much of her faith was pure confidence in God, or the result of a morbid fancy. He came then next day, and, having carefully cross-examined poor little Ally, he came to the conclusion that there was a fair reason to believe that her extraordinary faith in the scapulars was a divine inspiration, and he made up his mind to act accordingly. He told Ally that it was just nine days before the 8th of December, the glorious festival of the Immaculate Conception, and he bade her offer up special prayers each day, so as to finish the novena on the feast, when he would come himself and enrol her in the Order of Our Lady, bidding her at the same time to take her mother and uncle into her confidence. And such was the child's faith that, what would have seemed to many a weary waiting time, flew swiftly by with her.

Many were the preparations on that 7th of December, 1847, within the game-keeper's lodge over at Kilsheelan.

"Crichawn" had told Mr. Meldon, and that gentleman took care to act in his own peculiar fashion, and so it was that early on that evening a mysterious box and basket were deposited at the lodge, and opened with much tremor and anxiety by Mrs. Hayes. Who shall describe Ally's delight, or her mother's astonishment, on finding in the box a fair statuette of Mary Immaculate, and in the basket a vase of hot-house flowers.

It took half the night, and much of poor "Crichawn's" ingenuity to decide where the altar was to be raised; but at last it was declared to be perfect, and the statuette and vase and two blessed wax candles stood, in all their new magnificence, on a snow-white cloth, near to Ally's cot. Ally says there was a sound of sweet singing through the room that night. Certain it is she did not sleep much, and early morning found her impatient to be dressed; and soon she was put in her new frock, reclining on her bed.

Father Aylmer, as usual, came early, and, having recited the Rosary with his little congregation, he drew out of his vest pocket a pair of new brown scapulars, which he had got from the Ursuline Convent at Waterford, and, having explained the nature and obligations of

the order, he proceeded to enrol the candidate and to bless the scapulars.

For a moment the old priest seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer, and then, turning solemnly towards Ally, asked her for the last time if she had faith in the intercession of Our Lady; and, on her fervent response being given, he placed the scapulars around her neck, and, sprinkling her with holy water, bade her remain quiet for a while and raise her heart in humble hope to God.

The old priest was soon on his way; for a sick call waited him on his road homewards. He thought much upon the morning scene, and was not at all disappointed that an instantaneous effect had not followed his ministrations. God's time was always the best time; and, even if days were to pass, it might be to perfect the child's faith, Father Aylmer thought, or to give her an opportunity of gaining new merit.

Father Aylmer had many things to do that day, and next day he would be hard at work in his confessional; but still Ally Hayes was constantly before his mind, and many a prayer did he offer that, for her all things might "work together unto good." Once in his confessional, however, the good priest's mind was lost in the care of his penitents, and so absorbed was he in the ministration of the sacrament that he was the very last in the chapel to notice an unusual stir, and the low murmur of many voices raised in various ejaculations of praise and surprise around him. At last, the tumult became so great, that he opened the door of his confessional, and looked out to ascertain the cause of so much unusual commotion. The figure that met his gaze answered his mute enquiry; and for a few moments the old priest was as much lost in astonishment as any of his flock. There, before his eyes, walking firmly up the aisle, and making for the altar of Our Lady, her beads wound about her wrist, her scapulars on her breast, and her crutches in her hand, was Ally Hayes, smiling and radiant! Yet the child had a gentle recollectedness about her, that was in itself a prayer, as she smiled and bowed right and left to the prayers and salutations of the wondering people.

"I come, Father," she said quite

simply, as Father Aylmer joined her by the Virgin's altar, "to lay my crutches at her feet who has given me power to move. And I walked the three miles good," she added; "and I am to walk them back again, because, Father, Our dear Lady never does anything by halves."

Soon we may be sure Father Aylmer and Ally were the centre of a prayerful crowd. The good old priest hung up the votive crutches, and Ally's joyful mother brought forth the votive candles; and, as they were lit, as a mute token of thanksgiving, he told how wonderful were the ways of the good God, and bade them all join him in a hymn—Mary's own Rosary, as a recognition of the great grace that had been sent among them.

After a visit to the confessional, Ally Hayes walked home, as she had promised, and the malady that had stricken her for long, weary years was for her as if it had never existed, save in a terrible dream.

We do not wish to make an argument, but it would be worth something to the followers of Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall to ponder upon *one single assertion*—and that is the simple *fact* that all we have related took place under the eye of the writer of this history, to whom the girl Ally Hayes represents was well known, and whose crutches were laid within the very church where he himself at one time ministered.

The fame of the miracle spread rapidly, and gave rise to the usual amount of dispute and contradiction; but among those who believed most fully, and sympathised, most cordially with the widow and daughter, was their employer and best friend, Mr. Meldon. He came first to see Ally on her feet, with his own eyes; and, then, as the sweetness, gentleness, intelligence, and rare natural refinement of the girl's person and manner grew upon him, he formed a project, which in due time he communicated to Father Aylmer, who most cordially approved; and so it came to pass, after a few months, that Ally was sent as a boarder to the Ursuline Convent at Waterford. There she had the happiness of making her First Communion, and in due time of being received among "*Les Enfants de Marie*."

We know something of what a novitiate for Heaven these Ursuline schools are everywhere; and in the case of Ally Hayes, nature and grace worked in unison with the best efforts the good nuns could exert. "She will surely be a nun," they whispered on the day of her First Communion, when she seemed to breathe only in an ecstasy of love. And "You will soon come home to us, Alice," were the last words of Sister Mary Gonzaga, as Ally, weeping bitterly, bade her kind teachers good-bye, when two short years had flown past.

And thus we have explained why it was Mr. Meldon had crowned Ally Hayes as "Queen of the May," and how it was he seemed to think so highly of her.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING WHAT FATHER POWER WAS, AND DEVELOPING MR. MELDON A LITTLE, AND THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE "POOKA" CONSPIRATORS.

FATHER POWER was not the parish priest of the parish which he served; and, as the time is yet somewhat recent, we will not mention the name of the locality. Father Power was senior curate, however, and, when a parish priest has become old, the senior curate is a man of large importance. At any rate Father Power's character very much squared with his name. He was six or seven and thirty, not tall, but muscularly knit, with very bright steady grey eyes and an expression of mouth which revealed pride and firmness. He was devoted to sick calls and to the other onerous duties of his profession; but he did not forget either literature or politics, though he made both subservient to his views of religious duty.

And Father Power's politics—what were they? Well, they were of the "peaceful" kind, which seems often to be wickedest of all, because they are "peaceful" only for want of what the Irish call a "vacancy." The other kind—the brave, thoughtless, headlong movements—are easily met and easily subdued; but the cool head that secures success by calculation and patience can never be conquered. That was the kind of head Father Power seemed to possess.

It was interesting to watch the good

priest's inquiries and his exertions. "How things were going on" became known to him as regularly as to any chieftain of the advanced party; and often after preparing as many as sixteen for death—death in blackening typhus—he found himself at some meeting in the evening giving wise counsel, or in conference with some parties by whom the people, whom he dearly loved could be reached.

The parish priest, Father Aylmer, had a wholesome fear of Father Power. Father Aylmer approached the four score—may be had passed it—but his eye was still clear, and his step, though slow, was firm. The little differences between himself and his senior curate were generally about money. Father Aylmer, for bad times, had a fair revenue; but what was a fair revenue to Father Aylmer! The last year, poor man! he had succeeded in selling his little bits of plate, unknown to Father Power, and, now, three or four months before the "Christmas dues" would come in, he had succeeded in emptying his modest treasury.

"Why, Father Aylmer," Father Power answered, when he learned this unpleasant fact, "I have put into your hands since April, over one hundred pounds. Where is it?—where is it gone to?"

"Well, 'tis hard to say, *avic*—money goes so fast, you know."

"But how is your house to be supported? How are you to get on for four more months?"

"Oh! God will provide. He is a very good Father, Ned."

"His goodness, Sir, will not supply extravagance! He will not patronize what is wrong."

"Extravagance!" repeated the old man; and he looked at the breast of his threadbare coat, and his old eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! Father John—Father John! have I distressed you! Oh you know—you know, don't you?"

"*Avic mo chroidhe*," (My heart's son) cried the old priest, "you are better than two sons to your old friend and teacher. But, you know, the Caseys are very low, and the family is large, and, though the little farm was there, it gave 'em nothing—nothing, *avic*. I didn't

like to see an old neighbor's cabin levelled, and the children of a man that went to school with me made paupers. Was I wrong, *avic*?—was I wrong?"

"Ah, don't worry yourself any more about it. I'm sorry——"

"Well, *avic*, then, the Delanys, you know and the Caseys," said Father Aylmer. "I know 'tis a hard trial on you, *avic*. The house is not what it ought to be, for you—no, indeed; and you do suffer—but God will reward you. You work day and night, and you won't let me do a fair share, so you won't; and, yet, Father Ned, you suffer! Ah! sell that horse of mine and that old car! What do I want of them!"

Thus domestic affairs went on with old Father Aylmer; and, as his heart was very large, and he had unbounded reliance on God, resolutions and arrangements, and even wants could not stop his hand.

This little dialogue occurred after Mass, on the Sunday succeeding the events of the second chapter.

"I saw young M———at Mass to-day," remarked Father Power, just to change the conversation; "and a very fine young fellow from Dublin accompanied him. I'm afraid the spirits of those young men will not brook prudence."

"Well, *avic*, it's hard to blame 'em. They see the people dying of want—don't they?—and thousands stalking about like skeletons, and the coming winter threatening to be as hard as last year. Well, you see, Father Ned, they aren't able to reason, and——"

Father John Aylmer was interrupted by the entrance of one of the most brilliant and impassioned men of the epoch, accompanied by a second, who yet lives in honor.

The clergymen uttered an exclamation of pleasurable surprise.

"Why," Father Aylmer cried, "you're a thousand times welcome—the grandson of my oldest friend—the man of the '*Urbs Intacta*.'"

"This, Father Aylmer, is Mr. O——, a particular friend of mine, of whom you have heard," remarked the young man.

"Indeed, I have—and, moreover, I knew his father well twelve or fourteen years ago. He is well, I hope."

"I thank you, yes," replied a young fellow with the symmetry of an Apollo. "But we really came to ask you a question, and to get some information."

By this time the young men had been seated.

"What is to be thought of these wonderful appearances in the Glen—the manifestations of the Pooka, and the fire and brimstone rolling out of his mouth in volumes, and so forth?"

"You ought to take them '*cum grano salis*,'" said Father Power. "Have you seen any one who has witnessed them?"

"No," answered the young gentleman first introduced; "but we have heard a hundred who are sure of them; and behind that conviction there must be something."

"Fairly reasoned," answered Father Power, "and I promise you I will unravel the matter before to-morrow morning, and give you perfect satisfaction. But now, my dear friends," continued Father Power—and his voice shook with feeling—"is it not possible to turn you from the road you are entering upon?"

The second of the two answered, "Impossible!"

"You have no commissariat?" said the priest.

"No."

"And no arms?"

"No."

"And no money?"

"No."

"And without arms, money, or provisions you will enter in this contest! You are prepared to make a carnage."

"Better die in the field than die of slow famine!"

"Now, didn't I say that?" Father Aylmer cried. The poor fellows are driven distracted by what their young eyes see, and their good hearts feel! Isn't that it, sir?"

"Well, we have a hope stronger. We hope yet to inspire more confidence in Father Power. Every person knows that he is no patron either of starvation or oppression."

Father Power turned to the young man first mentioned.

"And you?"

"The die is cast, Father Ned!"

"Without a hope of winning?"

"I must say yes."

"And is it possible that you will ex-

pose your country to such awful evils without a hope."

"Oh, yes, I have one hope."

"You have?"

"Yes. There are epochs in the history of every country—every oppressed country—in which, if the spirit of resistance be not manifested, it will die out. 'Ninety-eight was one of them here. 'Forty-eight will be another."

"Aye," shouted the old man laughing—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won!"

"Precisely," concluded the young enthusiast.

As has been remarked in the text, these two were men of note and honor; and both since risen to eminence almost unprecedented in the United States. One of them, alas! is lost to his country and humanity. The other lives—an ornament to his profession and to Ireland. The conversation is given almost word for word as it took place with the author—though he should call it conversations, because he met the gentlemen separately.

As in every case of extensive agitation where there is no strict controlling power, elements will find a place in them, not only against the principles of those who are supposed to lead, but entirely condemned and repudiated by them. Selfishness can easily adopt the guise of philanthropy, and dishonesty enrich itself by using the masque of patriotism; and they affix an undeserved character upon many an honest enterprise. Men who spoke of "preparation" and "energy" and "injustice" never suggested the means occasionally resorted to, and would accept death sooner than approve of them.

"He's come, sir!" the servant said to Father Power.

"Is he?"

"He's in the barn, waitin' sir."

"Gentlemen," Father Power said, "I beg—"

"Oh, by-the-bye," both answered together, "we have remained too long; and we will call again on Father Power to get the explanation of the mystery."

Father Power meanwhile went to the barn, and there found "Crichawn."

Evidently "Crichawn" had been sent

for, because his eye had an expectant look, when the clergyman presented himself.

"Well, Tom, I want once more a cast of your office," said the priest.

"Anything you want, Father Ned," replied "Crichawn."

"Make your way to Clonmel in the morning, early, and take this watch to Dr. Whelan, and hand it with this letter, and he will give you an answer."

"What answer?—a letter?"

"Well, he'll give you twenty pounds."

"Selling your watch, Father Ned!"

"Exactly. He will sell it for me."

"The prisintashin watch!"

"Why, yes, Tom—why not? The old parish priest is hard up, Tom—and he has been a father to me. What is a watch compared to relieving him."

"Murther!" cried "Crichawn;" "an' is there no other way at all, Father Ned?"

"Now, Tom, do as I tell you."

"Stop, Father Ned," said "Crichawn."

"If I make out twenty pounds, will you keep the prisintashin watch?"

"Tom, Tom, do as I tell you, or I must go myself. Things are come to a point with Father John, and you must take my way. No one on earth is to know your errand; and I can trust Dr. Whelan."

"Then I'll go this minute," answered Tom, "an' I'll be home at cockerow tomorrow mornin'. An' now I think of it, I have bisness myself, I do declare—bisness for Mr. Meldon, in Clonmel."

"Crichawn" went to get leave from his master, and if we must betray the good-natured dwarf, he broke faith with Father Ned, and told Meldon the whole story. Meldon turned over in his mind the tender affection of the two priests for each other and for the poor. One gave all to the wretched, and the other would give all to the giver. The tender heart is the instrument of a tender Providence. Mr. Meldon thought of scenes and peoples far away—peoples of benevolent souls and free generosity; but he felt that the sentiment which makes benevolence the very poetry of "charity" is the honor and glory of our own dear island. He dropped a proud tear and made up his mind.

"Stay, Tom; I know Dr. Whelan in-

timately. Take a letter from me to him."

Mr. Meldon sat down and wrote to Dr. Whelan, informing him that he had become aware of the whole transaction, and enclosed forty pounds to be sent to Father Ned; because the watch was more valuable than one would think." And so it was. It was the mute messenger of a manly piety and love, and a witness of the nobility which Ireland held fast when she lost everything earthly.

"Crichawn" took the cob once more and galloped away like a wild horseman. In fact, the cob knew him well, and always got into the spirit of her rider as soon as he bestrode her. He was equal to his word; and Dr. Whelan discreet and ready. At ten o'clock next day, "Crichawn" presented to the astonished Father Ned the fruits of his industry and activity.

"I met old D'Alton, in his own gig, goin' up, just as I came towards the turn."

"You did?"

"He keeps an account at the bank, to spread about a report how little he has after all; but every one knows the store is at home at the Crag."

"Well—and Mr. Meldon?"

"Mr. Meldon went over to make a visit to the darlin' Miss Amy D'Alton. Oh, he's fond of her!"

"Do you think so, Tom?"

"Oh, nothin' of *that* kind! Mr. Meldon pities Miss Amy. I heard him say she was ever so like some one belonging to him, an' he felt the full brother's *gradh* for her."

"I wish she was free of that cousin Baring. I am sure he makes her unhappy."

"The very word Mr. Meldon said to me on yesterday, and he said, although he was standing alone in Ireland, he would be able to spoil Mr. Charles's plot."

True, Mr. Meldon had gone over to the Crag, and for some time he had been on a footing of intimacy with Amy D'Alton, though their meetings were few and informal—generally at the church. Amy was fond of teaching at Sunday-school, and had boldly travelled to the church alone, and was allowed to return so until Mr. Meldon came to the coun-

try. He seemed to make it a point to meet her, and she enjoyed his society very much; but an occasional visit of a few minutes served his notions of his duty to the old gentleman at the Crag, who took great care to make only one visit to Mr. Meldon in eighteen months.

Talking to Timothy Cunneen, one day, he gave that amiable person the philosophy of this transaction. "I am not in want of money. I have just as much as meets my calls. What do I want to know this strange man for, as I do not want money? And, then, if I saw him much, he might want money of me. I have no money to give any one. I'm not going to die in the workhouse, I tell you, Tim Cunneen, so I'm not?"

Mr. Cunneen quite approved of old D'Alton's conduct and reasons, and congratulated that gentleman upon the economy of his house, "and the sparing habits of his nephew, Mr. Charles—one of the finest young men in the world, and a man that owed not a fraction to any one."

"That's the way I reared him, Tim Cunneen. No handling! no handling! and when they get accustomed to do without money, there's no fear they'll seek to spend it, and they'll be saved from poverty and the workhouse."

"You are the happy and sensible man, Mr. D'Alton," Timothy Cunneen said, and he grinned a horrible and ghastly smile at the perfect success of his deception of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Meldon had been some hours at the Crag, and had gone over the whole establishment, manifesting a correctness of taste and view that rendered his company an enjoyment. He had had a good deal of conversation on many subjects, and finally asked Amy had she much courage?

"Well, sir," she replied, "I have not been much tried, but I recollect that, when caught in a gale off Waterford, I had presence of mind enough to pray; and on another occasion, I was bold enough to threaten some one," she added with a smile.

"I know," Mr. Meldon said. "You do not fear him."

"Well, I do not fear anything, unless his ruining my father. His pretensions,

otherwise, I am quite capable of meeting by the help of God?"

"Would it be a great comfort to you to know that I shall protect your father and you?"

"You, sir!"

"Yes, Amy D'Alton; can you depend on me?"

"Well, every one depends on you. I can only thank God, if He has sent me a protector."

"He has."

After some further confidential conversation Mr. Meldon was going away.

"Then," he said, "You are quite prepared?"

"Quite," answered Amy.

"And my man may occupy some place near the back hall door?"

"Certainly."

"And you will not have me remain or send any other to you?"

"Well," she replied, "there can be no necessity."

The heroes of the Glen were true to their patriotic resolve; and the more so now that they had heard Mr. Giffard D'Alton was away. The scapegrace Mr. Charles had been faithful, and was in the evening furious at having heard that Mr. Meldon had spent a long time at the Crag. But the anticipations of to-morrow—the large sum he would possess, the scenes and persons concerned and dependent upon his success—occupied his mind so much that his annoyance had only half its place. He listened here and there, and went from apartment to apartment. At seven or eight o'clock, he announced to his cousin that business required him to be away till the next day.

Amy was too accustomed to such movements to make any remarks. She merely said, "*Au revoir*."

Nothing could be more quiet than the Crag that blessed Monday night. It was St. Augustine's day; and the twinkling stars were reflected from the purple leaves, on which a shower or two had fallen. Slieve-na-Mon was listening, and the stream in the Glen was stealing along, as if afraid to be heard.

The great house clock struck twelve. "Crichawn" was snugly settled in an old carriage in the coach-house; and he had with him a brown mastiff, whose head was on "Crichawn's" knee.

It struck one o'clock! It was half-past one. Silence and darkness reign. "Crichawn" feels disappointment. His ears are erect; he even holds his breath.

At length the dog commenced a low growl.

"Hush! 'Hecthor!' lie down, dog, lie down!"

The obedient creature lay down, wagging his tail.

"Crichawn" has an eye on the courtyard. He sees a man plainly coming over the yard wall. He knew the man well. Another comes the same way; a third, a fourth, a fifth.

Softly as cats they tread. They wear no shoes, and their faces are covered with black handkerchiefs; but "Crichawn" knows them, every one but one.

"*Tha go maith!*" said "Crichawn."

"If I wanted to take 'em all, 'Hecthor,' wouldn't you and I do it?"

The dog shook himself and rose to his feet.

"Oh, no, 'Hecthor' we're goin' to convert 'em only. We are our own police, my dog," he whispered.

And Hector was quite appreciative.

The thieves took only one half hour to accomplish their work; then out came the first man who had entered. He carried nothing—only a cloth cap. Then came a man with a low hat.

"Up, Hecthor!" quietly said "Crichawn." "Look at that hat!"

Hector wagged his tail rapidly, as he looked through the square hole in the coach-house gate.

"Mind that hat, me boy."

The dog gambolled around his master.

"Stop now; down!" said "Crichawn," and the dog lay down at his feet.

The third man, middle-sized, not old, yet overweighted, carried a bag over his shoulders, and only for the help of the two remaining men could hardly have carried one half such a burthen. But with their help he got on.

They have all of them got away. Wonderful their exultation and the glorious feelings springing from the name which "in better times" this deed shall give the doers! It was really wonderful! Untold wealth, in gold and paper, acquired in one half hour, without a blow, and without suspicion!

"Hecthor," very softly said "Crichawn," "Hecthor! bring me that hat."

Hector never barked—but never stayed. The robbers had no great start of him—and he ran furiously. In a few minutes there was a shout and a howl; and “Crichawn gave a cry because his heart sank. In two minutes more, the dog came into the courtyard, limping on three legs—the other having been broken by a pistol ball; but he brought the low hat and a piece of some man’s coat, and laid the prizes before “Crichawn.”

“Crichawn” shortly after entered the Crag, where a single servant waited on him—one who had come from Mr. Meldon’s. The hat was examined and the cloth. The cloth was broadcloth; and inside the hat was written “Charles Baring.”

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY YEARS BEFORE.—HOW MR. D’ALTON BARRON WENT TO MEET O’CONNELL, AND WHAT O’CONNELL DID AND SAID ONE DAY. WHAT MR. GIFFARD D’ALTON THOUGHT OF HIS SON’S DOINGS.

THERE is a great change at the Crag, and every year these twenty years the change has been growing greater. During Mrs. D’Alton’s time the house was well furnished, and her ascendancy was sufficient to moderate the parsimony which made Mr. Giffard D’Alton’s life a misery. In fact, she kept the administration of household affairs in her own hands, and domestic life was respectable and liberal. Fortunately, she had control of a fair share of her fortune, and was enabled to avoid the inevitable discussions and repulsions which would have followed from personal demands for cash. Mrs. D’Alton was a person of culture, and of great personal dignity. Mr. Giffard D’Alton was somewhat proud of her, and he had reason; but, besides all this, Mr. D’Alton had a most healthy dread of the “Barron family,” to whom he was responsible for the happiness of one so dear to him as the one time “beautiful Lucy.” And indeed Mrs. Lucy D’Alton owed much to time for the gentle claims made upon her looks up to the period of which we are writing. She looked very young for forty-one; so that her son Henry, called

Henry D’Alton Barron, was, by strangers, taken for her brother.

Henry D’Alton Barron was very unlike his father, but “the picture of his mother.” He was of great strength of character, and of great physical strength also—“mild with the mild, but with the forward he was fierce as fire;” and, although of the highest sense of honor, he fell much into his father’s habits of carelessness regarding practical faith. He never missed Mass to be sure; but that was nearly the extent of his religious devotion. Yet the people were proud of “Mr. Henry;” and when his fine, stalwart form appeared striding towards the chapel, about Sunday’s noon, “That’s the fellow for the *shooneens*,” often dropped from them, or was spoken loud enough to get a cheer. And the young man was really “the man” for that class of gentry. At that time, there was an exaggeration both of the claims of ascendancy and the resistance of independence. One side saw the heart of a united resolution in the movements of the nation, and became more self-asserting. The other had risen from slavishness of feeling and horrible depression to the enjoyment and manifestation of young sentiment, which like everything young, was ardent and aggressive. Young D’Alton had administered a few horsewhippings to fanatics who had insulted himself or his Church; and he had broken the pistol hand of an adversary in a duel, having told him, before the shot, that that was exactly what he was going to do; and what more could be required to make a man popular and a hero?

The “house” as we have said, was then well kept, and occasional hospitality stayed the process of the hardening up of old Giffard’s heart, and made home what it ought to be, to his son and his hope.

Timothy Cunneen was at that time (*anno* 1828) the “agent.” He was one trial to the young man. His father’s views were always in collision with his, and his father’s love of money was an embarrassment; yet the mother’s gentleness, and even her resources, were more than a counterbalancing home-joy, which D’Alton Barron could value. All this was suddenly changed. His mother died in giving birth to her whom we

know as Amy D'Alton; and with his mother's death the son's last light may be said to have gone out.

To be sure, there was Nelly, his nurse, who had come into the Crag when D'Alton Barron came into the world, and the old butler, John, and all the servants—devoted, obedient, and loving—ready to die for him. But the attraction homeward when he went abroad, and the warmth and light of the love of a mother which gave the Crag an enchantment, had all vanished.

Yet, were they times to stir blood more cold than D'Alton Barron's—the times of growing national dignity, increasing, national strength, and united national movement. They were the times of O'Connell and Sheil, and all the galaxy that shone around the "Liberator," and raised the humblest in the land to the platform of their own large souls. Not a man seemed exempt from their enthusiasm,—or even a little boy; and the "Juvenile Liberal Club" was a school for the patriot, demagogue, or statesman of twelve to sixteen years old, whose intelligence brightened in the double pride of emulation and love of country. What days they were, only the sharers of the glorious epoch can feel; and what a transition from prostration to erect manhood, no one can understand who has not lived during the nation's lethargy, and after the awakening.

"'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
on life's dull stream."

O'Connell was going, one day, from Waterford to Clonmel, some time before the Clare election; and, of course, the whole route was an ovation. The great leader was then fifty-four years old, and you would pick him from a million, for the task assigned to him by Providence. A good deal over six feet high; regal in his movements and address; with an eye of light and humor that nothing escaped, and which looked into you while hardly appearing to look at you; with a mouth which was eloquent even when silent, and a voice so sweet, full, and powerful, that one felt it, as one feels language—and it came a language to the Irish heart—no wonder we worshipped him! We have encountered gloomy days enough, and known how to restrain hope and confer confidence spar-

ingly—in fact, we had a share in the experience that "all is vanity;" but it is something to have known O'Connell, and to have lived much of the life which he imparted to Ireland.

A few men and boys—just what a great crowd breathes out before them; a little gathering, looking back anxiously for some approaching thing of interest; a distant cheer—another—the crowd thickening; the cheer growing from one of magnitude to one of thunder; the tens of thousands stretching on and on, apparently for miles, and so massed together that the men's heads would make a causeway; banners, and wands, and green ribbons, and boughs of trees, and bands of music, and in the midst of that endless throng a carriage, driven by postillions, while a single gentleman occupies the driver's seat—a man "every inch a king!" that is O'Connell! And the multitude, like a mass, slowly approach, the thunders of an enthusiasm never seen in the world before swell up the sides of Slieve-na-Mon, and are echoed by the hills on the other side of the "sweet banks of the Suir."

O'Connell and Father Aylmer were old friends, and, therefore, everyone was prepared for a standstill at Father Aylmer's door. And, thereupon, the old patriarch came forth, with his loving looks, and flowing hair, and open arms, to welcome "the man of the people." Such excitement, such hurrahs, such pride and exultation, could hardly take place in a century, because such men as O'Connell and Father Aylmer, in like circumstances, do not meet twice in a hundred years.

About this same hour of the day, Henry D'Alton Barron was on his way to meet O'Connell at Father Aylmer's. He rode a noble animal, and well became his place.

A large man, carrying a long stick, and his hair flowing over his shoulders, stood in the middle of the way and signed for a moment's delay. D'Alton Barron stopped.

"You are going to the meeting at Clonmel?" the old man said.

"I am, James; where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm as ever, you know. There's no home or rest for a sinner but the tomb."

"But you must be more hopeful, James."

"No matter, Mr. Barron. I want something else of you."

"Well, James."

"Are you armed?"

"Armed?"

"Yes, armed?"

"Well, I am."

"Your life is in danger; and I want to put you on your guard."

"How? Assassination?"

"No; but another case of D'Esterre. There is a regular plan to provoke you, and then put you out of the way. You are too much an enemy to the shoneens."

"And that is all, James? Pray for me, old fellow. Good-bye."

James's warning added interest to D'Alton Barron's journey, and gave warmth of color to his oratory as he addressed the "hereditary bondsmen."

The meeting was a great success. O'Connell towered over the force of power and wrong—looking the freeman he was not; and at the end of the meeting proved his influence by the people's obedience, more than by their cheers of admiration or their patient expectation. In ten minutes from the close of the meeting, not a group remained in the street, and during the evening not a drunken man was found in the whole population!

Every one admired D'Alton Barron's address as well as his fine bearing. "Slaves are never made of stuff like young Barron!" O'Connell said, and the whole population reechoed the name. "He'll be a mumber for the county yet." "Arrah! isn't he the *boochil*?" Everything that could flatter a young fellow of high spirit, just of age, met his ears while retiring after bidding O'Connell an affectionate adieu. He looked to his arms, once more mounted, and was on his way to the Crag.

James the Pilgrim's warning seemed needless to-day. No event took place on the road. But when D'Alton Barron arrived at the Crag, things turned out less agreeable. The young man came in at the end of a conversation in which he was very much concerned; and which Nelly repeated with exactness.

"Mind yourself, Master Henry. That d—l Cunneen is makin' mischief."

"How so, Nelly?"

"There isn't a man on the property that got a new coat these twelve months, or ate a bit o' meat this quarter, or gev his little boy a jacket or a pair o' shoes, that the ould Lucifer did'nt put down in writin', and hand to the masher for a rise."

"And what did my Father say?"

"He said that Cunneen was a valuable good agint: and he'd remember it for 'im, so he would."

"Well, anything else?"

"Throth, plinty! He said 'twas a pity you're making an enemy of the gentlemen by going so much among *spalpeens*, an' you're losing time an' money."

"The rascal?"

"Let me on now *achora*! Aint my darlin' dead! an' did'nt I carry you in my arms, when you were a little infant! Thank God that made you what you are to-day! An' could Nelly Nurse let her foster babe be run down?"

"Certainly not, Nelly," answered D'Alton Barron smiling.

"Well, did'nt he say you are running in debt wud the hope of the ould man's death?—Oh, well he did'nt say *that*, but he said 'hopin' by-and-by to be able to pay;' an' sure wan is as good as another or as bad,—*skrawn dharag shios air*! An' didn't he say that you're interfaring wid the tenants an' puttin' 'em up to be givin' 'em opposition, an' sayin' that 'tis hard to go on wid you? An' did'nt he say—the black devil—did'nt he say that there's a bill again you in the bank, dhue in a month, that you wint bail for Bill Galaher? An' did'nt he——"

"Say no more Nelly, say no more; and Henry strode right away to his father's room or office, and entering without announcement or knock, he found Mr. Timothy Cunneen in the full process of teaching Mr. D'Alton economy, and the paternal spirit in which he should govern such a wild young man as his son.

For a moment, he stood still, and placed himself under the necessary restraint. He then faced his father—not disrespectfully, but firmly. He was going to speak, when his father interrupted him.

"You are just in time, sir. I have been speaking of you to my faithful

steward; and I wish to let you know some of my mind."

"Well, sir?"

"Your ways are not my ways, and I am not going to end my life in the workhouse."

"Nor am I—at least I hope so," answered the young man, with suppressed passion.

"I'll have none of your—nonsense of speech-making and stirring up the people against their betters, and the humbug of 'Catholic rent,' and associations, and all that——humbug."

"Well, sir, you need'nt."

"Need'nt! Why, sir, whose money do you pay out? Whose horses do you ride? Whose food do you eat? Whose house do you make your own—I say, confound you, you coxcomb!"

"You are, you are going far, sir—a little too far," D'Alton Barron said in a tremulous voice. "I thought I was living in a father's house, and——"

"No——you! You thought you were living in a fool's house; but I can tell you by——I am not going to die in the workhouse!"

"I was going to say, sir, I thought I was living in a father's house, and, as I am of age, could claim the expenditure of every young man of my class; and I have not had half the allowance that men of your means allow their sons."

"Have you not food?"

"Well, sir——"

"Who feeds you? Who clothes you? Who mounts you on a horse worth one hundred and fifty guineas, every penny?"

"I am——"

"You are! Do you want to know what you are! You are a——low, mean, crawling sponge! By——you are, and you have'nt the spirit of a cur dog, or you would try and do something for yourself, and not send me into the workhouse, and make your infant sister a pauper!"

"I know the whole history of this," said the young man; "and I shall know how to meet it."

"Well, before you meet it, as you say, I wish to inform you that the black horse has been sold!"

"Sold! My horse sold!"

"Your horse! You beggar! You never had a horse! and I am not going

to pamper a blackguard who goes to O'Connell's meetings and owes fifty pound bills in the bank—I am not by——"

Young D'Alton Barron heard no more. He rushed at Cunneen, who was a young man then, and took up a chair to defend himself. He placed the chair between the assailant and himself and ran backwards towards the door of the office. But there his presence of mind seemed to fail him, and he went head over heels down the stairs, the chair tumbling over him, until both arrived at the bottom, when Mr. Timothy Cunneen cried out lustily "Murder! murder! Go for the police!"

Cunneen's punishment did not end here. D'Alton Barron rushed quick as lightning to the hall rack, and seizing his cutting whip, he dragged Cunneen outside the hall door, and cut and cut away until from head to foot Cunneen was marked by the hieroglyphics of an angry revenge.

At last D'Alton Barron stopped from exhaustion.

"Old D'Alton came to the hall door. He was livid—awful to see, and his eyes

"Had all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming!"

At length the blood rushed to his face, and he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Leave my house, you eternally disgraced hound! Leave my house, and never let me see your face again! Go and——"

"Do not fear, sir. I have no intention to intrude on one who has ceased to have a claim on my affection, and—that a son should say it!—no claim even on respect. You have——"

"Hold your tongue, you double-dyed villain and robber, and——"

"I go, sir. We meet not again."

"But stop!" cried Giffard D'Alton, "stop!" and he knelt down solemnly under the trees. "Stop," he continued; "take with you my curse; my curse follow you rising and lying; my curse follow you sleeping and——"

Long before the imprecation had ended, the son of Giffard D'Alton had departed, with a heart too filled with rage to be heavy or sad.

He went into the glen, and sat down

in a little recess where his mother sometimes, and many more times, Nelly Nurse, had sat watching the light on the stream and the growing of the shadows. For sometime he was in a stupor—downright insensibility; but there was a calming influence in the loneliness, and the voice of the brook. He began to collect his thoughts and to consider upon the first immediate step then and there to be determined. He heard breathing near him, and, starting up, he beheld the very Nelly of whom he had been thinking.

"Oh! Nelly Nurse; so we are parting. Well, Nelly, I shall always remember you. You have been my mother, Nelly, and you have loved me as my mother did."

"Ochone! Ochone!" was all poor Nelly could say.

"I am going, Nelly; and, although I face the world without a penny, I am sure I shall have enough; and when I am rich and powerful, Nelly Nurse will come to Master Henry again."

The poor woman cried aloud.

"Well, now, Nelly, for your son's sake, bid him good-bye, and get calm. Stick to the Crag. You know that will be your poor son's inheritance some time."

Poor Nelly still could do no more than weep.

He caught her by both hands; and the duellist and powerful athlete shed a tear.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir? oh!—Take this quick. Take this! Oh! do, sir, or *I'll die*."

A purse fell at D'Alton Barron's feet.

"What! Nurse."

"Oh! don't spake—don't spake—but if you don't put Nelly's little purse in your pocket, she'll die at your feet."

He thought a moment.

"Well, darling Nurse, be it so! Be it so. God bless you!"

He bade her farewell, and made his way, as he told Nelly he would, to Father Aylmer and Father Ned. He then gave them the history as they sat around the little parlor table, where also he took out his purse and counted thirty golden sovereigns and a half.

"Poor girl," cried Father Aylmer. "Well, we'll mind her, Henry; indeed, we will."

"Have you any project?" asked Father Ned Power.

"Well, Father Ned," answered Father Aylmer, "we'll see after dinner. Won't that do?"

"You are right, sir," Father Ned replied.

The dinner came in time, and, taking all things into consideration, it was a happy one. All manner of projects were suggested, examined and discussed. In the midst of all this conversation Nelly's thoughtfulness came among them in the shape of a well-filled portmanteau packed with clothes.

The final resolve was for Canada. A ship sailed from Liverpool in three days. The young man knew some people who had emigrated to Montreal, and he was full of confidence in his own powers. He was induced to take twenty pounds from Father Power—a loan—and best of all he made a good religious preparation for his voyage. The young man, it was reported, died some years after his arrival beyond the Atlantic, and, it was thought, left a daughter; but that was uncertain. The widow did not survive the husband long.

Thus, Mr Charles Baring became an adopted heir, and the Crag every day went from bad to worse.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY PROF. O'GRADY.

TOWARDS midnight on the first of December, the explosion of a mine of gunpowder under the railway, near the station at Moscow, destroyed a baggage train, severely injured some of the officials, and tore up the track for several yards. It was all a mistake, however, as the police hastened to explain. The blowing up was intended for another party, who, unawares to the manipulators of the mine, had passed along half-an-hour earlier than expected. This was the Czar of Russia himself—lucky dog! With the rising of the sun, prayers of thanksgiving for the miraculous escape of the loved and loving autocrat went up from loyal hearts, or rather, went out through chattering teeth, all over the land, and telegrams came flying in from the crowned heads of Europe, from Berlin, Vienna, the

Quirinal in Rome, and London, and from the crownless head at Washington, congratulating their royal brother, and wishing him many more years of wise and beneficent rule. Of course, the Nihilists—*ex-nihilo nihil fit*—were immediately put down for this gunpowder plot, and the entire espionage corps—a damning and terror-striking legion—set to work with a will to ferret out Guy Fawkes and his abettors within the ninety-ninth degree. Before a month the number of arrests made will have likely run up to the thousands. I have no symyathies with those who attempt, but fail, to make cruel emperors and grinding landlords, imperial and petty tyrants, subjects for coroners' inquests, because I abhor murder even when only committed in intent, and hold that is a sin against society to encourage coroners. When such conspirators succeed in their murderous designs, they deserve hanging at least; but when they bungle and fail, and injure unoffending people and destroy valuable property, as they did at Moscow, then, I say, they ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered. It is time to put a stop to this *fooling* between Nihilism and the Czar in Russia, and whether it be done by the extermination of foul conspiracy in the form of the one or of brutal tyranny in the person of the other, no one that loves justice and freedom will have cause to shed a tear. But there can be no rejoicing in Russia so long as either one evil shall survive the other.

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In the early part of the afternoon of the thirteenth of December, a short distance from the railway station at Calcutta, in a crowded street, a pistol shot was heard, and the occupants of the first in a line of carriages driving rapidly along ducked their heads in time to escape a ball which went whizzing past. A second shot quickly followed in the same direction, but happily it also was a waste of powder. The carriage fired upon contained the Viceroy of India who had returned by the last train from the frontier, and who, not having been apprised of the nature of the reception intended for him, could be readily

excused if he appeared just a little confused on meeting it. A lynx-eyed member of his staff detected the would-be-assassin at the first shot, and nabbed him right after the second. He proved to be a native, apparently very drunk, but presumably sober enough to know what he was about. Off to jail the prisoner was hurried, while the vice regal party proceeded, without further molestation to the palace. The news of this attempt on the life of her representative travelled quicker than lightning to the ears of the Queen and Empress, who dispatched to him the conventional expression of her sympathy and joy. On receiving it, Lord Lytton's thoughts must have reverted to the fate of his less fortunate predecessor, the Earl of Mayo, and Her Majesty's message of condolence on that occasion to the distracted widow. Here was food, indeed, for profitable meditation. The vanity of the world, a question of far more importance to him personally than the most vital affairs of State, and which, perhaps, he had hardly ever seriously considered before, must now have exacted his attention. Probably it did not present itself in the evangelical form: "what doth it profit a man," etc., but in the form the American paragrapher has put upon it: "what's this world to a man when his wife is a widow?" Even in this shape it must have impressed him more or less. So, you see, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." By the way, is Lord Lytton a married man? Is there any lady in existence who, in case of his prior decease, could be called his widow? I do not ask this through idle curiosity, for the information wanted is of national, yea, of cosmopolitan interest. Besides, professors never do put idle questions, except to one another in scientific discussions. Then the answers are always idle too. Will some learned brother, who has consecrated himself to the pursuit of knowledge for the enlightenment of the race, make the necessary researches to discover whether the Viceroy of India is a benedict or a bachelor, and then die happy in the *Edinburg Review* or the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the consciousness that he has discovered something. Perhaps Prof. Dawson will take up the question when he shall have

done with the horns of the Apocalypse, if the horns don't do for him?

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"A repetition of the scenes of mutiny of 1857 has for some time been a sort of probabilities."

This was the startling appendix to the first recital of the incidents at Calcutta on December 13th. The natives were reported in a half-threatening attitude towards the English officers and all British authorities, and amongst the latter most intense anxiety prevailed. But every following account was more re-assuring, and finally we were informed that the attack on the Viceroy had no political significance whatsoever. It is difficult to know when the cable tells the truth and when it lies, and it is always safe to doubt its first story, except it be something about the Pope or the Church somewhere. In that case, no matter how absurd or monstrous the tale, swear to it, and try to force it down your neighbor's throat. Special correspondents sometimes make a mistake or two in the matter of a boat race, or "go-as-you-please," or an after-dinner speech, but in ecclesiastical affairs, they never do. That they are infallible in everything relating to the Church and the members of the hierarchy, is a dogma generally admitted, to deny which incurs anathema by the secular press, and is besides a lamentable exhibition of ignorance, superstition and priest-riddenness generally in a land where the public schools have been diffusing light for half a century or more.—See what a digression I have made. Let us return to India. No matter what the individual or combination controlling the wires may say, British rule in India is entering upon a crisis the like of which it has not passed through before. Its yoke has been a heavy one upon the natives, and their patience has limits, just as like yours and mine. They only await an opportunity to throw it off, but, unlike the Irish, they wait prepared, they are armed; they are organised; they are ready. The opportunity is come,—England's embarrassment at home, her trouble all along her scientific frontier in Africa, and her disasters daily increasing in

Afghanistan. There is the situation at present. What shall it be a month hence?

"MAN IS BORN FREE."

It is the great boast of the present age, that now at least men *are free*. Everywhere we hear men boasting of their freedom; in the Senate, in the Courts of Justice, in the press, on the market-places, in the taverns, even in the pulpit we hear men applauding this new born prodigy, which is supposed to have just appeared like a new Messiah to the world.

As there are undoubtedly two masters—God and the devil; two kingdoms—religion and the world; two laws—the law of God and the law of our passions, so there are two freedoms, the freedom of God and the freedom of the devil, the freedom of religion and the freedom of the world, the freedom of the law and the freedom of our passions. But which of those is the true freedom? The Apostle tells us "If Christ hath freed you, you are truly free." There are many freedoms but the only true freedom is freedom from the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Man is born free," says the present age. Certainly the present age has never seen a new born man, else would it never have uttered so great a *lie*. The very name—infant—which we give this new born man (who is supposed to be free) disproves this freedom. We call him an *infant* (in-fans unable to speak) and this thing—unable to speak you tell us is born free. Of what is he free, I pray you? Of hunger, of thirst, of cold, of heat, of sickness, of death? No; no sane man would dare for a moment to claim for this new born man freedom from any one of these.

Of what then is he free? Free from wants? Independent of external aid? No; the infant cannot live without its mother's care; old age cannot exist without the assistance of the young; the servant has need of the master, the master of the servant; families and peoples have need of government by their respective heads. Without them they would be neither families nor peoples. In one word men could not exist, if they were not made

dependant, the one on the other, by the duties of society. Men are not then free of each other.

Of what then is man born free? Of error? of passion? of vice? Would to God he were! then and then only would he be truly free. Then would there no longer be disputes, nor anger, nor contention, nor wars, nor sin, nor crime. The whole world would be an earthly paradise. But alas! how different is all this. From that unhappy hour when Eve first thought to be free—from that unhappy day when the devil tempted her to render herself independent of God by eating the forbidden fruit, man has been at the mercy of a thousand desires, the slave of a thousand evil passions. This unfortunate man (whom the present age would ask us to believe is free) has been enslaved to lying and avarice and self interest and self will and anger and ambition. All these as tyrants have made him in turns their football to kick hither and thither; and that religion (which the age asks you to despise as a tyrant) has been the only liberator that could have struck off these chains of sins, the only thing which could make him rise superior to these passions, and restore him to that state of original freedom to which God originally created him.

Of what then is man born free? of all duty and conscience? yes; says at the bottom of his heart, the libertine, the atheist, the robber and the cut-throat, who knows and covets no other liberty than the liberty of doing evil.

And in sooth man *is* free as the freedom of the age goes. For what is the freedom of which this age boasts so loudly and so persistently? Is it not to be free and independent of *all duty*?—to be a slave to no one but oneself? to follow no law but the law of our desires? to be free indeed but *not* with that freedom which becomes a man worthy of the name of man, but with the freedom of man brought down to the level of the brutes?

Is it not to be free and independent of all honor? of all faithfulness? of all honesty? to be free from everything but money? to adore nothing but fortune? to sell for place and power and even for a few dollars one's oath and one's con-

science? Is it not to be free from all the duties and restraint of religion? to believe nothing but what one wants to believe? to do nothing but what one wants to do? to refrain from nothing but what one wishes to refrain from? Is it not to be free from all legitimate authority? from the authority of the parent in the family? from the authority of the sovereign in society? and to acknowledge no sovereignty but that of sovereign self? Are not these "the advanced thinkers" as they love to call themselves of the age?

But in what does the freedom of the Christian consist? The Apostle tells us in two words, "Ye are free from sin and made slaves to justice." To be submissive to God, but independent of all other things—to be inseparably attached to God alone as to a Father and thus to be raised superior to the whole world and to reign supreme over oneself—this is true freedom. Man the sport of a thousand speculations and of a thousand systems—running incessantly like a child here and there after each gaudy butterfly of opinions, that floats under the name of science in the atmosphere of thought—allowing himself to be tossed about like the foam of the sea by every breath of theory and plausible conjecture, which any day dreamer may proclaim, *such* is the representative man of the century, who declares to the world that he has been born *free*. The Christian enlightened by faith, sustained by hope, animated by charity, and secured from all fear of wandering, from all anxiety of opinion by the infallible teaching of that Church with whom Christ has promised to be even to the end, such is that Christian bondage which alone is true freedom. Man the slave of custom, of the laws of what is called "society" and of the spirit of the age, not having manliness enough to resist the torrent of the world, but allowing himself to be drawn down into the whirlpool of evil passions and the general depravity of the age—this we are asked to believe is the man who is born *free*, whilst the Christian independent of custom, free from the trammels of "society" nonembued with the spirit of the age—the Christian strengthened by the grace of God to a strength above all manhood—the Christian standing

upon the rock of Christ and looking down calmly upon all that foam and turmoil and war of waves which is called "the world," laughing at the storm and mocking the whirlwind—this is he who is said to be in bondage! Yes, he is in bondage, but it is the bondage of Christ wherewith alone we are made free.

H. B.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

WE have already referred to a few of our Canadian institutions of education, and now we would desire to draw attention, as much as our humble powers may permit, to the subject of education itself in Canada. And in so doing we have not the presumption to come forward with arguments and ideas that we consider as authorities. Every one is free, in this land, to express his individual ideas and to uphold his individual principles upon such subjects; but no one can at this period of our history come forth and impose upon his fellow-countrymen principles they may not choose to accept. And in treating of this grand and all important subject, we dare not for a moment imagine that what we shall state should be taken and practised upon by those who are older, more informed, more experienced and more influential. But we hope sincerely that our remarks shall meet with general approbation and that without considering the humble source whence they spring that a generous and patriotic public shall weigh them in a just scale and accord them the merit, however small it may be, that they deserve. We also hope that others better instructed and more potent in argument, will follow us and enlarge upon our ideas and labor, that their truth and necessity be deeply and strongly fixed in the mind of this youthful country.

Let us first make a distinction, too often disregarded or perhaps too often ignored, between the term INSTRUCTION and EDUCATION. Vast is the space that separates these two, yet they are so

connected that their union should be inviolate. In as few words as possible we will explain this difference. A young man may be well able to translate Homer or Virgile, to recite the speeches of Demosthenes or Cicero, relate the divers events that characterize the many epochs of history, solve the most difficult problems in mathematics, in a word know all that is taught in the best college of the land, and yet be unable to pass on through society, take his stand among his fellows in the great battle of life, apply that acquired knowledge to the different circumstances of his vocation or make himself, in the world, a mark that might withstand the effacing hand of time,—he is well *instructed*, but badly *educated*. On the other hand a young man may with tact and knowledge of the ways of society and the world, by frequent intercourse with his fellow-citizens, by observation and by exertion, by a study of the manners of those who succeed in life,—and with half the classic lore of the book-worm student, rise to an eminence far beyond the reach of the other,—he is *educated* well, but poorly or indifferently *instructed*. The one may have much knowledge, but it is of no use to others, and of little help to himself—the other may have little knowledge but the little is divided amongst those in whose society he moves. The latter is highly preferable to the former.

But if both of these qualities are combined in one person—if education and instruction were united in the formation of one character,—if the woof of education was well woven into the warp of instruction, the mantle which it would form, would clothe the humblest amongst us with a richness far out stripping the gaudy, showy, unsubstantial covering of the one who has only education—or the dull, somber and at times tattered garment that is wrapped about a person whose instruction is his only heritage. It should then be our object, the object of every good and wellmeaning man, to see that whatever persons or institutions profess to educate the youth, that the imparting of knowledge be never separated from real and true education. And it is from this

stand-point, with this distinction and these principles before us, that we now hazard a few remarks upon the grand subject of CANADIAN EDUCATION.

In thus approaching so vast a subject we do so with a confidence that may at first appear verging on presumption. But we seek not to impose new ideas or new principles, neither do we pretend to complete originality. These principles are olden, even older than Ancient Rome, older than the precepts of Solon or the harsh rulings of Lycurgus. We cannot pretend to originality in all, for we draw our light from sources, both ancient and modern, from the precepts and sayings of good men and great and learned men of all ages and all stations in society.

HOME INFLUENCE.

To begin from the beginning, we will first speak of home influence and home education. And in thus commencing we will quote from a volume, alas, to little known in Canada, but which suffices to be named in order to bring with it the force of an authority; we refer to the "Literary and Historical Essays", by the everlamented Irish poet, essayist and patriot, who now sleeps in his early and honored grave in Mount Jerome—Thomas Davis. In an essay on "Means and Aids to self-education," he thus speaks of home influence:—

"Home is the great teacher. In domestic business we learn mechanical skill, the nature of those material bodies with which we have most to deal in life—we learn labor by example and kindly precept, we learn (in a prudent home) decorum, cleanliness, order—in a virtuous home we learn more than these, we learn reverence for the old, affection without passion, truth, piety, justice. These are the greatest things man can know. Having these he is well. Without them attainment of wealth and talent are of little worth. Home is the great teacher; and its teaching passes down in an honest home, from generation to generation, and neither the generation that gives nor the generation that takes it, lays down plans for bringing it to pass."

What more can be added to this beautiful paragraph? It contains a world, not of words, but of sound ideas and

noble precepts. It evidently comes from one whose soul was filled with noble aspirations, whose heart beat for the good of his fellowmen and whose energies were devoted to their interests. It is in the home-circle that the first precepts are to be learned. If home influence is evil and perverse, it is almost impossible for the victim of circumstances to ever break the bonds that tie him down; if that influence is noble and exalted it will require much and frequently repeated faults and evil connections in after life, to uproot the plant whose seed was sown in the fresh and youthful soil.

The ancients used to say that the essential things in education of the young are to teach them to worship the gods, to revere their parents, to honor their elders, to obey the laws, to submit to the rulers, to love their friends and be temperate in pleasure; objects too frequently omitted in the philosophic plan of modern education. The moderns have determined, practically at least, that the whole education consists in acquiring knowledge.

When the mind is fresh and pliable, it can be moulded into a good or a bad shape according to the influence brought to bear upon it. It is then the time, when the youth is still at home, before he sees the inside of a school—or even during his first school days when returning home for holidays or from the task of each day, that the grand points of his education and character should be attended to. And ignorant, or to say the least unfaithful to their duties, are the parents who consider that they are fulfilling their obligations towards their children when they pay their school bills and send the children regularly to their tasks. They must also fulfil that grander and greater duty of instructing and educating them at home,—of forming their characters after the purest fashion they can attain.

Fuller once said, "twenty years ago I heard a profane jest and I still remember it." He was then young, and the evil word left an impress upon his mind that all his twenty years of study and exertion could not efface. Had he twenty years before heard some lofty or noble expression, coming from some good source, how much more encouraging

would be the remembrance. And where are we to hear those good things, if not around the evening hearth, in the quiet of the home circle, from the lips of pious parents?

Again speaking of home influence, Thomas Davis tells us : — "Home life is obviously affected by education. Where the parents read and write the children learn to do so early in life, and with little trouble; where they know something of their religious creed, they give its rites a higher meaning than mere forms; where they know the history of the country well, every held, every old tower, or arch is a subject of amusement, of fine old stories, of fine young hopes; where they know the nature of other people and countries, their own country and people become texts to be commented upon, and likewise supply a living comment on the peculiarities of which they have read."

We might now say as after the first quotation from that true and whole-souled man, that nothing can be well added to complete what he says on this point. Parents should endeavor to begin as early as is possible to develop the mental faculties of their children, — which faculties when then used become active and energetic and grow in strength according as years pass on and their objects become more important. Nothing more pitiful than to see a mind rusting and growing unwieldy from neglect. It will not do to let a child believe that his parent has only one idea with regard to him, like that of Jason in the tragedy, whose sole prayer for his son was, that he might see them grow up into manhood, well nourished and vigorous, that they might defend him against his enemies.

But no child growing into youth should be deprived of amusement and relaxation. This is a fault amongst too many parents who imagine that their children lose time when playing. St. Jerome says : "Let the child have relaxation—let there be letters of ivory with which it may play and let its play be instruction." Another extreme fault would be to make a child bold and impertinent, with the object of shewing how much the child can do and how much he knows. Those children that

at the age of four or seven can perform wonders, generally turn out second or third rate men. They often resemble the son of the Strepsiades returning from the school of the Sophists, to whom his father said with joy : "In the first place I mark with pleasure the expression of your countenance; your face indicates at once that you are prepared to deny and contradict all; yours is the Attic look."

Let it be remembered that if in youth the soul be left empty of pure and noble images, it will be soon filled by those of the contrary class. And so with the manners and exterior, if not marked by sweetness and grandeur they will be stamped with insolence and malignity. And so again for the physical person—if not properly recreated and relaxed, a dullness or stupor will overcome it, preventing the person from performing the work allotted to him in youth and from enjoying the tranquility of old age, for as Denis Florence McCarthy says :

"Age will come on with its winter, though happiness hideth its snows,
And if youth has its duty of labor, the birth-right of age is repose."

We then repeat that the first place where a person should be educated and formed in character is at home—the sacred influences of which accompany the person through life. For the rich nothing is easier than to spend a portion of each day in the instructing and early training of those children who are destined to be the men of the coming generation. For the less wealthy class the task may be more difficult, but there is ever to be found time to devote to these grand and all important duties;—in summer time during the beautiful, cool, twilight hours too often spent in idle talk or even worse; in the winter,—

"When the oldest cask is opened
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow on embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old in circle,
Around the fire-brands close—
And the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows"—

is the time that should be so devoted and blessed.

MY LADY.

BY THE DEAN OF LIMERICK.

I.

I have loved my dear Lady, long and well,
 So long, and so long—that I n'er could tell
 When my love began! for, my memory
 bears
 The light of her loveliness all my years!
 Perhaps I've been taught it; but still it
 grew,
 Like a something implanted before I knew!
 And around its growth were all things
 serene,
 And holy and happy to please my QUEEN!
 'Till the earth and the ocean and heavens
 above
 Were all filled with the image of *HER whom*
I love!

II.

I often remember the bow'ry West,
 Where the sun sinks down to his golden
 rest,
 Stretching forth his arms in parting em-
 brace
 Of love light to brighten a DWELLING
 PLACE!
 And, oh, I remember a woman rare,
 Who mov'd round her home like a holy
 pray'r!
 With spirit-like form and pale smooth
 brow,
 Whose mystical radiance I see, ev'n now!
She taught me the earth and the heavens
 above
 Should be fill'd with the image of *HER whom*
I love!

III.

The azure, she said, was my LADY's home—
 And the starry vault was the sparkling
 dome
 Of my LADY's temple! Those flow'rs that
 grow,
 In their summer effulgence, here below,
 Were for odorous incense her name to
 greet!
 Or, in worship, to die at my LADY's feet!
 And every blessing and grace should be
 The gifts of my LADY, she said, to me!
 Thus the earth all round, and the heavens
 above,
 Became filled with the image of *HER whom*
I love!

IV.

When, in blissful hours, I have felt the
 calm
 Of a feeling, that stole o'er my heart, like
 balm;
 And mem'ries of beauty and dreams of
 bliss
 Brought the joys of a holier world to this!
 In ecstasy soared I far away,
 And bask'd in the light of a paradise day!
 And, then, I bethought me, that I should
 find

The spell that had woven this Eden of
 mind!
 And I did!—in the midst of them all—was
 seen
 The life of their beauty, my LADY QUEEN!
 Oh within and without, and the heavens
 above,
 Are all filled with the image of *HER whom*
I love!

V.

Nay, e'en when I look on a clear blue
 stream,
 That wraps itself up, in a morning beam—
 Kissing roses and lilies, and sweeping
 along,
 Like a bride to the altar, her maidens
 among!
 With burdens of light to the distant glade,
 Like gems, lit to sparkle, within its shade!
 The stream and the flow'rs and beautiful
 sheen
 Are hymning the praise of my gracious
 QUEEN!
 Oh, the earth all around, and the heavens
 above,
 Be they fill'd with the praises of *HER whom*
I love!

VI.

Ah, once I forgot her, and woe is me!
 Like a helmless craft on a boisterous sea,
 Was I then, in my helplessness, tossed
 about,
 Till the sun went down and the stars went
 out!
 I bent my head and I covered my eyes,
 And I thought with myself—*thus a sin-*
ner dies!
 The life of a sorrow just touch'd me then!
 I look'd up, and lo!—there was light
 again!
 I felt the breath of an odorous pray'r!
 Ah! none need to tell me that *SHE was*
there!
 For the earth all round and the heavens
 above,
 Are all fill'd with the mercies of *HER whom*
I love!

VII.

Oh, my LADY fair!—she is Sharon's rose!
 The lily all sweet, that in Eden blows!
 She's the summer's bloom,—and, th' am-
 brosial air
 Blushes deep when it finds my LADY there!
 She's the sunset's glow, and the beautiful
 star,
 That, o'er Heaven's portal shines out afar,
 On the gloom of the pilgrim's weary way,
 Cheering hope with the light of coming
 day!
 The mountains are singing her praise to
 the glen!
 And seas, lakes, and rivers cry out,
 "Amen!"
 For the earth all around us and heavens
 above
 Sing in concert the praise of *HER whom*
I love!

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE
WRITINGS OF CARDINAL
NEWMAN.

RATIONALISM.

RATIONALISM is a certain abuse of reason; that is, a use of it for purposes for which it never was intended, and is unfitted. To rationalize in matters of Revelation is to make our reason the standard and measure of the doctrines revealed; to stipulate that those doctrines should be such as to carry with them their own justification; to reject them if they come in collision with our existing opinions or habits of thought, or are with difficulty harmonized with our existing stock of knowledge. And thus a rationalistic spirit is the antagonist of faith, for faith is, in its very nature, the acceptance of what our reason cannot reach, empty and absolutely upon testimony.

There is, of course, a multitude of cases in which we allowably and rightly accept statements as true, partly on reason, and partly on testimony. We supplement the information of others by our own knowledge, by our own judgment of probabilities; and if it be very strange or extravagant we suspend our assent. This is undeniable; still, after all, there are truths which are incapable of reaching us except on testimony, and there is testimony, which, by and in itself, has an imperative claim on our acceptance.

As regards Revealed Truth, it is not Rationalism to set about to ascertain by the exercise of reason what things are attainable by reason and what are not; nor, in the absence of an express Revelation, to inquire into the truths of religion, as they come to us by nature; nor to determine what proofs are necessary for the acceptance of a Revelation, if it be given; nor to reject a Revelation on the plea of insufficient proof; nor after recognizing it as divine, to investigate the meaning of its declarations, and to interpret its language; nor to use its doctrines, as far as they can be fairly used, in enquiring into its divinity; nor to compare and connect them with our previous knowledge, with a view of making them parts of a whole; nor to

bring them into dependence on each other, to trace their mutual relations, as to pursue them to their legitimate issues. This is not Rationalism, but it is Rationalism to accept the Revelation and then to explain it away; to speak of it as the Word of God, and to treat it as the word of man; to refuse to let it speak for itself; to claim to be told the *why* and the *how* of God's dealings with us, as therein described, and to assign to Him a motive and scope of our own; to stumble at the partial knowledge which he may give us of them; to put aside what is obscure, as if it had not been said to all; to accept one half of what has been told us, and not the other half; to assume that the contents of Revelation are also its proof; to frame some gratuitous hypothesis about them, and then to garble, gloss, and color them, to trim, clip, pare away, and twist them, in order to bring them into conformity with the idea to which we have subjected them.

When the rich lord in Samaria said, "Though God shall make windows in heaven, shall this thing be?" he rationalized, as professing his inability to discover *how* Elisha's prophecy was to be fulfilled, and thinking in this way to excuse his unbelief. When Naaman, after acknowledging the prophet's supernatural power, objected to bathe in Jordan, it was on the ground of his not seeing the *means* by which Jordan was to cure his leprosy above the rivers of Damascus. "*How* can these things be?" was the objection of Nicodemus to the doctrine of regeneration; and when the doctrine of the Holy Communion was first announced, "the Jews strove among themselves," in answer to their Divine Informant, saying, "*How* can this man give us His flesh to eat?" When St. Thomas, believing in our Lord, doubted of our Lord's resurrection, though his reason for so doing is not given, it plainly lay in the astonishing, unaccountable nature of such an event. A like desire of judging for one's self is discernible in the original fall of man. Eve did not believe the tempter, any more than God's word, till she perceived that "the fruit was good for food."

So again, when men who profess Christianity ask *how* prayer can really influence the course of God's Providence

or *how* everlasting punishment, as such, consists with God's infinite mercy, they rationalize.

The same spirit shows itself in the restlessness of others to decide *how* the sun was stopped at Joshua's word, *how* the manna was provided, and the like, forgetting what our Saviour suggests to the Sadducees—"the power of God."

Conduct such as this, on so momentous a matter, is, generally speaking, traceable to one obvious cause—the Rationalist makes himself his own centre, not his Maker; he does not go to God, but he implies that God must come to him. And this, it is to be feared, is the spirit in which multitudes of us act at the present day. Instead of looking out of ourselves, and trying to catch glimpses of God's workings, from any quarter,—throwing ourselves forward upon Him and waiting on Him,—we sit at home, bringing everything to ourselves, enthroning ourselves in our own views, and refusing to believe anything that does not force itself upon us as true. Our private judgment is made everything to us,—is contemplated, recognized, and consulted as the arbiter of all questions, and as independent of everything external to us. Nothing is considered to have an existence except so far forth as our own minds discern it. The notion of half views and partial knowledge, of guesses, surmises, hopes and fears, of truths faintly apprehended and not understood, of isolated facts in the great scheme of Providence, in a word, the idea of mystery is discarded.

Hence, a distinction is drawn between what is called Objective and Subjective Truth, and Religion is said to consist in the reception of the latter. By Objective Truth is meant the Religious System considered as existing in itself, external to this or that particular mind. By Subjective is meant that which each mind receives in particular, and considers to be such. To believe in Objective Truth is to throw ourselves forward upon that which we have but partially mastered or made subjective; to embrace, maintain, and use general propositions which are larger than our own capacity, of which we cannot see the bottom, which we cannot follow out into their multifarious details; to come before and bow

before the import of such proportions, as if we were contemplating what is real and independent of human judgment. Such a belief, implicit, and symbolized as it is in the use of creeds, seems to the Rationalist superstitious and unmeaning, and he consequently confines faith to the province of Subjective Truth, or to the reception of doctrine, as, and so far as, it is met and apprehended by the mind, which will be differently, as he considers, in different persons, in the shape of orthodoxy in one, heterodoxy in another. That is, he professes to *believe* in that which he *opines*, and he avoids the obvious extravagance of such an avowal by maintaining that the oral trial involved in Faith does not lie in the submission of the reason to external realities partially disclosed, but in what he calls that candid pursuit of truth which ensures the eventual adoption of that opinion on the subject, which is best for us individually, which is most natural, according to the constitution of our minds, and therefore divinely intended for us. I repeat, he owns that faith, viewed with reference to its objects, is never more than an opinion, and is pleasing to God, not as an active principle, apprehending definite doctrines, but as a result and fruit, and therefore an evidence of past diligence, independent enquiry, dispassionateness, and the like. Rationalism takes the words of Scripture as signs of ideas: Faith, of things or realities. ("Essays Crit. and Hist.," vol. i., p. 31.)

CHIT-CHAT.

—The Athanasian Creed has got into trouble in the Anglican Church; or perhaps we ought rather to say—that the Anglican Church has got into trouble with the Athanasian Creed. Ears polite do not like to hear tell of damnation, and the Athanasian Creed will not mince matters with ears polite. "Hence these tears." One would think that thirteen times a year was not too much to hear that eternal truth "He who believeth *not* shall be condemned." A portion of the Anglican world thinks different, and the Anglican world must be presumed to know its own business. But the Anglican Bishop of London (Eng.) is equal to the occasion. Though

he would not make the reading of it optional (as proposed by some) because this "would in many churches be equivalent to dropping it altogether, which would sacrifice its teaching power—a teaching power seldom perhaps more needed than at the times present and impending" he would suggest that the number of days on which it is read should be reduced to *four*. We like this proposal immensely, it has such a heaven-made-easy look about it. "My dear brethren, if thirteen times a year is too much for you, how will *four* times do? From thirteen to four thirtieths is a large reduction, and ought to satisfy any reasonable mind" As we said before, we like the proposal immensely. But is it Apostolic? We have heard tell of St. Paul advising Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake; but we doubt greatly whether the great thunderer would have been inclined to make a like compromise with Timothy's spiritual stomach. It was not thus he spoke to "Ye men of Athens." We nowhere find it related that when the Greek or Jewish mind rejected Christianity pure and simple, he offered for its acceptance four-thirtieths of it. Nor had his Divine Master before him, been inclined to compromise. When the Jews rejecting the Real Presence, went away saying "This is a hard saying who shall hear it?" He nowhere lured them to stay by offering, that any doctrine distasteful to them should only be propounded *four times a year*. Our Anglican Bishop is inconsistent. The teaching power of the Athanasian Creed he fully admits:—"a teaching power seldom perhaps more needed than in times present and impending," and yet he would lessen the number of times taught from 13 to 4. How is this? Can it be, that he is bowing to the inevitable and following out that axiom of the inevitable—"half a loaf is better than no bread." Evidently the Anglican Church is congregatio non ecclesia docens—a teaching congregation not a teaching church: the flock teaches the shepherd, not the shepherd the flock.

—We have a curious sample from Yedo of Japanese editorial. General Grant (or Gorantu as the Yedo scribe

calls him) is expected and Japan thus addresses him through her press:—"Whether we consider the Kelin [a fabulous animal] and the fox among beasts, or the phoenix and grey finch among birds, we find that even when endowed with unusual abilities the intelligence of these is not equal to that of stupid old women or doltish boys, and as to men it is not to be compared to theirs. Moreover, whether a fox or a finch be clever or not, they never, after all, rise beyond the level of beasts and birds. But men are able, if they choose, to cultivate their talents, and even if they fail to do this they possess the gift of thought, though it must be confessed that the majority of men are stupid, forgetful of the heavenly way, and confused as to their relations to one another. But there is a man who has cultivated his great natural abilities, is rich in thought, is admirable in his movements, is as unfathomable as heaven and earth, and with whom neither the Kelin nor the phoenix is for a moment to be compared. Such a one is General Grant, whose intelligence is commanding to a degree, and whose business capacities are truly grand."

How far General Grant—the future dictator—will appreciate this so close approximating of his Generalship with the Kelin and the Phoenix, the fox and the finch, "who at their best are never equal to stupid old women and doltish boys," and who "however clever *can never after all rise beyond the level of beasts and birds*," we know not, neither is it our business to determine. What is more to our purpose to know, is that evidently Yedo has not yet been contaminated with the demoralising teachings of the authropordal ape theory. This is encouraging for Yedo.

—Alas! alack! and well-a-day! what will become of all our old nursery conceits? A Mr. Ralston,—unfortunate man!—has broken Cinderalla's "glass slipper" shivering it to atoms, oh impious thought! and she, poor princess and one time serving girl! must henceforth walk in common place slipper of *fur*. "*Vair*" says Mr. Ralston (and of course he knows) is old French for *fur*, not *glass*. Well! this is too bad. We do not love Mr. Ralston. Though

doubtless *right*, he ought to be *wrong*, if only for the nursery mind's sake, and we love him not accordingly.

—But we can forgive Mr. Ralston for correcting another blunder which has had nothing to do with *our* nursery mind, and which is of some historical importance. The French nursery mind was taught to believe, that formerly a Seigneur, if his feet were frost bitten, had the right to disembowel two *serfs*, (mark the word; gentle reader') and to revive his feet in their still warm carcasses. This is not a very refined way of restoring circulation and vitality, but then the medieval mind was not supposed to be refined, and medical prescriptions in general from blue pill to Senna, from linseed poultice to fly blister, are sadly lacking in the esthetical. The practice however despite its inelegance is still carried on in Northern Asia, with this difference, that both in modern Northern Asia and medieval France it was and is *stags* not *slaves* (cerfs not serfs) corpora cervorum not corpora servorum, that are supposed to resuscitate the unfortunate members. When shall we rightly understand medieval history? When all the Froudes are expunged.

—A notable pauper is said to have died recently in Chorlton (Eng.) Workhouse, at the age of sixty-four. The Clerk to the Board, who may be presumed to know the facts, informed the Guardians that the deceased, Charles Cartwright, was a man of education, and had once possessed very considerable means. He had run through two fortunes, one of £40,000 and one of £80,000, spending the money, it would seem, chiefly in an ostentatious style of life, and when utterly destitute had betaken himself to the workhouse, where he lived quietly, and apparently contentedly, for many years, earning a few luxuries for himself by writing poems for the country papers, and sermons for neighboring clergymen. Occasionally his friends would take him away and grant him an allowance, but their efforts were always useless, as he instantly resumed his old habits, frequented the dearest restaurants, smoked the most expensive cigars, and drove about in cabs. At last he died, in the work-

house, having never, the Clerk thought, been *unhappy*, though the Chairman on that point snubbed the Clerk, asking if he supposed that any happy man would ever write sermons.

It would be hard to say whether Charles Cartwright's notions of wealth, or the Chairman of the Chorlton Workhouse's notions of sermon writing were the more comical.

—Who are the Nihilists? The Nihilist believes, or pretends to believe, that all things proceed from nothing, and goes on to advocate the abolition of "property" and the overthrow of all existing Governments, with the abolition of marriage and the whole system of society as it exists at present. Of course all worship and all religion are to be abolished, and all their principles are to be propagated, if needs be, by force, by fire, and the sword. In sooth, a goodly company!

—The learned Professor D. Pietro Balan, sub-archivist of the Holy See, has just published a very able and interesting work entitled "The Tombs of the Popes, profaned by Ferdinand Gregorovius, vindicated by History." Reviewing the words of the German author—"There will come a time when the tombs of the Popes will have that same importance that the busts and statues of the Roman Emperors have to-day. . . Then, probably, there will be no more Popes. Religion will be manifested in a new form unknown to us"—Balan says—"The time will come when people will know better what the Roman Pontificate is and to what it tends; remote or proximate, I know not; but it will come when men, instead of judging the Popes and the Papacy from the calumnies, the daring falsehoods, and the hypocritical fictions of their enemies, will study the true monuments of history and will shake off the conspiracy formed against truth, especially in Germany, from Luther's time; but the time in which there will be no more Popes will not come, because the Popes will exist when their calumniators will be no more; they will exist as long as the Catholic Church will exist on earth, which will be as long as time, until eternity begins, when the Church

Militant will cease in order to become the Church Triumphant. Until then Lutherans and Protestants, philosophers or atheists, wait in vain for the end of the Papacy. Luther exclaimed, *Ego moriens ero mors tua Papa*; Luther died, the Pope lives. The French Republic of '93, taking Pius VI. forcibly away from Rome to die at Valenza, cried that the last Pope was dead; they died and the Pope continued. Luigi Gualtieri, Count of Brenna, a mediocre and impious romance-writer, some years ago wrote the impious romance, "The Last Pope," and accompanied it with another, "The Nazarene," in which he offended the divinity of Jesus Christ. He meant that unless Jesus Christ were removed it was impossible to take away the Pope; but after the last Pope, Pius IX. came Leo XIII., after Leo there will come others, and others again, and when the name of Gualtieri will be forgotten, then the name of a Pope will still be pronounced."

—Reginald Cardinal Pole was a man of the true type. No ecclesiastical dignity could dazzle him. When the conclave which elected Julius III. had already lasted a month, without being able to come to a decision, Reginald Pole was hastily summoned one night from his bed by a deputation of Cardinals, to come to the chapel to receive the homage of his associates as pope-elect. "I cannot approve," answered the deliberate Englishman, "of any hasty proceedings. Put it off until the morrow, and if it is God's good pleasure that I be elected, it will do then as well as now." On the morrow the coalition formed over-night was dissolved, and a short time later Cardinal del Monte was chosen Pope, and ascended the Papal Throne under the name of Julius III.

H. B.

The word which denies God, burns the lips over which it passes, and the mouth which opens to blaspheme, is a ventilator of hell! The atheist is alone in the universe. All creatures praise God, all that feel bless him, all that think adore him; the orb of day, and the watch-lights of the night, hymn unto him in their mysterious language. He has written in the firmament his name Thrice Holy!

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

"The King of light, father of aged Time
Hath brought about that day, which is the
prime
To the slow gliding months, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity,
And every hand is ready to present
Someservice in a real compliment,
Be this day frugal, and none spare his friend
Some gift, to show his love finds not an end
With the deceased year."

As day succeeds night, and one month another, so does year follow year. Time never halts on his solemn march, while it becomes a part of Eternity itself. Like to the year, the human race also is ever coming and disappearing, just as the Phoenix is said to be reproduced out of its own ashes.

That the New Year should begin with January, or "chilly month," as the Dutch call it, is not inappropriate, so far, at least, as the Northern hemisphere is concerned, inasmuch as being close upon the winter solstice, the year is made to represent a regular and harmonious series of changes. It was Numa who decreed that the new year should open with January, and who added two additional months to the kalendar. The first month was aptly denominated Januarius, in honor of Janus, the deity who was considered to preside over doors. The ancient Jewish year commenced on the 25th of March, and for a long time the Christian nations reckoned their new year from the same date. It was not until 1757 that the first of January became the initial day both of the legal and the popular year.

In the ancient Roman mythology, Janus and Jana were held in especial honor. Their appellations are derived from *dies*, light, or day, an appropriate symbol of the opening year. Their original form was that of Dianus and Diana, subsequently corrupted into the titles mentioned. Originally special rites were employed in the worship of Jana and her brother Janus; but such became finally merged into a common religious ceremony. It is supposed that the idea of Janus was borrowed from the Tuscans, among whom a similar deity was worshipped from a very early period, and that he was regarded as presiding over the beginning of things.

Janus was highly significant. Two faces were given to this deity. The one looked forwards, the other backwards, implying that the god stood between the Old Year and the New:—

“Tis he! the two fac’d Janus who comes in view;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn;
He spurns the goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride;
And now unlocks with agate key,
The ruby gates of orient day.”

How tender and pathetically Milton refers to his great physical deprivation in the Third Book of “Paradise Lost.” He says:—

“Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.”

In a quaint poem, descriptive of the months, December and January are thus appropriately portrayed:—

“Bring more wood, and set the glasses;
Join my friends, our Christmas cheer;
Come, a catch! and kiss the lassies—
Christmas comes but once a year.”
The first month of the year is thus allegorized:—

“Lo, my fair! the morning, lazy,
Peeps abroad from yonder hill;
Phœbus rises, red and hazy;
Frost has stopped the village mill.”

Not living and inanimate beings alone are calculated to speak to our eyes and ears, addressing “social reason’s inner sense with inarticulate language.” The seasons also, particularly the departing year, and the advent of the new, are specially calculated to “point a moral” for man’s behest. Conjointly they address his reason, imagination, and feelings, and it should be with results similar to those so exquisitely described by Wordsworth in the following lines:—

“For the man

Who, in this point, communes with the forms
Of Nature, who, with understanding heart
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred needs must feel
The joy of the pure principle of Love
So deeply, that unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow Nature, and a kindred joy.”

The season of the opening and the closing of each recurrent year serves as garlands for the memory of those who have the skill to twine them:—

“Years may roll on, and manhood’s brow
grow cold,
And life’s dull winter spread its dark’ning
pall
O’er cherish’d hopes; yet time cannot with-
hold
A precious boon which mem’ry gives to all;—
Fond recollection, when the tale is told
Which forms the record of Life’s festival,
Recalls the pleasure of Youth’s opening
scene,
And Age seems young rememb’ring what
hath been.”

The year stands to us in a peculiar relation, while the regular advance of time but adumbrates the progress and completion of human life. It has been pertinently observed in illustration of this sentiment that “an old man is said to die full of years.” “His years have been few,” is the expression we use regarding one who has died in youth. The anniversary of an event makes an appeal to our feelings. Moreover, we also speak of the history of a nation as its *annals*—the transactions of its succession of years. There must have been a sense of the value and importance of the year as a space of time from a very early period in the history of humanity, for even the simplest and rudest people would be sensible of “the season’s difference,” and of the cycle which the season’s formed, and would soon begin, by observations of the rising of the stars, to ascertain roughly the space of time which that cycle occupied. Thus, in the words of the Psalmist, “Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth forth knowledge. There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their lives have gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.”

How graphically the progress of Time is depicted by our national poet in one of his inimitable “Melodies.” The New Year and the Old—human life with its sorrows and disappointments—are shadowed forth in the following forcible lines:—

“I saw from the beach, when the morning
was shining,
A bark o’er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o’er that beach was
declining,

The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise;

So passing the Spring-tide of joy we have known.

Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,

And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone."

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

THERE are few subjects of greater importance than that of history. If the proper study of mankind be man, then it behoves us to pay much attention to the study of history, which has for its object the vindication of man. History means well nigh everything. It is philosophy, it is poetry, it is literature. Is not history a record of every subject. Is not the advancement of mathematics a history in itself. That Newton discovered the Binomial Theorem is a fact, which comes within the realm of history. History is then a record of all that has transpired in the family of mankind. It is philosophy teaching by experience. By means of it we pierce our way through the vistas of the past and look up the aisles of the future: we hold communion with the dead and sit in council with an offspring yet buried in the womb of time. How rapid is the winged flight of imagination, yet the foot of history is as fleet. With what celerity does the page of history picture to our minds the sovereignty of the garden of Eden in its primitive greatness. We have scarcely beheld Noah and his family enter the ark until we behold the arc of God's covenant span the heavens. Thus history hurries us along through the different periods of the world's existence. We accompany Moses through the promised land and stand with him upon Mount Sinai as he receives the Divine commands. The spirit of history bears us along through the ages of empires—

"Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"

Each nation rises before us then fades away like the mist before the morning sun. Each sovereign rules his hour and

then departs bequeathing his sceptre to another. There is no interregnum in the great sovereignty of the world. The deeds of warriors are scanned and then surpassed. Each age is arrayed in more glistening armour. The sword gleams still more brightly in the hour of danger and peace reigns more supremely when it comes. Conquest and loss, hope and fear, joy and mourning ring through the universe, and the heart of mankind beats and throbs to its varied and never ceasing measure. Yes, the true import of history is found in the government of Thought and Action. He who would tell us only of camps and courts and the drilling and killing of soldiers does not merit the title of historian. He forgets that the great and mighty tide of thought and action is rolling through a world of existence, and it is this thought and action that shapes and influences a nation. There must then be a real spirit in history through which its characters live and move and have their being. "History," says Carlyle, "is a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of infinitude with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, whose author is God and whose purport and thousand fold moral lead up to the throne of God." Here we have a sublime definition of history. Let us place it side by side with that of Voltaire who said that history was merely a parcel of tricks that the historians played with the dead. True, how can we expect to understand the characters of those who lived two thousand years ago when many of us are at a loss to understand ourselves. This, however, need not imply that the historian should be a character trickster. And what did Napoleon define history to be? He said it was simply fiction agreed upon. With fiction we always associate the idea of unreality. Now truth is real and real history is truth, therefore history is neither fiction nor unreality. History by some is considered to be merely story telling. This definition would hold good were there nothing in the subject, but narration. Nearly every person is more or less a story teller and consequently an historian. Yes such a definition may pass muster with children who are more interested in the

adventure of a Robinson Crusoe or the astounding feat of Jack the Giant-Killer than they are in the growth and development of a nation, but it can never be accepted as the real and true import of the term history. Froude says that history is like a child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please. We have only, says this historian, to pick out such letters as we want arrange them as we like and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose. It is to be feared that the great English historian has too closely followed his definition. Half of our histories are but mere romances containing neither spirit nor bone. To turn their pages would be but a useless task. They do not speak of the inward life of a nation. The kings pass before you just as in some play distinguished from each other only by their armour or their mask. Certain it is that history is a book with seven seals, and what we call the spirit of the past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected. I remember having read some time ago an article in the *Canadian Monthly* entitled "A Quarrel with the Nineteenth Century," in which the writer complained of the difficulty of reaching truths through the medium of history. Well it is a task I must confess. Like our newspapers on political subject, each has a mission to fulfil and it is a question if all our histories together state certain facts intrinsically right. Each historian has his idol before whom he bows down and offers incense. Read one history and you will learn that Queen Elizabeth was a most amiable personage and fully justified in putting her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots to death; while another represents her as a cruel hearted and tyrannical monster. Even Henry the Eighth ensconced within the circle of his six wives comes in for a share of fulsome praise at the hands of James Anthony Froude while Macaulay, who was well infallible as an historian and could not write partially forsooth, wades knee deep in blood through the massacre of Glencoe in order to exonerate his favorite hero William the Third from all blame in the matter. And thus goes on the warring of historians with truth and fiction, I

suppose arrayed on both sides. There is one thing certain, that we look for something better in histories than the mere chronicling of events. It is of little importance to know that the Magna Charta was signed by King John at Runnymede, A. D. 1215, if we do not know that it was the great bulwark of English liberty. The mere fact that we dined yesterday at precisely twelve o'clock is not so important to the welfare of our bodies as the food which we disposed of during the event. The life blood of a nation is not nourished by dry facts and dates. The inward condition of life and conscious aim of mankind, constitute much of the reality of history. It very often happens that we are wont to consider events ushered in by the thundering of cannon, the roar of musketry and the bloody carnage of a battle field as the great landmarks of history. This is a mistake "When the oak tree is felled", says Carlyle, "the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war tumults which for the time din every ear and with joy and terror intoxicate every heart pass away like tavern brawls; and except some few Marathons and Mogartens are remembered by accident not by desert. History has been considered to be the written and verbal message which all mankind delivers to man. It is the communication which the past can have with the present, the distant with what is here. "The perfect man," says Carlyle, "would be he who understood and saw and knew within himself all that the whole family of Adam had hitherto been or done." Such a person we do not expect to find, hence we must bear with the imperfections of history. Let us read the premises of history and draw our own conclusions, not follow the coloring of the historian, but view fact through the lens of our own minds. And now I come to the question, is history a science? My reply is, yes. A subject is said to have entered the scientific stage when phenomena are no longer isolated experiences but appear in connection and order; when after certain antecedents certain consequences are uniformly seen to follow, and when with facts collected we form a

basis by which we can in some degree foresee the future. But we must ever remember that there is something else in history besides the marvellous and wonderful that the true purport of history is not to amuse but to instruct. It is the great emporium of knowledge in which all can be shareholders. We can all sit at the footstool of history and become learned. In former days the office of historian belonged in a great measure to the minstrel,

"The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of border chivalry."

But the history doled out by the minstrel was only the history of song. We feel however that we are now touching greater years, and as this enquiring nineteenth century speeds on its way, we begin to study more and more the true philosophy of history. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors had gone, but could he have communed with the spirit which has cried "havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," during the past ten or fifteen years, he would have believed that such an era was only being inaugurated. The blood stained clouds which floated above Sadowa and Worth have scarcely passed away ere the heart of the whole Christian world mourns for a royal death in Zululand. And now a word touching the true spirit of history. To me it would appear that this is often lost sight of. Instead of counting the followers of Mahomet we should rather enquire what was in the character of the people which enabled Mahomet to work upon them; their existing beliefs, their existing moral and political condition. It is not enough that we should know the princes and crown heads of Europe who enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross in the great movement of the crusades, the effect of this great military expedition upon European civilisation and commerce is of far more paramount importance to the student of real history. With respect to methods of teaching history let us take a lesson from the pioneers of Canadian civilization who is piercing the virgin forest of the land, first blazed a large tree here and there in order that they might not lose

their way in the interminable mazes of the forest. In like manner let us be guided through the great labyrinth of history by great and leading facts, for we are indeed pioneers pushing our way through the remote ages of the past and our destination is that era coeval with creation when the garden of Eden formed the great sovereignty of the world and the divine right of kings belonged to the great first subject and king Adam. We should also remember that the reality of history consists in the essence of biographies which contain all the greatness of mankind—a greatness worthy of our young men and women who have for their object nobility of character and a desire to lead great and good lives.

IRELAND.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY (1847).

They are dying! they are dying! where the
golden corn is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the
crowded herds are lowing;
They are gasping for existence where the
streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the
breeze of health is blowing.

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossoms on the tree,
In the glad month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

We have ploughed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands;
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger!

God of mercy! must this last?
 Is this land preordained,
 For the present and the past
 And the future, to be chained—
 To be ravaged, to be drained,
 To be robbed, to be spoiled,
 To be hushed, to be whipt,
 Its soaring pinions clipt,
 And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
 But to perish and to die?
 Is this all our destiny below,
 That our bodies, as they rot,
 May fertilize the spot
 Where the harvests of the stranger
 grow?

If this be, indeed, our fate,
 Far, far, better now, though late,
 That we seek some other land and try some
 other zone;
 The coldest, bleakest shore
 Will surely yield us more
 Than the storehouse of the stranger that we
 dare not call our own.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

It is no longer possible, says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, to deny the imminence of a partial famine in Ireland. In two of the provinces the crops are so deficient in yield, speaking generally, as to leave no margin to the cultivator. When the most stricken farmers have paid the most pressing claims upon them—to do which it will be necessary to export the greater part of their produce—they will have little or nothing left. The peculiar circumstances of Ireland must be borne in mind whenever the harvest is taken into consideration. Four-fifths of the population live by and upon the land in the most direct sense. A considerable proportion of the remainder depend for subsistence on the expenditure of the farming class. If, then, in ordinary seasons, the cultivators and their servants have little to spare, in bad seasons they must suffer actual distress. What loss the present harvest will entail has not been approximately estimated; but we can arrive at a sufficient judgment by taking into consideration that oats are in poor quantity, that potatoes have failed disastrously, that live stock has depreciated, through the disappearance of capital, and that the turf, fuel of the people, has not been saved to any great extent. We are not

suggesting that the soil has given less than would supply all the homes in Ireland. On the contrary, in the very worst districts it has been fruitful enough to render every home comfortable if the tillers could retain the fruits. But the crop has to bear inexorable charges. The landlord must have rent, the taxgatherer his taxes, the bank its loans, the laborers their wages, and the household a multitude of necessities. Were there a repudiation of monetary obligations, the farmer and his staff could get along very well; but repudiation is impossible, even if it were not immoral, and therefore we must look at the position when the farmer has discharged imperative contracts by sending the bulk of his harvest to the market. The small margin he can hope to retain will not be enough for his reasonable wants; and if that be so what will be the situation of the laborers and the petty tradesmen in country towns who can only derive a livelihood from rural customers?

A little while ago there was a manifest disinclination in England to believe that the tales of coming distress were not scandalously exaggerated. Who will take that line of argument now? The Irish Government has had an official report full of ominous disclosures. Mr. Lowther saw and heard enough in the West to convince him that something should be done and at once. And now not only the Bishops, but nearly eighty Members of Parliament, have approached the Ministry with appeals for help. Their Lordships say that a "calamity has come upon the people through no fault of their own," and that the poor-law system would be utterly unable, as it was unable during the great famine, to meet the necessities of the impending crisis. They "cheerfully bear testimony to the generous conduct of many landlords" towards the tenantry, and urge others to imitate the good example, and they beg public bodies, as well as private individuals, to give all possible employment to the laboring classes. The petition of the Members of Parliament declares that "complete failure of the potato crop and the fuel supply, combined with the absence of employment, will involve a considerable number of the small farmers and

laborers in absolute destitution." Never on any previous occasion did the Irish parliamentary representatives unite as they are united in this prayer; and as the majority are gentlemen who own land, and have a stake in the country, they may be taken as having a correct knowledge of the state of affairs. Urgency, too, is imprinted on what they and the Bishops write, and if there is a sincere desire on the part of the Government to come to the rescue, the necessary steps should be taken without delay.

As to the nature of the remedy, the memorialists leave no room for misapprehension. The Bishops "suggest that some scheme of public employment which would at once relieve the pressing wants of the people, and be productive of permanent benefit, should be promptly devised and carried out through the country—such scheme to embrace arterial drainage, the reclamation of waste lands, the construction of earthworks for trams and railways, the plantation of mountain and marshy districts, as well as the improvement of tenants' dwellings." There is a statesmanlike proposal. The Members of Parliament believe the mitigation of the calamity, if not its prevention, "can be best done by affording assistance to works of a permanent and useful character." Lord Beaconsfield was studiously cautious at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in his allusion to the subject, and the "substantial embodiment" of English sympathy which he promised is not very definite. It may be as well to say, however, that if the Premier means eleemosynary charity he will have to correct his intention. The famine of 1847 was relieved in that way, and the result was to let a million creatures die, to absolutely waste an enormous amount of money, and to pauperise a nation. There must be no repetition of such a huge blunder as the employment of hundreds of thousands of men at nominal and wretchedly inadequate wages, to build mounds and pull them down again, to construct forts and level them, to make roads to nowhere, and to perform other equally ridiculous feats. There is plenty of profitable and productive work to be done, and the Bishops indicate it. The *Times* says Ireland is over-populat-

ed. But there is an aggregate of five millions of acres yielding nothing, and offering a good per centage to the reclaimer. Why should these acres remain barren in a country where every inch will grow its blades? Arterial drainage is required on many more millions of acres, and has not been done hitherto because some landlords want the requisite enterprise and others the requisite capital. The Government is expected to find money for whatever may be undertaken, but only as a loan certain of repayment. No one asks for any help savouring of mendicancy. It is the duty of a Government to protect its people from famine, as it would from a hostile invasion, and questions of political economy so-called ought not to stand in the way of preserving lives. But it is on the strictest principles of political economy that our Government is now solicited to take precautionary measures in Ireland. Whatever is spent prudently, as the farmer or merchant spends his gold—that is to say, whatever outlay is directed to the improvement of the land—will come back again, every penny, with full interest; not only so but it will materially increase the area of production and the wealth of the country, and as a consequence lessen the chances of those hitherto constantly recurring famines. For its own sake the Government ought to be bold and practical. Ireland is the one country in Europe which has had a famine every quarter of a century for upwards of a hundred years past, and it is futile to even hint that laws and systems are free from the blame.

Fire tries iron, and temptation tries a just man.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Man has three friends in this world;—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? *Money*, his best friend, leaves him first, and goes not with him. *His relations and friends* accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The *third*, which he often forgot during his life, are his *good works*. They alone accompany him to the throne of the judge—they go before,—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL,
LEADER OF THE IRISH LAND MOVEMENT.

THE events of the past few months in Ireland not less than the impending disasters with which the people are menaced, have settled effectually the question of leadership so strongly agitated during the latter days of the late Isaac Butt, and at present the Irish people, at home and abroad, recognize as their foremost champion and spokesman, Charles Stewart Parnell, the popularly elected member from Meath, who now holds a position in the esteem and affection of his fellow-countrymen second only to that occupied by the great O'Connell in the zenith of his fame and power.

Mr. Parnell enjoys the singular advantage of being a genuine Hibernian Irish-American. Born on the "old sod," he has in his veins some of the best blood of the American Revolutionary era. He belongs to a distinguished Wicklow family, who have for generations been identified with the struggle for Irish independence. His grandfather, Sir John Parnell, was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons previous to the passage of the "Act of Union," and to the last opposed that iniquitous barter of the liberties of Ireland. His father, John Henry Parnell, during life, followed in the parental footsteps, and was one of the most popular and respected land-owners in the county of Wicklow. His mother (who still lives) was Miss Delia Tudor Stewart, daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, who in 1815 commanded the United States frigate "Constitution" when she captured the British war-ships "Cyane" and "Levant." Admiral Stewart, in the historic "Old Ironsides," met England and defeated her on the ocean when the "Mistress of the Sea" least of all expected a defeat, especially at the hands of a Yankee sailor. We need hardly say that the public course of Mr. Parnell, and the letters of his talented sisters on the Irish question, show that the old fire has not smouldered in the descendants of the gallant admiral.

Mr. Parnell was born in 1846, at Avondale, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, and was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, England. He was little more than of age on his initiation into Irish politics; but, from the first, he took the popular side, and has never wavered in his allegiance to the cause of the people. "Honest John Martin" could not have a better successor than Charles Stewart Parnell. In the House of Commons he is the man most *fear*ed and *hated* by the bigoted Tory majority, but, at the same time, he commands the respect even of those who differ with him, and has compelled the prejudiced press of England to acknowledge his merit. As a land-owner, he practises conscientiously the doctrines he preaches. He has several estates in Ireland, one of them, in the county of Wicklow, being regarded as the model estate of the neighborhood. Mr. Parnell has several times visited America, where his mother and sisters at present reside.—*Irish-American*.

*** Mr. Parnell sailed from Queenstown on the 20th December, for the United States, where we feel sure he will meet with a reception worthy of him. When it was announced that he intended visiting America, the St. Patrick's Society of this city sent him an invitation to visit Montreal. By letter written from Avondale, Co. Wicklow, about a week before he left Ireland, Mr. Parnell signifies the "great pleasure it will give him to visit Montreal, if possible, and lecture there under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society."—*Ed.*

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.

Action is being taken in the principal cities in the United States, to raise funds to relieve the distressed in Ireland. New York merchants intend chartering a vessel, as was done before in '47, to convey provisions, &c. Baltimore has been divided into districts for collection purposes: the "Knights of St. Patrick" of the latter city appropriated \$300 for the relief fund. San Francisco is also coming to the front. The "Knights of St. Patrick" of that city, invited representatives of other societies which was heartily responded to, and committees were struck to prepare suitable addresses to the people of the State at large, on the necessity of at once coming to the relief of the famine threatened districts of Ireland. At the meeting of the "Knights of St. Patrick" \$500 was set apart from the funds of the Society for the benefit of the Irish Relief Fund, and an address of the Irish National Land League and Relief Association of San Francisco, has been sent to the societies and organizations throughout the State, that are in sympathy with the cause.

The Dioceses of Detroit and Cleveland have already remitted to Ireland over eighteen thousand dollars, between them.

MASS MEETING IN ST. LOUIS.

The mass meeting to consider the condition of Ireland and devise means to aid the suffering peasantry of that country was an immense affair and was attended by citizens of all nationalities. The Irish-born citizens of St. Louis turned out in great numbers, and several of their civic societies were present in regalia, with music and banners. Peter L. Foy presided, assisted by about three hundred vice-presidents, selected from among the most prominent and influential citizens of St. Louis, irrespective of creed and nationality.

The speakers were President Foy, Colonel Dan Morrison, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Chas. P. Johnson, Father O'Reilly, Joseph Pulitzer, Colonel A. W. Slaybach, William L. Darcey, D. H. MacAdam and Samuel Erskine.

The political condition of Ireland was generally ignored by the speakers, special attention being paid to the sufferings and want of the people and the hardships arising from land laws and the exactions of arbitrary landlords.

Resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted, declaring that the citizens of St. Louis extend to the suffering people of Ireland their earnest sympathy and commiseration, deploring the evils which affect them, but more still the causes which make these evils possible and periodical, holding that all legitimate government should be of the people, by the people, and for the people, and deprecating and denouncing the violation of every principle of law which makes the government of Ireland a government of Englishmen, by Englishmen and for Englishmen, and declaring that the first duty of the government is the protection of life, liberty and property, and grieving that many instances of English rule in Ireland seem to be a system of extirpation, oppression and robbery; holding as a fundamental principle of popular rights that the land of every nation belong to the people thereof and, considering the enormous accumulation of land in the hands of a few individuals, who have proved stumbling blocks to Irish prosperity, and an outrage on the people, making justice herself fret in the trappings of law.

The closing resolutions were as follows:—

"Resolved, That a peasant proprietary being the only stable foundation of national peace and prosperity, it is the duty of the Government in Ireland to assert the right of eminent domain and place the comfort of a home within the reach of Irish frugality, industry and economy.

"Resolved, That the failure on the part of the English Government to correct the evils of the present land tenure system places it in the attitude of hearing the appeal of a troubled and agonized people and shutting the ears of justice and mercy against their voices; that it incurs the guilt of inciting rebellion and the shedding of blood, by leaving no other alternative but resistance to iniquitous laws or servile submission to intolerable wrongs.

"Resolved, That while thus holding the Government responsible for all the distress in Ireland, yet counselling peaceful methods of reform, we claim the humble privilege of feeding our brethren whom English laws have made hungry, of clothing a brave people whom English rapacity has left naked; and of saving to country and hope a people, a race, which English indifference abandons to die.

"Resolved, That we make this expression of our feelings and purposes by transmitting these resolutions to the people and press of Ireland."

The "Knights of St. Patrick" have given \$500 for the benefit of the Irish peasantry.

ACTION OF BISHOP CHATARD.

The Right Rev. Dr. Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, Ind., has issued the following circular, in regard to the distress in Ireland:—

"Authentic information has reached us telling of the great distress, and even of threatened famine in Ireland; that the English Premier himself has expressed his solicitude for the welfare of the population, and has promised that the deficiency in fuel shall be met by the Government sending to the distressed districts coal to be sold at cost prices. This state of things, dearly beloved brethren, calls for the earnest attention and charitable aid of all throughout the world, who, like ourselves, have been benefitted by the emigration of the Irish race. To a great extent they have been heralds of the faith to us here; 'tis they who, in great part, have built up our churches, schools, and charitable institutions; they share with us alike the happiness of our faith and the trials of our religion. 'Tis, therefore, most meet in us, especially as so many of those whom I address first saw light on the emerald soil of Ireland, to go to the aid of our brethren in the faith,—there where they have nourished that faith, kept the light ever burning amid the storm,—suffered for it with a constancy that the whole world admires; and this is all the more, because the poverty with which the people of Ireland are stricken has no dishonorable origin; it came from attachment to the noblest of

causes—the saving faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us then, one and all, give cheerfully to relieve the distress so great at present, and to be greater still owing to the severity of the Winter. We appoint Sunday, the 7th of December, as the day for a general collection in the churches of the diocese for the purpose, as early aid will be most useful.

"† FRANCIS SILAS,
"Bishop of Vincennes."

ACTION IN CONGRESS.

In the House of Representatives, the following resolutions were introduced:—

Mr. Gillette, of Iowa, introduced the following joint resolution:—

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives:

"First, That we cordially sympathize with the people of Ireland in their present alarming condition from threatened famine, and in their efforts to obtain relief from the oppressive landlord system.

"Second, That we request the President of the United States to communicate to Her Majesty's Government our hope that some just arrangement may be early made by which the Irish peasants may become the owners of the soil they cultivate."

Mr. Frost, of Missouri, introduced the following joint resolution, which was referred:

"Whereas, It appear that the people of Ireland are seriously threatened with the horrors of famine; and

"Whereas, The destitution and suffering that are now prevailing and that are likely to increase, are in a great measure due to the system of land tenure which obtains in that unfortunate country; therefore,

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, That Congress views with the most earnest and heartfelt sympathy the efforts now being made by patriotic Irishmen to ameliorate the condition of their beloved country, and extends to the Irish people its sincere wish for their success in their endeavors to obtain for themselves and their posterity the inestimable boon of equal laws and self-government."

CONGRESSIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE
IRISH PEOPLE.

A contribution list for the relief of the sufferers from famine in Ireland was started in the House of Representatives on December 9th by Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia. In less than one hour after the list was presented seventy Congressmen had signed it, each contributing \$5. Mr. Kenna expects to obtain the name of every other member, and thus realise about \$1,500.

COLLECTION IN BUFFALO, N.Y.

We take the following appeal from the *Buffalo Catholic Union*, of Dec. 11:—

"Editor Catholic Union :

"Although we have received no particular private information relating to the poverty and sad want and even danger of famine in Ireland, and no special appeals have been made to us, yet from the public press of Ireland and our own country, we cannot doubt that the condition of Ireland is such as to justify an appeal to the charity of our people in behalf of a land and a people that have so many claims and titles on our sympathy and respect. We request you, therefore, kindly, to open in the columns of the *Catholic Union* a subscription list, the proceeds of which we will undertake to distribute to the most needy districts and shall have acknowledgments of the same through the paper. This plan has been deemed the best under the circumstances, as it will afford to all desirous of relieving the present distress in Ireland an easy channel for their charities, and will not preclude the adoption of other measures should the emergency call for them, for it is well understood that the Catholics of America will not suffer their brethren and kinsfolk in the old country to die of starvation while they have a dollar to share with them.

"† S. V. RYAN,
"Bishop of Buffalo."

MASS MEETING IN CHICAGO, ILL.

Never was a nobler response made to the appeal of an oppressed and struggling people than the answer given by the people of Chicago, assembled in

McCormick Hall, on Dec. 1st, to the question as to whether America sympathized with Ireland in her demand for equal laws and prompt justice to her agricultural classes, now trembling on the verge of famine, because of the ruinous system of land tenure which grinds them to the earth. Five thousand citizens filled the hall. The platform was filled with vice-presidents, to the number of nearly three hundred, who represented every possible interest of which the city boasts. There were many of the foremost citizens of the State among the number crowded around the chair. In fact, nearly everybody in the city in the slightest degree prominent in public matters or in business concerns was present.

The meeting was called to order by W. P. Rend, who, in a few words, stated that Hon. Thomas Hoyne had been chosen chairman of the assemblage. Spirited addresses on the question of the hour were then made by Lieut.-Gov. Sherman, Hon. Leonard Swett, Hon. W. J. Hynes, Hon. S. M. Moore, Judge Thos. A. Moran, General Martin Beem, and others. An address was adopted to the people of the United States directing the attention of the American public, without distinction of race, creed or party, to the agitation which is now progressing in Ireland,—having in view the reform of the existing land laws,—under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., supported by many of the ablest and most patriotic men in that island, as well as by an overwhelming majority of the Irish people.

The following resolutions were also carried unanimously:—

"Resolved, That we extend to the people of Ireland our earnest sympathy in their struggles to obtain such a reform of the land laws of their country as will enable them to become purchasers at a fair valuation of the soil they cultivate, and on the products of which they are of necessity dependent for food to sustain life.

"Resolved, That the chairman of this meeting be authorized to appoint a committee of citizens who shall constitute a committee on finance, empowered to solicit and receive subscriptions for the purpose of maintaining legitimate agitation, and, if circumstances demand—

ing it should arise, to relieve the distress of the Irish people, and that said finance committee shall have power to fill vacancies, and, if they see fit, add to their number.

The following telegram was directed to be sent at once over the cable to Mr. Parnell:—

“CHICAGO, Dec. 1.

“To the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, Ireland, for Charles Stewart Parnell and the Irish Nation: Chicago, in the largest mass meeting ever held here, addressed by the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Judges and leading citizens, sends you hearty greeting. Continue your patriotic efforts. We pledge you and Ireland our sympathy and support.

“THOMAS HOYNE,
Chairman.”

THE IRISH HIERARCHY ON THE LAND QUESTION.

At the great land meeting at Ballinasloe, attended by thousands, letters were read from the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Right Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, and the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, all approving of the land movement.

The Most Rev. Archbishop MacHale wrote:

“In pressing our claims to relief we must not be considered mendicants prostrate at the feet of our haughty neighbors, neither should we be called upon to display our gratitude before a single favor is conferred upon us. Rather let us be looked upon as a nation justly claiming a portion of the taxes of our own country which, by a process of financial jugglery unknown to honest men, are annually transferred to the British exchequer instead of having been employed for national purposes at home, such as, at the present moment, the relief of impending want, the reclamation of waste lands, arterial drainage, and the construction of railroads in remote districts. By all means let the people be rooted in the soil of their native land; let their pecuniary relations with their landlords be decided by periodical

valuation; let those and similar well-digested projects be demanded with vigor and earnestness, by means of a constitutional and healthy organization of the political power of the people, with a view of realizing those social blessings. Let energy, activity, and the old principle, so unjustly censured by dishonest and crafty politicians, of independent opposition to all British parties by Irish members of Parliament, be vigorously required of them as a condition to senatorial honors by their constituents at the approaching general election, and the disorganization, recently witnessed with pain, of what should be a compact body will no longer dishonor our country in a foreign legislature. At the same time Irishmen must never forget that without their own independent Parliament the people of this land must ever remain the slaves of their powerful neighbors.”

The Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly wrote:—

“In substance and almost in terms your first resolutions coincide with those which were lately adopted by the Bishops of Ireland and presented to the Irish Government by a deputation of which I had the honor to be a member. History attests, and our own experience proves, that if the mass of the people, especially the cultivators of the soil, are not treated with justice and humanity by the upper classes, if their rights are not acknowledged and protected by the Legislature, the result must be, sooner or later, discontent and hatred, ending in social disruption and misery. It is therefore the interest as well as the duty of all classes, without distinction of creed, to bring about speedily a peaceful, constitutional change in our laws, and especially our land laws, which will give full security to the occupier and tiller of the soil and allow him to bestow on it his toil and capital, so as to derive from it an adequate support. That change can be effected in one of two ways, both of them already familiar to the public: Either by allowing or helping the tenant to become the owner of the land he occupies, or by securing him in its tenancy at an equitable rent. That such a change depends on the will of Parliament is admitted by all; and it is my conviction that if it were earnestly

and perseveringly demanded by the people and their united representatives it would be soon granted by Parliament."

The Right Rev. Dr. Duggan wrote:—

"I cordially approve of your meeting as a means of indicating to the Government that their primary duty is to utilize the resources of the country to save the lives of the people. The people need not ask eleemosynary aid from private or public resources. They are willing to earn the wages of honest work. The Government has now a grand opportunity of renovating the face of the country by inaugurating a system of reproductive operations that will not cost the State one penny, whilst at the same time they will profit the owners and occupiers of land and increase the revenues of the exchequer. Now is the hour for bold and wise statesmanship. Will the present Government grasp the opportunity of laying the foundation of solid industry in this country, and thus dry up the sources of agrarian discontent? Why those cycles of famine in Ireland? There are millions of waste, but reclaimable, lands. Why not reclaim them, and settle upon them an industrious peasant proprietary? Why not aid in developing our utterly inadequate railway system? Why not give facilities to the tenants to thoroughly drain and improve their holdings and habitations? In England the owners of land do all this. In the present state of the law fully 90 per cent. of the tenants are excluded from borrowing from the Board of Works. None can borrow but landlords and tenants with a lease of forty years unexpired, and no less than £100 can be obtained on loan. Why not improve the harbors about the coasts? To prevent the recurrence of these periodical famines the land system requires a radical change; hence the tenants must be rooted in the soil as the prelude of a large increase in the number of peasant proprietors. All these beneficial reforms can be attained by peaceable agitation within the lines of the constitution by energetic action on the part of our representatives. Much has been already gained, and more, including Home Rule, will be attained if the constituencies be true to their own

grave responsibilities. The policy of inaction has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON IRISH POLITICS.

At a meeting of Irish electors at Salford at which Mr. Mitchell Henry attended, the Bishop of Salford wrote an admirable letter, in reply to an invitation. His Lordship said that even were it his habit to take part in purely political gatherings, he would be unable to do so on that evening because of another engagement, and added, "I may say, however, that I entirely approve of Irish electors in England meeting together to take counsel as to how they may best promote the interests of Ireland. It is natural and right that you should do this. You can trust neither of the great political parties in England to do full justice to Ireland's legitimate claims. When I observe that the great Imperial measures of reform for Ireland had been almost, indeed always, results of long sustained Irish agitation, and that they had been passed sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other, I am bound to confess that England offers to Ireland the strongest justification for a policy of agitation, while at the same time she seems to bid you maintain an attitude of political independence and to work with whichever party is at the time prepared to serve you best; to-day it will be with one party, to-morrow it may be with another. Of one thing I feel well assured—that whatever be the political course which the Irish Catholics of Salford and Manchester may adopt, their cry will always be for God and country. They will never stand on the modern revolutionary platform which ignores the laws of God and the paramount duty and obedience we owe to the religion which God Himself has revealed and established."

"But tell me," said the Willow to the Thorn, "why art thou so covetous of the clothes of those who pass by? Of what use can they be to thee?" "None whatever" replied the envious Thorn, "I have no desire to *take* them; I only want to *tear* them."

INDIAN LYRICS.

V.

HYMN OF THE DAKOTAHS.

O! Thou whose vast pavilion stands,
 Unseen by Indian eyes,
 Among Lake Huron's lone ie-lands,
 Or in the sunset skies;
 Thy vapoury banners are unfurled
 Above the mountains blue.
 Thou lookest on this fleeting world—
 Immortal Manitou!

We have the Sacred dance at spring,
 And then the Feast of Flowers,
 The solemn First-fruit offering,
 And thanks in harvest hours.
 Each fall, we hold the Virgin feasts,
 Our souls and bodies cleanse,
 And still the prophets and the priests
 The Holy fire dispense.

God of the Light!—who never tires,
 Thy living rays are good,
 Sent from thy lambent Council-fires
 To gladden lake and wood.
 O! give full crops—and o'er the foe
 And in the chase—success;
 O! guide us in the drifting snow
 And in the Wilderness.

God of the Winds! whose misty form
 Is seen in floating cloud,
 Before the pinions of thy storm
 The lofty pine hath bowed.
 The flash that leaves yon airy halls
 Bears mandates from thy throne,
 We hear thy voice in waterfalls
 And in the thunder's tone.

God of the Rains! thy summer showers
 Refresh our native maize,
 And change to fruit the forest flowers
 And cool the sultry days.
 God of the Night! whose golden bow
 Is hung upon a cloud,
 O'er all—thy shadows softly flow
 And wake the starry crowd.

God of the wild and gloomy wood,
 Accept our autumn fast,
 Whose Rod before our father's stood—
 Great Spirit of the Past.
 God of the Future! we beseech
 That after death, be found
 The road by which our souls may reach
 The Happy Hunting ground.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—These valuable repositories of literature are not of modern invention. The first collections consisted of religious works alone, and were lent out gratuitously. Hence the proof, that the much maligned Catholic Church and her religious, spared no pains to inculcate religion and awaken the intellectual powers of man: at the lowest possible figure—zero.

Pamphilus was a Presbyter of Cæsaria, and lived A. D. 294. In this distinguished person were united the philosopher and the Christian. Born of a very eminent family, and large fortune, he might have aspired to the highest honors of this world; but, on the contrary, he withdrew himself from those flattering prospects, and spent his whole life in acts of the most disinterested benevolence.

His unfeigned regard and veneration for the Holy Scriptures were as remarkable as his unwearied application in whatever he undertook. Being a great encourager of learning and piety, he not only lent books to read (especially copies of the Holy Scriptures), but when he found persons well disposed, made them presents of his manuscripts, some of which were transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hand. He founded a library, at Cæsaria, which, according to Isidore of Seville, contained 30,000 vols. The collection was formed merely for the good and use of the church. After this talk of the Catholic Church inculcating ignorance; and keeping her children in the back-ground from the light of knowledge. Another author also authenticates the existence of this library; and St. Jerome particularly mentioned his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read; and by the bye, Dr. Adam Clarke, whom none will suspect of Catholicity, or leanings thereto, remarks “this is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library.” The benefits to be derived from a good circulating library, are too numerous, as well as too obvious, to need any comment.

ORIGIN OF POETRY IN GENERAL.—History informs us Poetry began with the shepherds, whose god was *Pan*;

NOTE.—The above Lyric and No. 3 of the series, with three or four to follow—revised and slightly improved—were published by the writer some years ago in the *Literary Garland*.

having from their many leisure and abstracted hours (while tending their flocks), a fit opportunity for such a pursuit. Hence, they first composed couplets, next verses, and these they perfected themselves in, and sung, while following their daily occupations. Thence came the Bacchanalian rites, and their sacrifice to their gods of a he goat, which took their rise, we are told, from *Bacchus*, who, one day, while entering his vineyard, discovered an animal of that species in the act of destroying a favorite vine, which in his rage he instantly killed. In these ceremonies, the hinds of that day smeared their faces with the best of wine, and acted and sung various verses expressly composed for the occasion.

These were the first actors and song-smiths, (to use a new-coined expression), and their successors have done honor and credit to the invention,

“Æschylus and Thespis taught the age
What good, what profit, did commend
the stage.”

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT “PARADISE LOST,” AND ITS AUTHOR.—Milton possessed a fine figure, and, when a young man, was extremely handsome. In one of his wanderings when in Italy, being of a very pensive cast, he sat himself down under a tree, and commenced reading, but soon fell asleep. During his slumbers two females, who were observed at a distance by two of his companions, stopped on coming near to him; and one of them wrote on a slip of paper the following lines, which she laid on his breast, and with her companion immediately disappeared:—

“Occhi, Stelle mortalli,
Miuistri de miei mali
Se chinsi m’uccedite,
Apperti che farete?”

which may be translated—“Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! if you wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?” It is said, that Milton was so sensitive on the subject, that he roamed over half of Europe in search of the fair charmer, but in vain; hence the inducement to write that sublime poem, and from the circumstances that had occurred to him, entitled it “Paradise Lost.” If the above be rather fanciful than suggestive, good authority asserts, that the

precious little document is still in existence, but its present whereabouts is a mystery.

THE FIRST BOOK—PRICE OF EARLY BOOKS, &c.—According to chronologists, the First Book is supposed to have been written in Job’s time. A very large estate was given for one book on Cosmography, by King Alfred. Books were sold from \$50 to \$150 each in 1400. The first printed book was the vulgate edition of the Bible, in 1462; the second was Cicero de Officiis, in 1466; Cornelius Nepos, published at Moscow, was the first classical book printed in Russia, April 29, 1762. In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, from the Faculty of Medicine, in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge, a quantity of plate, but was obliged to give surety of a nobleman for their restoration. When any person made a present of a book to a church, a monastery, the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donation of such value, that he offered it at the altar, *pro remedia animæ suæ*, as a gift to God for the forgiveness of sins.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

HEAVEN BY LITTLES.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul, from the common sod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of greed and
gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion
slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EXPERIMENT TO WEIGH THE EARTH.

CAVENDISH, an English physicist, made the first successful attempt to determine the attractive power of large bodies. His first care was, to render the attraction of the earth an inefficient element in

his experiment. He did it in the following way :

On the point of an upright needle he laid horizontally a fine steel bar, which could turn to the right and left like the magnetic needle in a compass-box. Then he fastened a small metallic ball on each end of the steel bar. The balls were of the same weight, for this reason the steel bar was attracted by the earth with the same force at both ends; it therefore remained horizontal like the beam of a balance, when the same weight is lying in each of the scales. By this the attractive force of the earth was not suspended, it is true; but it was balanced by the equality of the weights. Thus the earth's attractive power was rendered ineffective for the disturbance of his apparatus.

Next he placed two large and very heavy metallic balls at the ends of the steel bar, not, however, touching them. The attractive force of the large balls began now to tell; it so attracted the small ones that they were drawn quite near to the large balls. When, then, the observer, by a gentle push, removed the small balls from their resting-place, the large ones were seen to draw them back again. But as the latter could not stop if once started, they crossed their resting-place, and begun to vibrate near the large balls in the same manner as a pendulum does, when acted upon by the attractive force of the earth. Of course this force was exceedingly small, compared with that of the earth; and for that reason the vibrations of this pendulum were by far slower than a common one. This could not be otherwise; and from the slowness of a vibration, or from the small number of vibrations in a day, Cavendish computed the real weight of the earth.

Such an experiment, however, is always connected with extraordinary difficulties. The least expansion of the bar, or the unequal expansion or contraction of the balls, caused by a change of temperature, would vitiate the result; besides, the experiment must be made in a room surrounded on all sides by masses equal in weight. Moreover, the observer must not be stationed in the immediate neighborhood, lest this might exercise attractive force, and by that a disturbance. Finally,

the air around us must not be set in motion, lest it might derange the pendulum; and lastly, it is necessary not only to determine the size and weight of the balls, but also to obtain a spherical to the utmost perfection; and also to take care that the centre of gravity of the balls be at the same time the centre of magnitude.

In order to remove all these difficulties, unusual precautions and extraordinary expenses were necessary. Reich, a naturalist in Freiberg, took infinite pains for the removal of these obstacles. To his observations and computations we owe the result he transmitted to us, viz.: that the mass total of the earth is nearly five and a half times heavier than a ball of water of the same size; or, in scientific language: The mean density of the earth is nearly five and a half times that of water. Thence results the real weight of the earth as being nearly fourteen quintillions of pounds. From this, again, it follows that the matter of the earth grows denser the nearer the centre; consequently it cannot be a hollow sphere.

If we consider, that from the earth's surface to its centre there is a distance of 3,956 miles, and that, with all our excavations, no one has yet penetrated even five miles, we have reason to be proud of investigations which, at least in part, disclose to man the unexplorable depths of the earth.

In our next number, we will commence for our young readers, a series of short papers on the "Wonders of Astronomy." No science to which man has directed attention, is comparable to the study of Astronomy.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

J. K. F.

WHEN I was very young my god-mother made me a present, as a Christmas-box, of a little book. It was a simple but very beautiful story about a little child that was lost and abandoned and that found a home—a father, a mother, sisters and brothers in the humble hut of a good and pious woodsman. It was a touching story such as can touch the heart of the child. It was such a story as could bring a tear

to the eye of the young innocent. And I loved to hear that story read. When the book was given to me I had not yet learned the use of the twenty-four magic signs of the alphabet. But I remember well my mother would call me in the evening to spend a few moments with her, to hear her recite some poem that while filling me with wonder and admiration would serve to bring back to herself the days of her youth, or to tell me of the fairies that were wont to haunt old familiar scenes in the "land of song," or to teach me a prayer to the good God who gives his graces and bestows his blessings on the young and old. It was so every day—or at least every evening. We would sit in the long twilight of a Winter's eve and many a joyous hour would thus pass away. But at Christmas time, she would call me to read for me the little story of the orphan boy whose happiness it was to have met with a good home on Christmas eve.

And year after year I would have her read me that story. And when I grew older and could read myself, I used still to ask my mother to do so, for it seemed more natural that she should read it for me. And a few more years fled and the Christmas came and went and the little book was not opened. But I never forgot it. The story remained fixed in my memory, surrounded by a thousand tender and endearing recollections. And every Christmas eve I think of the little book my god-mother gave me and my mother read for me. And in thinking of the simple story, I would feel a soft sweet pleasure that cannot be expressed in words—a secret joy that one loves to cherish, but can never rightly define or even understand.

Such is the case with every one and at all periods in life. We should so act and so live that every day as it dawns will be for us the anniversary of some good action performed, some noble work accomplished, some happy end attained. If such could be the case, goodness would reign triumphant—and :

"Goodness is Beauty's best portion, a dower that no time can reduce,

A wand of enchantment and happiness,
brightening and strengthening with use—

One the long sighed-for nectar that earthly-
ness bitterly tinctures and taints,
And the fading mirage of fancy, and one the
economy paints."

FRUITS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

To the Editor of the Young Folk's Corner :

SIR,—Pursuant to your instructions, I yesterday attended a General Meeting of the Fruits and Vegetables of the Dominion of Canada, convened at the Three Jolly Gardners, Bonsecours Market; and am happy to report, notwithstanding the illiberal tone of many of the speeches, that a very high degree of culture was observable in the generality: this is a fact, which in spite of their teeth cannot be denied.

A general gloom pervaded the aspect of the meeting; though this was somewhat relieved by the female beauty present in the galleries, which were crowded by scions of most of the old stock of the Dominion. Some peareesses might be named, nor must "two turn cherries," the rosiest of the race—and a delicate young plum, bursting with sweets, yet in all the immaculate bloom of youth, be forgotten. I was happy to observe, that the lovely duchess Peach retains all the mellow charm so much admired in her complexion.

Several foreigners of distinction were present, among whom those of the house of Orange were most remarkable. With these exceptions the meeting was exclusively *à l'outrance*; so much so, that the Hop family were stopped at the doors, as they declined entering without their poles, and those gentlemen could not be admitted till the sense of the assembly had been taken. That was soon done. Nothing human was to be seen in this solemn convocation! with the honorable exception in favor of that useful body—vulgarly styled old apple-women, who had been invited:—under the guise of one of these, your reporter made good his entrance.

After a short discussion, Alderman Melon was called to the chair. The portly gentleman excited much merriment in the galleries from the manner in which he rolled to his seat. There was a green and yellow *meloncholy* in his appearance which caused the young ladies to observe that he was a bachelor.

After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, and implored the attention of the vegetable world to the necessity of union among themselves in these innovating times.

Wild Strawberry arose, and in a *rambling* speech wished himself to be understood to claim the protection of the laws. Though commonly called *Wild*, he had sown his wild oats; he now began to look about him, and found that he was *superseded* and forgotten in the market. He was a great landholder—he had held from time immemorial—it was said that no restraint was put upon him—that he had some of the most lovely spots in Canada to luxuriate in—but that was'n't the question; what was the use of his *growing*, if he was not to be eaten? he claimed a vested right in the stomachs of Canadians. Alas! he did not speak for himself—his days were numbered—bitter was the system of sacrificing the luxuries of units, to the happiness of thousands, that he complained of—it was a system by which he was a loser—it was ridiculous! he had been a sufferer—it was flagitious! Canada would have cause to mourn over the extinction of her wild strawberry. Why could'n't men eat now what their grandmothers had been but too happy to mumble before them. No! they must run after novelties; he would have them beware of innovations, one Hautbois for instance. The speaker closed with some severe reflections on Mr. Netherland, Chairman of the Market Committee. (Reiterated cheers.)

Green Peas then rose, and in a small voice, complained of being *forced* into the market at a season when his forefathers used to be still in the flower of their youth. I suppress some observations made by this speaker on being debarred from the pleasures and flirtations of the garden.

Onion then begged to rise, (*A voice*, "Onion, you're always a-rising.") Onion however proceeded in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of all present.

One Crab, a little ill-favored personage, then got on his stalk. (Yet he was very intimate with Ald. Garret.) He stated himself to come of a branch of an almost extinct family: he was

remarkably sharp and pungent in his observations on the neglect with which he is now treated; he whose name occupied so distinguished a place in the annals of old Europe and La Nouvelle France,—(here the gentleman quoted Shakspeare, in support of his European, and the *Relations des Peres Jesuites* in support of his illustrious Canadian pedigree.)—He who, whatever his enemies might say, was so celebrated for the sweetness of his disposition and intrinsic worth. ("Oh! oh!" from a knot of jolly young pippins who had insinuated themselves into the meeting.) He would ask why the insipid Codling a fellow of "no mark or likelihood," or the rascally Russet, that booby in a brown coat, should find more favor than himself. Neither did he care a *fig* for the mongrel Pearmain. He denounced the fate of all the empires that ever fill, upon Canada for her desertion of the Crab: He should move that a protection duty be laid on all the other apples: in fact that they become a part and parcel of our N.P.—it was no consequence that people made wry mouths at him; it was a symptom of bad taste, which time would eradicate, and the refinement of the nineteenth century popularise and raise to the highest place in *ton*.

Fig arose to express his wonderment at the personal allusion to himself in the speech of his honorable friend. He would appeal to the meeting, as to which of the two, Apple or himself, had done the best service to the human race, as far as histories went. He called on Crab to explain.

Crab must decline explaining; what he had said, he had said. It was well known that he it was who introduced Fig and his friends into public life.—High words ensued, and both parties were ordered into the custody of the proper officers.

Summer Cabbage and Red Cabbage rose together, but they spent the time allotted to speaking in a squabble as to priority. There was much ill-blood also displayed between worthy "Master Mustard Seed" and his old rival, one Charlock; Mustard was evidently very hot-headed.

Medlar next caught the eye of the Chairman. As time was pressing, he

would trouble them with a few observations on the change of seasons in Canada. (Cries of "Question!" and "Go on!") He would be toasted in *pepper* and buttered in *mustard* if he'd go on. They must account for the change of climate themselves! Medlar sat down evidently *much mortified*.

The Chairman then arose, and, previously to moving any of the important questions to be submitted, he must be allowed to express his utter abhorrence of those hot-heads of corruption, those nurseries of all that is bad, in which jackanapes *calling* themselves Melons; were constantly reared. He was a lover of the breath of Heaven, and would own himself a very Persian in his adoration of the sun. . . . He was sure he spoke the sentiments of his worthy friend Cucumber, whom he had the honor to face.

Before Cucumber could adjust himself on his perpendiculars:—forth bounded the ponderous, and corpulent Governor Squash, to the consternation of the pigmy fry, who ran helter-skelter to avoid the inevitable—the ladies frightened out of a summer's growth, reclined—some in a state of somnambulency—others in a state bordering on syncope:—Governor Squash's face bore the deep impress of jaundice brought on, it was thought by some, from natural causes and the heat of the summer—others affirmed, it was the index of bile, generated by an excess of temper—be this as it may, his temper not ordinarily *suave*, was now aroused to its greatest tension, by the slight cast on his Excellencies' ponderosity, in selecting the diminutive Melon for Chairman—a man without other than greenish, yellowish attainment; mel-
lowed by a sweetish succulency which gave him a position in ladies' society as a kind of spouter. But he would put it to the meeting: Was Melon fit to occupy that chair; and decide the *pros* and *cons* of the numerous speakers who were discussing the most *fruitful* and abstruse questions in political science? Viz., protection versus non-protection. (Yes! Yes! and No! No!)

A show of hands being called for, and taken, it was found that the majority were in favor of Melon—on which announcement Governor Squash left the

meeting in disgust, and declared his body would know no rest, and heart no peace, until he had disposed of the former, and placed the latter in the hands of Miss Pie, the most estimable young lady connected with the teatable.

A variety of resolutions were then put and carried *nem con.*; said resolutions to be *moulded* into a petition and presented to the House of Commons at Ottawa, by any one of the elderly gentlemen before mentioned, who has a seat.

After the Chairman had retired, Deputy-chair Cucumber took his place, and proceeded, in a lengthy harangue, to prove the ability of the worthy Chairman—and his own eloquence. In proof, he said, of the respectability of the meeting, he needed only to remind those present of their Honorable President, Alderman Melon, whose propriety of conduct and high connections were unimpeachable. In proceeding, the speaker had occasion to direct all eyes to the galleries, in an appeal to the fair occupants, when shall I proceed—the object of his commendation was observed seated in very familiar chat with Mademoiselle Orleans, the ripe young plum! This proceeding of Melon's was taken in high dudgeon by the meeting—it was derogatory! it was indecorous! Elder-Berry was observed to look back, and Love-Apple turned pale. A tremendous uproar ensued; in the course of which, your reporter was discovered, and unmasked, and a shower of Nuts fell on his pericranium, like hail on the glass of a green-house. What followed is unknown; but it is presumed that gentler councils prevailed in your Reporter's behalf, as he had the satisfaction to find himself this morning in his own bed; without any of the wounds or concussions which usually result from such unprovoked attacks!

He begs to subscribe himself, Sir,
Your devoted and obedient Servant,

TOM RADDISH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE are indebted to Prof. J. A. Lyons of Notre Dame University, for a copy of *The Scholastic Annual* for 1880. It is really a valuable production, full of very interesting reading, original and selected. Send for a copy, only 25 cents.

Parts 21 and 22 of Dr. Brennan's Life of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother, published by Benziger Bros., New York, are received.

Mr. Hickey the enterprising publisher of the New York *Catholic Review* intends bringing out in a few days a new weekly illustrated paper to be called *The Illustrated Catholic American*. The new venture has been spoken of in the highest terms by the Catholic press, and in common with them we heartily wish Mr. Hickey abundant success and God speed. The price will be \$3 per annum.

F A C E T I Æ.

The fall trade is good and will improve when the slippery side-walk arrives.

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman pompously. "Yes," replied the other one; "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

A newly-married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters!" "Yes I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband, when after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

New York proposes a school for plumbers. We are glad of this. It is time that a plumber should learn to compute more accurately than to make ten minutes' work with a soldering-iron and four hours of love-making to the cook, at sixty cents an hour, figure up \$19,84.—*Boston Post*.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "They are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom; "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Mr. Todd of Acton when the Act was put in force for writing the owners name at length on taxed carts, instead of "Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart, caused the following anagram to be inscribed:—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart."

The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, pa, I never can remember the text; I have such a bad memory." "By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother. "Oh, yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black mantilla, brown boots, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fan!" "well my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

He came home very late one night, and, after fumbling with his latch-key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door: "I mushnakeny noish, causht holoman's ashleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column: "Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat are you?"

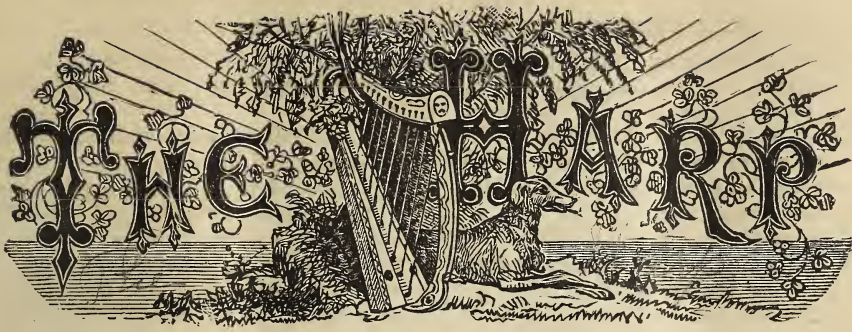
The *Elmira Gazette* gives the code of hat flirtation signals:—Wearing the hat squarely on the head—I love you madly; tipping it over the right ear—my brother has the measles; wearing it on the back of the head—ta, ta; awfully awful; taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—my heart is busted; holding it out in the right hand—lend me a quarter; throwing it at a policeman—I love your sister; using it as a fan—come and see my aunt; carrying a brick in it—your cruelty is killing me; kicking it across the street—I am engaged; putting it on the ground and sitting on it—farewell forever."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in January.
1	Thurs	CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Theobald Wolfe Tone sailed from New York to Paris to seek French aid for Ireland, 1796. The iniquitous act of "Union" came into operation, 1801.
2	Fri	ST. MUNCHIN, Patron of Limerick. Edmund Burke born, 1730. Archbishop Hughes died, 1864.
3	Sat	Formation of Cork City Repeal Club, 1844.
4	Sun	The <i>Northern Star</i> , the organ of the United Irishmen, first published, 1792.
5	Mon	Lord Plunket, the famous lawyer and opponent of the Legislative Union, died, 1854.
6	Tues	EPIPHANY. Same price set by act of parliament on the head of a priest, and on that of a wolf, 1554. Great storm ("The Big Wind") in Ireland, 1839.
7	Wed	Commission granted to Captain Roger Harvey to cut off and spoil the rebels of Carberry, 1601.
8	Thurs	ST. AILVE, Bishop of Emly. General Jackson, son of Irish parents, routed the British with great slaughter at New Orleans, 1815.
9	Fri	William, Archbishop of Dublin, and W. Connolly, Esq., sworn Lords Justices, 1718. Trinity College, Dublin, opened, 1593.
10	Sat	Father O'Leary died, 1802.
11	Sun	Numerous deaths from starvation in Ireland reported in the papers, an every-day occurrence in 1848.
12	Mon	Major SIRR of infamous memory, the assassin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, died, 1841.
13	Tues	Opening of the Irish Confederation, composed of secessionists from the Repeal Association, 1847. O'Connell's first public speech against the Union at meeting of Catholics in Dublin, 1800.
14	Wed	Bishop Berkley died, 1753.
15	Thurs	ST. ITA. Trial of O'Connell and other Repealers in Dublin commenced in the year 1844. The Last Session of the Irish Parliament opened, 1800.
16	Fri	ST. FURSA. County and City of Dublin proclaimed, 1866.
17	Sat	Bishop Magnin died, 1849.
18	Sun	ST. DIECOLUS. True bills under the "Algerine Act" found against O'Connell for alleged illegal meetings in Dublin, 1831.
19	Mon	Repeal banquet to O'Connell and other leading Repealers, at Newcastle, county Limerick, 1843.
20	Tues	ST. FIECHIN, founder of the Abbey of Fore, &c., died 656. American Independence declared, 1776.
21	Wed	Proclamation requiring all Catholic clergymen to quit the kingdom (Ireland) in forty days, 1623.
22	Thurs	ST. COLMAN of Lismore. Annals of the Four Masters commenced, 1632. Polish insurrection broke out at Warsaw, 1863.
23	Fri	ST. MAIMBODUS.
24	Sat	Miles Byrne, a '98 hero, afterwards chef-de-bataillon in the French service, died at Paris, 1862.
25	Sun	Daniel Maclise, the painter, born in Cork, 1811.
26	Mon	Tenant League meeting and banquet at Mallow, 1858.
27	Tues	Meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin to oppose the projected abolition of the viceroyalty, 1851.
28	Wed	ST. CANNARA. Lord Clare, (the Fitzgibbon of '98), died 1802.
29	Thurs	The <i>Northern Star</i> , organ of the United Irishmen, suppressed by military violence, 1797.
30	Fri	The body of Oliver Cromwell hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows, 1660. William Carleton died, 1869.
31	Sat	ST. ÆDAN, First Bishop of Ferns, died, 632. Pitt introduced the "Union" resolution into the English parliament, 1797.

My book is Jesus Crucified.—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

There is this difference between *happiness* and *wisdom*; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

O Most Holy Heart of Jesus inscribe on my heart the bitter sorrows which thou didst suffer for so many years on earth for love of me, that at the sight of them, I may henceforth for the love of Thee rejoice, in all the pains of this life, or that I may at least bear them with patience.—*St. Liguori.*



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 4.

A CRY FROM IRELAND.

BY N. J. O'CONNELL FRENCH.

What message is flashed through the ocean,
From 'neath its billows and foam—
Then over prairie and mountain
To our distant Western home?
A cry from our dear mother Erin,
Out of the depths of the main;
'Tis a cry of pleading and anguish—
"The Famine's coming again!"

Is this, then, O, just God of Nations!
Is this the work of Thy hand?
No!—*Famine's a curse that the Landlord*
Brought to our beautiful land;
Wresting the soil from the people
By force or legalized lie,
He reaped all the fruits of our labor,
We learned to labor—and die!"

The harvest has failed, yet the landlord
Demands, like Shylock, his gold—
Pay the rent or your homesteads forfeit;
Go perish, of hunger or cold;
The ox and the sheep must be fattened,
Or scant the Sassenach's board;
No room for both peasants and cattle—
Away with the famishing horde!

O, God! in a land fair and fertile,
Comfort and splendour so nigh,
On the soil once owned by our fathers
Must a nation perish and die;
Hear you not the cry of the people
Out from the depths of the wave?—
"The *Famine* is coming upon us,
Hasten to aid and to save!"

Why, strangers have come to the rescue—
Strangers in blood and in race,
Shall our hearts not feel for our mother
One touch of pitying grace?
Then hark to this cry, O, my brothers!
Harken, matron and maid!
Our people are calling: let's hasten,
Nor be too late with our aid!

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,

DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "*Alley Moore*," "*Jack Hazlitt*," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

JAMES THE PILGRIM.—MR. MELDON MAKES
ANOTHER VISIT TO THE CRAG.—FATHER
JOHN HAYES.

WE promised in the last chapter to say something of the strange man who met Mr. D'Alton Barron on the road as he came from the great meeting. The same man had been moving about the localities for three or four and twenty years, from the time he was five and thirty until he had reached sixty—the age he was when we introduce him to our readers. James Feron was above the middle height even now, when reaching the heavy three score; and his strength at one time must have been herculean. But he had nearly lost his sight, and could merely see his way so as to avoid collision with coaches, horses and cars. James was a prodigious favorite with young and old: and, what was more wonderful, he was quite worthy of the regard which greeted him wherever he went. He entertained the young; he gave counsel to the mature, and he prayed with all.

James Feron was among the last, we believe, of the exponents of great penance and illustrations of beautiful charity which cold realities and hard selfish-

ness have driven away. Staff in hand; a large silver ring on his finger, and his rosary beads hanging down from his left hand, as he journeyed along, every one rejoiced to meet him, and every house felt it an honor to entertain him. His entertainment cost little. He ate no flesh meat, and he drank no strong drink, and a little straw was his resting-place—on the boards if they happened to offer such a luxury; but oftener on bare, cold, and damp ground of the cottages, which James more frequented and preferred. More than this, he never stayed a second night in the same house, although he might make old friends a casual visit; but that night was to be remembered. James had stories of foreign travel, of night attacks on foes, and marches through the mountains and over rivers and glens and through woods, while every moment might prove the last through the hidden fire of ambush, or the enemies' discovery of your route. And then James drew forth his formidable rosary, sharp at nine o'clock, with fervor leading the prayers, and in the end giving the moral lesson. No wonder, we repeat, that every one prized him; and no wonder that the happiness of entertaining him often became an object for rivalry. Such a man was James, "the Pilgrim."

There certainly was an air of mystery about the man, and he had an intimate knowledge of things ordinarily hidden. And besides, although seemingly dependent upon alms, he never asked for any—nay, had been known to release old neighbors from embarrassment when they found themselves in the grasp of such landlordship as Mr. Giffard D'Alton's.

Here is James's story, as we ourselves have heard him tell it more than once.

He had been a very fast young man, entitled to a small property, and inheriting a good name. He soon "disestablished" the property and substituted "rake" for the "honest and prudent" character his father had bequeathed. Plenty of boon companions make limited means fly quickly, and James soon began to feel that want was not far off. But, even then he was devoted to the poor and would share with them his last penny.

"Never refuse any one who is sober,"

James would say; "but above all, never refuse a young lad; and help 'poor scholars.'"

"Poor scholars" were well known in those days; and, indeed, in days much more recent; but in James' early time you met them constantly. Nearly every farmer's house boarded one; and in town and city, where such refuge was not practicable, you met them, after school, going around with ink-horn hung on breast, and bundle of books under the arm, collecting rather than begging the means of meeting the expenses of lodging and board.

"I was saved soul and body," James said, "by a poor scholar."

"How?" asked Amy D'Alton, one day.

"A lot of my wild friends were around me one night in Clonmel. We had an old piper, whom we made play all kinds of Irish airs, and an old harper, and—oh, we had everything like good fellowship—when in walked a boy of fifteen years. He was a 'poor scholar,' and had travelled all the way from Monaghan to the classical school in Clonmel."

"Came to beg?"

"Came to get help to a quarter's schooling and his lodging."

"And they gave it?"

"Yes *agra*, we did—more by two times than he asked. The young fellow had something in his eyes, and handsome mouth—and he was as neat as a gentleman's son."

"Go on James."

"Well, everyone knows the rest. Everyone knows that I was transported to Van Dieman's Land for taking arms from the Fogartys—though I never entered the house. The voyage across the whole world was a thing I will remember, and I shake when I think of it. On shore, the prison and the gangs were worse. Ever so many killed themselves, not remembering there are worse chains than the convict-chains."

"Well, about the liberation."

"You heard me tell it before. A nice gentleman spoke to me one day about my crime and my health and my people, and I told him all. I told him I was wild enough and fought my way and spent my money; but I never set foot in Fogarty's house against his will; and that they had bad blood in for me."

"Was he the Governor?"

"Oh well, my dear young lady have patience. He was not."——

"And then?"

"In a few weeks I was transferred to the house the young man lived in, and he gave me accounts to keep and letters to copy and messages to do; and he made me as happy as you please. Well, to make a long story short, he asked me one day, nearly a year and nine months after my arrival, would I like to settle in Van Dieman's Land if I was a freeman?"

"If I was a freeman, sir," says I, "I'd follow my heart that never travelled out of Ireland."

"You would return?"

"Oh, the Churchyards of Ireland would be more dear to me than a thousand places away from her!"

"Well, James Feron," he said, handing me a large letter, "you are free. I send you home with the King's broad seal in your pocket, and with means enough to pay your way until you can look about."

"I was struck dumb," continued James, "and I suppose I kept staring at the gentleman."

"Come my good friend! I owe you a good turn! I am only paying back."

"Oh, sir!"

"I am the 'poor scholar' for whom you made the collection in Clonmel fifteen years ago next Candlemas! The Governor has had your case examined, and the parish priest of Carrick, Father John O'Neill, has done the rest."

"Glory be to God!" was my first cry; and I went down on my knees, not able to speak a word more. So, my dear young lady, I have good reason to be fond of the 'poor scholars.'

Just at this point of the conversation, a carriage drove up to the hall door, and company were announced. James the Pilgrim arose. As he was moving out, he stood still for a moment, when he heard the names "Mr. Meldon," Miss Meldon, "Mr. Leyton Seymour," called out.

Going down stairs James was met by the three visitors, and whilst Mr. Meldon prayed James to await him in the parlor, Amy was quite in an excitement about "Miss Meldon." She had never heard of such a person, and was hardly

prepared to hear that her favorite was or had been married.

She had not long to prepare herself, and very likely she was the more natural when the persons announced entered the drawing-room. But poor Amy felt humiliated. The paper on the wall was falling off; the carpet was here and there revealing the worn boards; even the windows showed the neglect of servants or the eccentricity of the proprietor, for they were covered with dust that dimmed the blessed daylight.

Mr. Meldon, holding by the hand a young lady, who looked like "Morning," in one of Claude Lorraine's pictures, advanced towards Amy.

"I have brought you some one to be a friend, Miss D'Alton. Here is Clara, my daughter, Clara, child, here is the young lady of whom I have spoken so much. Allow me to introduce also Mr. Leyton Seymour—a most particular friend of mine."

Mr. Seymour advanced with a very collected air and deferential manner. He was not more than five-and-twenty, and was in the possession of all the bloom of manhood. Yet Mr. Leyton Seymour had a cast of melancholy in his dark eyes; and his marked long brow and dark eyelashes tended to make the sadness more impressive. He was "so happy to meet such a friend of Mr. Meldon," he said; and then seemed determined to be a listener only.

Of course every woman who has lived would commence at once to conjecture special relations between such a charming pair as Seymour and Clara; and Amy D'Alton was no exception. But we must add, for truth's sake, that the supposition of any particularly special relations between the young people did not produce a pleasant feeling. Amy became conscious of the matter, and she laughed at—well its absurdity.

"I have been hearing of you by letter; and papa has spoken so much to me of Miss D'Alton, that really I have known you for a year. Do you know I have been quite jealous of you?"

"Amy again felt "I am feeling jealous of you!"—and again smiled interiorly at—the absurdity.

Mr. Meldon saw from the beginning that Amy D'Alton felt the woe-stricken

look of everything, and he tried to come to the rescue.

"You see, Seymour," he said, "what a man worth a hundred thousand pounds can afford to do. If my friend, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, had only a middling fortune he would not dare to defy public opinion in such a manner."

"That peculiarity is not very rare," remarked Mr. Leyton Seymour; "I have an uncle afflicted with the like mania, and I often think what a painful life his must be."

A life which bears the burthen of a great judgment. Pain and conflict all one's life, and a consciousness that every one around him looks across his grave to gain a glimpse of sunshine.

"Papa," remarked Amy, "is peculiar in matters of the description of furniture and taste; but he thinks nothing of hundreds, if a principle demands outlay."

Poor Amy never lost an opportunity of vindicating old Giffard D'Alton; and every one loved her the more for her daughterly affection. She must have suffered much. But, then, was he not her father?

"That I know," answered Mr. Meldon, "Well, Miss D'Alton, you must ask papa's leave, and come and spend some time with Clara. We have now Clara's harp and piano, and we have—better than all—Clara's voice; and we shall have music. You know I am aware of the old gentleman's desire to be alone; so you have no excuse."

"And shall we not have Ally Hayes, papa?" asked the beautiful girl, her eyes sparkling with the joy of youth. "Oh, Miss D'Alton, I do love Ally Hayes so much; don't you?"

"Every one loves the 'Queen of the May;' but particularly the poor, among whom she spends much of her leisure."

Mr. Meldon was silent this time.

"You are thinking of poor papa's hard dealings with the Hayeses. Well, that proceeding made us all so unhappy! But poor Patrick Hayes, Ally's father, was a strong politician, and papa's apprehension of politicians is something that upsets his reason."

Mr. Meldon changed the topic. "Did you know old Mr. Hayes's son?" he asked.

"Oh, quite well. He was called 'the young priest.'"

"And he is the young priest, really. I believe he has been only three years or so ordained."

"Any news of Father John?" Amy demanded.

"Most satisfactory news. He is doing a world of good, and like his sister, he is adored by the poor. There's Mr. Leyton Seymour, who has seen him and spoken to him."

"Yes—and enjoyed his hospitality. The 'Queen of the May,' as you designate Miss Hayes, has reason to be proud and happy; and if she joins her brother she will be both the one and the other."

"Does she think of it?" asked Amy.

"Well—only in the event of the widow, her mother, accompanying her. She would never leave her mother, I am sure."

Mr. Leyton Seymour spoke with warmth and feeling; and once again Amy began to make conjectures—and to laugh at her own absurdity for the same.

Father John Hayes, "the young priest," of whom we shall have to speak more by and by, was one of the *protéges* of James the Pilgrim; and from an early day in his young life gave eminent signs of his future. The little altar boy soon became the classical scholar—then the teacher in the Sunday school; and the student in Waterford College. Patrick Hayes loved to think of the consecrated priest standing by his pillow in his agony, and offering the Holy Mass for his soul; but the times were bad, and Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have seen, would "stand no nonsense." Every man should "pay his way, and people who wanted indulgence were only fit for the workhouse." "He was—if ever he should become a fool to gratify the pride of the Hayes's."

As we have before intimated, misfortunes came thick and fast upon the Hayes's. The clothes became shabby, and the stock vanished, and the farm looked the misery of the owner's heart and hopes. Poor Patrick Hayes would have borne all and more, if the final catastrophe could only be spared him—that was taking young John Hayes from school. Ah! it would dash the hopes of many a long day, and break the poor

mother's heart! And besides, although "it was little," Patrick Hayes said, "it would tell the world that poor Patrick Hayes had broken down entirely, and every one he 'owed a penny to' would crowd into his door-way, and cover his name with shame."

"Well, *acushla*" he said one day, "God is good! Little Johnny hasn't a tack of the shoes, and his little clothes are in rags. We might bear the hunger, *agra*—but we can't ask him to bear the shame—sure we can't."

"God support your heart, Paddy! You are wounded in your poor soul, even more than Johnny's mother or poor Ally. I never saw a frown upon your face, *asthore machree*, I will never complain to make your day darker than hard fortune—I won't."

"Mary, has 'Crichawn' come lataly?"

"Tom?—poor Tom! If Tom found a half penny under a stone, the first he'd think of would be his sister-in-law and Ally. Do you know, Paddy—I believe it was wrong—I was obliged to promise Tom I would not tell you all his doings for us. He it was that kept us up I may say."

"Poor Tom!" sighed his brother.

Just then the Pilgrim entered the dwelling.

"God save all here!"—the dear salutation of our people; "God save all here!" said the Pilgrim.

"God save you kindly, James."

Many a time James the Pilgrim had sat by the hearth of Patrick Hayes, and held the little altar boy upon his knees, and amused little Ally with his fairy tales, before and after she got the "stroke." He found the young looking old—all drooping—probably he knew it all. He opened the pilgrim's wallet, and placing it by his side, sat down by the poor fire, and looked as worn as the inhabitants of the cottage.

"I brought a feast for Johnny and little Ally *dawn*," he said.

The children cried out, as children will cry, particularly in a sudden revulsion of joy.

"First, then," continued James, "there is a picture of Holy Mary for Ally;" and he brought it to her little chair.

Ally cried aloud, because the picture

was a fine plate—the "Assumption," by Raphael.

"And now, maybe, I haven't something for Johnny—something he will like; there is a brand new Demosthenes, with a Latin translation."

The hearts of the father and mother beat. They knew that poor Johnny could no longer pursue his studies.

"An' now," said the magician, "bring over the table. Arn't we to have a feast?"

Two great loaves of white bread half a cold leg of mutton, and a lot of things which children value.

The children were in extacies. Patrick Hayes only came over to the table and rung the Pilgrim's hand. The mother dropped a tear—because she saw that the Pilgrim had found out all, and with a delicate hand was striving to pluck away a few thorns from the path-way of poverty.

"God's greatest mercy to you, James, as you are God's best messenger to the poor to-day."

"God is very good to a sinner like me," answered James the Pilgrim. "We'll say the Rosary now," he continued.

And the beautiful devotion that makes our life for a moment the life of Christ was gone through in faith.

Once more seated by the fire to which a few sods had been added,

"I needn't tell you," said Patrick Hayes, "that poor Johny has no use of the great Greek book now; but better days will come, James, a *dhearbhraithair*. We must keep him at home."

"Throth and no!" answered the Pilgrim.

"Ah, look at his little coat, *avic*, and see his little boots."

He handed them to the Pilgrim who saw they were falling asunder.

"Never mind," said the Pilgrim; and he placed the boots in his wallet; at the same time he measured the little jacket, from his knuckles to his elbow.

"God is good, old friend," James said very reverently; "the guardian angel of Johnny has been at work."

The father looked inquiringly and astonished.

"Father Aylmer missed Johnny from the chapel, and he guessed something."

The poor mother broke down! She was a distant relative of Father Aylmer.

"Johnny is to go to Waterford College next week; and you need never do anything, only thank God and the Blessed Virgin Mary!"

All fell upon their knees again except poor Ally, and fervently and reverently bowed down in such thankfulness as good hearts always feel in the presence of the benignity of Providence.

Thus have we Father John Hayes, now working away across the Atlantic, though unable to assist his family when the crisis arrived. Before that dark time there was varying fortune, so that the wolf was kept from the door until the day of fate which drove Paddy Hayes in despair from Giffard D'Alton's house.

But we have remained too long away from the Crag. The young girls formed an attachment which lasted long and happily for both. The arrangements for the visit were made with gladness of heart and many words of bright anticipation.

Leaving the hall-door, the Pilgrim called Mr. Meldon aside.

"That's the young gentleman," he said, pointing to Mr. Seymour; "that's the gentleman that won three hundred pounds from Mr. Charles Baring."

"Precisely—only the sum was five hundred."

"And has Mr. Baring paid?"

"Every shilling."

"I see," said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" he repeated—"you are a biting dog, Cunneen."

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon replied, "you have experience of God's dealings, and you know that His turn always comes."

"But is not your friend in danger? Baring must be desperate."

"We shall 'watch and pray,' James; and employ the Pilgrim and 'Crichawn.'"

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING WHY MANY MYSTERIES ARE NOT SOLVED—THE RETURN OF MR. CHARLES BARING, AND THE VISIT OF AMY D'ALTON TO MELDON.

WE frankly admit that there has been some undue mystery about the robbery at the Crag. What became of the immense treasure? Where are the robbers

to be found? Why has not Mr. Giffard D'Alton burned the Crag and invented a new vocabulary of blasphemies to build up a rampart between himself and the workhouse? And, we ought to add, where is Mr. Baring? Has he been put in jail?

Now, however reasonable it may be that readers feel curious, and are even tempted to become critical, in the presence of such inconsistencies, we assure them all and several that, at the time of Mr. Meldon's visit to the Crag, not a single breath of rumor existed regarding the very bold and unjustifiable attack upon the Crag and the robbery thereof. Even the police were spared the pangs of mind and weariness of travel which a knowledge of such a nefarious violation of "law and order" should necessarily entail.

We will communicate this much—that "the Captain," as Mr. Charles Baring was called, did not present himself at the Crag for four or five days. His uncle became solicitous; because, he fairly argued, "Where could Charles be without money; and if Charles had money where was the money got?" But Mr. Charles did come home within a week, at all events, and had even ascertained that he ran no risk. That information came from a sure source—the police,—all whose experience for a week or more had turned inside out, and learned with industry.

It is quite certain that Mr. Charles Baring recognised the dog, and therefore was aware that his complicity in the robbery was known to one person, at least; but many more things than that were known to "Crichawn," and the last bad deed made no great difference. There is no question of Mr. Charles Baring's hatred both of Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn;" and with a fair chance of getting rid of both, it would be well if they had their prayers said. But "the Captain" was wise enough to conclude that, great enemies as Meldon and "Crichawn" were, the law and the hangman were greater.

Mr. Charles Baring accidentally performed a good work the day of his arrival. Mr. Giffard D'Alton had the house in an uproar, and the servants flying from before his face. Too much turf had been found in the kitchen grate

and he had seen with his own eyes (he swore a hundred oaths),—he had seen a beggar leaving the courtyard with a well-filled bag. Of course, that was the plunder of Mr. Giffard's "honest means," by the robbers around him, who would "send him to the workhouse at last," and then Mr. Giffard raised his eyes and hands to the sky, and invoked all the maledictions that injured justice without a conscience could invoke upon his foes "unto the thirtieth generation."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion, however, had not reached its climax until he discovered that the hunter was not in the stable. Where was the hunter? Mr. Charles had "taken the animal with him one morning." The man who gave the information was to go and be—. The same man was in league with the "scapegrace nephew." The horse had "been by this time sold," and James the groom had a large share of the booty. "By—the whole—set should be sent to Botany Bay." Thus the courtyard was ringing when, bright as a mirror, in came the animal regarding which he had made so many announcements; and peace was shortly proclaimed, to the consolation of the servants. Thus Mr. Charles Baring did great good without intending it.

Nelly Nurse, on being summoned by Mr. Baring, gave him all the knowledge she thought right to be communicated, and told him how Miss Amy had gone in Mr. Meldon's carriage on a visit to Mr. Meldon and his daughter. Now, this being so, we will follow our friend Amy, and leave Mr. Charles to the enjoyment of his uncle and the Crag.

Mr. Meldon's house, though not new to Amy, is new to our readers. Let us sketch it. Lying against Slieve-na-mon, but not upon it, the shadow of the great mountain seems to 'rest patronisingly upon the dwelling. It is two stories high, and has verandahs and Venetian blinds, and from the outside you can behold the rich hangings. The drawing-room curtains are of rich purple damask, and the parlor ones are the richest of rich merino. The furniture comports with the hangings, and the whole house glows with the rich tastes of a man of culture who wishes to surround his beautiful child with images of her own beautiful soul.

In the carriage which brought away Amy are Mr. Leyton Seymour and Clara Meldon; the box-seat is occupied by Mr. Meldon, and his devoted servant, "Crichawn."

Three gentlemen pass by, and "Crichawn" raises his whip to the leaf of his *sombrero* in salute.

"Who are those gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"One is Mr. M——" answered "Crichawn;" "the other is Mr. O'G——, and the third gentleman is wan I never saw before."

"He looks a man of courage and daring. His head is raised as if to defy a storm."

At this moment Father Ned Power came along.

"Just the man I wanted. Who is that noble-looking gentleman in the middle? Look yonder."

"Alas!" answered Father Ned, "that is O'B——the bravest, truest soul in the world, but the most deceived by his followers."

"Why by his followers?"

"Well by the enthusiasm which exaggerates everything in a moment of excitement, and moves souls like his to action that must be ruinous."

"I hardly understand."

"Well, you are well acquainted with some movements and hopes openly advised and inspired by our press. These arise very much from local reports which spring from meetings and conjectures; and when the time of action comes, such noble fellows as he will pay the forfeit, and accomplish nothing."

"Which side are you on, Father Ned asked Mr. Meldon, laughing.

"I belong to the great 'waiting' party," answered Father Ned. "I will not irritate where I cannot give a blow; and I will not give a blow which may be returned by a thousand, and give my enemy a thousand times more power than he ever had before."

"Come, Father Ned, we will finish this discussion, or your volume of information, after dinner. I have kept you too long from Miss D'Alton. You knew Mr. Seymour before."

Father Ned stepped into the carriage like a man who was at home and who knew he was.

The time until dinner was spent in

lounging around a richly blooming garden, although the flowers gave notice that their life was not to be very long; and Amy and Clara discussed poetry and "work" and, of course, music, while the gentlemen entertained themselves in the various modes and manners which people of their education enjoy.

We will not trouble the reader with a description of the dinner—a thing which is very tantalising to a man who is hungry, and who cannot transform the viands of thought into something more palpable if not more poetical. It passed off admirably; and Father Ned declared that Mr. Seymour was one of the finest men in the world.

The ladies had not long to wait in the drawing-room, where both were delighted to find their friend the "Queen of the May." She wore her favorite white and blue—the dress she wore at the school examinations the Summer before.

It was quite evident that the sympathy of Mr. Meldon was strongly Hibernian; and he dwelt on landlord tyranny and class ascendancy in Ireland as if he was a native of Munster. Mr. Seymour was very much the same—only he had a great tendency to "venture all" sooner than continue in the vassalage of a prostrate nationality. Amy looked at him with astonishment, and in spite of all her parental training she caught a spark of the fire of his thought.

After some vehement condemnations of the misgovernment of the past, Clara ventured to remark that poor Poland had suffered more even than Ireland; "the chains were heavy and sharp, and degradation was constantly the companion of the whip and the sabre!" almost cried Clara.

"There is my daughter! Clara, you are a little rogue! You want Mr. Seymour's song, 'The Minstrel.'"

Clara smiled and rose. She approached Mr. Seymour like a petitioner.

Mr. Seymour, on his part, rose and bowed. He raised the harp from its position near the southern window, and placed it beside the piano. He then gave his arm to Clara, who, sitting behind it, looked like a vision of beauty, through thinly veiling clouds. She swept the strings with a power astonishing in one so young. The prelude was grandly full; yet you heard the

wail of melancholy running through rushing harmonies that swelled up in magnificent chorus! Mr. Leyton Seymour stood near her, and began. With a fine tenor he gave—

POLAND'S LAST MINSTREL.

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And a tinge o'er his brown visage stole,
For his dark eye was flashing the fire
That raged in the depths of his soul!

And he sang: "Poland, on to the fight!
On! on! with the sword of the free!
Oh, the sword of the freeman is bright!
And heaven and hope are with thee!"

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And his visage was worn and wan,
And his dark eye no longer flashed fire,
For his spirit was broken and gone.

And he sang,—'twas of Poland again;
It was peace to the great and the brave;
And I thought more melodiously then
Tho' his song was the song of the grave!

Peace! peace! to the minstrel who sang
All the glories of freedom,—and died
With the sounds of her fame on his tongue,
And the lyre of his love by his side!

It was vain to depict the effect of this song upon Amy D'Alton. The blood of the barrons was hot, and in poor Amy's case constant repression of home made the reaction terrible. She grew pale with downright excitement, and, had she not been ashamed, she would have besought Mr. Leyton Seymour to sing it again.

"Poor Poland!" sighed the fair young woman.

"There's a singular illustration of accepting enemies' gifts," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Enemies' gifts? I do not understand," observed Mr. Seymour.

"The Russian power bribed the occupiers and cultivators of the land by what it styled liberating them from feudal slavery; and when Poland had lost cohesion by the division between owners and cultivators, the enemy made slaves of both—slaves, as far as the Tartars could, in mind, body, and religion."

Mr. Meldon spoke with great bitterness.

"Ah, well," cried Father Ned, "the ladies are not going to stop their sweet music for our dry history. Miss D'Alton will sing one of our own melodies."

"I think Ally Hayes and myself have

sometimes ventured a duet, having Nelly Nurse and my cousin for an appreciative audience," answered Amy. "What says the 'Queen of the May?'"

The "Queen of the May" only blushed and rose. She was taken to the piano by Mr. Meldon, her kind and devoted patron. Amy stood by, and Mr. Leyton Seymour turned the music. "Flow on, thou shining river!" was charmingly rendered.

After the applause and thanks had ceased, Mr. Seymour said the "shining river reminded him of the Glen leading up to Mr. D'Alton's, and the singular apparition stated to have occurred there some time ago."

"Father Ned Power," Mr. Seymour said, "do you believe in apparitions?"

"Well, it would be difficult to deny apparitions and admit the Holy Scriptures."

"Father Ned, what of the Pookah's hole?" said Father John.

"I am not going to involve myself in conflicts with the fairies," said Father Ned; but there was a wicked light in his eyes—which might mean that Father Ned knew a great deal more.

Amy had for some time been looking over a portfolio. She started with a slight exclamation. Clara was by her side.

"I see you like that sketch," remarked Miss Meldon.

"Oh, 'tis most beautiful. Is it fancy, or has such a sketch an original?" Her eyes dilated at the view.

What was it? It was a mansion by a lake, that spread itself out like an inland sea. There was a narrow at the head—far, far away; and this narrow was spanned by a bridge so light and beautiful that it seemed made for spirits to pass over. The mansion was regal in its looks and luxuriant in every surrounding.

Clara evidently enjoyed Amy's wonder; and Amy, raising her eyes, saw the quizzical look of her young friend.

"Oh, you have seen that place, Clara? I see you have."

"I know who made the sketch at any rate," answered Clara, laughing; and she turned her eyes towards Mr. Leyton Seymour.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour! The sketch is yours! Is it taken from nature?"

"It is, Miss D'Alton. That sketch is of a beautiful home, beyond the Atlantic; and the tints are those of the Indian Summer, which corresponds with your harvest. Indeed the perfection of the sketch would demand a few of the aborigines and a canoe or two along the shining water. I think of adding them to-morrow."

Amy waited for more information. She waited in vain.

"The proprietor of such an establishment must be rich, and might be happy," Father Power put in; but Mr. Seymour made no remark, and the company were too polite to force a confidence to which no one had any claim.

Amy was full of thought, and built many castles in the air. This was evident—that Mr. Seymour was an artist, had been in America, and had known the country and people; and who knows, after all, but the beautiful mansion belonged to himself. "But what is that to me," she inquired of her busy set of feelings, and, as usual, she laughed at herself—laughed at her own absurdity.

A loud ring at the door announced a visitor.

"Crichawn" came in and handed a card to Mr. Leyton Seymour. Mr. Seymour looked astonished, but said nothing. Amy felt alarmed—she knew not why.

Mr. Seymour rose from his chair and moved towards the door; but Mr. Meldon at once said, "Any friend of yours is welcome here."

Begging pardon, however, Mr. Seymour adhered to his original design and approached the door. "Crichawn" held the bolt in his hand tightly. He stooped over to Mr. Seymour and whispered very distinctly.

"He ought to come in only he'd frighten the ladies—and Miss Amy. But no matter," said "Crichawn;" "no matter; you don't care a pin for him;" and he slipped into Mr. Seymour's hand a revolver.

The visitor was Mr. Charles Baring, who had lost the five hundred pounds on the race day in Tramore, where, for reasons more Mr. Meldon's than his own, Mr. Leyton Seymour was present and betted on the various matches.

Mr. Seymour had overheard James

the Pilgrim's words, and he felt the time of action might be coming.

He kept the pistol very plainly exposed in his right hand.

"You come out armed, sir," were the first words spoken by Baring.

"I nearly always carry arms about me, sir. I have been living in wild, undisciplined regions. But you want *me*?"

"Yes, I want to warn you."

"What means that language to a stranger, sir?"

"I tell you, sir, you are well known; and I tell you to keep clear of my house and of Miss D'Alton."

"Miss D'Alton!"

"Yes, sir, Miss D'Alton is affianced to me; and——"

"Stop, pray; has Miss D'Alton affianced herself to you?"

"A more proper person has affianced her to me—her own father."

"Oh," Mr. Seymour replied; "fathers very vainly do things of that kind in a free country. Miss D'Alton is her own mistress."

"Oh, her money! You know it! You rascal! You cheat! You blackleg! Have you courage to meet an injured man—her own flesh and blood? Are you a man of honor?"

"Mr. Baring, I will meet you anywhere, by night or by day, alone or in company," answered Mr. Seymour calmly.

"Well then, well then,"—and he choked though he made himself intelligible,—"*bring—one—one man—to the centre of Cool-na-muck, after to-morrow at seven in the morning,—one man to witness your last breath—seven in the morning mind! Will you come, sir?*"

"Certainly;" and he added very quietly, "I shall bring two dozen leaden bullets."

They parted.

"*Mo gradh thu!*" (My love you are), said "Crichawn," who had heard every word.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW THERE WAS NO DUEL, AFTER ALL---THE SHADOW OF THE "FEVER TIME" AND THE CHARITY BEGOTTEN OF SORROW--AN IRISH HURLING MATCH THIRTY YEARS AGO.

We will make no mystery about the

duel, which never came off at all. The next day but one, Mr. Charles Baring found himself in a raging fever, and fighting a duel, in which the chances for the time were pretty evenly balanced between death and life. The danger of losing all mental coherency was imminent; for already Mr. Baring had commenced to rave; and therefore Amy D'Alton dispatched a messenger in all haste for Father Ned Power. But the young man would see no priest; he was "in no danger," he said; he would still be able to "avenge himself on his enemies;" and he over and over cursed some name between his ground teeth which the nurse thought was like "Cunneen."

Amy was in deep affliction, of course, particularly as he had refused the consolations of faith, and, unhappily, reasoning with Mr. Baring was now out of the question. She could only pray and suffer, poor child. Sympathy, at all events, within the Crag, had died the day of her birth.

But Mr. Meldon was now doubly attentive, and Mr. Clayton Seymour was evidently deeply moved. It need not be said that Amy was not allowed into the sick room, and indeed the medical men wished her away from the house, if it were possible. But Amy would not leave her father, and the old man could not be induced to stir. A great change, however, was visible in him. The shadow of a coming doom seemed to have spoken an effective warning; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton swore seldom and complained little during a month.

The fever became dreadfully epidemic during July, so that the hospitals in towns and cities became so crowded that numbers of beds were laid in open sheds in the yards; and in rural districts people tossed themselves in fiery delirium on straw laid along the roads.

Father Ned was in great requisition; and, finally, became simply a wonder to the world. His "rounds" averaged twelve hours a day, and the people prepared for death twenty and even two score in four-and-twenty-hours. He was sometimes obliged, in the cabins, to remove one or two from the bed, and, having heard their confessions in a corner, to bring them back in his arms, and place them beside the sufferer who had

been heard last. And then the dead heat of the fevered atmosphere, the raging thirst and the raging agony—ah! all these were things which those who witnessed them can never forget.

And yet there were consolations in the heroism which one met from time to time. Girls who had been school-fellows or companions to Mass or to the "pattern," on their knees begged for leave to go and nurse their young associates, and often got the same, as parents and others saw that their hearts would break if refused the consolation of being by the sick bed. They shared the agony as the flushed cheek and reeking head and body showed the furnace burning within, and when they heard the shriek of misery they could not allay. Nay, in many cases, they imbibed the contagion, and brought it to their homes and died; but no examples of danger could appal the soul of blessed friendship in woman.

And we must be just to the young men. We have seen a dozen young fellows who took turns in watching and nursing the friend of their own age, whom fate had left without a mother or sister, or other female relative. After their day's labor they prepared to sit out the lonely hours of darkness and dire distress; and came to club their earnings at the end of the week to help the sufferer through his trial.

Clara Meldon often—very often—came to see Amy D'Alton, notwithstanding fever was in the house; because the ladies loved one another, and hearts like Mr. Meldon's associate a great power of preservation in sincere love. But, what was extremely odd, Clara became a favorite with old Mr. D'Alton. After two or three visits, during which he had seen her and heard her, he absolutely called her "Clara;" and said that when things improved he would like to "see her for a long visit at the Crag." The servants were astounded to see old Mr. D'Alton accompanying her and Amy to the carriage; but when they heard that he had presented her with a little oil-painting of the Madonna that had hung in his chamber for forty years, they said "the old master will soon die!"

Well, the "old master" did not soon die; and Charles Baring in about a month, was able to rise from his bed.

His anger had been appeased by his sickness, and he even expressed a sense of the absurdity of his proceeding with Mr. Leyton Seymour.

It will be readily surmised that Clara Meldon shared Amy's visits among the poor, and accompanied her to the church and Sunday-school. Father Aylmer and Father Ned had at all events a pair of "Sisters of Mercy" in their way; and their example had an influence a thousand times greater than even their benevolence.

When Mr. Charles Baring had become convalescent, he was permitted to accompany the ladies and sometimes become their whip; but "Crichawn" was always one of the company, wherever Clara happened to be; and, although a very changed man, at least apparently, the grudge or fear regarding "Crichawn" outlived his indisposition.

One sunny-Sunday morning, they all drove to Mass, and mingled with the crowd whose faith was drawing them up the hill. There was the fair white edifice, "the chapel," formed like a cross, and there was the old clustering trees around, and, above, was the majestic mountain stretching its arms right and left, as if embracing the house of God. Young maidens in twos and threes, or two or three of them accompanying one young man; and the old woman with their becoming blue and grey hoods and white borders; and the groups of robust manhood whose elastic step bespoke the spirit and energy of gallant Tipperary, all proceeding in long line to "the chapel" in which their fathers and grandfathers prayed long ago formed a sight which a right-hearted Irishman would enjoy even amid "the fever" and "the distress" and "the disturbances."

All along the road to the church, conversation is always active, and many a plan laid down for the day, and the week, and maybe for the lifetime. The events of the past week had been of a stirring nature, and gave occasion for many comments and many hopes and fears in that large congregation; for, very probably, many of them had deep engagements, and certainly all had sympathies strained to all their tension by holy interests and attachments at that time.

We have said that there was a large sum of miscalculations. People in this

place, though few imagined that those in another place were a multitude, while those in the "other place" equally exaggerated the number of their neighbors: and hence enthusiasm was deceived by enthusiasm, with as honest a soul as ever animated honest men.

Many welcomed young Baring, and every one had prayers to send after the ladies, and kind expressions of gratitude. They neared the place where the blessed mansion stood: and now a little incident brings us to the knowledge of a new acquaintance. On this Sunday, nearly opposite the church, and on the opposite side of the way, a poor man was suddenly struck down with epilepsy. The scene was awful—the foaming of the mouth—wide open eyes that looked as if they saw the demon—and lips bleeding in the hold of the wretched sufferer's own teeth as they moved from the upper lip to the lower! The heaving was so great that three persons could not hold the poor fellow. A pony phaeton came up the road, in which sat a lady in mourning and by her side a gentleman in mourning also, who looked like her son, they were so like one another. They were in that relationship; and as they approached the spot where the sick man lay, the lady sharply cried out "Leonard! Leonard!" and she pointed to the direction of the crowd, just parted, to give the poor patient air to breathe. "Oh! Mr. Saint Laurence!" cried several voices. "Mr. Leonard!" they repeated.

The gentleman, so named, flung the reins to his man, and instantly ran to the door of the church. He returned in a moment with a large key from the church gate. Hastening to the epileptic, he gently opened a passage over and down along the spine of the poor man, slipped in the door key, and then paused. The recovery of the man was instantaneous, and the crowd seemed stricken with awe. Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, however, explained to them, in a few words, that for the present the disease was arrested; but that the specific was only for temporary relief.

"What a fine young fellow!" Mr. Meldon exclaimed. "By Jove, that is a man in a hundred!"

Another moment, and Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, hat in hand, was by the side of the carriage, paying his respects to

Amy D'Alton. Of course, a little conversation took place before he joined his mother, who, on her part, had been paying her respects as best she could to the people of the Crag. She did not know Mr. Meldon or Clara.

Mr. Meldon had evidently been much struck by the manners and address of the young man, and immediately asked Amy for information.

"Well," Amy said, "Mrs. St. Lawrence has been bereaved of a husband, who deeply loved her; and generally lives in Dublin. She has a small property in her own right here; and occasionally her youngest son, Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, accompanies her here to look after it."

"She has another son, then?"

"Oh, yes; her eldest son's name is William. He lives in the county Kilkenny, where the chief property lies."

"He is the heir?"

"Well, the property is not entailed, and, what is curious enough, he enjoys it as a gift of the young gentleman you have just seen."

"A gift of his brother?"

"Yes; for some reason or another, the father disinherited the eldest son——"

"Oh, he drank," interrupted Mr. Baring.

"However it was, his father left all the property to the younger son; and, after the reformation, Leonard made the whole thing over by deed upon William."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Meldon, "and how does he live?"

Amy smiled, for she saw Clara's eyes filled with tears of admiration for the stranger.

"Gave up all?"

"Every farthing; but, sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Meldon, "Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence is a rising barrister, and likely to take an exalted place in his profession."

"He will," said Mr. Meldon, emphatically.

Mr. Baring was greatly bored, and he was not strong.

Coming home from Mass, there was more opportunity of knowing the St. Lawrences; but we will suspend all communication regarding them until we have disposed of some incidents necessary for our progress.

Seeing a large number of persons turning up the Clonmel road, and also that a number of them had "hurries," Mr. Meldon expressed a strong wish to be present at a "hurling match." All were of a like disposition, and the carriages followed the people now on their way. The surmise proved correct, because two fields from the road, some hundred men divested of their coats stood in groups of various sizes, leaning upon their hurries and talking of the chances of the match.

The people on the hedge at once cleared the whole space before the two vehicles, so as to leave a perfect view. Simple individuals made a line outside the hedge and leaned their heads upon their hands, having got elbow room on in the group.

The hurlers now formed. They had their left wing and their right wing, and the centre massed with men facing one another. The symmetry was beautiful, and the plan of action a military study. Wings, skirmishers, and centre were understood all to keep as near the places which they occupied as was possible, and the game was carried on by every man doing his utmost to send on the ball to his companion in arms; while the opposing side was to intercept and resist. It was exciting even to look at it! Alas that Ireland's noble games should have passed away! and that the things lifeless and without science that invade us under the patronage of English fashion should be so acceptable as they appear to be!

"The ball is up! Hurra!"

Who can describe the game—the intense watchfulness of the crowded hedges!—the cheer on cheer as this side or that seems to prevail, and the marvellous strength exhibited by some of the combatants! Such scraping, and twisting, and sudden stoopings, and rising of scores together; and then some ~~fine~~ fellow having won his way sends the ball spinning into high air over the heads of all. The other side seems beaten, but not at all. With a bound like an elastic ball, a man is seen in the air, stops the ball with his hurly, and drops it into his hand! Another lift and another "vacancy" and the ball goes back in the opposite direction; until it is again recovered and again ascending the air.

But there is a by-play of a wonderful character. Two, from time to time, find that they are too equally matched to gain the advantage of sending the ball to the hurly, and they deliberately lay the hurlies by and try who is the better man in a wrestling match. The exhibitions were sometimes most beautiful—beautiful in the forbearance with one another in presence of so many spectators, and beautiful in the symmetrical developments which manifested themselves in the course of the friendly strife. The wrestlings, in fact, created more of a *furor* from time to time than the main match itself.

It was remarked that one man changed his place rather frequently, and whispered his antagonist or his partner. This hurler continued to get up and down and across, which was rather against the laws of the game.

"Crichawn" stooped down to Mr. Meldon and whispered him. The words were: "That man is calling a meeting."

Mr. Meldon seemed to understand.

One of the hurlers—one who had upset every oponent—leant upon his hurly, waiting for the ball. "Crichawn" saw his face for the first time; and instantly obtained leave to go near the hedge and have a clear view. He placed himself near two men, who were dressed extremely like one another and who, as he had seen, were in occasional communication of a confidential kind with a third. "Crichawn" listened.

"That is Hartnett, the man wanted," "Crichawn" heard the third man say. "Crichawn" knew who the hurler was. In fact, he was in "the proclamation;" and it seemed a daring thing to come into such close proximity with a police station.

"Crichawn" fell against the third man by accident of course, and the man suddenly turned round. He was a member of what was called a "Felon's Club." The hurler's fate seemed settled. He had been sold, and for money: because within a brief time this same man got office in the police force, and became "a half sir." It is some consolation to know that he betrayed his villainy and lost his character by being proved afterwards to have shot his own finger off one night, and called his rascality an outrage upon him by "the rebels."

The game finished, the victors embraced the vanquished, and all cheered for the next merry meeting. The two detectives simply watched the break-up and kept their eyes upon their victim. "Crichawn" kept his eye upon them.

Amid the plaudits of the assemblage, in small gatherings, having donned their clothes, they go towards the gates or spring lightly over the hedges. The man who was "wanted," poor Hartnett, with two others, at length left the field. No stir was apparent among the officials. They took the matter very easy. They had only to see where the young man would put up for the night; and would not even interfere with his dinner appetite.

"Bad look to ye!" said "Crichawn" to himself; "and to the thraither" he added.

He beckoned to an old friend, and they talked a while together.

"Jim you will come down about ten, to the house; an' I'll meet you there."

"Sartin!"

"Come," Mr. Meldon cried, "time to move off my friends." Then turning to Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, he added "I am extremely glad to know your good mother and yourself, and I shall be glad to know more of you."

"We shall do ourselves the honor of calling on you to-morrow, Mr. Meldon," the lady said.

"I am so glad!" whispered Clara; and then reddened at her imprudence. However, she was *not* overheard.

The family or families were really happy, and Mr. Charles Baring quite tolerable. He and his cousin were left at the Crag, and Clara and her father turned towards their home. In due time, "Crichawn" was able to go to his sister-in-law's, and he pretended to scold his niece for "being sich a Quaker." She would not go to the hurling match.

Jim enters.

"Well?" "Crichawn" asks.

"I served M——, body and bones, for a half sovereign; an' I made 'em take their book oaths they niver would tell my name; an' I sent 'em directly to the house, only four miles astray from where he is; an' I tuk him six mile an' a half the other way; an' he's near Turles now!"

"*Beanacht do Mhuire Mhahair orth sa*"
(The blessing of Mother Mary! on you)
said "Crichawn."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING MR. CHARLES BARING'S CROSSES.
—WHO "THE YOUNG PRIEST" WAS;
AND THE VALUABLE INFORMATION
THE "FELON CLUB" MAN GAVE THE
POLICE.

MR. CHARLES BARING found his difficulties rapidly increasing and the means of relieving himself lessening just as fast. He had exhausted not only the liberality of Mr. Cunneen, but he had made engagements of an extravagant kind with many people beside. So that in fact either his uncle's death or his marriage with his cousin became a matter of dire necessity. One result of these complications was that Mr. Charles Baring became importunate with poor Amy. She never for one moment gave Baring a hope—though she never offended or wounded him. Latterly, however, she was obliged to become emphatic enough; and finally she endeavored to avoid him. It was quite clear that she suffered; still only Nelly was fully aware of the cause of the pain. There was one more who knew it well and who shared the confidence, entirely for Amy's good; and that one was "Crichawn." He told Mr. Meldon, from whom he concealed nothing; and he knew that Mr. Meldon would prove "a friend in need."

As we have stated, Mr. Charles Baring hated "Crichawn," and hated him principally because he feared him; and although Baring was surrounded by a gang, half-robbers and half-day-laborers, they could not be induced to risk an encounter with the determined athlete, of whom the most wonderful exploits were related.

What was Mr. Giffard D'Alton's position in this affair so intimately connected with his affections? Well, the father of Amy D'Alton absolutely would never think of parting with her, even if a prince desired her hand. As has been stated, Amy's fortune was in her own right, and in whosoever's right it was, as long as she was unmarried, old Giffard had a *chance* of becoming its owner; and, for that chance he would sacrifice

her over and over again. The curse of Judas Iscariot was on him.

One or two causes intensified the hidden hatred of Mr. Baring for "Crichawn." The first was that one day, by a mere accident, he met Mr. Baring coming away from a house in Great Patrick street, Waterford, which house was anything but popular at the time: and Mr. Baring was in one more important item of knowledge in "Crichawn's" power. The second was one in which Mr. Baring's self-respect and self-love were sorely wounded—wounded so as hardly to be cured. He had one day become aware of his cousin's intention to walk to some distance in order to see an old woman—aunt in fact to poor M——, the disguised "hurler." By a circuitous route Baring was enabled to meet her and to join her on the way. She showed an evident reluctance to proceed, and was apparently turning away, when, bursting into a frightful passion, Baring forgot himself so much as to seize her rudely by the arm. An involuntary cry was the consequence; and with the cry "Crichawn" stood upon the spot.

"You infernal d—l, you are always where you are not wanted! Be off out of this or I'll knock you down."

"Faith, I think," answered "Crichawn," "I'm wanting enough; an' for the knocking down, there isn't a man of your name able to do the same."

"I'll let you see, you vagabond," shouted Baring, and he rushed wildly at his antagonist. He might as well have rushed against a stone wall. In a moment Baring lay upon the ground, absolutely foaming with rage and disappointment. But the unfortunate fellow's disgrace became complete when "Crichawn," having taken from his pocket a peice of whipcord, while he held Baring's two wrists in his left hand coiled the cord round and round the unfortunate man's limbs until he had perfectly handcuffed him.

Amy had escaped, and Baring swore an oath of dire import. If his opportunity ever became equal to his determination, woe to "Crichawn."

We have said poor M——had an aunt in the neighborhood. He had; and as she had no son and he no mother, they were like mother and son. The love he bore the old lady was chivalrous and

romantic, and that love had never been tried or alienated, but grew and grew on till it was quite absorbing. When M——had been awhile "upon the run," he remembered all the kind words and kind deeds of her who had nursed and cared for him; he risked all, once more to see the aunt, and to have a talk with the young men of the country round. Perhaps going to the hurling was a wise course enough, as no one thought of his coming into the field, and the hurling-match where he was known was the very last thing he would be supposed to take share in; but M——was in real danger shortly afterwards.

When "Crichawn" came home, he met Mr. Meldon and made no secret of the encounter.

"Miss D'Alton must have a large amount of patience and courage," he said. "Patience and courage!" repeated "Crichawn;" isn't Miss Amy an angel out an' out; an' she's a Barron, you know—a Barron of the owldest stock—an' then—oh, sir, she has God on her side, you know!"

"Crichawn" went to bring out the drag, when, of all people in the world, whom should he meet but the member of the "Felon Club!"

"You arn't going to join?" said the "patriot."

"Faith, I hav'nt time, *avic*. But are you determined to fight?"

"Fight!" he answered; "fight! I will slay and kill a hundred men; and if I had a hundred lives I'd give them up for Ireland."

The patriot drew forth a brilliant dagger, and he raised it just as Macready used to raise the dagger in "Virginius." I am now in search of M——, as fine a fellow as steps in shoe leather.

"Isn't he gone to London?"

"Oh, no. Though you arn't one of us, I can trust you. Here," he said, "come I'll show you the club can value an honest man. I make you a present of the dagger."

"Oh, thank ye; but Mr. Meldon is awful about the law, an' he'd give me the door if he found that beautiful thing in my hand or my box. (Bad luck to you! you want to sell me too, you vagabond thought "Crichawn)."

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

STEP by step we ascend the hill of life; now toiling along a rugged slope, now clinging to a shattered branch, panting, and breathless with the gaze ever fixed upon the distant and cloud-capped summit, we step from rock to rock, from height to height. The young persons in Canada "walking out of life's mystical ways," pass from the influence of the home circle into that little world where begins the mimic battle of life—the College. To-day we step into the pretty parlor of some one of these institutions; we say good-bye to our parents and turn our eyes towards the director or superior of the house; the door closes behind us and we find our retreat at once cut off and our new life, of eight or ten years spreading out before us. We come, let us suppose clad in that armor of home influence of which in the last essay we spoke. A mighty work now commences. As the sculptor for a moment stands before the white block of marble and traces in his mind every line, and calculates every stroke of the chisel and perceives every touch necessary to transform that polished surface into an angel, a giant or a babe; so does the director who has from experience a knowledge of youth, its changes and mouldings, study before hand every word, every idea, every means to be employed in order to shape that fresh and pliable mind and form, and, to impart vigor and solidity and power to that union of mental and physical faculties now placed under his care.

Let us ever keep before our minds that distinction first made between *Instruction* and *Education*. That is the great point around which revolved all those splendid ideas and grand writings of France's first authority upon that all important subject—the much lamented author and prelate, Monseigneur Dupanloup. And although he wrote volumes upon the question of education, we can from one end to the other perceive that idea developed and continued. Then with this distinction before us, we will

venture a step more and touch lightly upon College life and upon the manner of instructing and educating in Canada and above all in Lower Canada.

There are two grand branches, each of equal importance. Neither of these branches can be neglected without thereby causing great injury to the other. They are—firstly mental and secondly physical education. They should from the beginning, from the first hour that a child (for in our age a person is then only a child) enters the walls of a College be taken equally into consideration. To neglect the physical education, the physical development would be as wrong and as sinful as to permit the choice faculties of the mind to rest and decay. For, every man, howsoever small his quota of knowledge may be, is bound by his duties towards society, and his obligations towards his fellow men to place at their disposal the gifts which the good God gave him. And how can a man fulfil such obligations when he possesses not that physical strength and energy necessary for their accomplishment? In proportion, then, as the faculties of the mind are cultivated and exercised so should those of the body be developed and strengthened.

For the present we will confine our few remarks to the first and perhaps most important of these two branches—the mental education. As in our last essay we will again cite from that author of universal knowledge and undying energy, Thomas Davis. In an essay upon "self-education" he tells us that: "upon schools much has been written. Yet almost all private schools in this country are bad. They merely cram the memories of pupils with facts or words, without developing their judgment, taste, or invention, or teaching them the *application* of any knowledge. Besides the things taught are commonly those least worth learning. This is especially true of the middle and richer classes. Instead of being taught the nature, products and history, first of their own, and then of other countries, they are buried in classical frivolities, languages, which they cannot appreciate. Instead of being disciplined to think exactly, to speak and write accurately, they are crammed with rules, and taught to repeat forms by rote."

The above we think, would be a grand text for development. It is true those lines of Davis were written about Ireland and Irish schools; but they certainly in all their force, apply to the Colleges in Canada and above all in Lower Canada. It is indeed a grand thing to begin with a young lad, by exercising his memory. For like everything else the memory that is worked becomes by degrees more powerful and more retentive. But that is not by any means the only important faculty of the mind. There yet stands before us that indispensable one of judgment. First then the memory is used in order to draw into the mind the matter requisite. Then the other faculties are put into motion, in their turn to make use of that matter which has been presented to them by the memory. Once the knowledge is obtained it is necessary to learn how to apply it. How to use it in every day life. This is what we perceive wanting to a certain extent in the general courses given in the institutions in this province. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. There is an exception in Montreal in the Jesuit's College, where we understand the system of instruction is not based on the exercise of memory alone, but upon the exercising of each and all the faculties.

We find another exception to this rule in the College of Ottawa, where the grand object of each professor seems to be, to make his student not only learn, but well and thoroughly understand and then apply whatsoever he studies. But in general the word *application* is ignored. The student learns the history of every nation in the world, he knows every date, every name, every small event by heart. But ask him to apply that knowledge, to use it in every day life, and he cannot do so. Speak with him for half an hour upon any subject and you will at once perceive how confined and circumscribed that knowledge is. This is truly regrettable,—for with half those efforts of memory and a slight degree of attention that knowledge would find at every turn in life a ready *application*. Then again you take any subject which comes within the range of a classical course and you find the same lamentable result. It would, therefore, be a grand thing if

in Lower Canada these words of Davis could be well impressed upon the minds, not only of the students but above all of the professors and directors in Colleges.

There is a useful operation of the mind when studying, one which tends to impress facts upon the memory, the process of analysis. To examine from beginning to end, to divide and to understand each separate portion and to explain its connection with the whole. Analyse as well as enjoy. The student should, "consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as, long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow, and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook."

If this was followed up more closely from one end to the other of a classical course, we would find more really learned and well educated members of society. But there is another operation of the mind, even grander and more useful, but much more difficult than that of Analysis, it is the process of *combination*. It is the operation by which the student catches the disjointed portion or parts of a book, or work or science and unites them, placing them in a novel form, so as to strike the attention and to impress them on the minds of others.

It is again to be regretted that in our colleges, with few exceptions, the subject-matter of study is culled more from the literature and arts and sciences of other nations, than of our own. They teach more about the products and history and geography of stranger lands, than about their native country. But in thus speaking of the system in general of our college courses, we would not for a moment dare to hold up the study of dead languages and study of ancient customs and manners as useless. Not at all. We merely desire to show that first of all a person should know his own before he should study the land of the stranger. For the study of classics, of Greek, of Latin of Antiquities, form

in all a vast gymnasium wherein the mind is exercised and each particular faculty developed; just as the body and the physical faculties are rendered strong, vigorous and healthy by constant and reasonable exercise. But as in the physical order so in the case of the mind exercise must be taken in a certain proportion and with method.

Yet we repeat, that in the colleges of our country the knowledge of our own land and our own times is too narrow. Too often do we meet with a young man, whose course is over and who is even about to enter on the study or practise of a profession and still knows as little about the neighboring republic or even the other provinces of our Dominion, as about the people of Japan or the Mountains of the Moon. This is not an exaggeration. It would be better by far if the greatest knowledge of Homer, of Virgil, of Salust, or of Cicero, could be exchanged for a knowledge of more modern days and of more modern men, manners and countries.

But if both could be united. If with the study of the past a study more extensive, of the present were blended, nothing could surpass the method and system of education in our Dominion.

Therefore we believe that nothing could be of more advantage in the courses in colleges, than to do away with so much learning *by heart*; and to mix with the study of classics the study of modern times and modern men. Then when a young man comes forth from college he will not have to commence a species of apprenticeship before entering on the wide world. It is true that in nearly all seminaries young men are supposed to be candidates for the priesthood—but if such is the case, many are those who are destined to fill places in the world. And each one should be so educated and so instructed that when he goes out of college he may be able to either don the robe of the soldier of Christ or to gird his sword for the fierce battle of existence. Then, if the home influence was good, if the education is lofty and the instruction useful and appropriate the youth will be a treasure in society. Wheresoever he goes there is an influence which he brings to bear upon all those with whom he comes in contact, there is a certain power which

he exercises over his companions and friends, and he is a welcome guest in society. To know such a one, it may be said as was said of Lady Montague—"that to know her was a liberal education." He is never too forward, yet he is ever willing to impart to another the knowledge which he gained by his own labor, and thus is an apostle of science and of learning, a choice and worthy member of his community, and of society in general, an example for the young, a monitor, a friend.

Too few, indeed, are the men of such a stamp. And it is not altogether their own fault. We can and must go back to their early guardians and directors and from them learn whether the education of the youth was well or ill attended to.

We will refer in a further essay to the usefulness, and even necessity of physical education as well as mental culture. For the present we have limited our remarks; they are few, but we hope exact. They are taken from sources whence have flown some of the grandest ideas upon the subject of Education.

We would desire to see many changes and improvements in our colleges. We have a grand opening in this country and room for brilliant and gigantic efforts. We have a land worth laboring for and worth studying. Each one has a particular role to play—and altho' humble be his sphere yet rich in his own private circle he can be the origin of much good and the source of a multitude of pleasures and hapinesses to those by whom he is surrounded. For, in truth this is one of the freest and most liberal countries in the world to-day—and each of us can say with affectionate truthfulness when thinking and speaking of her:—

"She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

When we go to prayer, we must imagine that we enter into the court of Heaven where the King of glory sits upon His throne shining with bright stars, and surrounded by an infinite number of angels and saints who all cast their eyes upon us.—*St. Chrysostom.*

IRISH INTELLECT, CULTURE AND SCHOOLS.

AMONGST the many signs of social advancement and educational progress perceptible in the present day, not the least cheering and important is the establishment of institutions designed to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge by the bulk of the people, and at the same time to serve as a means of bringing them together and promoting healthful discussion and friendly converse. It would be difficult, if not impossible to over-estimate the extent to which civilization has benefited by the Literary Associations, the free Libraries, the Mechanics' Institutes, the Young Men's Societies, that overspread the land. They have lightened the burden of toil by cultivating the taste of the bronzed and labor-stained son of industry, and opening up new sources of pleasure, new fountains of pure enjoyment before him. They have smoothed the path of the student by bringing the stores of knowledge within his reach; they have softened individual asperities and worn off the rough edges of prejudice and intolerance by the friction of mental contact and the interchange of conflicting ideas; they have raised the standard of popular education; they have carried light and knowledge into the fastnesses of error and ignorance; and they have stimulated laudable ambition and given the man of mind an object and a hope; and they have elevated and purified the whole tone of modern society. Let those who marvel at the dazzling positions in every department of life won by the sons of toil, and who contemplate with surprise the number of men whom the working classes have supplied to the aristocracy of genius, and to the guild of intellectual eminence be prepared for increased cause of wonder and astonishment. That which they have done is but the earnest of the things which they shall do. The difficulties in their path are disappearing. No more shall the sons of toil live mute and inglorious; no more shall the pages of knowledge be sealed to the eyes of the humble and the obscure; and as the chief instrument in this glorious revolution, we look to such societies as those before mentioned, for the realization of those HOPES.

In writing or speaking of education and the blessings it has conferred upon mankind, I feel that one of the highest and worthiest objects we could commemorate would be the *Reception of Ireland into the Realm of Christendom*: an event which has since resulted, especially as regards education and enlightenment, in conferring such untold blessings on many less favored nations. "One or two ideas, naturally suggest themselves to our minds in connection with this. I refer to the singularly glorious part which Ireland from the moment of her submission to the doctrines of the Cross has unceasingly borne in the great work of education and diffusion of human knowledge. No more appropriate theme could engage the attention of Catholic Irishmen. Our ancestral island, immediately that the Gospel light beamed upon her, became a nation of sages and scholars, with a rapidity unprecedented in the annals of Christianity. Schools and Academies, noble centres of learning, sprang up as if by magic throughout the entire nation, irradiating the darkness of Pagan intellect—the light of education was every where diffused, and in the glowing language of our finest poet, "like the sudden brightness of a Northern summer at once covered the whole land." Nor a part from the wonder working power of the Gospel should this occasion any surprise. For our ancestors, even while practising their Druidic superstitions, beneath the shadow of their ancient oaks, were not a people devoid of learning. While the Romans warred along the Thames, and hordes of roving painted savages crawled among their dens in the neighboring nations, enlightened minds were occupied in digesting that admirable Code of Brehon Law, so redolent of justice and freedom; and her minstrels and bards, aloud with true Irish inspiration, were celebrating the exploits of her chieftains and heroes, in magic strains of music, rivalling ancient Greece in the hey-day of her glory. No wonder, then, that this people, having attained so high a degree of ancient civilization—a fact acquiesced in by the most unfriendly historians—and endowed by Providence with so fertile an intellect, should, under the beneficent influence of St. Patrick's teaching, attain within so brief a

space, such eminence in the sphere of education and science. No sooner was the conversion of our Motherland accomplished—and as if by miracle it was performed almost instantaneously—than our glorious Saint, directed all his energies to the development of education. He founded in an almost incredibly brief space of time a system of schools that grew at once into dazzling splendor, and were crowned with astonishing success. And to the eternal honor of our people, the fundamental principle of this early Irish school-system, was that of gratuitous education. Within the precincts of those famous seats of learning, were assembled the representatives of all the then nations—the Cymbrian and the Scot, the Angle and the Frank, the polished Druid and the boorish Briton, King Alfreð of England and Dagobert of Austria; all united in harmonious companionship drinking deeply at these founts of knowledge, kindling the torches of science destined to light the path that was to guide the surrounding nations to the blessings of a Christian civilization. The degree of eminence attained by the Irish schools established by St. Patrick, and the almost inconceivable benefits that accrued therefrom, were it not a fact already evidenced by history, would doubtless tax the most exaggerated credulity. They flourished in almost every part of the Island, and in their splendor and magnificence, as they were surpassed by no nations of antiquity, so they have been unequalled in modern times. The famous schools of Armagh alone, afforded accommodation to seven thousand students; in the almost equally celebrated schools of Louth, more than a hundred prelates belonging to the various European nations received their education; and the renowned schools of Bangor gave to the world probably more learned teachers and missionaries than any other recorded in history; among whom was the famous Columbanus who may be said to have educated and civilized France and Lombardy. Around these luminous centres, thousands of others, like so many satellites, revolved, diffusing their radiant beams on every nation of the continent. In this, as indeed in almost every portion of Ireland's history, we can discern the designs of Providence.

For it was at this precise epoch that the dense shadow of ignorance had descended upon the nations; the great schools of Alexandria, Antioch, Nisibus, and many others founded by the successors of the Apostles had long since, in the pride of intellect, renounced the truth and forgotten their mission; the saving doctrines of Christianity had become vitiated and corrupted therein; the sophistic teachings of Plato had supplanted those of the Gospel, and had already exercised their deleterious influence: and the Gnostic heresy held undivided sway in the lands where a Clement and an Origen had a few centuries before, expounded the doctrines of a pure Christianity. It was then at this critical period, after these ancient seats of knowledge had degenerated into focuses of heresy and superstition, and in the perverted name of science had expelled truth from her throne, that the schools established by St. Patrick attained the acme of their splendor, and like so many suns in the firmament of truth, shed their rays of saving light to the farthest confines of civilization, lighting up the increasing gloom and dispelling the clouds of darkness that were enveloping the human mind.

Scholars, in countless numbers, educated and supplied gratuitously with all the appliances of learning annually left the shores of Ireland, and bearing with them the seeds of science and civilization, dispersed themselves over all lands, from the forests of Germany to the Iberian Peninsula, and from Northumbria, to the Isles of the North. The phrase "educated in Ireland," in those halcyon days of her freedom was of itself a title of distinction. Irish scholars by the purity of their doctrinal teaching, and the splendor of their scientific attainments, were certain of everywhere acquiring the first rank; and Erin enlightened not only those nations where the rays of science had not hitherto penetrated, but even, to use the felicitous expression of her finest historian, "She soon reflected back on Rome herself the light derived from Rome." But it was at the period of the terrific crisis that accompanied the overthrow of the Roman Empire that Irish intellect, inspired by Christian charity, attained its proudest pre-eminence, achieved its no-

blest mission, and exercised its most beneficent influence. At that epoch the barbarians of the North, surging in countless numbers out of their forests precipitated themselves on the prostrate colossus of the Roman Empire, and in their rapacious career, in quest of booty and plunder, swept away every vestige of civilization and refinement. Society in a few short years was reduced to a state akin to barbarism. Everything beautiful in art, valuable in literature, and venerated in religion, was buried in a common grave. For nearly a century these barbarians continued their work of uninterrupted devastation. While this terrible chaos reigned throughout the continent, our Motherland became at once the retreat of literature and learning, the repository of the arts and sciences forced to seek refuge from the exterminating sword of the barbarian: this refuge alone Erin afforded, for as the historian aptly observes where the Roman soldier could not set his foot the Hun and Vandal did not dare to follow. Herself, rich in all the blessings that religion and science can bestow, wrought unceasingly during those troubled ages, to communicate them to the continental nations, gradually emerging from barbarism. How she accomplished this noble work, mediæval history exists to tell, and it is no exaggeration to assert accordingly, that Europe owes to the Irish nation—to the children of St. Patrick—lay and clerical—at least two or three centuries of her civilization, and all the treasures of enlightened antiquity.

As this to some skeptical minds may appear somewhat incredible, or at least, only the natural exaggeration of native patriotism, we shall adduce two or three evidences which, on this important point must satisfy even the most fastidious. Bishop Milner, the renowned English divine and savant of the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century, asserts that during the four centuries immediately succeeding the dissolution of the Roman Empire, there was not a single diocese in France, Germany, Italy or Britain in which Irish Missionaries were not to be found. He calls them the luminaries of the western world when the sun of science had set upon it.

"To them," he writes in his incomparable letters to the Lords and Nobles of England, "to them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the writings of the Fathers, and the ancient classics; in short of the very means by which you yourselves have acquired all the literature you possess." St. Bernard of Clairvaux, speaking of the number of Irishmen laboring at this period throughout Europe, compares them to an "inundation," and states that he knew a certain Irish Monk who founded on the Continent more than a hundred educational institutions. Venerable Bede observes, that Ireland in those ages supplied all Europe with swarms of learned men. Fleury in his history of France proves the same fact: and Mezeray another French historian goes so far as to assert that the preservation of all the history and literature of those days is owing exclusively to Irishmen. Various Italian historians, bear a similar testimony and it is worthy of remark, that Irish professors were sought and placed in the chairs of the Universities of France and Italy by order of Charlemagne. And Dupanloup, the "magnificent"—the lately deceased Bishop of Orleans: hear him! "Only" says this distinguished prelate—"Only in the Thebais has been seen any parallel to those wondrous foundations, those monastic cities, as they have been well named, of Bangor, Clonfert, Clonard, where more than three thousand religious fervently devoted themselves to cultivate literature, clear the forest lands, chant the divine praises, and train up the young. It was even thence, even from those deep cloistral retreats, and that austere life, which so strongly imbues the soul for the apostolic, that, at the voice of St. Columban and his dauntless followers, men might be seen hastening from every side to propagate the Gospel afar, to encounter paganism, and gain a hundred tribes to faith and civilization. They had already braved the tempests of the ocean, and evangelized the Hebrides, the Highlands of Scotland, and Northumberland. Soon after they are seen in Neustria, Flanders, and Austria; among the Helvetians, the Rhetians, and in either Burgundy. They pass the Rhine; they en-

camp in Alemennia, Bavaria, all Germany south of the Danube. They penetrate into Spain, and are met with in the interior of Italy and Magna Græcia." "Where indeed are they not?" he exclaims! "The Gospel they were called to bear to those extensive regions was in their utmost hearts as a consuming fire: they could not contain it; it impelled them to evangelize the unbeliever; to animate the Christian trodden down by barbarian invasion; to raise the degenerate; to foster sturdy races; fearless hearts, whom the passions of princes and the fury of the populace could not subdue; to rekindle the quenched lamp of arts and learning; and to carry in every direction the light of science and of faith." "We may say with a historian of our own time," continues the illustrious prelate—"a historian whom none can deem partial, that they (the Irish) have almost appropriated the seventh century of the Church's history and of European Civilization." Brave but true words are those of Bishop Dupanloup. More than this, it is a fact abundantly proven and universally admitted, that the great system of scholastic philosophy and theology of the Middle ages, owes its origin and rise to Irishmen; and it may be observed in this connection, that the tutor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the most marvellous genius in the annals of Christianity was a son of the Isle of Destiny. There in the quiet of her sanctuaries and schools, was first wrought and elaborated that noble system which has since furnished the philosopher and apologist with every species of weapon to encounter and destroy error in what form soever it may appear. Writing on this subject Goeres, the most renowned of German philosophers, has the following passage: "All not engaged in the combat in those days took refuge in the ark of the Church, which amid the mighty swell of waters floating hither and thither guarded the treasures concealed within it; and while amid the general tumult of the times it seemed a peaceful asylum to religious meditation—it continually promoted the contemplative as well as the heroic martyrdom."

Such an asylum was found in the middle of the fifth century in the Green Emerald Isle—the ancient Erin—whose

secluded situation and watery boundaries as they had once served to protect her against the disorders of the Roman Empire, now sheltered her from the storm of the migration of nations. Thither seeking protection with St. Patrick, the Church had migrated to take her winter quarters and had lavished all her blessings on the people that had given her so hospitable a reception. Under her influence the manners of the nations were rapidly refined; monasteries and schools flourished on all sides; and as the former were distinguished for their severe discipline and ascetic piety so the latter were conspicuous for the cultivation of science. And he continues, "when we look into the ecclesiastical life of the people we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea the 'Cells of the valley of the Nile,' with all their hermits, its monasteries with all its inmates and had settled them down in the Western Isle—an Isle which in the lapse of three centuries gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the Church, won over to Christianity the North of Britain; and soon after a large portion of the yet pagan Germany; and while it devoted the utmost attention to the cultivation of the sciences, cultivated with an especial care the mystical contemplation in her religious Communities as well as in the saints whom they produced." And yet in the presence of such plain, palpable, incontrovertable historical facts as these, is it not a melancholy truth that men are to-day found sufficiently ignorant or malicious to parrot unceasingly the wretched calumnies of these mercenary Bohemians who sedulously strive to propagate the falsehood that the Irish are indifferent or inimical to education, and deny to our motherland her well-won meed of glory in the diffusion of knowledge and science. History says the great De Maistre, "for the past three centuries is nought else than a conspiracy against the truth." Equally certain is it that history or a very active department of it at least, is for the past seven centuries a conspiracy against the truth as regards our ancestral Island. And if there are those to-day who are unwilling to admit our just merits in this regard it will not, perhaps appear so strange,

in view of the perverse industry which a certain class of writers have, for centuries wrought to obscure the most brilliant pages of our country's history.

Ireland, writes D'Arcy McGee, "has been wasted for the weal of Christendom and as yet Christendom has not learned to appreciate the sacrifice endured for its sake." But, humanly speaking, this is not so much to be wondered at; for it is a truism if you give a lie but an hour's start, it will make the round of the world a score of times at least, before truth or justice can succeed in overtaking it. What other people may we not ask, in the annals of Christendom, ever clung with such unwearied tenacity to the founts of Knowledge as ours? Who but must stand aghast and melt into tears, on reading the melancholy and plaintive lines of our greatest bard on the accursed Penal Laws:

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Who but must stand amazed in presence of an impoverished and proscribed people who, when education was pronounced felony and science a crime, went abroad in foreign lands and founded numberless establishments of learning; as, witness Louvain, St. Omers, Rome, and Salamanca—institutions too, that sent forth such men as Dr. Doyle and O'Connell, to teach nations how to win their freedom, and use it properly when won: besides countless others whom I may not stay to enumerate; for their names are circumscribed by no national limits: they belong to the world and to fame. And at this very hour what other nation is struggling with such a bold persistency as Ireland, in the sacred cause of education—to frustrate the designs of those who, in their unspeakable malice, would fain despoil her of her most invaluable treasure, in fastening on her, in addition to the innumerable train of evils, a system of godless schools—a design which she has crushed out successfully—overthrowing, as we all remember, on that vital question, the most popular and powerful administration in Europe—the administra-

tion of Gladstone. She has triumphantly proven that she is to-day, what she was in the ages long past; she has vindicated the very old truth—unhappily too generally rejected in our time—that religion and science are not incompatible; that they must on the contrary go hand in hand and prove assistants and help-mates to each other, if the one would be crowned with success and the other preserved in its purity—this truth she has strikingly vindicated in the present renowned Christain schools, recently acknowledged by the Educational Commission of the English Government to be by far superior to anything of the kind in Great Britain. Nor is it a fact unworthy of remark—and I make the observation, not in any spirit of exclusiveness or with a desire to disparage others—that Ireland is at the present moment, doing a more noble service in the furtherance of education, and the diffusion of religious truth—which after all is the basis of all education, than any other nation on the earth's surface. Is not our land at this hour, as a recent American Author aptly observes "a vast seminary sending forth daily swarms of her children to assist in the work of educating and evangelizing?"

Let us cast our eyes over the immense regions in Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, over which the English Flag flies and the English tongue is spoken, and the truth of our assertion will be made manifest; or to come nearer home, we know that in almost every town and city in the neighboring Republic, from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Catholics possess their College, Academy, or parochial School. And are all these institutions American? They are just in the same sense that Rome and Salamanca, St. Omers and Louvain, are Belgian, Spanish, Italian. You will find that nine-tenths of the professors and students in our American Catholic Colleges and Academies are Irish. And by whom have these countless institutions of learning been erected in the land of the Puritan? Is it not by the fruits of Irish toil, Irish energy, and Irish faith? Do not these triumphantly belie the impression so unfairly believed in, in certain quarters, that the Irish people in our day are chiefly confined to the

sphere of manual labor? True they are largely engaged in carving civilization out of the depth of the wilderness—a glorious avocation when morally considered, but not in that alone are we found; for we can proudly repeat the boast of the late McGee, “that in science, in authorship, and in oratory, we are represented as well as in digging and delving and in carrying the hod.” In the words of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, “Green Erin is a land ancient and yet young: Ancient in her Christianity, young in her hopes of the future. A nation which received Grace before yet the Saxon had set his foot upon the soil of England, and which has never questioned it, or suffered the sacred flame to be extinguished in her heart: a Church which comprises within its historic period the birth and the fall of Canterbury and York; which Augustine and Paulinus found at their coming, and which Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world.” Thus it will be seen that our nation has borne in the history of Christianity a great and noble part: we are the heirs of the glory she has won, and such being the case it only remains for us to prove true to our noble inheritance and then, “we can look as fearlessly to the future as proudly to the past.”

When education is felt to be the birthright of every human being; and when religion becomes the great working power of human society; animating duty, and nerving to effort and self-denial, then may the poet's vision become a reality—

“For I dipt into the future, far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be:
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight drooping down
with costly bales,
Till the war drum trobb'd no longer, and the
battle flags were fur'd,
In the parliament of man, the federation of
the world—

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.”

W. McK.

CHIT-CHAT.

—Herbert Spencer is a great name in English literature, and one of which Englishmen may justly be proud, but Herbert Spencer is an evolutionist “pure blood.” He believes in the anthropoidal ape theory and the ascent of man from a polipod—all belly, no legs no hands. Because, forsooth, a dog barks and a cat mews and a man speaks, therefore man must once have been a dog or a cat, and have brought his voice up with him from dogdom and his cathood. The dog's bark and the cat's mew are only Latin and Greek and English in embryo. *Mde. Patti's quavers crescendos and falsettos* are only a refinement of some very Old Dog Tray's impromptus when an indefinite period of years ago he bayed the moon. Because men and dogs can alike be angry, jealous or frisky, men must once have been dogs and must have brought their human passions with them from the days of their brutedom. Human passions are only brute passions *gentilitified*. “Let dogs delight to bark and bite.” Such is Darwinism popularised.

The trouble of this kind of logic is, that it will as easily prove one thing as the other; it will as easily prove dogs once to have been men, as men once to have been dogs, which we take it knocks both proofs into a cocked hat. Herbert Spencer carries this same school of logic into sociology. Ceremonies he tells us in his book on Ceremonial Institutions, *are prior to social and even human evolution*, which taken out of the jargon of the day and put into good plain English, means, that there were ceremonies in the world long before man began to live in society or even long before man began to *live at all*—which is certainly taking the thing back to rather remote antiquity; and surpasses that most admirable of discussions between the Gardeners and the Tailors as to the antiquity of their respective callings. Quoth the Gardeners in triumph, Adam was the first garden-

er, since he tilled the land after his expulsion from Paradise. Quoth the Tailors, Adam was a tailor before he was a gardener since he "made him a pants" before he was expelled. Why the gardeners did not claim Adam for a gardener when he was in the Garden, we could never for the life of us find out.

In support of his thesis that ceremonies existed before man, Mr. Spencer contends that "the little dog that falls on his back and holds up his paws when he meets a big dog is performing a propitiatory ceremony. He is as good as saying to the big dog: "Don't bite a dog when he is down; bite one of your own weight." This would be all very good but for two little considerations—1st, is it a fact? 2nd, and if a fact is it not begging the question? In the first place is the little dog performing a propitiatory ceremony when he falls on his back and holds up his paws on meeting a big dog? is he as good as saying to the big dog: "Don't bite a dog when he is down; bite one of your own weight?" We think *not*. Of course Mr. Spencer out of the depths of his inner consciousness derived through his dog nature may have superior means of interpreting dog-acts; but we, who cannot consent to having ever become man through his dogship, think we have a far simpler and more common-sense view of his dogship's conduct. When a big dog comes upon a little dog ten to one he seizes the dogling by the neck and gives him a shake. This the dogling, taught, we suspect by bitter experience knows full well, and therefore throws himself on his back, to save his neck, and to defend himself with his paws. Of course never having been a dog, nor we hope even a cur, as Mr. Spencer would claim to have been, we cannot speak dogmatically upon the subject. If Mr. Spencer on the contrary has any special dog yearnings in his nature derived from his sojourn in dogdom during his process of evolution, if he will let us know it, we will bow (wow) with becoming deference to his superior knowledge and means of ascertaining. Until then we shall in our egotism continue to think ours by far the simpler and more common sense view of the situation. In the second place, is not our

great sciolist quietly begging the question? For any argument to be founded on this act of the dogling in proof that "ceremonies are prior to human evolution" the dog must be first proved to have been prior to man. And even here a fresh difficulty will present itself. After proving that dogs *were* prior to man, our scientist will have to prove that *doglings* are not historical dogs; in other words, that small dogs were prior to man and have not been evolved from big ones within the memory of man.

—Mr. Spencer would almost appear to be writing a comic Natural History as others before him have written comic Histories of England. "The lady he tells us who kisses the Queen's hand when she is presented is carrying out the practice of the cow who licks her calf. The calf is licked because that process gives the cow a pleasant sense of possession in her offspring. From licking, kissing or sniffing as an agreeable and affectionate process came the custom of licking, kissing or sniffing as a sign of affection and so of propitiation of a superior, who naturally likes to be *liked* (we wonder he did not say *licked*) and of that propitiation the ceremony of kissing the Queen's hand is a survival. We like this argumentation exceedingly; it has a fresh childlike simplicity about it; besides it smells so sweetly of the cow byre, and connects so surprisingly the perfumes of "a drawing room" with the fumes of the farm-yard. Vive la science! Bravo knowledge! But is it true? Is the calf licked because that process gives the cow a pleasant sense of possession? Here again we must defer to Mr. Spencer, whose superior means of knowing derived from his evolution, put poor us out of court; still from our slight acquaintance acquired only during our minority, we cannot help thinking (with brutedom and the barnyard) that the cow's act is more *sanitary* than *acquisitive*; that she licks more for cleanliness-sake than as a taking possession. But then we are not a scientist and have never levelled up through brutedom.

—The election of Pope Paul V. gives us an insight into that retiring modesty

and humility which have in all ages been the glorious characteristic of all the great men of the Church. Paul V. long before his accession to the Papal throne, had filled the highest offices in the Church. Born at Rome on the 17th Sep., 1552, of the illustrious house of Borgese, named at baptism Camillus, he studied philosophy in his youth at Perugia, law at Padua and became afterwards consistorial advocate, prelate abbreviator, referendary of the two signatures (of pardon and justice) and vicar of St. Mary Major. In 1596 Clement VIII. sent him into Spain with extraordinary powers and created him cardinal of St. Eusebius. Such were his qualifications for this high office, that he was surnamed the Excellent and was early spoken of as future Pope. On the death of Leo the cardinals assembled as usual to elect a successor. In that conclave were men of supereminent ability. Such names as Toschi, Pamfili Montalto and Aldobrandini would suffice to cast lustre on any assembly, whilst the names of Baronius and Bellarmine are never pronounced by men but with uncovered head and bated breath. At the beginning of the Conclave the Cardinals shewed a disposition to elect Cardinal Toschi of Modena Pope, but this choice was opposed by Cardinal Baronius as "*not for the good of the Church.*" Toschi, it appears though in other respects an excellent man, an able jurisconsult and author of several useful works, retained from his early education and associations certain low words and expressions which to the mind of Baronius would ill become a Vicar of Christ. The opposition of so learned a man lost Toschi the election, and 32 cardinals immediately declared for Baronius. To this choice Baronius objected; he wished indeed one chosen, who would govern the Church well, but his humility shrank from thinking that he was the one. The great cardinal therefore did not remain neutral, as he had done at the election of Leo XI., but set himself to prevent the designs of his kind supporters. For this end he proposed Bellarmine, one of the greatest theologians the Church has produced. Bellarmine in his turn used all his eloquence to prevent his own election, laying be-

fore the assembly his inaptitude for the duties of so exalted a station.

Cardinals Montalto and Aldobrandini, the heads of the two parties, who divided the power in the conclave, were next proposed, but as Montalto supported Camillus Borgese the French Cardinals, who as yet had not pronounced an opinion, threw their weight into the scales and Camillus Borgese (Paul V.) was elected Pope on the 16th of May, 1605.

What a splendid spectacle of Christian humility does this conclave present! Where outside of the Catholic Church could such a spectacle be seen?

—We are no admirer of "England's greatest Queen," If the modern idea of political greatness, as held by Elizabeth's "adorer," the renegade Neapolitan monk Jordano Bruno be the true,—if *success* is the test of greatness, then England's greatest Queen was great. And yet methinks we see a greater Queen though an unsuccessful withal, in that poor Queen of Scots, who laid down her head upon the block so calmly and so nobly and so forgivingly to receive the keen and glistening axe of a sister's hate. But England's Elizabeth, in spite of her many littlenesses and feminine weakness, could at times be strong. Lally Tollendal relates an act, which, if true, does her honor. Margaret Lambrun, a Scotch tire-woman who with her husband had been in the service of the Scot's Queen, and who had seen her royal mistress die her noble death under the English axe, and her own husband die of grief at that sad revenge determined to avenge by one and the same stroke her murdered Queen and husband. Entering the English court disguised as a man, she sought to assassinate the English Queen, and then to kill herself. Frustrated in her design she was arrested, and brought before the Queen. Elizabeth struck with the fearlessness of her answers—asked, "you thought then that you were doing your duty to your mistress, and your husband? What do you think is now my duty towards you? I will answer frankly to your majesty; but do you ask as a *queen* or *judge*? As queen. Then you ought to pardon me. But how shall I be assured that you will not abuse that

pardon? and will not again attempt my life? Madame; pardon granted with so much precaution is not pardon but barter; you can act as judge." The Queen turning to her courtiers said, "In all the thirty years I have been your queen, I have never received from you so just a lesson. Woman you are pardoned."

It is difficult to tell which herein to admire the more—the fearlessness and devotion of the Scottish tire-woman, or the right royal magnanimity of the English Queen. If Tudor hate was deep, Tudor courage was high.

—Mercy preserve us from panegyrics and panegyrists! May our bones rest *in peace* when once God has called us! If men from a pulpit tell the truth of us, it will not help our reputation; that they should tell lies of us, we do not ask. When we are dead, we would rather prayer than praise, penance done on our souls behalf than panegyrics. Incense at our tomb may do well to hide the stench of our carcass—incense from the pulpit will never cover half our failings and our faults. What a mockery before God and his angels to have our praises sounded in this world, at the very moment we are tremblingly giving an account of our shortcomings to the great Judge in the next. "He was a great logician" cries the Preacher. "Where was the logic of these acts?" asks the great Judge. "He commanded well" cries the Preacher. "Why didst thou not keep my commandments?" asks the Judge. Bah! mercy preserve us from panegyrics and panegyrists! May our bones rest *in peace* when once God has called us. Certes! 'tis a hollow world!

H. B.

WHAT a visionary thing is the independence of youth! How full of projects, which take the shape of certainties! How much rugged and stern experience it requires to convince the young and the eager that the efforts of an individual, unaided by connection or circumstances, are the true reading of the allegory of the Danaides! Industry and skill, alas! how often are they but water drawn with labor in a bucket full of holes.

A FEW LINES.

J. K. FORAN.

THE following lines were addressed to a young lady, who presented a bouquet to Mr. Wm. Smith O'Brien while standing in the dock at Clonmel Court House, under charge of high treason:

Sweet girl! who gave in danger's hour,
To lift my soul a beauteous flower,
And by thy bright yet modest eyes,
Cheered me with softest sympathies;
Oh! may thine eyes ne'er shed a tear!
Oh! may thine heart ne'er know a fear!
Thus from his dreary solitude—
Thus speaks a prisoner's gratitude.

W. S. O'BRIEN,

Clonmel Prison.

November 4th, 1848.

MEAGHER'S SPEECH ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.

AT the request of many of our readers we make room for, and publish this month, the magnificent, but, almost unknown speech of the gallant and patriotic T. F. Meagher, on the occasion of his receiving sentence, for treason, at Clonmel, 1848. This beautiful speech deserves to be placed side by side with the immortal utterance of the Patriot Emmet, and engraved as indelibly on the hearts of his countrymen as that unrivalled effort.

Nothing in ancient or modern oratory, can equal the pathos, the sincerity, and the dispassionate flow of language used by the youthful "Hero of the Sword," on that momentous occasion:—

"A Jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feelings of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought

to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown ?

"My Lords you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost ; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip, the life I consecrated to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer have left their footprints in the dust ; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

"No ; I do not despair of my poor old country,—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up ; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world ; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death ; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal,—I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

"With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth,—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career,—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death ; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies ; whose factions I have sought to still ; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim ; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom,

the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

TIME was when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement ; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther West. Generation after generation passed away, and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went ; but travel availed them not ; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart ; they could not flee from themselves. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose ; but they had not found their rest ; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of

this island, and gave their very name to it; so that, whereas it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy? Or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity, by being subjected to a Master's yoke? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect and glory to His name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, self-willed, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and he saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favor, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautiful and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illumi-

nated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it, I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south: it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and

day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march or blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers; such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake; you know what that Religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming, through all ages, from the Apostles. There is one, and only one religion such: it is known every where; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion, Christianity and Catholicism are one; they are in that history, as they are in their own nature, convertible terms. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced—that faith which is still found, the further you trace back towards the age of the Apostles, which is still visible in the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, and to which the witness of the Church, when investi-

gated even her first startings and simplest rudiments, “sayeth not to the contrary.” Such was the religion of the noble English; they knew not heresy; and, as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions; it grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, till a sight was seen—one of the most beautiful which ever has been given to man to see—what was great in the natural order made greater by its elevation into the supernatural. The two seemed as if made for each other; that natural temperament and that gift of grace; what was heroic, or generous, or magnanimous in nature, found its corresponding place or office in the divine kingdom. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and sanctity of penitent sinners: Apostles, Popes, and Bishops, long since taken to glory, threw their crowns in transport at the foot of the throne, as saints and confessors, and martyrs, came forth before their wondering eyes out of a horde of heathen robbers; guardian spirits no longer sighed over the disparity and contrast which had so fearfully intervened between themselves and the souls given to them in charge. It did indeed become a peculiar, special people, with a character and genius of its own; I will say a bold thing—in its staidness, sagacity, and simplicity, more like the mind that rules, through all time, the princely line of Roman Pontiffs, than perhaps any other Christian people whom the world has seen. And so things went on for many centuries. Generation followed generation; revolution came after revolution; great men rose and fell: there were bloody wars, and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements; Dane and Norman overran the land; and yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-tost and ever solaced and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

(To be continued.)

BLAME NOT THE SILENT DEAD.

RY T. O'HAGAN.

Blame not the silent dead,
The patriots that are gone,
Who sleep—with naught to mark,
The hallow'd grave of one;
Old Erin has enshrined them
Within her memories dear;
Sleep on, sleep on, a brighter hope
Embalms them with a tear.

Blame not the silent dead,
Their cause was liberty;
Bright is the sword that gleams on high
To set a people free;
Divine the call, the summons,
To break a tyrant's chain;
Sleep on, sleep on, bright Freedom's star
O'er Ireland cannot wane.

Blame not the silent dead,
Their cause was just—yes true:
A suffering people shriek'd in death,
In pain a people grew
The spirit of a noble race,
Rack'd, tortur'd unto strife;
Sleep on, sleep on, brave patriot souls,
Bright glory crowns each life.

Blame not the silent dead,
Though dim the hope did loom,
To light them on to victory
And find them but a tomb;
The hallow'd cause, the sacred right,
Those armed martyrs led,
Speak far beyond all human thought;
Blame not the silent dead.

THE BATTLE OF ROSS.

THE TURNING POINT OF THE '98 INSURRECTION.

ON the evening of the 4th of June the patriot army had assembled in force on Corbett Hill, preparatory to making an attack on the town of Ross. The garrison of the town had lately been strongly reinforced by the arrival of the Donegal, Clare and Meath regiments of militia, a detachment of English and Irish artillery, the 5th Dragoons, the Mid-Lothian Fencibles and the county of Dublin regiment of militia. The whole force amounted to twelve hundred men, exclusive of the yeomen, all under the command of Major-General Johnson, who expected an attack during the night, and consequently the troops remained under arms without being allowed to take any repose.

The patriots, led by their Commander-in-Chief, Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a little after their arrival on Corbett Hill, were saluted with a few cannon shot and shells from the town, "which produced no other effect than that of increasing their vigilance."

At daybreak on the 5th, Mr. Harvey being roused from his slumbers, despatched a Mr. Furlong with a flag of truce and the following summons to the commanding officer in Ross:

"SIR,—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled against that town. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controlled if they meet with any resistance; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to do in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter, and will bring the answer.—I am, sir, etc., etc.,

"B. B. HARVEY.

"Camp at Corbett Hill,
"Half-past three o'clock morning,
"June 5th, 1798."

Mr. Furlong did not bring the answer, for he was incontinently shot the moment himself and his flag of truce approached the outposts. The plan of attack, which had been agreed upon the evening previous, was also rendered nugatory by this after-thought of the commanding officer. By this plan the patriot columns of attack were to operate against three distinct portions of the town at the same time. Whether this arrangement was made known to the troops or not we have no means of ascertaining, but at all events it was not carried into execution, for the treacherous shooting of the bearer of the flag of truce so exasperated the division that lay nearest the Three Bullet Gate, that they rushed on to the assault without waiting till the other two had arrived at their several posts of action; the latter not only did not proceed, but were

seized with a panic, and went off in all directions to their several homes, learning as they went along the tidings of a total defeat. This strange conduct was chiefly owing to the example of one of the division commanders, "who without the least effort to answer the intent of his appointment, turned away from the action and rode hastily homeward." Comment is unnecessary. Not one-fourth of the men who encamped on Corbett Hill the evening before remained to participate in the action, so that even the division that commenced and afterwards continued the assault was by no means complete, numbers of those who constituted it having also abandoned their stations, which were far from being adequately supplied by such of the panic-struck divisions as had the courage and resolution to join in the battle then going on fiercely forward. From this it will be seen that whatever the patriots accomplished in the onset was entirely owing to individual courage and intrepidity. They first dislodged the enemy from behind the walls and ditches, where they were very advantageously posted in the outskirts of the town, and repulsed several charges of the Royalist cavalry with considerable loss. Cornet Dowell and twenty-seven men of the 5th Dragoons having fallen in the first onset by the hands of these brave pikemen. The military were driven back to the town through the Three Bullet Gate, hotly pursued by the victors, who scarcely took time to equip themselves with the arms and cartridge boxes of the slaughtered soldiery. From street to street the enemy were driven until they reached the market house, where the main guard were stationed with two pieces of artillery. After a short but desperate struggle the soldiers were driven clear out of the town and over the wooden bridge on the Barrow, into the county of Kilkenny. The main guard, however, still held possession of the market house, and a strong detachment of the Clare militia, under Major Vandeleur, also continued to maintain their post at Irishtown, the principal entrance to Ross. Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the county Dublin militia, fell in the first assault.

When the Wexford men had thus, by

their indomitable bravery, obtained possession of the town, in an evil hour, being without the control of competent officers, they gave themselves up to drink and plunder, on which they became so intent that they neglected to follow up their hard won advantage by pursuing the enemy over the bridge. The latter were in full retreat, intent only on reaching Waterford, when, perceiving they were not pursued, and probably guessing the reason why, they halted on the Kilkenny side of the bridge, and, powerfully instigated by the spirited exhortations of two brave yeomen, named McCormick and De-veraux, they returned to the attack, and soon compelled the disorganized revelers to fly out of the town, of which they had then held possession for some hours. Having been partially soberized by their hasty retreat, they again returned to the attack, this time led by a young hero of thirteen years of age and but little for his age. The undaunted courage and heroic devotion of this child shamed some and fired others with enthusiasm, so that with a thrilling cheer they again charged into the town and the contest that now ensued was maintained by both sides with ferocious obstinacy. Again were the enemy driven to their chief stronghold, the market house, and here the fighting became terrific. Notwithstanding the dreadful havoc made in their closed ranks by the artillery, the patriots rushed up to the very muzzles of the cannon, regardless of the numbers that were falling on all sides of them. Two instances of this reckless bravery have been specially recorded. In one an old man is represented as having thrust his wig into the mouth of the gun just as the artilleryman was applying the match, the poor fellow thinking the deprivation of air would prevent the piece going off. He was of course blown to atoms. In the other instance, a stalwart pikeman thrust the shaft of his weapon into the gun, and by main strength sought to pry it around from its line of direction and thus save the advancing column from the effects of its destructive fire, which its last discharge had made terribly apparent to him. The unknown hero had his leg blown off on the spot and probably died soon afterward. The

desperate bravery and impetuosity of the people again cleared the army out of the town and clean over the bridge. But unwarned by the result of their previous debauch, and exhausted by hunger and fatigue, they again fell into the same misconduct as before, sullyng their bravery with drunkenness. Of this the discomfited enemy were not slow in taking the proper advantage. They again renewed the attack, and finally became masters of the town, a great part of which was now in flames. In one of the houses on the summit of the main street, near the church, seventy-five of the inhabitants, non-combatants, who had taken refuge there, were burned to ashes by the soldiery; only one man succeeded in escaping their savage fury.

The people being upbraided by their chief for sullyng their bravery by drunkenness, made a third attempt to regain the town, and in this their valor was as conspicuous as it had been in the early part of the day; but by this time the army had acquired a greater degree of confidence in their own strength while half the town blazed in tremendous conflagration, and to crown their misfortunes the people sustained an irreparable loss when their intrepid and dashing leader, John Kelley, of Killan, received a wound in the leg, which put an end to his career of victory. Paralyzed by the loss of such a man, at such a critical moment, and no longer able to withstand the havoc of the artillery, the patriots sounded a regular retreat, bringing away with them a piece of cannon taken in the course of the action. They encamped for the night at Carrickbyrne.

The loss of the British on this memorable day was officially stated to amount to two hundred and thirty; that of the people has been variously estimated by different eye-witnesses, some making it five hundred, while others make it as two thousand.

Indeed, it is impossible to ascertain their loss in the battle itself, as those who were killed, unarmed and unresisting after it was all over, amounted to more than double the number slain in open fight. Than these latter no braver men of the Irish race ever gave up their lives on the battle-field; not even the

men who, in their shirts, swept the troops of Eugene from the ramparts of Cremona; or those before whose charge Cumberland's column melted away on the slopes of Fontenoy. Nor have any exhibited more sublime heroism than did those undisciplined peasants in the streets of Ross, on that memorable 5th of June, 1798.

Oh! that these "boys of Wexford" had in their midst the gallant Lord Edward, who during that eventful week was gasping away his young life in solitude and agony, in a dreary cell in Newgate. Had he such men to lead, the Wexford campaign of 1798 would have terminated very differently to what it did.

ANCIENT PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Translated from the Irish of the eighth century.)

O great Mary,
 Mary, greatest of Marys,
 Most great of women,
 Queen of the Angels,
 Mistress of the Heavens,
 Woman, full and replete with the
 grace of the Holy Spirit,
 Blessed and most blessed,
 Mother of Eternal Glory,
 Mother of the Heavenly and Earthly
 Church,
 Mother of Love and Indulgence,
 Mother of the Golden Light,
 Honor of the Sky,
 Sign of Tranquility,
 Gate of Heaven,
 Golden Casket,
 Couch of Love and Mercy,
 Temple of the Divinity,
 Beauty of the Virgins,
 Mistress of the Tribes,
 Fountain of the Parterres,
 Cleansing of the Sins,
 Washing of the Souls,
 Mother of the Orphans,
 Breast of the Infants,
 Solace of the Wretched,
 Star of the Sea,
 Handmaid of God,
 Mother of the Redeemer,
 Resort of the Lord,
 Graceful like the Dove,
 Serene like the Moon,
 Resplendent like the Sun,
 Destruction of Eve's disgrace,
 Regeneration of Life,
 Beauty of Lovely Women,
 Chief of the Virgins,
 Inclosed Garden,
 Closely-locked Fountain,

Mother of God,
 Perpetual Virgin,
 Holy Virgin,
 Prudent Virgin,
 Serene Virgin,
 Chaste Virgin,
 Temple of the Living God,
 Royal Throne of the Eternal King,
 Sanctuary of the Holy Spirit,
 Virgin of the Root of Jesse,
 Cedar of Mount Lebanon,
 Cypress of Mount Sion,
 Crimson Rose of the Land of Jacob,
 Blooming like the Olive Tree,
 Glorious Son-bearer,
 Light of Nazareth,
 Glory of Jerusalem,
 Beauty of the World,
 Noblest Boon of the Christian Flock,
 Queen of Life,
 Ladder of Heaven,

Hear the petition of the poor; spurn not the wounds and groans of the miserable. Let our devotions and our sighs be carried through thee to the presence of the Creator, for we are not ourselves worthy of being heard, because of our evil deserts. O powerful Mistress of Heaven and Earth, dissolve our trespasses and our sins; destroy our wickedness and corruptions; raise the fallen, the debilitated and the fettered; loosen the condemned; repair, through thyself, the transgressions of our immoralities and of our vices; bestow upon us, through thyself, the blossoms and ornaments of good actions and virtues; appease for us the Judge, by thy voice and thy supplications; allow us not to be carried off from these among the spoils of our enemies; allow not our souls to be condemned, but take us to thyself, forever, under thy protection; we beseech thee and pray thee further, O Holy Mary, through thy great supplication, from thy only Son, that is Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, that God may defend us from all straits and temptations, and obtain for us, from the God of Creation, that we may all receive from Him the forgiveness and remission of all our sins and trespasses, and that we may obtain from Him further, through thy supplication, the perpetual occupation of the Heavenly Kingdom, through the eternity of life, in the presence of the Saints and the Saintly Virgins of the world, which may we deserve and may we occupy, *in sæcula sæculorum*.—Amen.

THE GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA ON IRISH WRONGS.

THE following is the address delivered by Gov. Davis at the meeting recently held in St. Paul for the relief of Ireland:—

This meeting is held to solicit the sympathy of the community with the Irish people in the efforts they are

making by lawful and constitutional means to so change the land tenure of that country that they can at the same time till the soil and live upon the product of their labors. The appeal is made to the American people irrespective of race or creed, and I shall therefore best serve the purpose of my invitation by briefly placing before those persons who are alien to the blood and untaught in the sufferings of the Irish people a few of the reasons why that sympathy is due. Had half the commiseration been given to Ireland which England, censuring us, extended to the American slaves whose ancestors she planted here, or which has been wasted on the savage American Indians, the record of Irish suffering would have closed eighty years ago. Had any political party during or after our civil war attempted to inflict upon a single county in the South the murders, confiscation, penal laws, deportations, selling white people as slaves, that the English government has inflicted upon both Catholic and Protestant Irish time after time since the reign of Elizabeth began, the whole civilized world would have aided a people in insurrection and made this government the most shapeless wreck upon the shores of time.

There is a cause for the present discontent. It begins far back and lives to day in its evil consequences. The stern justice of history before whom no suit abates, but proceeds generation after generation to final judgment presides over this controversy, soon, we trust, about to end.

The facts which I shall state are not gathered from the vauntings of national vain-glory. They come from the researches of a sceptical historian whose books lie under the interdict of both churches and who disbelieves impartially in both of them. They are not the accusations or excuses of a bigoted sectary.

It is very certain that when the rest of Europe lay in the night of the dark ages, and was haunted by events which read like sanguinary dreams, civilization and religion—exiled brother and sister—took refuge in Ireland. Before Augustin evangelized the English people the Irish missionary had crossed the channel and commenced the work.

In the words of St. Bernard, "from Ireland as from an overflowing stream crowds of holy men descended upon foreign countries." They were the pioneer apostles from Iceland to the Danube.

The feudal system which now survives in Ireland in its last ferocious type of an all powerful landlord and remediless tenant, uprooted there a very different system. Under the Brehon laws the chief was elective, he did not own the fee of the tenement lands. In them the clansman was joint proprietor with him. The former had the fullest rights of inheritance, and his property descended without burden to all of his children equally. It was a code made by and for a free people.

This system was overturned by conquest and chicane and was succeeded by four confiscations which took away nine-tenths of the land of Ireland from native lords and occupants without compensation and gave it to aliens.

In the reign of Elizabeth nearly 600,000 acres were confiscated in Munster and regranted to Englishmen upon condition that they should admit to tenancy no Irishman. This and other forcible separations of the people from the soil beggared them and were the beginning of those agrarian outrages, which, though merely an effect of oppression, are persistently misrepresented as its cause and excuse.

In the reign of James I. two great Noblemen were accused of plots—not of acts, but simply of bad intentions, for there was no rebellion. They were never tried. Nothing was ever proved against them. They were driven from the country, and under pretext of their offences six counties were confiscated and planted with Scotch and English. The very scum and lees of those nations were placed in the homes from which thousands of happy and unoffending people had just been driven into the jaws of starvation.

In this reign the infamous vocation of the discoverers was first plied. Under the fiction that all titles are derived from the king, these persons undermined possessions which had been undisturbed for centuries; by flaws in grants, by defects of enrollment, by records exhumed from the tower of

London, by dormant grants made by Henry II. three hundred years before. The judges were more terrible than an army with banners. They were merely the instruments by which the compendious ruin of a race was wrought.

The proprietors of Connaught, who held by a recent royal grant raised £120,000 and paid that sum to Charles I., upon agreement that undisturbed possession for sixty years should secure their titles from attack by the crown, and that their grants should be valid: Strafford afterward withdrew these conditions and let slip upon Connaught a pack of discoverers, bribed judges and pliant jurors. The juries were instructed to find for the king, and no wonder—for the chief justice received four shillings on the pound on the first year's rental of the estates which he adjudged forfeit. Upon this the Irish rebelled and the war with Parliament followed. It was a war for religious liberty and for food. Famine and fanaticism did bloody work. The result was conquest. All the land in three provinces was given to soldiers or usurers who had lent money to the parliamentary government.

This is hardly an outline of the process by which nine tenths of Ireland was taken from its people and given to an alien race. It is to be filled in by penal laws which executed the priest for consoling the dying; which made famine bid against the mother for her child to place it in a charity school, she never to see it again; which forbade a Catholic to acquire real estate, or to lend money upon it; which scattered estates by distributing among all his children, unless his eldest son became an apostate; by such appalling want as no civilized people has ever suffered, by which thousands died in the fields and by the roadside.

All the while rack rents were exacted. Statutes might blast the soil with sterility and make famine the immediate result of their enactment, but the rent must be produced. The result was that the Irish began to export themselves, and there is not a state in Christendom which has not been in a marked degree, under the influence of Irish genius, expatriated, yet influential in exile. The distress which has time

and again afflicted that country is almost incredible. It is the only Christian land into which for centuries famine has entered. It has repeatedly been such a scene as lured Death from hell into the waste wide anarchy of chaos when he tasted from the earth

“The savour
Of death from all things that there lived,
 and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.”

Such have been the results of a code which has been anathematized by the great apostles of humanity the world over. It was denounced by Burke as the most refined contrivance which the ingenuity of man has ever devised for human degradation. It was held up for unending execration by Swift in the harrowing irony of his cannibal project for the disposition of Irish children. It was stigmatized by Montesquieu as "conceived by devils, written in human gore and registered in hell." It was made shameful by the humor of Sidney Smith. One of its last monuments was overthrown by Gladstone—God speed him in his present work!

The system exists to-day in its last consequence. One by one the penal disability and church establishment laws have been abrogated. The world must sympathize in the effort to redress this last wrong and revest the soil, by peaceful means, in the men who till it. Not as it was taken away, by battle and murder; but by laws which will give the proprietor the fullest compensation. Nor is Ireland alone in making this demand. The same evil afflicts the English farmer. He, too, cannot pay his rent and drive his cattle to the nearest market town in competition with American beef. He also demands reform, and the question is pressing for solution upon the best minds in England.

England is wealthy and great, and controls the most efficient forces of civilization. Her troops descend like eagles from the mountains upon barbarian Cabul, and they carry the terror of her name into the desert heart of slave-land. She is strong to weak nations. But there has always been that in her policy which has finally made her weak against attacks by her

home people. It is the old story of consolidated wealth and apparent grandeur trembling over the struggle of the people underneath. She could once call from her islands a soldiery which no alien race has ever withstood, but now she is compelled to marshal the Sepoy into the ranks of European wars. She has reached that point in national life, where change must come, even if it has to be compelled.

The right of any people to be fed by the land on which they live is the very basis of the State. It is the ultimate constitution of all government. It is a condition of tenure which, when violated, avoids in the ultimate court of political revolution the broadest patent which any government can give. History delivers from her tribunal hoary precedent after precedent that this is so. The civilized world now presents but a single instance of a general denial of this primary social right. In Ireland the soil is becoming the graveyard of her people. A rental which snatches the bread from the hand which raises it to the mouth; evictions which make thousands homeless; misery from which there is no escape at present except to strange lands beyond the broad sea; and dilated over all, want impending with all its woes—these are the spectacles which have tortured the civilized world into condolence with a great and long suffering people. I believe that the present effort will end in success through peaceful means. The world will regret the reappearance of those phantoms which were evoked two hundred and fifty years ago when "it was said that a sword bathed in blood had been seen suspended in the air and that a spirit which had appeared before the great troubles of Tyrone, was again stalking abroad brandishing his mighty spear over the devoted land."

There is this *paradox* in pride, it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

* St. Gertrude once asked Our Lord what preparation He wished her to make for communion. In answer He said, "I only wish you to receive Me with a heart emptied of all self-love.—*St. Alphonsus.*"

THE PARTING FROM IRELAND.

BY T. D. M'GEN.

O! Dread Lord of Earth and Heaven! hard
and sad it is to go,
From the land I loved and cherished into out-
ward gloom and woe;
Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to
manly years I came,
Homeward as a light you led me—light that
now is turned to flame!

I am as a shipwrecked sailor, by one wave
flung on the shore,
By the next torn struggling seaward, without
hope for evermore:
I am as a sinner toiling onward to Redemp-
tion Hill,
By the rising sands environed—by the Si-
moon baffled still.

How I loved this nation ye know, gentle
friends, who share my fate;
And you, too, heroic comrades, loaded with
the fetter's weight—
How I coveted all knowledge that might raise
her name with men—
How I sought her secret beauties with an all-
insatiate ken.

God! it is a maddening prospect thus to see
this storied land,
Like some wretched culprit writhing, in a
strong avenger's hand,
Kneeling, foaming, weeping, shrieking,
woman-weak and woman-loud;
Better, better, Mother Ireland, we had laid
you in your shroud!

If an end were made, and nobly, of this old
centennial feud—
If, in arms outnumbered, beaten, less, O!
Ireland, had I rued;
For the scattered sparks of valor might re-
light thy darkness yet,
And the long chain of Resistance to the
Future had been knit.

Now *their* Castle sits securely on its old ac-
cursed hill,
And their motely pirate standard taints the
air of Ireland still;
And their titled paupers clothe them with
the labor of our hands,
And their Saxon greed is glutted from our
plundered father's lands.

But our faith is all unshaken, though our
present hope is gone:
England's lease is *not* forever—Ireland's
warfare is *not* done.
God in Heaven, He is immortal—Justice is
his sword and sign—
If Earth will not be our ally, we have One
who is Divine.

Though my eyes no more may see thee,
Island of my early love!
Other eyes shall see the Green Flag flying
the tall hills above;
Though my ears no more may listen to thy
rivers as they flow,
Other ears shall hear a Pæan closing thy
long keen of woe.

CALLACHAN OF CASHEL.

THE history of independent Ireland
teems with romantic episodes illustra-
tive of the bravery and devotion of her
children. Prominent among these is
the story of the captivity and rescue of
Callachan, King of Munster.

The following are the facts of the sto-
ry, as recorded in the ancient chroni-
cles of Eire:

In the year 934, the seventeenth of
the reign of Donn Cadth II. Monarch of Ire-
land, Callachan, of Cashel, assumed the
sovereignty of Munster; from that time
until his death, in 952, he occupies a
prominent place in our annals. During
his reign the Lochlamraigh, or Danes,
had obtained a strong foothold, in
Ireland, and committed many depreda-
tions in Munster; but Callachan routed
them in many battles, and finally expel-
led them from his principality. Upon
this Sitric, the principal Danish chief-
tain, finding himself unable to cope
with him in the field, had recourse to
treachery to get his great enemy in his
power, and in furtherance of his design
he offered to give Callachan his own
sister, Beblinn, as his wife, promising,
at the same time, to free Munster
thenceforth from all attacks of his coun-
trymen. He did this in order that,
when Callachan went to wed his sister
and trusted himself to his protection,
he might slay both the king and as
many of his nobles as might accompany
him.

Having matured his plans, Sitric sent
ambassadors to Munster to treat of the
proposed alliance. When they explain-
ed their instructions to the king, his
first intention was to take a large army
with him when going to wed the lady,
for, like a true Irishman, he never
dreamt of backing out where a woman
was concerned; but Kenneidi (father of
Brian Boromhe), one of the most influ-
ential Munster chiefs, objected to his
leaving Munster unguarded, but advised

him to take a "strong guard with him when he went to wed that woman," and his counsel was followed.

After Callachan had set out on his expedition, and the night before he reached Dublin, where Sitric then resided, the wife of the latter asked him why he was about to contract this matrimonial connection with the man by whom so many of his chiefs and nobles had fallen? "It is not for his good, but to deal treacherously with him I do it," replied Sitric. Upon hearing this, his wife (who had long cherished a secret love for Callachan, whom she had seen at Waterford), resolved to denounce her husband's treachery to Callachan, and so, she arose early next morning, and went out privately on the road by which he was expected to be coming. Upon meeting him, she took him apart and told him of Sitric's plan for his assassination.

After Callachan had heard it, he thought to turn back; but found retreat impossible, as the enemy's soldiers were ambushed around him on all sides; and when he attempted to cut his way through he was overpowered by numbers, and several of his guards being slain, himself and Duncuan, son of Kenneidi, were captured and carried in chains to Dublin, whence they were sent off to Armagh, where nine earls of the Lochlannaigh, with their several commands, were set to guard them.

In the meantime the Munster nobles who had escaped the ambushade, returned home and recounted their adventure to Kenneidi, whereupon he mustered two armies for the purpose of going in pursuit of Callachan; one of those armies being destined to act upon land, and the other to operate by sea.

Donncadh O'Cairnh (founder of the sept of the O'Keefes, and King of the two territories of the Fermoighe), commanded the land forces, and Falbi Finn, King of Corce Duibne, commanded the host which embarked upon the sea.

The land forces marched into Connaught on their way northward, and when encamped in Mayo were joined by another army of one thousand Munstermen, and thus reinforced they marched into Tirconail, taking spoils as they advanced. The King of the territory came to demand a restoration of

these spoils, but Donncadh O'Cairnh replied he would return no spoils, except such as were left after his army were satisfied. Upon this the enraged king sent private word to the Danes at Armagh, informing them of the march of the Munster forces and their object, when the guards of Callachan and Donncuan retreated, taking their prisoners with them.

The Munster forces arrived at Armagh soon after, and slew every foreigner they could lay hands on, and learning that Sitric and his forces had retreated to Dundalk, they marched thither in pursuit. But when Sitric perceived their approach, he retreated to his ships, taking his prisoners with him. The Munster host then marched down and encamped on the beach, so close to the ships that they conversed with those on board.

They were not long in this position when the fleet under Falbi Finn sailed into the harbor. The chief led his ships against those of the enemy, attacking in person the vessel that carried Sitric, with his brothers Tor and Magnus, and he jumped on board into the midst of his enemies, holding a sword in each hand. With the sword in his right hand he cut the ropes with which Callachan was tied up to the mast, and thus loosed his captive king, set him standing on the deck, and placed in his grasp the sword he had till then borne in his left hand. Callachan cut his way to the side of his brave deliverer; but Falbi remained fighting in the midst of his enemies, until he was overpowered and slain. Upon this Frangalach, one of Falbi's captains, took his chieftain's place, and, seizing Sitric round the body, he flung himself overboard, with the foe in his grasp, and both of them were drowned. Segna and Conail, two other captains, next rushed forward and clasped their arms around Tor and Magnus, and each jumped overboard with his adversary, so that the four were drowned; and like bravery was displayed by every other portion of the host of the Gaels, so that but a small remnant of the enemy escaped by the fleetness of their ships.

The Munster warriors then landed, under command of their king, whom they had so gallantly rescued.

Having vanquished the foreigners,

they next determined to punish the King of Tir-Conail for giving information to the enemy; but he not appearing against them, they ravaged his territory, and then challenged the monarch of Ireland to battle for giving his consent to the capture of Callachan at Dublin; but Donncadth refused to fight them, so they plundered his territories of Temhair. Thence they marched home to Munster, where Callachan resumed the sovereignty of his own country, and commenced a vigorous warfare against the Danes, defeating them with great slaughter in several engagements, until, after a glorious reign of eighteen years, he died in 952.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SOMETHING ABOUT CROSSES.—The industrious writer, Britton, informs us, that our tasteful, pious ancestors had erected, as well for ornament as for edification, "ten descriptions of Crosses: " first, preaching crosses; second, market crosses; third, weeping crosses; fourth, street-crosses; fifth, memorial crosses; sixth, "as land marks; seventh, sepulchral; eight, highway; ninth, at entrance to churches; tenth, for attestations of peace." We are thus particular in summarizing all; as they attest the piety, depth and feeling of the man whom Shakspeare represents as:

"Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

When we consider the object for which these were erected, the taste which they all more or less displayed, it must most assuredly be a proof of great depravity to destroy them, of want of judgment, and of want of feeling. "True piety shows itself in the love of divine things for their moral tendency," the market crosses were originally built to put the greedy man in mind that in his various dealings he was still in the midst of the *divine presence*. We shall not refer to the Crosses of Holy Ireland, as they are household words, but to a few of the elegant, but almost unknown of England. There are few of them now remaining. The one at Malmesbury is very beautiful and still standing, but the one at Coventry was the most beautiful of them all: it stood fifty-seven feet

high, very elegant, pyramidal, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." This was suffered to go to decay by a corrupt electioneering corporation, and finally pulled down in 1771, to avoid the expense of repairing. There were fifteen crosses erected by King Edward I., in memory of his excellent wife, Queen Eleanor; only three of them are left; one is triangular, one hexagonal, and one octagonal. Those factious men who decreed the destruction of crosses, were men says Boileau who knew very little of the real devotional feelings of their countrymen. "The distance is twice as great between a devoted and a true Christian, in my opinion, as between the Southern Pole and Davis's Straits."

This blessed symbol has been respected with a becoming veneration for over fifteen centuries. There is a cross cut into the chalk on the side of Whiteleaf Hill, in Buckinghamshire, daily appealing to the feelings of thousands of people within the distance from which it can be seen. The green sod is cut away 100 feet long, 50 feet broad at the base, decreasing upward to 20 feet; the transverse part is about 70 feet long and 12 feet broad; the earth is cut into from two to three feet deep. Every few years there is a gathering of the people, who recut and clear these channels, accompanied with some old-time-honored devotions.

Dr. Blair, in his 5 Sermon, vol. I., states: "The cross was to shine on palaces and churches throughout the earth."

There can be but few people in any country who have really a disrelish to these things. Cobbett observes:—"That soul must be low and mean indeed which is insensible to all feelings of pride in the noble edifices of his country. Love of country, that variety of feeling which altogether constitute what we properly call *patriotism*, consists, in part, of the admiration of, and veneration for, ancient and magnificent proofs of skill and opulence."

IRELAND, OLD AND YOUNG.—Green Erin is a land old while young; old in Christianity, young in the hopes for the future. It is a nation which received grace ere the Saxon had set foot upon the soil of England, and which never has allowed the sacred flame to be ex-

tinguished in its heart; it is a Church which takes within the period of its history, the birth and fall of Canterbury and York; which Augustine and Paulinus found at their coming, and Pole and Fisher left living after them.—DR. NEWMAN.

ERIN'S ANCIENT MUSIC.—It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous laborer in this way—I am satisfied that not half the music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her!—DR. PETRIE.

WAS SHAKSPERE A CATHOLIC?—The above question has been frequently asked—and more frequently received a direct negative, than a convincing or even plausible reply. But may the writer premise a suspicion, which from internal evidence he has long entertained, that Shakspeare was a Catholic?

Here are a few among the many facts upon which this suspicion or internal evidence is based:—Not one of his works contains the slightest reflection on Popery, or any of its practices, or any eulogy on the Reformation. His panegyric on Queen Elizabeth is cautiously expressed, while Queen Katharine (the repudiated wife of her father) is placed in a state of veneration; and nothing can exceed the skill with which he draws the panegyric of Wolsey. The ecclesiastic is never presented by Shakspeare in a degrading point of view. The jolly monk, the irregular nun, never appear in his dramas. Is it not natural to suppose that the topics on which, at that time, those who crimated Popery loved so much to dwell, must have often

attracted his notice, and invited him to employ his muse upon them, as subjects likely to engage the favorable attention both of the Sovereign and the subject? Does not his abstinence from these justify, at least, a suspicion that a Catholic feeling withheld him from them? This conjecture acquires additional confirmation from the undisputed fact that the *father* of the poet lived and died in communion with the Church of Rome.

In his "Midsummer Night's Dream," we find the subjoined commendation of the life of virginal and religious celibacy:

"Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage."

He makes Hamlet invoke the protection of the angels, brings his father's ghost from Purgatory, and perhaps it is difficult to conceive a Protestant dramatist of that period causing Isabella, the *conventual* novice in "Measure for Measure," to be, as such, addressed as she is by Lucio, or exhibiting her as a lovely example of female purity, without his having first divested her of the conventual character, should it, in any work upon which his scenes might have been founded, have been ascribed to her.

[Lucio to Isabella.]

"Hail Virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!
I hold you as a thing *ensky'd* and *sainted*,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint." Act I. 5.

What Protestant would probably have represented a disembodied soul, as Shakspeare does in Hamlet, lamenting that it had left the world "*unanel'd*," that is, without having received the Catholic sacrament of "*Extreme Unction*?"

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away."

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

These and other, in his dramas, apparent manifestations of a Catholic sentiment in their author, are the more remarkable, as not only unnecessary, but, doubtless, much less likely to have pleased than offended the Protestant, and, perhaps, larger and certainly more influential part of his theatrical auditors.

THEOLOGY—THE UNIVERSAL SCIENCE.—

Mr. Proudhon, in his *Confessions of a Revolutionist*, has these remarkable words: "it is surprising that we always find theology underlying our politics." There is nothing surprising, however, in this, except the wonderment of Mr. Proudhon. Theology being the knowledge of God, must comprehend all the sciences, since God in His immensity contains and embraces all things. They were all in the divine mind before their creation, and have been ever since, for, in calling them forth out of nothing, He formed them according to the type which has existed in him from all eternity. They are in him, as effects are in their causes, consequences in their principles, forms in their eternal models. In him are the immensity of the ocean, the beauty of the fields, the harmony of the celestial bodies, the splendor of the stars, the magnificence of the heavens: in him are the measure, the weight, and the number of things: in Him are the supreme and inviolable laws of all beings.

Every living thing finds in Him the law of life; whatever vegetates finds in him the law of vegetation; whatever moves, the law of motion; whatever feels, the law of sensation; intelligence the law of mind; liberty, the law of will. Thus it may be said without falling into Pantheism, that all things are in God, and God in all things.

This reflection enables us to explain, how truth diminishes among men in proportion to the diminution of faith, and how society by turning away from God finds itself enveloped in darkness. Religion has been considered by all men and in every age, as the indestructible foundation of human society. "Omnis humanæ societatis fundamentum evelit," says Plato, "qui religionem convellit." (De Legibus, I.X), he who banishes religion, roots up the very

basis of society. On this principle reposed all the legislation of ancient times. How happy! How prosperous! how consonant with the divine attributes and teachings! had those principles been observed and practised in these our days. Cæsar, while young, having expressed in the open senate some doubt about the existence of the gods, Cato and Cicero immediately rose from their seats, and accused him of having uttered language detrimental to the public.

The diminution of faith, which causes a corresponding disappearance of truth, does not bring about the destruction but the wandering of the human mind. Merciful and just at the same time, God denies truth to the guilty intelligence, while He grants it life: He condemns it to error, but not to death. Those ages that have rolled by, distinguished alike by their infidelity and refinement, have left behind them on the page of history a trace more burning than luminous; their splendor was that of the conflagration or the lightning; not the mild and peaceful light which is shed upon the world by the Father above. What we say of ages is applicable to men. In withholding or bestowing the gift of faith, God withholds or imparts truth: but He does not give or refuse understanding. The infidel may possess a powerful intellect, while the believer may be a man of very limited capacity: but the mental greatness of the former is like the abyss; the latter like the sanctity of the tabernacle.

The first is the dwelling place of error, the second the habitation of truth. In the abyss, death is the awful consequence of error; in the tabernacle, life is the appendage of truth. Hence, that society which abandons the austere worship of truth for the idolatry of the man mind, is in a hopeless condition. Sophistry leads to revolution, and the sophist is the precursor of the executioner.

Whoever is acquainted with the laws to which governments are subject, has the knowledge of political truth. Whoever is acquainted with the laws which bind human society, has the knowledge of social truth. These laws are known to him who knows God, and God is known to him

who hears what God teaches in relation to Himself, and who believes this teaching. Now, theology is the science which has this teaching for its object; whence it follows, that all affirmations or questions relative to society or government, imply an affirmation relative to God; or, in other words, every political or social truth is necessarily resolved into a theological truth. Theology, in its widest acceptance, is the science of all things. Every word that falls from the lips of man, is an affirmation of divinity. He who blasphemes His sacred name as well as he who lifts his heart to Him in humble prayer, affirms His existence. They both pronounce His incommunicable name. In the manner of pronouncing this name we find the solution of the enigmatical questions, as the vocation of races the providential mission of peoples, the great vicissitudes of history, the rise and fall of empires, conquests and wars, the different characters of nations, and even their various fortunes.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER I.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

MANY people are greatly surprised, that when a new planet is discovered—and within late years this has been frequently the case—astronomers should be able to determine a few days afterwards its distance from the sun, together with the number of years necessary for its orbit. “How is it possible,” they ask, “to survey a new guest after such a short acquaintance so accurately, as to foretell his path, nay, even the time of his course?”

Nevertheless it is true that this can be done, and certainly no stage-coach nor locomotive can announce the hour and minute of its arrival with as much accuracy as the astronomer can foretell the arrival of a celestial body, though he may have observed it but a short time. Nor will their surprise be diminished, when we try to give them an idea of the starry firmament: But as this is impossible at the outstart, and outside the limits of our present chapter; we

shall content ourselves, with quoting a beautiful passage from an intensely interesting lecture, “On other Worlds and other Suns,” delivered in this city, recently, by the celebrated Professor Proctor, the ablest lecturer on and first astronomer of the day.

The learned Professor said: “That on a calm, clear starlight night the idea suggested to the mind was that a solemn calm reigned in the tremendous depths spread out before one’s gaze, nor did any different view present itself as the result of the first teachings of astronomy. It was true the astronomer recognized movements in the stellar system. There was the daily motion by which the stars were carried from east to west, and if they were watched day after day at the same hour, it would be seen that they were carried from east to west by an annual motion. Then there was also a third motion, by which the whole sphere of stars seems to gyrate in a period of 25,900 years, but the astronomer had learned that these movements were apparent only. The first was due to the earth’s rotation once a day on her axis, the second to her annual motion around the sun, the third to that reeling motion by which she gyrates as she travels around the sun, completing each gyration daily. But while the astronomer thus recognized in these more obvious movements of the stars only apparent motions, he learned as the direct result of modern research that the heavens presented in reality *A scene of the most wonderful activity*, and that the very least of the stars poured out moment by moment supplies of heat and light representing an energy and noise compared, with which all forms of force known upon the earth were absolutely as nothing.” Now, could we only subserve the lecture of the learned Professor to the object aimed at in this chapter, we would have little difficulty in proving to our young readers the power which mind exercises over the invisible and infinite matter of the Universe; but as this is beyond our reach, and out of the grasp of youth, we shall detail in the simplest language, what is meant to be conveyed by our heading—*A Wonderful Discovery*. In 1846, a naturalist in Paris, Leverrier by name, found out, without looking in the

sky, without making observations with the telescope, simply by dint of calculation, that there must exist a planet at a distance from us of 2,862 millions of miles; that this planet takes 60,238 days and 11 hours to move round the sun; that it is $24\frac{1}{2}$ times heavier than our earth, and that it must be found at a given time at a given place in the sky; provided, of course, the quality of the telescope be such as to enable it to be seen.

Leverrier communicated all this to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The Academy did not by any means say, "The man is insane; how can he know what is going on 2,862 millions of miles from us; he does not even know what kind of weather we shall have to-morrow." Neither did they say, "This man wishes to sport with us, for he maintains things that no one can prove to be false!" Nor, "the man is a swindler, for he very likely has seen the planet accidentally, and pretends now that he discovered it by his learning." No, nothing of the kind; on the contrary, his communication was received with the proper regard for its importance; Leverrier was well known as a great naturalist.

Having thus how learned he made the discovery, the members of the Academy felt convinced that there were good reasons to believe his assertion to be true. Complete success crowned his efforts. He made the announcement to the Academy in January, 1846; on the 31st of August he sent in further reports about the planet, which he had not seen as yet. The surprise and astonishment on the part of scientific men can scarcely be imagined, while on the part of the uneducated there were but smiles and incredulity. On the 23rd of September, Mr. Galle—now Director of the Breslau Observatory, at that time Assistant in that of Berlin, a gentleman who had distinguished himself before by successful observations and discoveries, received a letter from Mr. Leverrier, requesting him to watch for the new planet at a place designated in the heavens. Though other cities at that time possessed better telescopes than Berlin, this city was chosen because of its favorable situation for observations. That same evening Galle directed his tele-

scope to that spot in the sky indicated by Leverrier, and, at an exceedingly small distance from it, actually discovered the planet.

This discovery of Leverrier is very justly called the greatest triumph that ever crowned a scientific inquiry. Indeed nothing of the kind had ever transpired before; our century may well be proud of it. But, my young friends, you who live in this age without having any idea whatever, of the way in which such discoveries are made—you do not deserve to be called contemporaries of this age of discovery and invention. We will not try to make astronomers out of you; but will endeavor artfully, to insinuate into your young minds, the germs of that "Sublime Science, Astronomy," by merely explaining to you the miracle of this great discovery.

BAYES'S RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed that no man can know it—my next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as anyone speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be I wonder?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama commonplaces, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Senecca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, sir, may I ask you how do you when you write?

Smith. Faith, sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write!

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design on hand, I

ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, sir?

Bayes. Why it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham College, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

THE readers of The Harp must often have observed the fine Cross of Knighthood conferred at the Vienna Exhibition, 1873, upon Mr. R. M. Wanzer, for his great success in being the manufacturer of the best family Sewing Machine in the world—

No other man living in Great Britain, or her colonies or dependences ever received similar honors. Mr. R. M. Wanzer is known among manufacturers, by the name of the "King" or father of Sewing Machines, having established the first Sewing Machine factory in Canada, in 1859.

Messrs Willis & Roy, of 404 Notre Dame Street, inform us that when they could only sell a few hundred, years ago, it is more easy to sell now by the thousand—why not. It Canada with the Wanzer beat the united world, at the Dublin Exhibition, of '66, and at the Centennial of '76, at Vienina in '73, and in Paris and Australia successively—why not everybody at least in Canada, patronize the Wanzer.—*Adv.*

We must serve God in His time and in His way.—*St. Catharine of Sienna.*

When the blood of man runs on earth, as an offering to God, the devils rush to drink it up, and enter into that of the murderers.

F A C E T I Æ.

—The following item occurred in a lawyer's bill lately:—"To waking up in the night and thinking of your case, six and eightpence."

The Nova Scotians, of Winnipeg, are forming themselves into a society. They meet at a hotel, and the grand object of the society is to transform the Blue Noses into red ones.

An awkward fellow planted his foot square upon a lady's train on Winter street the other day. "Oh you great train wrecker!" said the lady angrily. "Beg your pardon, street-sweeper!" was the arch reply.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists said: "We fight' with our heads at this college." The young man reflected a moment and then replied, "Ah, I see; and you butted all your hair off."

If you presented anybody with a dollar locket on New Year's and hinted that it cost about fifteen dollars, there is no need of any quickened conscience about it. It was taken to some jeweller's to be valued on the 2nd of January, very early in the morning.

It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of her's who had abused her, to an old maid who reproached her for marrying him, "To be sure he is not so good a husband as he might be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet, "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on plenty of lint. Or hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

Emulate the mule. It is always backward in deeds of violence.

In a boarding-house recently a young man on turning off his gas saw the words, "Confess thy sins" in phosphorescent characters on the wall. He was surprised but listening, thought he heard some young ladies outside the door waiting to observe the effect on him. So pretending to be frightened at the match scratch he fell on his knees and confessed out aloud that he had frequently kissed one of the young ladies in the dark—the one whom he had best reason to suspect of playing the trick. That young lady went play any more such tricks immediately. She thinks he is a mean, horrid thing.

A story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which they took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask, "What came next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting out, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

"ANY MAN WILL DO."—A maiden once of certain age, to catch a husband did engage; but, having passed the prime of life in striving to become a wife, without success, she thought it time to mend the follies of her prime. Departing from the usual course of paint, and such like, for resource, with all her might, this ancient maid beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed; unconscious that a grave old owl was perched above—the mousing fowl! "Oh, give—a husband give!" she cried, "while yet I may become a bride; soon will my day of grace be o'er, and then, like many maids before, I'll die without an early love, and none to meet me there above! "Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear; then answer this my humble prayer, and oh! a husband give to me!" just then the owl up in the tree, in deep base tones cried, "Who! whoo! whoo! who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who? Why, any man, good Lord, will do."

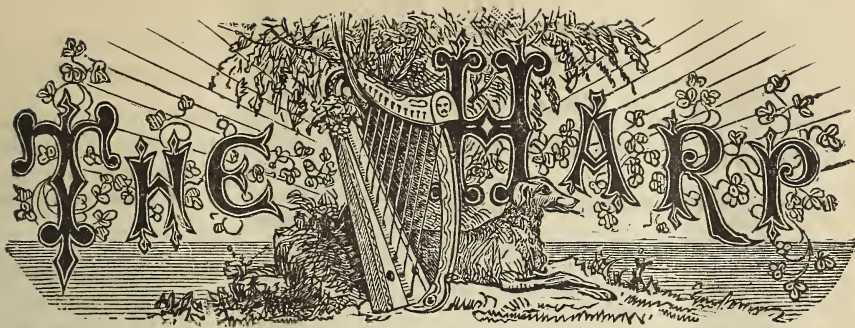
Date	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in February.
1	Sun	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. ST. BRIGID died at Kildare, in her 70th year, 525. Connor O'Duvany, Bishop of Down and Connor, beheaded and quartered in Dublin, by order of Sir Charles Chichester, 1611. Cremona saved by a portion of the Irish Brigade, 1702.
2	Mon	Purification of B. V. M. St. Colum. Special Commission for trial of Fenian prisoners closed, after conviction of 36 prisoners and acquittal of three, 1866.
3	Tues	Five uncles of Silken Thomas executed for High Treason in London, 1536.
4	Wed	Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association received Royal Assent, 1829.
5	Thurs	Dr. Drennan, poet of the United Irishmen, author of "The Wake of William Orr," &c., died, 1820.
6	Fri	St. MEL. Patron of Ardagh. The Act of Union carried by a purchased majority of 43 votes in the Commons, and 49 in the Lords, 1800.
7	Sat	Charles Gavan Duffy tried for High Treason, 1849.
8	Sun	A reward of £1,000 offered for the head of Sir Phelim O'Neill, 1642.
9	Mon	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. William Carleton the Irish Novelist, born, 1796.
10	Tues	James II. proclaimed in Dublin, 1685. Funeral service of Daniel O'Connell in Paris, 1848.
11	Wed	ASH WEDNESDAY. First meeting of the "United Irishmen," 1791. Tenant Right Meeting in Clare, at Ballybay, 1848.
12	Thurs	Tone arrived at Paris from America, 1796. Proclamation to put down Catholic Committee, 1811. State trials commenced, 1844. Fenian outbreak at Caher-civeen, County Kerry, 1867.
13	Fri	The Irish burnt Edenderry, 1690.
14	Sat	St. Valentine's Day. Captain Mooney and Captain Maguire executed in Dublin, for enlisting men for foreign service, 1732.
15	Sun	FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT. The Earl of Desmond beheaded at Drogheda, 1647. Volunteers at Dungannon resolved unanimously, "That the claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," 1782.
16	Mon	Dr. Betagh died, 1811. Quarantot's rescript in favor of the "Veto," 1814. John Sadleir, the traitor to, and destroyer of, the Irish Independent Parliamentary Party, poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath, London, 1856.
17	Tues	Habeas Corpus suspended for Ireland by a rush in Parliament. Arrests wholesale in anticipation thereof in Ireland sixteen hours before Bill passed, 1866.
18	Wed	New writ ordered for Tipperary, in the room of James Sadleir, expelled the House of Commons, 1857.
19	Thurs	Colonel Despard executed, 1803.
20	Fri	William of Orange proclaimed king within the walls of Derry, 1691. Execution of Conor Lord Maguire at Tyburn.
21	Sat	Commodore Thurot took Carrickfergus Castle, 1760.
22	Sun	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT. Barry, the painter, died, 1806.
23	Mon	Orders given by the Lords Justices to kill, wound, and destroy rebels and rebels' property, towns, houses, &c., 1641. Rinuccini left Ireland, 1648. French Revolution begun, 1848.
24	Tues	The Catholic Relief Bill passed in the Irish Parliament, 1792.
25	Wed	Mr. Grattan's motion in the House of Commons to take into consideration the laws affecting Catholics, 1813. Archbishop Murray of Dublin, died, 1852.
26	Thurs	Thomas Moore, the poet, died, 1852.
27	Fri	House of Commons destroyed by an accidental fire in the year 1792. Corn Laws abolished in England, 1849.
28	Sat	Sir Toby Butler, Sir S. Rice, and Counsellor Malone heard in the Irish House of Lords against the "Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery," 1703.
29	Sun	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Everything for God and nothing for myself.—*Blessed Margaret Mary.*

The image of God is reflected in a pure soul as the sun in water.—*Ven. Cure d'Ars.*

Virginal souls are the sisters of the angels.—*Ven. Clemeat Hofbauer.*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. v.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1880.

No. 5.

THE FAMINE IN THE LAND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Death reapeth in the fields of Life, and we cannot count the corpses :
Black and fast before our eyes march the biers and hearses ;
In loneways, and in highways, the stark skeletons are lying,
And daily unto Heaven their living kin are crying—
" Must the slave die for the tyrant—the sufferer for the sin—
And a wide inhuman desert be, where Ireland has been ?
Must the billows of oblivion over all our hills be rolled,
And our land be blotted out, like the accursed lands of old ?"
Oh ! hear it, friends of France ! hear it, our cousin Spain !
Hear it, our kindly kith and kin across the western main—
Hear it, ye sons of Italy—let Turk and Russian hear it—
Hear Ireland's sentence register'd, and see how ye can bear it !
Our speech must be unspoken, our rights must be forgot ;
Our land must be forsaken, submission is our lot—
We are beggars, we are cravens, and vengeful England feels
Us at her feet, and tramples us with both her iron heels.
These the brethren of Gonsalvo ! these the cousins of the Cid !
They are Spaniards and not Spaniards, born but to be *bid*—
They of the Celtic war-race who made the storied rally
Against the Teuton lances in the lists of Roncesvalles !
They, kindred to the mariner, whose soul's sublime devotion
Led his caravel like a star to a new world through the Ocean.

No ! no ! they were begotten by fathers in their chains,
Whose valiant blood refused to flow along the vassal veins.

Ho ! ho ! the devils are merry in the farthest vaults of night,
This England so out-Lucifers the prime arch-hypocrite ;

Friend of Peace, and friend of Freedom—yea, divine Religion's friend,
She is feeding on our hearts like a sateless nether fiend !

Ho ! ho ! for the vultures are black on the four winds ;

No purveyor like England that foul camp-follower finds ;

Do you not mark them flitting between you and the sun ?

They are come to reap the booty, for the battle has been won.

Lo ! what other shape is this, self-poised in upper air,

With wings like trailing comets, and face darker than despair ?

See ! see ! the bright sun sickens into saffron in its shade,

And the poles are shaken at their ends, infected and afraid—

'Tis the Spirit of the Plague, and round and round the shore

It circles on its course, shedding bane for evermore ;

And the slave falls for the tyrant, and the sufferer for the sin,

And a wild inhuman desert *is*, where Ireland has been.

'Twas a vision—'tis a fable—I did but tell my dream—

Yet twice, yea thrice, I saw it, and still it seem'd the same ;

Ah ! my soul is with this darkness nightly, daily overcast,

And I fear me, God permitting, it may fall out true at last ;

God permitting, man decreeing ! What, and shall man so will,

And our unseal'd lips be silent and our unbound hands be still?
Shall we look upon our fathers, and our daughters, and our wives,
Slain, ravish'd, in our sight, and be paltering for our lives?

Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—
Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto, Life and Land!
From the charnel shore of Cleena to the sea-bridge of the Giant,
Let the sleeping souls awake, the supine rise self-reliant;
And rouse thee up, oh! City, that sits furrow'd and in weeds,
Like the old Egyptian ruins amid the sad Nile's reeds.
Up, Mononia, land of heroes, and bounteous mother of song—
And Connaught, like thy rivers, come unto us swift and strong;
Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—
Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto Life and Land.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

THE "clubman" followed "Crichawn" to the door and saw the master and man drive away.

The direction taken was to Father Aylmer's, where, of course, Mr. Meldon often went. Along the road Mr. Meldon spoke to "Crichawn" upon the danger of the times and proved to him that he was not at all ignorant of the "clubman's" character.

"He's going to meet Mr. M——," said "Crichawn."

"Where?"

"Oh, troth, I don't know that; an' more betoken I hope Mr. M—— will keep a side o' the country between him an' that vagabone."

Just then Mr. Seymour, who was riding by, drew up. After the usual greetings he informed his friend that he had been summoned to Dublin, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. "The Abbeyfeale affair looks like being in earnest," he concluded.

"No robbery was committed?" Mr. Meldon asked.

"No—nothing but Government papers of some value to the State. That fact—that no robbery was committed—is most significant to the class and resolution of the men."

Mr. Meldon paused.

"Well, Mr. Seymour, I think the Government is simply trying to get an opportunity of seizing a few. The daring and honorable would be dangerous, indeed; but do *you* believe in the multitude of followers?"

"No; and, moreover, I have a good reason to believe in the number of spies. You go to the priest's?"

"Yes."

"Then, I will turn back with you."

They found the priests both of them at home, and full of information regarding the country, and full of sad thoughts at the miseries of the poor. As for poor Father Aylmer, he had given everything away; and the charity of the Meldons would soon be required for himself. Father Power had grown very thin; yet his health continued vigorous. The surroundings of the place seemed in Mr. Meldon's eyes to have all caught a look of gloom, as if they all shared the feelings and condition of the occupants.

"I don't know, my son," Father John said—"I don't know what is to become of the poor. Labor is not to be had and food is dear, and the strength of the nation is flying away. Oh, sir, 'tis killing! killing! to see the food going out in ships, from the quays of Waterford, and to know that the men who wrought the earth, who sowed the seed and cut down the harvest, are weak with the hunger or dying of the red fever that springs from the famine."

"I saw a little girl, to-day," said Father Power, "eating salt."

"Salt!" cried both together.

"Yes; salt, to enable her to drink water that she might have something to fill her stomach."

The gentlemen took out their purses and made up their minds that a few families should be relieved at any rate.

"Crichawn" came in and handed Father Ned a note. Father Ned read the note and handed it to Father Aylmer, who demanded of "Crichawn" who brought it.

"He's wan of the Felon Club, your reverence, an' a great patriot."

The note ran:—

"Dear Father—I am quite aware that you know where my unhappy nephew is just now, and that you can tell me. I have important tidings to communicate to him, and the bearer will be a trusty messenger. Give the word to my messenger if you cannot write."

The "patriot" was called in.

"Who told Mrs. Considine that I knew where Mr. M———was to be found?" asked Father Ned.

"I do not know, sir; but she is very anxious to send a message to him, and she thought that you could help her in the matter."

"Oh! say to her I am surprised at her credulity. Good-day, sir."

The visitors stayed a considerable time, and had such lunch as the poor priests could afford. To this little meal two strangers were admitted. One of the two apparently was a young priest. The other, to Mr. Meldon's consternation, was poor M——.

"The Reverend Edmund Burke," Father Ned began. "Mr. Meldon, our neighbor, Father Burke. He's a young fellow going to the North American mission," he added.

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; and leaving a widowed mother and lonely sister behind him."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour both looked 'bewildered. The fact was that the young man wore a very secular ring, and his face all around looked like a countenance that, a few days before, had worn a very bushy beard!

"I have apparently surprised you," said M——.

"Let us waive all mystery," answered Mr. Meldon. "I saw you some time since on the hurling field; and your prowess and appearance induced me to inquire all about you."

"'Crichawn,' I am aware, knows all about me."

"Yes. We are going, gentlemen," Mr. Meldon added. "We are thinking of a few days' relaxation at Dalkey or Kingstown, and I came to say 'Good-bye.' My friend here is half the attraction; and my daughter also wants to go. The ladies will come to-morrow."

The clergymen accompanied the visi-

tors outside the door, and saw the "Felon Clubman" only just walking away.

"Look sharp, Father Aylmer," said Mr. Meldon. "I fear that dog has been listening, and your guest is in danger."

"Say your *guests*," added Mr. Seymour."

Father Ned Power smiled.

"There's the man of travel," said Father Ned.

"No great merit," replied Mr. Seymour. "His stock is on crooked; he wears a diamond ring; and he has the wrong 'quarter' of the Breviary,—the Spring 'quarter' at the end of Summer! Dress him better, Father Ned."

Father Ned beckoned down the ears of both gentlemen—

"That's Harnett," that single-handed stopped the mail," said he.

Father Ned begged five minutes, at the end of which time he came forward and gave a note to "Crichawn." They soon overtook the "Felon Clubman." "Crichawn" called out to him, and he approached.

"Father Ned," whispered "Crichawn," knows all about what *you* want; but he would not trust any strange hand with the knowledge; so the master promised to send me to Mrs. Considine with the letter; an' I'll go right away as soon as I leave the gentlemen at the house."

And "Crichawn" was as good as his word.

Within a mile or so of Mr. Meldon's, they encountered a trio on the highway which would have amused them, had there been less danger and more tolerance. Two of the men were dragging the third by main force towards a field, where a great lough of dingy water spread itself out not very attractively. As soon as the drag came in sight, the man in the middle cried out most agonizingly, "Help! help!" The two assailants payed no heed to the man or the strangers, but kept dragging him along. When Mr. Meldon and party came near them, it was perceived that the unfortunate victim had a heavy book tied between his shoulders by a strap around his neck, and was obliged to employ his hands in holding it up to avoid strangulation.

The two gentlemen got down, and eagerly prayed the assailants to desist

and give up this dangerous breach of the peace; but both declared that the "Souper" should get his "duck."

"What on earth," cried Mr. Seymour, "do you mean by such violence, and in the open light of day?"

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried the unhappy "Souper!"

Looking at the young men they saw that they were thin and pale; and the dark lines around their eyes made a shocking contrast with their pallor. They had the appearance of hunger.

For awhile they were too much excited to give any explanation, and the "Souper" could say nothing but "Save me! save me!" The elder of the men at length spoke, and said in a tone of suppressed passion that this man was a "Souper" and "as if the d——l told him when our food was runnin' out, he came one day to offer us tickets for soup and bread, and money for clothes for our little sister if she would go to his school."

"Well," Mr. Seymour asked, "what crime is there in that?"

"Crime," cried the young man, "crime! Is there a blacker crime than to ax us to sell Christ an' His Holy Mother for our stomachs, as the vagabone did himself?"

"Their own good! their own good!" cried the "Souper."

"Hould your tongue, you dirty d——l," cried the younger of his captors. "No one belongin' to you was ever honest? Your grandfather sould the whole counthry in '98."

And they gave him another shake.

"Look, sir," said the elder, turning to Mr. Meldon. "He came first and found us poor, an' he made us offers of money and Bibles. The ould man, our father, was sick and hungry the same time, and he came in with his bribe to us."

"The word of God!" cried the "Souper;" but the younger man literally stopped his mouth.

"See, sir," continued the man who spoke first, "Our old father died, and more betoken Father Ned gave him a decent berrin'—God bless Father Ned! and Father Aylmer!" he cried emphatically.

"The clergy knew you were so badly off?" Mr. Meldon asked.

"Oh, don't talk of the clergy! They gev the people all they had, an' they left their own table poor enough, an' sometimes empty, to divide their share with the poor. Oh! God bless the clergy!"

"How they love one another!" murmured Mr. Seymour.

"As I was saying, sir, this 'carnation of Ould Nick came the day after the funeral an' we tould him to be off; and then in three days after he heard little Mary was sick and he came again. Well, we let him pass until to-day, an' our little sisther was far gone, on'y we had a few pence of Father Aylmer's money to pass the day. The little colleen was so frightened when she saw the "Souper," an' hard him say something about Holy Mary, something bad, that she fell down on the flure like one goin' to die. 'Tis the mercy of God we did'nt kill the vagabone on the spot, but we made up our mind to duck the villain well an' to choke him with his false Scripture."

Mr. Meldon intimated that the "Souper" was certainly wrong in the time he chose, but they were too violent in the manner of vindicating themselves.

"See, sir," the young man said, "the valleys round Slieve-na-Mon are the churchyards of martyrs. Our fathers' blood was pow'r'd out like wather for the blessed faith; an' many a wan like my own father was working on the ground he might own, because he would't bring a blush to the faces of the dead. Our good father died sooner than listen to the devils' imps; an' maybe little Mary is dead now; an' knowin' all, an' thinkin' all this, wasn't we come to a purty pass when the gran'son of the spy would come to our cabin to offer us soup an' lies for the Church of St. Patrick! Oh by——"

The poor fellow had worked himself up to such a pitch of passion that no one can say what would have come of the sudden gush of memories and experiences, if the two gentlemen had not interposed, and begged them to leave the "Souper" on a promise that he would never again come to their dwelling. "Crichawn" ventured with great respect to add that the "Souper" ought to promise never to be seen in that part of the country.

Mr. Leyton Seymour kept musing while "Crichawn" was making his speech. He then addressed the 'Souper.'

"Do you really think that you can purchase sincere conversions?"

"No, indeed; but anything is better than the Roman apostacy," the "Souper" answered.

"Now, my good man, if you be offensive, you will not deserve protection,"

Mr. Seymour said. "The expression is rude and false," he said emphatically.

"Oh, of course, you——"

"I, sir, am not a Roman Catholic; but I have had an education which you seem much to need. This purchasing of conversion is an abomination! It is transforming a number of people into liars against God and against man; and preparing for a state of things that will make life, property, and order unsafe. Kill the conscience, and what remains but mere force, and, in such a condition, society goes to pieces."

"Father Ned! Father Ned!" cried both the young men together; and sure enough there was Father Ned coming up.

Father Ned saw the situation at a glance and laughed, only 'twas as people laugh in famine and fever times. May the reader never live in such times we pray.

"You have fallen on the poor family to whom I am bringing your money, gentlemen."

"What! is little Mary the girl who was eating the salt?"

"Rock salt," replied the priest.

The "Souper" took his book-oath to leave that side of the country and to go Christianising where the consciences would not be so robust; and the priest addressing the young men said: "Good news for the old woman."

"Thank God, Father Ned!"

"I have four golden sovereigns those gentlemen gave me for her. She can now buy a little shop, and release her clothes and send Mary to the school."

"Oh, Mary," cried the younger boy. "Poor Mary!"

"What of her!" asked the priest.

"We left her for dead on the floor!"

"For dead!"

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon said, "perhaps it was a mere faint from fright and weakness."

"Let us all come up," Mr. Seymour proposed.

The proposal was accepted, and they made for the cabin where dwelt the Tobins—once the owners of the property. The two gentlemen had a new experience. It was that of a misery known only in poor Ireland, where wretchedness springs as directly from misgovernment and bad laws as riches and abundance, but the latter two are all on one side. The cabin was low; the thatch was here and there broken so as to show the coarse wattles forming the roof; the floor was blackish clay and a collection of ups and downs by holes. There were two apartments. The kitchen contained a dresser and three or four broken plates, a pot, an infirm can, and a straw bed in a corner covered with an old blue counterpane. There was no fire, only what the poor call "greesach," ashes yet read. The old lady was sitting on a "boss" knitting, and the joy of all was great when they found little Mary, weak enough to be sure, but in no danger. Little Mary, was thirteen, and had blue eyes and fair hair, which, when loose, fell to her feet.

When Father Ned announced her good fortune, the poor woman at once fell upon her knees and prayed as only those who know the Irish language could comprehend. Father Ned again introduced the project of the shop and she listened. She begged of him to let her speak Irish to him; she could speak English she said, but she never felt satisfied with English. Father Ned said he could tell the gentlemen, her benefactors, what she wished to convey. However, after some few sentences, he interrupted her; the woman rejoined; and Father Ned argued; but at length he raised his hands half in wonder and half deprecation.

"She says, gentlemen, that God sent her the money to share it!"

"Go dirach," answered Mrs. Tobin, when Father Ned had gone so far. That was a direct confirmation.

"I reminded her that the coming time would require all she had, and more; and then about the rent. She answered me that she was worse off yesterday and the day before, and as

God did this, He could help her by and by."

"*Shin e mar tha she*," confirmed Mrs. Tobin.

"I told her," continued Father Ned, "that God loves the virtue of prudence so much that He would not accept charity without it; but Mrs. Tobin declared the neighbors gave their share to her, and that she believed nothing was more prudent than to be grateful and to trust in God!"

Mr. Meldon walked right up to Mrs. Tobin and took both her hands in his.

"I agree with you!" he cried; "you are a noble woman, and God has heard your words to-day."

In four or five days one of the young men was at Mr. Meldon's, having taken charge of the garden; and little Mary sat in the drawing room with Clara, who was teaching her a lesson.

The aunt of poor M——looked a little puzzled with Father Ned's note; but a wink from "Crichawn" was enough. The "Felon Clubman" heard the note read; and ran off to his high priests. The unfortunate police had a most out-of-the-way journey, and were laughed at. Father Ned, decidedly, was not "loyal" that time.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RETROSPECT.—FATHER JOHN HAYES'S VOYAGE TO NEW YORK AND THE PERSONS HE ENCOUNTERED.

WHEN Father John Hayes knelt down, to get Father Aylmer's blessing, before proceeding on the foreign mission, where he labored at the time of Mr. Leyton Seymour's arrival in Ireland, that mission commenced in the ship "Eutau," where he had a congregation of one hundred and fifty emigrants to enjoy his ministrations. Of course, Father Hayes had a "cabin passage," and although the vessel was a sailing vessel, the cabin was a goodly *salon*, while the staterooms were as good as any traveller could fairly desire. The young missionary was a general favorite. The captain swore by him, and the mate was devoted to him—and even the sailors had always a kind word for "the Irish priest." But the poor passengers worshipped him. He saw them every day. He talked to the old

men and the old women about "home," and he regulated the relations and various little claims of the community, and saved a world of conflict about "the fire" and "the water" and this family's "hour" and that family's "hour;" because Father Hayes was reverently obeyed by every one. He had, however, one great foe on board; and we regret to record that the enemy was a lady. This lady was a "philosophical" Christian who had a lively feeling for every form of worship—except "Popery." That Mrs. Moone hated! The difficulties it placed in the supernatural path were "shocking;" it was "soul-killing;" and life with "the confessional" before it was a "never, never-ending torture." She was "tranquil." She knew that the "moment of death" was "the moment of glory." And Mrs. Moone took an opportunity almost every day of repeating her theological views for the priest's benefit, and the benefit of other standers-by.

It happened that no less a person than Mrs. Moone's step-daughter was edified by the consoling "confidence" of Mrs. Moone, and this lady was known to have more than once had a quarter of an-hour's talk with Father Hayes. Whether this fact led to a practical development of Mrs. Moone's "confidence" we dare not say; but the development did take place.

We do not know whether our readers have ever been overtaken by a storm at sea; and, of course, we cannot say whether the hurricane blew against their direct course partly or entirely. We know, however, that the "Eutau" was overtaken by a storm, and that the thundering wind came from right ahead. Great mercy! such a hauling down of sail!—such a rushing and roaring on deck!—such—alas! we should say it—such cursing and swearing! such tramping and rolling and tumbling of all things—crockery, glass, and water-vessels!

The Reverend John Hayes was dreadfully tranquil. He was tied to something aft, behind the wheel and under the hurricane deck. Whether he got tied there, in wickedness and malice *prepense* because Mrs. Moone had her cabin on that same plane, we cannot say.

A supreme moment had arrived. The

ship's course had been changed right about. On she went, oh, so gallantly, and she flew! It was beautiful to see, not exactly to feel it! But, alas! something became wrong with the wheel! The "Eutau" became restive! Hit by the seas, forced by the wind, she seemed reeling-drunk and devoted. Such cursing! such accusation! such maledictions!—only in such contingencies are such things possible. And just then, Mrs. Moone, clinging to a kind of half-door of her cabin, kept crying and shrieking and invoking help piteously.

"Captain! captain! Oh, mate! Can't you save me? Can't you save me? I'll give you—I'll!"

It was then the cruel, insensible, yet Reverend Mr. Hayes made his voice heard above the winds and waves; and said aloud, in his chained position:—

"Mrs. Moone! I congratulate thee that the hour of death has come. It is to thee the 'hour of glory'—and you are so near it."

"Oh, you brute!" cried Mrs. Moone. "You have no feeling for a poor woman, in my state! and I'm so broken down, and—ah, well, I beg your pardon, reverend sir; I beg your pardon! I am sure you would not deny even to me your help. You would not! You are the priest of the Most High."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Moone! I shall cut this rope, and rush across to you the moment you make a sign."

"God bless you, sir," was the reply.

The storm subsided and Mrs. Moone did not call for the services of Rev. John Hayes. From the moment the wheel was got into order the working of the ship became easy, and the reaction of feeling made every heart beat joyously. In an hour or so Mrs. Moone became as sure of "glory" as ever, and became, if possible, a more "philosophical" Christian?

A gentleman who had kept in his stateroom a good deal, and had therefore escaped the knowledge of many of the passengers, approached Father Hayes.

"I come, reverend sir, to introduce myself."

The priest bowed.

"I am an officer in her Majesty's—Regiment, stationed at——and I have admired your temper and bearing in some of your communications with the

bellicose lady, so that I have made bold to seek your acquaintanceship."

"I am honored, sir; much honored."

"Well, our family," replied the officer, "have some Roman Catholic blood in them, and I have never known one of them a bigot. It is refreshing to find one like you able to suffer so much for what you esteem the truth, and to state your views so inoffensively."

"But pardon me, sir; I think you said your regiment is stationed at——?"

"I have said so."

"And you go all the way round by New York?"

"Well, yes; I am a traveller; in fact, I travelled over half the world to born!"

The priest looked a little mystified.

"Well, reverend sir, my parents are both English; and their condition in life took them to Van Dieman's Land, where I was born. My father devoted me to the military profession, and I took advantage of it to see France, England and Scotland."

"And not Ireland?"

"Well, sir, the leave expired, and"—

"Oh, sir, pray do not trouble yourself to explain. It is the common misfortune of your countrymen to be indifferent to things merely Irish, unless they be negotiable," the priest said laughingly.

"Many a true word said in jest; and reverend sir, what you have remarked I am not going to question. We shall grow better and wiser in time. You are Rev. Mr. Hayes?"

"Yes, sir,—a Tipperary priest."

"I am Leyton Seymour, and most happy to meet one with whom I have many sympathies, I am sure, in common."

"You said your regiment is stationed at——."

"Yes, sir."

"And that is my destination."

Mr. Seymour gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"I am very glad indeed," he said; "the officers of the regiment will be delighted to know you; and I am confident that many social as well as moral and religious advantages will follow from your coming among us."

"I am led to think that the population are very free from prejudice?"

"On the surface of the globe there is not a people whom social charity

governs so perfectly. I like my own western birthplace—'tis beautiful and tolerant and united; but, for the city where the virtue of making every one around you happy seems indigenous, give me——.

"You paint for me a pleasant future. If my own people share the grand charity which you, Mr. Seymour, depict, the city of——must be a paradise."

"Well, you shall see. I may say I shall be able to make you known to all 'ours;' and I know many of yours,—particularly one. I will not anticipate, but I am sure a friend awaits you, the most perfect among gentlemen, the most ripe among scholars, and adored by friendship; whilst all that refinement can gather and the finest heart of hospitality is always to be met in his beautiful home."

The clergyman was waiting for a name; but Mr. Leyton Seymour was silent. However, enough had been said to fill the mind of Father Hayes with visions of enjoyment mingled with visions of professional labor, which combined contribute to any happiness a young priest can expect in a far-off land.

We are not chronicling a voyage; but only enough to shed light upon our progress. Yet were there many pleasant things to be recorded during that two-and-thirty days to New York. The dreams of young men whose mind's balm was the "poor father and mother at home" whom they were going to "rise;" and the young maiden who went over with a guardian friend to work and to bring the orphan brothers and sisters over the sea and to take them "out of misery and rags;" and how many a daring hope of paying long "arrears," and even purchasing "the bit of land," filled the souls of those whose faith was boundless! ah! none know unless those who get an entrance into the hearts of the poor emigrants. And we must add that Father Hayes was just the man to secure the privilege.

During the voyage, as may be anticipated, Mr. Seymour was very much in the company of Father Hayes, and indeed they never separated until they arrived at their journey's end. The priests of New York were kind and hospitable; and the young officer was

quite as great a favorite as the young Irish priest. Mr. Seymour seemed to have become half Catholic, for he regularly attended the churches where Father Hayes officiated, and was more than glad when he heard him twice preach God's word. However, it was in Boston that Mr. Seymour and the supernatural came awfully face to face, and we will finish this chapter by relating how that came to pass.

At that time a great man, a great Bishop and scholar was the "Angel of the Church" of Massachusetts. What a benign, genial, loving soul was his!—the late Most Rev. Dr. Fenwick! The Bishop's hospitality was unbounded, and he brought a couple of dozen to his board to welcome the young Irish clergyman. It was on a Sunday. The Rev. John Hayes had preached in the Cathedral, and the Irish had a banquet, for Father Hayes

"fed

On the best glories of the dead," and constantly shared his enjoyment with his fellow-countrymer. The Bishop at the dinner table, gave the following experience:

"When a missionary priest in New York, I was called to attend a girl in one of the old streets. Her people had somewhat prepared me for a scene of great trial; but the reality exceeded my fears. The girl was not in bed; but she was tied with ropes to the bed's foot. She looked diabolical—the very shadow of Raphael's *Energumenos*! She swore most awful oaths; blasphemed Christ and the Saints, and cried that she should kill her father and mother. I said to the parents in a very low tone 'The child is insane.'"

"'Am I,' she at once cried out. 'Do you think I care for *you*! I'll kill you, too. I hate priests? I hate churches! I hate——'"

"Shocked beyond description at the blasphemies and the awful sagacity and preternatural power of the child's senses, I said to the parents I feared she was possessed. I added. 'Send her to the presbytery early in the morning—send her quietly and early.'

"I waited the child at half-past seven in the morning, and I had with me Father——. There was shrieking at the door and a struggle; but the

door opened at a knock, and the child fell into the hall. In a short time she was brought into the library. I said to Father—, 'I will give her a nice book,' and I took a volume off a shelf and presented it.

"Her eyes glared. She foamed; 'Take it away! away!' she shrieked; 'there's a cross in the beginning of that! I hate the cross!'

"I laid the book by, and I said, 'Come take this nice box for your father; see 'tis tortoise-shell.'

"She never looked or examined, but cried out there was a cross on that too—and again she swore!

" 'Well, sit down on the sofa, child,' I said: 'sit down till I see if I can please you.'

" 'No!' she shrieked, like a fiend; 'I see what you have done. You have placed a cross under the sofa cover. I hate the cross!' and she blasphemed.

"I addressed the clergymen in Latin, saying I was convinced she was possessed.

"She laughed a hellish laugh, and shrieked, 'So you think I am possessed—possessed—ha! ha! ha!'

" 'Come,' I said to the clergymen, 'you *hold*, and I will exorcise; or I will hold and you exorcise.'

"He preferred to hold her; mine became the awful duty. There is no use in giving you more details of that awful scene. My surplice, before the end of the exorcism, she had torn to pieces, and I was saved from great personal violence only by the strong arms that partly kept her back. Strong arms they were, and a powerful man was my associate; yet he trembled—trembled like a leaf in October, and poor fellow! he prayed so hard."

"Well, Bishop?" some impatient clergyman said.

"Well, sir," Dr. Fenwick answered "at the end of the ceremony, we had before us a gentle, shrinking, weeping girl of twelve or thirteen years old. She was transformed—redeemed. We ask her if she remembered everything.

" 'Everything? Oh, yes, sir. I remember the cursing and swearing and trying to kill my mother! But *something* inside drove me—drove me! Oh! sir, can't I see my mother?'

"She did see her, and all were happy

—none more so than myself and my clerical friend."

And so ends chapter thirteenth, only adding that, for a *matter of fact*, which makes its own argument, the testimony of the Bishop is more to us than the lucubrations of "scientists;" and we must always remember that *one single fact* in the history of faith makes fools of all the race of psuedo philosophers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR'S ASSOCIATES, AND
THE WONDERFUL CASE OF DENNAN
THE ARTILLERY-MAN.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR was no more than just when he described the amenities culture, and singular political progress of the city to which Father Hayes was journeying. Father Hayes found the social excellences in advance of anything he had encountered, and the active intellectual power of the place was marvellous. There were two universities, numerous intermediate and primary schools, and four or five literary institutions for popular reading, lecturing, and historical discussion. The clergymen found that his lot so far was "prosperously cast," and he saw a grand combination of mental resources and enjoyments.

We may not pass over the fact that nearly all of the friends of the priest were non-Catholic, but we question whether the fact ever crossed the minds of priest or companions in the pleasant days in many years that made for the clergyman a beautiful sunrise. It occasioned the remark that poor Ireland seemed the only country where the small assumption of superiority defied civilization and the repulsion of indignant manhood was destined never to die.

Father Hayes soon became the banker of countless servant-maids, and the centre of mental activity in a certain class. In fact, he had a hand in everything; and we cannot conscientiously recommend such a generalisation of a man's faculties.

"Father Hayes, I've saved ten pounds," said Mary Quinlan.

"Ten pounds! Mary,—that is a large sum."

"Father," said Mary, were you in Callan?"

"Callan? To be sure many a time."

"There's a farmer of the Kenneys there."

"No doubt."

"Well, I want you to send the ten pounds to ould Paddy Kenney."

"Is he your father, Mary?"

"Throth, no sir—or my uncle, or my cousin."

"Well?" the priest inquired, looking puzzled.

"Well, sir, Paddy Kenney was a farmer five or six years ago; an' mother an' I lived near him. Father was dead, an' we had very little; an' the things went hard with Paddy Kenney. He brought the loaf o' bread, an' the grain o' tea to the house, and the bottle o' milk in his pocket, when mother was sick an' I could do very little by spinning a bit o' wool for a weaver."

"And you are going to pay him now?"

"Oh, no!—nothing could pay Kenney. But I sent the first five pounds I earned to my poor mother. She has the cabin an' haggart still, an' the neighbors work it for her. Now, sir, this is all I earned you see;" and she let fall the fold of her cloak to show how poor her attire was. "I spared every penny; because I heard that Paddy Kenney was gone down; an' I want to send it to Paddy—poor Paddy!" the kind girl said.

"Very well," said Father John; and he coughed like some one who wanted to clear his throat.

"An' see, Father!"

"Well?"

"Don't hurt poor Paddy's feelings, you know," said the servant-maid. "Tell him that the Widow Quinlan's daughter had that much to spare, an' sent it to him to lend it to him. Mind Father, to lend to him, and then he won't feel so low!"

God bless Mary Quinlan! She had a heart of gratitude; and she believed in God.

These poor servants and workmen perform a wonderful mission for truth. People cannot help inquiring for the principle which gives strength to fidelity, and life devotion, and all-abounding faith. Father John used to tell of a Yorkshireman, who sent for him, one night very late, and whom the

priest found very ill, and in a great passion at the same time.

"What—what is the matter pray! say!"

"Say! I'll tell thee, sir," the Yorkshireman cried. "Here's my good woman, and yon," pointing to a burly man, "and yon see, they be sore about sendin' for the priest!"

"Oh, I see."

"Well I said to 'em that there wasn't no kind of use in all the talk—as I'm—but I *shall die an Irishman!*"

Well, he did die an "Irishman!" The Yorkshire man could not separate the ideas of Catholic and Irish; and such, as we said, are the workings of the workmen's faith in America and in India, too.

An orderly named Denny, an Englishman, came from time to time with Captain Seymour's horse, or with papers, or letters; and thus became known to the domestics. Mr. Seymour liked him. He had great honor and much common sense, and he believed he said the man was faithful.

Father John was one evening reading his Breviary in the garden just half-an-hour before tea, when Denny smartly came up to him, and made his salute. Father Hayes returned the salute by a bow.

"I want to become a Catholic, sir."

"You?"

"Yes. I've told Mr. Seymour."

"And——?"

"He says, 'Do as you like;' and I mean to."

"You must see me at my house."

"Certainly, sir."

Here was a new experience that made Mr. Leyton Seymour somewhat more interesting, and, of course, sent Father Hayes' mind a-dreaming.

Some two or three weeks after, Father Hayes was in the midst of a lot of Indians. The good father was a great favorite among the Indians, and one day a round dozen of them came into the city, and found themselves in due time at Father Hayes's house. A good long ring, a good loud knock, delights an Indian; and, as may be supposed, "they had their claim allowed," when they demanded admission. There was as many as eight Indian girls, four men, and they came solemnly trooping into

Father Hayes's sitting-room. There were a dozen chairs, and, as Indians make up their minds that chairs are made to be sat upon, each one of the dozen sat down upon the chair which he or she found most convenient.

Father Hayes looked around smilingly, and addressed one named Joseph.

"Well, Joseph?"

But Joseph had just got to the bottom of a tobacco pipe which he was scouring clean for a new smoke; and one of the girls came to Joseph's aid.

"Oh, den, Fader," she said, "we sing for you at cam."

"Yes; thank you, Marie; I am much thankful."

"Ah, yes. Well," Marie rejoined in the impassable tone and manner of the Indians, "we came to hear Fader sing to-day."

Father Hayes was fairly caught. In fact, his piano was open, and the music was upon the stand. We do not mean to say that the Indians knew the arcana of the notes and keys. In fact, they did not. But Father Hayes was mutely appealed to by the instrument and the music, and felt that he ought not to say "No." We would like to give the song; but we fear a 30 years' memory will scarcely serve us well. Perhaps we may call to mind a stanza or two, which will mark Father Hayes's ideas of contrasts.

"I love the calm stillness that hangs round the lake,

When the zephyrs of evening lie sleeping,
And echo unmoved hath retired till they wake,

By the side of some sunny stream weeping!
But, oh! for the rush of the bellowing sea,
When storms dance over the ocean,
And thunders peal loud in their terrible glee,

And giant waves leap in commotion!

"For, oh! there's a spell in the Storm-Spirits' howl,

When the mountain-wave fearfully dashes
Its spray to the clouds, as if—mocking their scowl—

'Twould defy e'en their angriest flashes!
That spell binds my soul: I feel gladdened and free,

And tho' sweet by the sunshine and bowers,
Oh, give me the Storm-King's shriek o'er the sea!

And I'll leave you fields, fountains, and flowers."

The Indians knew quite enough of English to follow the song; and the

song fell in with the tastes of the children of the forest. None of them had ever heard a musical instrument of the kind before; and it was very interesting to see the females stealing over and touching with their fingers the keys, which obediently gave back their notes, while the innocent creatures became exstastic at the fact that the piano had answered to their call.

What a time for Dennan to have come! Yet that was exactly the time he did come; and however much the priest might have desired to retain the good Indians longer, he had many reasons to desire the progress of the case of Dennan of the artillery.

Dennan was well instructed; and the priest had little to complain of him, unless the undue importance he attached to being relieved from carrying a Bible and Book of Common Prayer in his valise (then carried by regulation order). Lord Clyde, at the instance of the clergyman, got this grievance removed, though his lordship (then Sir Colin Campbell) swore a fair share on the subject. Dennan was received into the Church, and he learned new lessons with docility, and promised immense improvement "in the good time coming." One day, however, he came to the priest, and announced that he had fought two of his comrades, and was just preparing to fight a third: but he thought he would first come to confession!

"To confession, and determined to strike your comrade! What do you mean?"

"Ah, Father Hayes, you do not know—you do not know; but, you see, I *must fight*."

Father Hayes looked aghast.

"Look here, sir! When I kneel down to pray, I must kneel in the barrack-room to say my prayers. Well, I *gets* struck with an old boot, or a rolled up stocking, or piece of old dish-clout! What am I to do? Well, I've beaten two, and I shall beat the third, and when I've beaten all the fellows around, I shall have peace. Can't I go to confession?"

"My good friend, you have your superiors; you have your colonel; you have Captain Seymour."

Dennan laughed outright.

"Complain! complain!" he said, why, "officers and men and all around, boot me, morning, noon and night, in the barrack-room and barrack-yard! Complain!"

"Well, Dennan——"

"And, Mr. Seymour, you spoke of him?"

"Well, yes!"

"He bade me be sure never give in, but fight away."

Father Hayes lost his last plank with Dennan, but he kept his *principle*.

Poor Dennan came in a fortnight, his arm in a sling. He looked woe-begone, yet hopeful, and he was evidently in pain. He came into Father Hayes's room.

"Hah! you have met an accident, Dennan?"

"Well some'at, sir—some'at."

"What is the matter?"

"Well, sir, you see. I hain't been so patient as I should, and I did not wait to finish my prayers. A fellow did strike me with a dead cat,—him. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! But instead of waiting to finish my prayers, as I always did, the cat vexed me, you see; I got off my knees and ran after the vagabond. He drew the door of the barrack-room after him, and the blow I made at the fellow brought my wrist down upon the key!—and my wrist is dislocated."

"Poor fellow! I pity you, indeed!"

"Well, then, I said to myself, as it would be a couple of months before I could fight any other fellow, that I would go to confession, and I came."

Father Hayes now laughed loudly.

"You are determined to fight, 'break people's jaws,' and so forth, and in that frame of mind you come to confession. Ah, Dennan, you want much of the moral spirit of the Christian law. Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; pray for those who calumniate and persecute you."

"And be buried under old boots, stockings, and porringers in a barrack-room! Oh, Father Hayes!"

Father Hayes said that Dennan's blood was too hot; and he begged of the soldier to come on another day. He felt, he said, that, with so honest a mind as Dennan's, he would soon come to better dispositions.

In a month after, came Dennan. He was nearly well—indeed, quite well—

and he looked unpreoccupied and hopeful. Now, Father Hayes thought, "All is right."

"Well, Dennan, glad to see you restored."

"Thank, you, sir; I came for your reverence's blessing."

"Blessing! What! Going to get married?—going on furlough?"

Dennan looked around his left shoulder and bent his ear down to the lock of the door. He then came on tip-toe across the apartment and whispered low into the priest's ear.

"I am going to desert."

"Desert! desert! Did you say de——"

"I go to-night, sir, and I came for your blessing."

"My blessing! Stay. You do not mean to say that you are going to become a perjurer—a rock of scandal!"

"Perjurer? Oh, no, Father Hayes—not a perjurer."

"Did you not swear fidelity to your standard and loyalty to your sovereign?"

"But, Father Hayes, I did not swear to live under showers of old shoes and stockings and turnip peels, and day and night to be elbowed and jeered and scoffed at and tried in every dog-like way. I never swore that as a life—never!"

"You bound yourself to risk and even lay down your life."

"Agreed, sir, in battle; but not under old boots and shoes and muddy gaiters."

"I tell you, Dennan, these are merely accidental transitory, and, even if they were permanent, they would not justify you in breaking your oath and causing the enemies of the Church to blaspheme. 'There is what the convert!' all will cry aloud. 'There is what comes of joining the Roman Catholic Church!'"

Dennan paused.

"Will you let me fight my way? I shall beat two score of them."

"Oh! Dennan, you know already the mandate of religion on that subject."

"I am not to fight?"

"No."

"Then I go."

"If you go——," but Dennan had disappeared ere the sentence could be completed.

But Father Hayes had not finally parted with his convert yet. Dennan was brought back from a ship just about to set sail; and at midnight on the day of his desertion was lodged in prison, firmly handcuffed. Father Hayes had the first information from Dennan himself. Early next day he found on his table a note:—

"Dear Sir,—Going on board the 'Neptune,' last evening, to see a cousin of mine who was about to sail for the United States of America, I have been arrested as a deserter, and I am now in the military prison. 'Tis shameful, after fifteen years' service without a single blot. Do send Mr. O'Connor to defend me.—Yours obediently,"

"J. DENNAN"

Father Hayes could not help laughing heartily at the line of defence the prisoner had adopted.

Some people are very fortunate, and Dennan, in this case, was particularly so. Father Hayes's laugh had hardly subsided, when O'Connor was announced.

The lawyer read the note—understood all—made for the military prison, and came back in an hour.

"Father Hayes," said he, "you must come to the trial."

"The trial! When?"

"To-morrow, at noon."

"Well, really, Mr. O'Connor, I——"

"I understand Father Hayes. Have no fear. Dennan will be proved as innocent of deserting as you are."

"Innocent!"

"On my honor, I never studied a more triumphant refutation of a vile calumny. I assure you 'tis a fact. You must come. You know I would not compromise you or your cloth."

It was agreed that the priest should listen to Dennan's trial; and perhaps O'Connor believed that Father Hayes's presence would confer a certain prestige on the prisoner when he urged the clergyman so strongly to come.

The court met in due time. The colonel presided. The officers of the garrison took their places. Around the court crowded soldiers out of uniform and some few citizens.

Dennan is at the bar. He is quiet,

calm, radiant as a saint, and modest withal.

The case seemed clear as day. He was abroad after hours. He had been caught on board of ship. The ship was about to weigh anchor for the States. Dennan had lately been quarrelling with many of the men; and, in general, his condition in the regiment was uneasy and disagreeable. Much of his inconveniences were caused by his readiness to take offence, when, from time to time, he was assailed about having conformed to the "Roman Church."

"Roman Catholic," steadily observed O'Connor.

"Pardon me, I meant nothing offensive," said the Prosecutor.

"This is my case," the Prosecutor concludes.

O'Connor rose; and one could easily see the light of a coming triumph in the pleader's eye. He regretted "for the sake of the service, that a charge should be trumped up against an honest man. Such charges made what they pretended to prevent. Dennan was a victim to prejudice. He was stamped a deserter—because he had become a Roman Catholic."

The Prosecutor begged to interrupt counsel for a moment. "Had the counsel witnesses, or was he indulging in declamations?"

"When the prosecutor leaves his own profession to come into mine, he cannot be blamed for the ignorance betrayed in asking a counsel of twenty years standing a question like that," O'Connor replied. Then, turning to the president, he said:

"Mr. President, we *have* witnesses."

It was really a moment of supreme interest—a moment of life and death! How could Dennan prove his case?

The piquet who arrested Dennan was called.

"Well, Sergeant," O'Connor commenced, "you arrested the prisoner on board the 'Neptune?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, had he any luggage of any kind?"

"How could I know, sir?"

"You made no inquiry regarding her Majesty's chattels which the prisoner might be taking away?"

"Well, I did, sir."

"And you found nothing?"

"Can't say I did, sir. He was leaving without a change of linen."

"That will do, sir."

"May I ask you, Colonel, had you before Dennan's change of faith, any serious accusation to make against him?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you."

The Prosecutor rose; and Mr. O'Connor most politely gave way.

"I am most anxious—anxious for certain reasons—that this case should be investigated thoroughly." Everyone understood the meaning of that word "thoroughly," when Mr. O'Connor sat down.

"Sir," the Prosecutor said, addressing the president, "we have proof that a good share of the prisoner's kit was missing; and, wherever placed, a portion of the kit he carried with him."

The barrack-sergeant swore that a certain number of shirts, a certain number of collars, stockings, and so forth, were not to be found in the kit which Dennan had left behind him. Clearly Dennan had provided for himself, modestly but sufficiently, and "very ably," as the prosecutor averred.

"Mrs. Hinchy!" cried out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!" answered Mrs. Hinchy.

"Have you got any clothes belonging to Dennan? You are a washerwoman?"

"Well, indeed, I have, Mr. O'Connor; I have,—an' I promised him to bring them in to-day."

"The day after the supposed desertion!" said O'Connor with supreme contempt.

"Where are they, Mrs. Hinchy?" the Prosecutor interposed.

"Oh, Major here they are!" replied the washerwoman. "Here they are."

"Sergeant!" called out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!"

"Examine these articles."

The sergeant leisurely obeyed.

"Do they make up the kit, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. You may retire."

The reader might think that the negative proof was really enough; and that Dennan was hardly treated for going to see "his own second cousin—maybe the last time, because he was leaving for the States.

But Dennan had four times as much proof as he needed. There was the man to whom he had lent two dollars, and who engaged on his oath to pay him just two days *after the time* Dennan was supposed to sail.

There was the shoemaker to whom he had given, the day before his disappearance, a pair of boots, as good as new, and which, "without fail," were to be in the day *after* his desertion.

And, above all, there was a *fiancee*, whom he had engaged to meet two days *after* his supposed defection from his colors. So, really, when the whole "weight of evidence" was placed in balance, people began to pity Dennan—Dennan after his fifteen years' service.

O'Connor looked round the court with a noble indignation! Dennan laid his head upon his hands. The Colonel looked very uncomfortable. The officers did not conceal their sympathy. A man fifteen years in the service treated in this way! The counsel for the prisoner was right! Such repressions made desertions.

Quite true, only the sympathising should have gone back a little.

Dennan was triumphantly acquitted; and even a kind of apology was made for the gross error of his comrades, and the inconvenience to which he had been subjected. The court broke up; and Dennan was free!

Where did Dennan proceed from the court which tried him? Why, to Father Hayes, to be sure.

There was a pause when he entered. Father Hayes had no congratulation, for he saw the amazing cleverness of the "convert's" plan. In fact, he was solemn.

"Dennan, you have escaped this time. I hope you are going to be a changed man."

"Father Hayes," Dennan said, in a whisper, "Father Hayes, I am going to-night."

"Going! Where?"

"To desert to——. I do not believe any man is bound to suffer what I suffer. Good-bye!"

Dennan was as good as his word; and he wrote a letter from Boston, all about "the land of liberty," and so on. We suppose by this time he has become a

"general" or an "ambassador;" and will laugh when he sees this history, for he will know the hand that writes it has not exaggerated even one thought.

(To be continued.)

EASTER MORNING.

BY PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY.

[There is a popular belief in Ireland—be-
gotten apparently by the intense piety of the
people—that on Easter Sunday morning,
should the weather be favorable, the sun as-
cends above the horizon dancing for joy at
the resurrection of the Saviour; and that he
alters his appearance, as if changing robes,
to illustrate the principal events, gladness
or grief, in the earthly life of Christ. The
young folks, after their only night of unres-
tricted anxiety in the year, are up that morning
with the lark, and hasten to the highest hill
in the neighborhood in order to get an ad-
vance view of the luminary of day. Sunrise
is always beautiful in fine weather, and, of
course, the bright and fertile imagination of
youth, spurred by the pious legend, adds new
beauties to it on Easter morning.]

I.

"Go, hasten thee, Nora, and waken up
Flóra;
I'll stay but to bind up this tress;
And, lest we'd be late, don't allow her to
wait—
We'll have time enough after to dress.
And what need we care, though you know
he'll be there—
Never mind in the mirror now glancing,
But hasten thee fast that we may not be
last,
And too late, love, to see the sun danc-
ing!"
Ho, ho, for the fun,
And the rollicking run,
With the nimble feet pattering and
prancing.
Up, up the green hill,
While with pleasure they thrill,
To see the bright Easter sun dancing!

II.

"Oh, yonder comes Gerald! How he'll
champion and herald
Me up the green hill, if he can.
See his roguish black eye and his counte-
nance sly:
How he struts down the street like a
man!
He is now at the gate, and just there let
him wait—
Pray, Nora, don't open the door,
For you know those bold boys are sad
maker's of noise,
And mamma is still sleeping, *astore*."
So lightly they bound
That they scarce make a sound

On the stairs—through the hall they're
advancing,
And Gerald springs o'er,
As they open the door;
And they hasten to see the sun dancing!

III.

"Faith, Minnie, I'm choking—now don't be
provoking—
'Tis the dew of thy lips that I crave;
They're so ripe and so ruby"—"Behave,
you great booby!
I'll dismiss you my service, you knave!"
And Minnie laughed gay; and said Gerald,
"Sweet fay,
How provoking your pouting "Ah,
don't!"
But it always is so with you girls, we know,
For 'I will, darling boy,' to say 'won't.'"
Oh, great is the glee
Of young spirits free,
And sunny the joyance entrancing,
To romp and to run
In their frolic and fun,
To see the bright Easter sun dancing!

IV.

Eager strained are bright eyes on the rubric
horizon
To see the sun rise from the sea;
And then when he dances how grateful the
glances
That greet and gaze on him in glee!
Blue, purple and gold are the robes of rich
fold
That mantle him gracefully round,
Still varying in tincture; now bound by a
cincture,
Then flowing loose down to the ground.
O, sun, many thanks
For the pleasure your pranks
Give young hearts with youth's radiance
glancing.
They were up with the morn,
And all sleepy-heads scorn
Who went not to see thy gay dancing!

WAKEFUL HOURS.—There is some-
thing beautiful and sublime in the hush
of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers,
laying down each their life-burden in-
sensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless
alike—the strong man as the infant—
and over all the sleepless Eye, which
since the world began has never lost
sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts
like these come to us in our wakeful
hours with an almost-painful intensity.
Then eternity only seems real, and
everyday life a fable. But morning
comes, and the stir and hum of life chase
them away, as the warm sun dries up
the dew-drops, which like these thoughts
performed their reviving mission ere
they departed.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

SOME time during the past year, a Dominican orator, the Rev. Father Mothon, while delivering a lecture at Laval University upon the subject of "The French race in America," told how the mediæval ages made the bells for their churches. It would seem that each person in the village or parish took an interest in the labor and looked upon it as a sacred duty to contribute towards its accomplishment. While yet the metal was liquid in the red crucible each one came and dropped in a token:—the rich man gave his gold or silver, the lady her ornament of precious metal, the widow her mite, the poor man his brass or iron coin. Each contributed in proportion to his means and when the work was over and "the firm sandy moulders were broken" and "the dark shining bells were revealed" and when they were placed in the tower and when they rang out at morning, calling the faithful to mass, each one heard in the peal some voice addressed more especially to him, and each one hastened to the shrine of devotion. And at eve the workman and the lord, the beggar and the lady, all went forth at the call of their bell to offer up thanks for the day's graces. And at noon, as McCarthy tells us in his beautiful poem of the "Bell-founder:"

"At noon as he lay in the sultriness, under the broad leafy limes,
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came the toll of the Angelus chimes,
Pious and tranquil he arose and uncovered his reverend head,
And thrice was the *Ave Maria* and thrice was the *Angelus* said."

And so each one contributing, each one likewise enjoyed the grand result.

It is so with our country. Canada is not yet fully formed. As yet, it is in the great crucible being moulded into shape. Each one should therefore come like the good people of the "Ages of Faith," and cast in a token, lend a helping hand. The one with the silver floods of his eloquence, the next with the gold of his reason, another with the orna-

ments of his virtues, his neighbor with the gifts of his wealth, the poor man with the baser, but more substantial metal of his physical energies, should come and by degrees the whole would be united and the work accomplished. And when from the belfry-tower of our Canadian nationality that grand voice would ring forth to the listening nations, each one would hear in its peals a note for himself. Its softest as its strongest tones would find an echo in each breast. And, as with the makers of the Florentine bells, future generations would thank and praise, and honor the memories of both rich and poor, both strong and weak, both learned and uneducated. All nationalities blended in one, all factions submerged in union and peace, the time would be when Canada would have reached that point of happiness referred to by Moore when addressing Erin he sang:

"Erin thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
'Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite—
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!"

It is a false idea, which has unhappily been encouraged to a great extent in this Province, that every person who can in any way gather up the means should make of his sons, men of profession. Too often those best fitted to occupy places in the ranks of the liberal profession are excluded therefrom by circumstances over which no power can be exercised; too often, many of those filling up the number of professional men would be better able to work the sledge or ply the spade. This is not said, by any means, in a spirit of disrespect for physical labor and those who thereby are bound to earn a livelihood. We mean, that if each one would follow his calling, if each one would be educated in the art or science, or profession or trade for which he is best suited, we would be happier and far more prosperous.

Were we all lawyers, doctors, surveyors, clergymen, etc., the world could not go on—society could not work. On the other hand were we all laborers, in the common acceptance of the term, things would as quickly come to a stand-still. There must be degrees and grades. And

it is as noble to be a first-class tradesman as it is to be a first-class man of profession. It is as grand and as useful to be a skilful blacksmith, as to be a famous advocate.

All classes must exist and each class must contribute a share, must offer its quota to the country at large.

Therefore we would say that in the education of our young persons care should be taken that each one is so instructed and so formed that he may be able to step into the sphere of labor, whether intellectual or physical, for which he is most competent. Some of the best and the grandest men in society are taken from, and are to be found in the ranks of the merchants; some of the most whole souled, high minded, virtuous characters are to be seen moving amongst those who gain their daily bread by the work of their hands. See what the famous Charles Gavan Duffy, that good and learned Irishman tells us, in speaking of Thomas Davis, (all of which can be applied to our leading men in society): "Students who will be eager to estimate him for themselves, must take in connexion with his works the fact, that over the grave of this man, living only to manhood, and occupying only a private station, there gathered a union of parties, and a combination of intellect that would have met round the tomb of no other man living, or who has lived in our time. No life—not that of Guttenberg, or Franklin, or Tone, illustrates more strikingly than his, how often it is necessary to turn aside from the *dais* on which stand the great and titled, for the real moving power of the time—the men who are stirring like a soul in the bosom of society."

Going farther than Duffy, we would say that very frequently the "soul of society" is not the offspring of the leaders of political factions, the men who stand forth as mighty figure-heads before the country, but rather of that class, which with less noise and less show, yet with more vigor and more truthfulness, is moulding and forming a national spirit, giving a national hue to the union of races on Canadian soil.

How little the daily laborer knows of the good he is doing, of the amount he is contributing to the formation and building up of a future nation! If he

is virtuous, industrious and faithful to his duties, howsoever unimportant they may appear, he gives an example to all around him; example which they will certainly follow, and which will by degrees extend into wider circles, and in fine, being united with the good example of some other noble laborer, will generate a series of models which necessarily must produce an influence upon the sphere of society in which these people move.

It is true that our statesmen plan and organize and take to themselves the credit of all those grand works and enterprises which are daily opening up new regions and constantly placing at our disposal the million hidden resources of those great tracts that touch the Atlantic and terminate at the Pacific. But on the other hand it is the physical energies, the hard labors of the other class which execute those designs and mature those plans. In vain would governments and representatives vote monies and order railways to be opened out; in vain would they seek to span our rivers and cut through our hills; in vain would they demand the exploration of those wealthy regions, the delving of those mines, if they had not the great mass of the people to perform that labor for them. Labor is noble and worthy of man. He that is ashamed of it deserves not to profit by the industries of others.

"Ah! little they know of true happiness, they, whom satiety fills,

Who flung on the rich breast of luxury
eat of the rankness that kills,

Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil
purchased slumber enjoys,

Who stretched on the hard rock of indolence,
taste of the sleep that destroys,

Nothing to hope for, or labor for, nothing to
sigh for or gain—

Nothing to light in its vividness, lightening-
like bosom and brain;—

Nothing to break life's monotony rippling
it o'er with its breath;

Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness,
sorrow and death.

But, blessed the child of humanity, happiest
man amongst men,

Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
with rudder or ploughshare or pen,

Laboreth ever and ever through the morning
of life

Winning home and its glorious divinities,
love worshipp'd children and wife,

Round swings the hammer of industry,
quickly the sharp chisel rings."

"And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of Kings."

Thus sings McCarthy of labor! Who then could be ashamed of it?

It is for reasons now obvious that we commenced this essay by the comparison of the bell-making. We would shew how each one contributes in his proportion to the good of the country at large and to the particular rank in society which he may occupy. We wished to shew that the worth of the laborer is, by many degrees, too much under-valued. We wished to express the opinion that all ranks of society should be equally, or more properly speaking, proportionately protected and encouraged, and we would like to see the minds of the people disabused of the strange idea that it is disgraceful to be a working man or a tradesman. We would wish to see the education, principle in Lower Canada changed upon that point. It is easy for a young person to know, when he has gone a short distance in his course, whether he would be better able to fulfil his duties towards society and towards himself and towards his friends by taking a stand amongst those who enter the learned professions or amongst those who join the commercial world and go into its workings and its business. Then when he has taken his decision, if it be to join the former band let him continue that classical course necessary to complete his *education and instruction* in order to fit him therefor. But if he finds it more in accordance with his abilities, tastes and desires to enter into the latter one, it is more a waste of time and of money than anything else, for him to bury himself six, seven and perhaps eight years in the depths of classical lore, to live that long period amongst Romans and Greeks, speaking their languages and learning their manners, which can in the end be of little or no use to him in his future life. It would be far better and far more profitable for him to take up the study of commerce which would afterwards serve his interests.

But to labor, whether it be work of the brain or of the arms one thing above all, is necessary and that is strength. To obtain strength exercise is required. Consequently a just proportion of

physical out-door exercise should be made as obligatory, in the institutions of education, as mental work. What use is it to a man to have a mind stored with Greek or Latin or mathematics, and not have the strength to employ that learning and to make it beneficial to himself and to others? In fact, how can a person acquire that knowledge without the physical vigor requisite? And certainly there is nothing which weakens the faculties to a greater extent and within a shorter space of time than a dull and easy or rather lazy life. Blend with the instruction and the education the development of the external faculties and a healthier and stronger race of people will grow up.

It is a good thing in Colleges to have a gymnasium but a better thing would be to have a rule forcing a certain amount of out-door exercise upon the students. Then when they come forth at the end of the course it will be as strong and healthy men and not as broken down, we might, say old men. Too many of those who spend eight or nine years locked up within four walls and pass all that time in brain labor and physical neglect, have the misfortune of being able to say with Martin Mc Dermot :

" 'I must be very old—'
I keep repeating o'er and o'er;
Yet on the old Bible page—
Where my good father wrote my age—
My years are twenty four."

These few remarks, disjointed as they are, have merely for object to call to mind how many false ideas exist, above all in the Province of Quebec, with regard to education.

In the first place, study in learning by heart seems to have been so deeply implanted in the minds of both young and old, that it would be a gigantic task to undertake the uprooting of it. Then again the idea that every one is fit to be a professional man and is necessarily marked out for that career is equally engrafted in the minds of the people. And the still more dangerous idea exists, that only men of profession are men of any worth or rank. These are false and most dangerous. In consequence of them we see Quebec far behind the sister provinces when considered from a commercial and prosper-

ous point of view. And until these ideas are erased and wider views and grander and larger principles encouraged Quebec must remain behind. Lost in her olden customs and seventeenth century manners, buried in her petty quarrels and narrow faction feelings, circumscribed by the small circle of her connections, un-travelled and, as Goldsmith says, "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow,"—Quebec will remain at a stand.

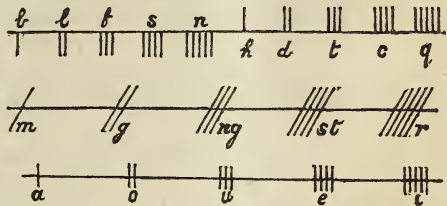
Let us look around and see how the other provinces and other countries advance! Let us examine how they labor and profit by circumstances! Let us fling off that dull mantle in the sombre folds of which we have so long enwrapped ourselves and gazing upon the outer world learn to follow along in the foot-steps of those whose success is our great wonder? Then we will, like the bell-founders of whom we spoke at the beginning, contribute our share to the grand work of construction going on and have a just claim upon our portion of the honor and the glory which must necessarily follow.

A FEW WORDS ON THE OGAM MONUMENTS OF IRELAND.

It may not be uninteresting to the numerous Irish readers of the HARP to hear something of those venerable Celtic monuments which most of them must from time to time have seen (probably without being able to decipher them) in different parts of Ireland, but especially in the South. These monuments are inscribed with certain cabalistic looking characters cut in the stone *along its edge*. They are in reality genuine letters and the whole constitute inscriptions such as are usually found on tombstones. We are not now speaking of runic crosses and runic characters, but of those which are written in the Ogam characters. Of these about 209 are known to at present exist on stone; a few others are extant in manuscripts and on brooches and bone pins. Of the 209 on stone some have become illegible. It would be expected, that these inscriptions, as far as legible, would give us considerable insight into the manners and customs of our Celtic fore-

fathers. But this unfortunately is not the case; though curious from their antiquity, they are remarkably meagre in details, seldom telling us more than the name of the person commemorated and that of his father. With a few exceptions the Ogam monuments are all sepulchral. As to their known geographical distribution Kerry contains 92; Cork 52, Waterford 38; Kilkenny 6; whilst the rest of the island has only 21. They are also found in Wales and on the S. W. coast of England.

We give below the Ogam alphabet with the modern Irish equivalents. It must be borne in mind in order to the proper understanding of this alphabet, that it is always written on the edge of the stone; that the two sides of the angle are used, and that the letters take their value from their position above or below the edge or angle of the stone.

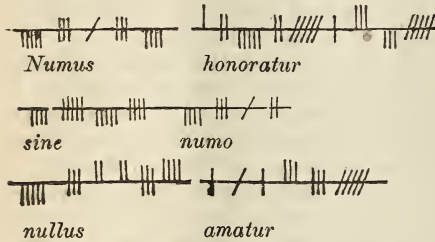


Here the long horizontal line (called in Irish the fleasg) represents the angle of the stone on which the letters are cut. The first thing that will strike the reader on examining this alphabet will be the extreme simplicity of its construction; straight lines (ranging from one to five) 1° perpendicular to and below the fleasg; 2° perpendicular to and above the fleasg; 3° diagonal (from right to left) to the fleasg— 4° perpendicular to and across the fleasg. Such is the Ogam alphabet. It will further be remarked, that whereas in our modern alphabet the vowels run in order a, e, i, o, u; in the Ogam they run a, o, u, e, i. Another very remarkable thing, is, that the signs for the letters have evidently been invented on strict scientific principles; the five vowels having had their signs assigned them first; and so on. This is not so in our telegraphic alphabet of modern days.

The legend usually begins near the bottom of the left angle, and goes on towards the top of the stone; when that is reached, it is resumed on the

right angle, and carried towards the top in the same way ; in some cases however, the letters commenced on the left angle, are continued round the top, and down the right angle when necessary.

In the ninth century and later the Irish practised Ogam writing on other materials than stone. In the Rawlinson Codex, in the Bodleian library, we have a latin inscription written in Ogam character



(Money is honoured ; without money no one is loved.) Alas ! it is the old old story of Mammon worship over again !

H. B.

IRISH FAITH AND NATIONALITY.

BY JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, M. P. FOR MAYO.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., delivered a lecture on Ireland at Deptford, England, recently. The building was filled to overflowing long before the hour appointed for the opening of the proceedings. The chair was filled by the Chevalier O'Clery, M. P. who was supported by Frs. Fannin, Alexander and Lloyd, and by Mr. J. C. O'Donnell and others.

The Chevalier O'Clery, M. P., in opening the proceedings, testified to the pleasure he felt at having been chosen by their dear pastor and his dear friend Fr. Fannin to preside over that magnificent meeting. There could be no greater work of charity than that involved in the support of schools in missions like Deptford—schools so largely attended by the children of his poor country people. Mr. O'Connor Power, whose name was a household word wherever Irish patriotism was prized, whose name awakened recollections of eloquence and of oratory that brought a glow of pride to their cheeks, had taken for this subject their native

country—" Ireland." Ireland ! That word filled their hearts with love, and at the present moment with anxiety, for they knew that Ireland was even now passing through a terrible crisis, that since the fatal year of '47 she was not called upon to face a fiercer ordeal, that the Irish people were called upon to meet once more their dreaded foe—famine. Yes ; famine was once more casting its gloomy shadow over the land, and the consciousness that this was so touched them deeply. Thankful were they to those kind-hearted and sympathetic friends, wherever found, who came forward to endeavour to stem the advancing tide of misery ; but yet they could not but take into account the express declaration of the Irish Bishops that no effort of individual charity would be sufficient to grapple with the evil, and that it was now the duty of the Government to come forward and donate millions to the object of saving the lives of the Irish people.

Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P. who was received with enthusiastic applause, said there were two considerations on which he would like to fix their attention during the course of his remarks, and it seemed to him that if he was to speak not from the knowledge of the head, but from the fulness of the heart, he should speak to them about two great principles which were illustrated in the immortal past of Ireland and which to his mind seemed to represent the whole duty of Irishmen in the generation in which they were borne (applause). The two great sentiments to which he referred were illustrated in the motto—The Religion and the Nationality of Ireland. From the time when the Ancient Church made Ireland the university of the world, amidst all the strife of factions, amidst all the discord of hostile chiefs, Irish history always exhibited one living principle of unity, one grand idea which in itself contains the essence on universal harmony, and that idea was represented in the cross of Catholicity planted in many a highland valley and in many a lonely glen (applause). There were two events in the history of their race which, occurring at different periods in that history, had colored the destiny and character of the Irish people, and he could refer

to them as the fountains of two mighty streams which had descended upon the waves of time and colored and formed and influenced the whole course of Irish history. These events were the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick and the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. There were no glided cabins, there were no silver tongued courtiers, there were no armed retainers in the ship that bore the simple swineherd in the person of St. Patrick to the shores of Ireland. Yet, with the Apostle's staff for his sceptre, his only code of laws God's Sacred Word, founded the dominions of the Church on the ruins of pagan superstition. He accomplished in a few short months the conquest of the whole Irish race, and he is the only invader of Ireland whose dominion has never been questioned since the Cross of the indestructible Church was illuminated by the Irish sun rising over the Irish mountains. In a few short months he accomplished what missionaries like Henry II. had been vainly striving to achieve for 700 years, and which they were as far from achieving at the present hour as they were when Strongbow and his armed followers first landed on the Irish shores (applause). The conquest of St. Patrick, and the survival to our time of the spirit of Irish nationality, proves that the moral power of right is greater and stronger than the material power of persecution. One fact that particularly struck the student of Irish history was the vitality of the Irish race. Any of them who had read the history of the wars of Elizabeth must remember that terrible picture which her deputy, Mountjoy, presented to his royal mistress when he wrote that she had nothing to reign over in Ireland but "carcasses and ashes." If they could close their eyes to the history of later times they might conclude that Mountjoy had accomplished the final conquest of Ireland, and that the struggle of 1803 ended in the complete subjection of Ireland. But it was not so to be. Forty years had not elapsed when the resuscitated spirit of the Irish Protector of England, and the sword of Cromwell followed that of Elizabeth in the work of slaughter. Neither sex nor age were spared by the Puritan soldiery, thousands of young

boys and girls were handed over to the tender mercy of the West Indian slave holder; but long after Cromwell had done his worst and after the judgment of God had overtaken him, there still existed the unconquered Irish nation (applause). He believed that in this year of grace Ireland was as devoted to the spirit of nationality as at any former period of her history, and for proof of this he referred to the vitality of the national party of our time, the whole history of which is studded with the records of Irish nationalism and Irish patriotism. The United Irishmen of 100 years ago, representing the patriotism of a large section of the Irish people, dissolved the moment that the leaders fell into the hands of the British Government; the movement sanctified by the devotion of Robert Emmet perished with him on the scaffold in Thomas street; the nationalism of O'Connell was buried in the grave that closed over his remains, and the Confederation of '48 lived in the songs of its poets and the speeches of its orators when Meagher and Mitchel set sail in the convict ship for Bermuda. And in our time we have seen the leaders of Irish public opinion flung into the solitariness and degradation of the prison cell; we have seen others ascend the scaffold; we have seen others again driven into the madhouse as a sacrifice on the altar of English prejudice—but we have not seen the national spirit of Ireland droop one hair's breadth from that high position of manly resolve and stern determination which will yet win the independence of our people. And therefore he said that there were few periods of Irish history when there was greater cause for hope and rejoicing, although we know we live in trying times, and the efforts of Irish patriots must be directed to the redress of those practical grievances which have brought misery to many a peasant fireside. We behold in the present condition of Ireland the outcome of the Government of Ireland by a people who know nothing of Irish want, and who are, by their character and training, particularly unfit to sympathize with, to understand or to appreciate Irish aspirations (applause). There were two things which

he (Mr. O'Connor Power) intended and hoped to see realized in his day—the establishment of an Irish Parliament and the disestablishment of Irish landlordism; and it seemed to him that these two measures represented the two political necessities of Ireland without which her peace, her freedom and her prosperity could never be secured (cheers). They could not forget that in the days when Ireland was mistress of her own destinies she advanced in trade, in agriculture and in manufactures, and in everything that could enhance a nation's position in the world. They knew therefore by the experience of the past and by the knowledge of what Irishmen had accomplished in the free dependencies of the British Crown, and in that still freer and more glorious country, the American Republic, that Irishmen had all the qualities of high statesmanship, that they were not deficient in the qualities required by a free and independent nation, and therefore they had received in their day the demand for an Irish Parliament in College Green (loud cheers). At the present moment they were face to face with a crisis that occurred periodically in the history of Ireland, because she occupies the extraordinary position of being the only nation in the civilized world whose people did not possess their own resources. Agriculture was the mainspring of Ireland's wealth, yet the agricultural resources of Ireland were the property of individuals nominally of Irish population, but in reality, as Lord Lyndhurst had said, aliens in tongue, in blood and religion to the people of Ireland. They had on one side three millions of toilers, and on the other ten thousand individuals not toiling, but consuming the fruits of the labor of these millions. When they looked at the past they could not but believe that she is destined to survive her present misfortunes. One of the greatest of political philosophers, the Irishman Edmund Burke, had written these words for the instruction of humanity, "A nation is a spirit, and cannot die." We may in our day, as the Grattin in his, apply the words of Romeo to Ireland, and say:

Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign
yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

England, by disestablishing the Protestant Church, confessed that the struggle against Irish Catholicity was a failure; and just as, 1400 years ago, the pagan Druids bowed beneath the sceptre of St. Patrick, the English Government bowed before the faith of the Irish people, and he promised them, his countrymen, that, just as the British Government had been obliged to surrender to the Cross of Catholicity, they would yet be obliged to surrender to the undying spirit of Irish nationality.

CHIT-CHAT.

—In the eventful year 1587, whilst the Catholics of England were deploring the death of Mary Stuart; whilst England in general was exulting at the destruction by Drake of a hundred Spanish galleons in the noble port of Cadiz; whilst the Puritan party was running its bullet head at the stone wall of Elizabeth's half hearted Protestantism; whilst the Quaker John Fox was lying dead; whilst Walsingham was making things unpleasant for Philip of Spain by getting his bills protested at Genoa—a little man in the parish of St. Bidolph, London, was nibbling his goose quill pen and arranging his ideas (such as they were) for wordy onslaught against stage and stage actors. The name of this little man was Gosson. His hatred was strong as his logic was weak. He had written two or three plays in his day, which had incontinenter been consigned to the waste basket—hence these tears. As to his logic, where his premises were unexceptional his conclusions were false, and where his conclusions were passable his premises were unsound; often both premises and conclusions were equally destitute of a leg to stand on. "When the Britons ate acorns and drank water" quoth he, "they were giants and heroes; but since plays came in they had dwindled into a puny race, incapable of noble and patriotic action," and this was written the year Blake had cut out the Spanish galleons, and the year before the destruction of the Armada. The incumbent of St.

Bidolph may have been a zealous man, he was hardly a wise one.

--Later on whilst Englishmen were talking admiringly of the splendours of Charles Ist's coronation, but refusing him 11 pounds out of every 12, which were necessary to make that coronation any thing else but a *sham*, another writer, with equal confidence in his powers and equal weakness in his logic, was running tilt with his goose quill against the actors. "Plays were invented by heathens (so were glass and umbrellas) they must necessarily be prejudicial to Christians—they were invented in order to appear false Gods, the playing of them must therefore excite the wrath of a true Deity—they are no recreation, because people come away weary—the argument in tragedy is murder, in comedy, vice; hence both are bad instruction. He would like to know in what page of Holy writ authority is given for the vocation of an actor?"

The devil they say quotes Scripture in order to bring it into disrepute, our author's appeal to Scripture will have much the same effect.

—There are sermons and *sermons*. When St. John "of the golden mouth" had finished one of his orations, the people cried out "Thou art worthy of the priesthood! thou art the thirteenth apostle! Christ hath sent thee to save our souls!" When he of the foul mouth preached, he was banished the pulpit. The early church was very pronounced on this head. Even too much gesticulation was severely reprimanded; and if the preacher manifested any signs of levity in the pulpit, or indulged in any action which was not entirely in keeping with the dignity of the place and occasion, he was at once commanded to desist and silence was imposed upon him ever afterwards. It is said of Paul of Samosata (he who eventually became a heretic) that he carried gesticulation so far as to stamp the pulpit with his feet, beat his thighs with his hands and act whilst preaching in a most unbecoming way, for which reason the Council of Antioch (A. D. 272) bitterly complained of him to Pope Dionysius the reigning pontiff. The Council of Antioch

would have made equally short work with the Talmages and Beechers and other Pulpit Buffoons of our day.

—When Calvin poor unfortunate man! made his blasphemous jest, that—"the Saints must have long ears to hear our prayers"—he was either treating his hearers to a little Pulpit Bouffe of a not very reputable character, or he felt, he was speaking to an audience of boors. Never was there a more *witless witicism* As a foul insult to the Blessed in heaven "who follow the lamb wheresoever He goeth," it is perfect (they are asses!) as a point against the Catholic doctrine of Saint worship, it is beneath the level of street preaching. To hold it good Calvin must have proved very much more than he was able to prove. To sustain it he must have shewn 1^o that all creatures (spiritual as well as corporal) are restricted as to their *presence* within such limited bounds as would be incompatible with "hearing our prayers;" 2^o that being so restricted, they are restricted also as to their *hearing* within such limited bounds as would be incompatible with hearing our prayers; 3^o that hearing with ears is the only possible manner in which our prayers can be heard. Did Calvin think for a moment, that God hears our prayers *with ears*? Not that we wish for a moment to make any comparison between the way in which God hears and that in which the Saints hear. But if there is one way for man to hear, and another for God,—why may there not be a third way for the Saints to hear? Nor would his task have ended with our three points. All proved, he would still have St. Jerome's argument from Scripture (used against Vigilantius) staring him in the face; that, as from XIV. 4. Rev. it is evident that the just fellow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and as the Lamb is undoubtedly ever present to our prayers; so the Just must also be present to our prayers.

Who has yet proved that hearing is the only possible manner in which the Saints can know our wants? It has never yet been proved, that spirits have ears, and yet as they have intelligence they must have some means of intercommunication. What those means are we know not; nor does it matter to

know ;—that they possess them, we have Scripture warrant for believing, since the Evangilest tells us “there is joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance rather than over ninety nine just.”

Calvin’s jest was only fit for a nation of boors.

Quoth Tom—“Thou ancient Ulster with thy thread bare faded frieze
Thy buttons gone—thy button-holes of every shape and size—
Thy seams all most unseemly—thy sleeves all rent and torn—
Thy empty pockets bottomless—thy collar greased and worn—
I would I’d never known thee, nor thy lost gentilities!
I would I’d never seen thy face—thou venerable frieze!”

Then from its inner consciousness outspake that injured frieze—
Then from its inner folds went out these accents of surprise—
“Ah me! how oft I’ve shielded thee from nights unhealthy chills,
How often I have saved thee from the blast that shook the hills
How often with my own soft breast, I’ve saved thy carcass from
The icy darts,—thou dar’st not tell—thou most ungrateful Tom!

But now that I am old and done, worn thread-bare, greased and torn,
Thou, with thy base ingratitude, thus giv’st me up to scorn,”
Alas! alack! tis ever thus. From childhood’s morning hours
To age’s gentle sunset-tide we cull the fairest flowers;
And when their beauty fades away, we cast them heedless from
Us, even as thou casts this frieze—thou most ungrateful Tom!

H. B.

THE BATTLE OF CREMONA.

IN January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat, in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene’s camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to block Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli’s house, and

he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene’s grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po. It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by *enceinte*, or continued fortification all around it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene’s design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marched up the right bank with 2,500 foot, and 500 horse, was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January, Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At 3 o’clock in the morning of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret’s, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime, the other troops under Kufstein pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was cleared, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene, Staremburg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremburg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroy, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene’s cavalry commanded by an Irishman named MacDonnell. Villeroy seeing

himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain, and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant, and other officers, shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Merci's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning-point of the attack. Had Merci got this gate, he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of 3,000 men more, and on that side, would soon have ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po were the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of old Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahony. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Merci's force, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners; amongst others MacDonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the mean time Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square: Count Revel had given the word "French to the ram-

parts," and retook All-Saints' gate, while M. Praslin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Merci. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but, almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse: he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly: and there stood these glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half-naked. Burke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picket of 35, had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. King Louis sent his public and formal thanks to his Irish troops, and raised their pay

forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who, knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.—*Thomas Davis' Notes to his Poems.*

INDIAN LYRICS.

VI.

THE FAR WEST.

Our heritage—the tribal land
We leave with silent grief,
As leads the Warriors of each band
Its plumed and painted Chief.
Far from the ashes of our sires
We seek for peace and rest,
And from our ancient Council-fires,
Mid woodlands farther west.

Our homes are in the Whiteman's hands,
Our hunting grounds are gone,
We're strangers in our fathers lands,
Why fondly linger on?
We'll wander from that cherished place,
And all we loved resign:
Low are the fortunes of our race,
Bleak as the blasted pine.

Beyond those prairies wild and wide
The Pale-face set apart—
Reserves where Sae and Fox abide,
Whence soon they must depart;
Beyond Dakotah's plains, wherestill
The Sioux, brave and free,
Beside Missouri roams at will,
Or lives in light tepee.

Great Spirit! give our thoughts repose,
To thy Red children prove
That all their grievances may close,
When from the Lakes they move.
The silence of the western woods,
The shadows of the balm,
The music of their streams and floods
Our troubled souls may calm.

Among the pathless forests green
The Indian hopes for rest,
And where the Yankee has not been
He'll sooth his weary breast.
Our Sachems taught us to sustain
The frowns of Fate and ill,
That sorrow in a man was vain
And murmurs vainer still.

We'll get our furs with trap and gun,
Our food with bows and hounds,
And travel to the setting sun
Where backwood game abounds:
Where vales are rich and forests green
And streams are deep and clear,
For where the Yankee has not been
The Indian has no fear.

H. J. K.

Montreal.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—(Concluded.)

BUT at length a change came over the land: a thousand years had well-nigh rolled, and this great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions, enough of the intercession of saints, enough of the grace of the sacraments, enough of the prospect of the next life. They thought it best to secure this life in the first place, because they were in possession of it, and then to go on to the next, if time and means allowed. And they saw that to labor for the next world was possibly to loose this; whereas, to labor for this world might be, for what they knew, the way to labor for the next also. Any how, they would pursue a temporal end, and they would account any one their enemy who stood in the way of their pursuing it. It was a madness; but madmen are strong and madmen are clever; so with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation and fine and imprisonment, they cut off, or frightened away from the land, as Israel did in the time of old, the ministers of the Most High, and their ministrations: they "altogether broke the yoke, and burst the bonds." "They beat one, and killed another, and another they stoned," and at length they altogether cast out the Heir from His vineyard, and killed Him, "that the inheritance might be theirs." And as for the remnant of His servants whom they left they drove them into corners and holes of the earth, and there they bade them die out; and then they rejoiced and sent gifts either to other, and made merry, because they had rid themselves of those "who had tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." And so they turned to enjoy this world, and to gain for themselves a name among men, and it was given unto them according to their wish. They preferred the heathen virtues of their original nature to the robe of grace which God had given them: they fell back with closed affections, and naughty reserve, and dreari-

ness within, upon their worldly integrity, energy, prudence, and perseverance; they made the most of the natural man and they "received their reward." Forthwith, they began to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and have, in three centuries, attained a wider range of sovereignty; and now they look down in contempt on what they were, and upon the Religion which reclaimed them from paganism.

Yes, such was the temptation of the evil one, such the fall of his victim, such the disposition of the Most High. The tempter said: "All these will I give, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me;" and their rightful Lord and Sovereign permitted the boast to be fulfilled. He permitted it for His greater glory; He might have hindered it, as He might hinder all evil; but He saw good, He saw it best, to let things take their course. He did not interfere, He kept silence, He retired from the land which would be rid of Him. And there were those at the crisis who understood not His providence, and would have interfered in His behalf with a high hand. Holy men and true they were, zealous for God, and tender towards His sheep; but they divined not His will. It was His will to leave the issue to time, and to bring things round slowly and without violence and to conquer by means of His adversaries. He willed it that their pride should be its own correction; that they should be broken without hands, and dissolve under their own insufficiency. He who might have brought myraids of Angels to the rescue, He who might have armed and blessed the forces of Christendom against His persecutors, wrought more wonderfully. He deigned not to use the carnal weapon: He bade the drawn sword return to its sheath: He refused the combinations and the armaments of earthly kings. He who sees the end from the beginning, who is "justified in His words, and overcomes when He is judged," did but wait. He waited patiently; He left the world to itself, nor avenged His Church, but stayed till the fourth watch of the night, when His faithful sons had given up hope, and thought His mercy towards them at an end. He let the

winds and the waves insult Him and His own; He suffered meekly the jeers and blasphemies which rose on every side, and pronounced the downfall of His work. "All things have an end," men said; "there is a time for all things; a time to be borne, and a time to die. All things have their course and their term; they may last a long time, but after all, a period they have, and not an immortality." So it is with man himself; even Mathusala and Noe exhausted the fell fountain of their being, and a pitcher was at length crushed, and the wheel broken. So is it with nations; they rise, and they flourish, and they fall: there is an element in them, as in individuals, which wears out and perishes. However great they may be in their day, at length the moment comes, when they have attained their greatest elevation, and accomplished their full range, and fulfilled their scope. So it is with great ideas and their manifestations; they are realized, they prevail, and they perish. As the constituents of the animal frame at length refuse to hold together, so nations, philosophies, and religious one day lose their unity and undergo a common law of decomposition. Our nation, doubtless, will find its term at length, as well as others, though not yet; but that ancient faith of ours is to come to naught already. We have nothing, then, to fear from the past; the past is not, the past cannot revive; the dead tell no tales; the grave cannot open. New adversaries we may have, but with the Old Religion we have parted once for all.

Thus speaks the world, deeming Christ's patience to be feebleness, and His loving affection to be enmity. And the faithful, on the other hand, have had their own misgivings too, whether Catholicism could ever flourish in this country again. Has it yet happened anywhere in the history of the Church that a people which once lost its faith ever regained it? It is a gift of grace, a special mercy to receive it once, and not to be expected a second time. Many nations have never had it at all; from some it has been taken away, apparently without their fault, nay, in spite of their meritorious use of it. Sow as it with the old Persian Church which, after

enduring two frightful persecutions, had scarcely emerged from the second when it was irretrievably corrupted by heresy. So was it with the famous Church of Africa, whose great saint and doctor's dying moments were embittered by the ravages around him of those fierce barbarians who were destined to be its ruin. What are we better than they? It is then surely against the order of Providence hitherto, that the gift once given should be given again; the world and the Church bear a concordant testimony here.

And the just Judge of man made as though He would do what man anticipated. He retired, as I have said, from the field: He yielded the battle to the enemy:—but He did so that He might in the event more signally triumph. He interfered not for near three hundred years, that his enemies might try their powers of mind in forming a religion instead of His own. He gave them three hundred years' start, bidding them to do something better than He, or something at all, if so be they were able, and He put Himself to every disadvantage. He suffered the daily sacrifice to be suspended, the hierarchy to be driven out, education to be prohibited, religious houses to be plundered and suppressed, cathedrals to be desecrated, shrines to be rifled, religious rites and duties to be interdicted by the law of the land. He would owe the world nothing in that revival of the Church which was to follow. He wrought, as in the old time by His prophet Elias, who, when he was to light the sacrifice with fire from heaven drenched the burnt-offering with water the first time, the second time, and the third time; "and the water ran round about the altar, and the trench was filled up with water." He wrought as He himself had done in the raising of Lazarus; for when he heard that His friend was sick, "He remained in the same place two days:" on the third day He said plainly, "Lazarus is dead, and I am glad, for your sake, that I was not there, that you may believe;" and then, at length, He went and raised him from the grave. So too was it in His own resurrection; He did not rise from the cross; He did not rise from

His mother's arms; He rose from the grave, and on the third day.

So is it now; "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and He will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day He will rise us up, and we shall live in His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of Providence is unravelled: the destined hour is come. And, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to an fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep, and, wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him,—not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call,—but drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in, till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away, and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as

when they closed on her. It is told in legends of that great saint and instrument of God, St Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now; the Church is coming out of prison, as collected in her teaching, as praise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble, and stole, and wonder-working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station: she meddles not with Cæsar of the things of Cæsar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but she is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her—she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not suffer her? Let the last three hundred years reply. Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her council or her work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, least perhaps you be found even to fight against God. ("Occasional Sermons," p. 124.)

Conformity to the will of God is the treasure of a Christian and the remedy for every evil.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

IS A CHANGE NECESSARY IN THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LAND-TENURE IN IRELAND?

HENRY J. KAVANAGH.

THIS question, being an Irish one, its solution should be a matter of deep concern to every subject of the British Empire whose national *prestige* and material prosperity Ireland has so largely contributed to. There can be no doubt that this question and its developements seriously interest and in an especial manner every Irishman who has made his home in Canada and equally so every Canadian of Irish descent. But it is well, since it is being discussed among us, that we should consider this question rationally and dispassionately, and there is no reason, if we succeed in doing so, why our different nationalities of origin should infallibly indicate our differing answers. We shall therefore forget that we are treating an *Irish* question, and leaving aside, whichever we may suffer from, either our chilling English prejudice or ardent Irish partiality, we shall proceed in good faith to ascertain what are the facts of the case, borrowing a little light as we go along from the history and the laws of other countries.

Before entering into the immediate question before us, we should satisfy ourselves whether it is of the importance that some pretend, and whether Ireland's welfare or misfortune really depends in so great a measure on the goodness or badness of the land-laws. It may be safely stated that the immense majority of the population of Ireland follow agricultural pursuits, and the fact is that this state of things must continue for a considerable time to come, for at present the people are too poor to engage in manufactures or commerce, and the noble class, who may be said to possess all the capital in the country, will not condescend to invest their money in plebeian concerns. In order that the people of Ireland become anything else than exclusively agricultural it will be first necessary to make it possible for them to emerge from their present extreme poverty.

A foreign, and presumably therefore an impartial, authority, M. Troplong,

the distinguished French jurist and commentator of the Code Napoleon, writing on the state of the Irish tenantry, in the preface to his work on the contract of lease and hire, says: "Dans ce pays
 "se trouvent réunis par la nature tous
 "les éléments de la prospérité sociale;
 "une race d'hommes belle et vigoureuse,
 "une population féconde et douée des
 "plus heureux instincts, une terre
 "fertile et pittoresque, un climat favorable à la végétation, et pour
 "tant l'infortune de ces cultivateurs
 "est si grande qu'elle serre le cœur
 "d'une douleur infinie, et l'on est tenté
 "de désirer pour elle l'esclavage du
 "paysan russe!"

The legal rights of the great majority of landlords in Ireland are derived from the old feudal system. Feudalism, wherever else it existed in Europe, was found long since to have lost its usefulness and has in consequence almost completely disappeared, and it is only in Great Britain and Ireland that the nobility have succeeded in preserving their feudal privileges. Now this relic of feudalism in Ireland results not only in no good to the people but does harm. The vassal or *villain* of long ago is the Irish tenant-at-will of to-day, and it has been established and it is well known that two-fifths of the Irish population hold the land they cultivate under a tenancy-at-will. Under this system of tenure the rights of the landlord, as the word implies, are most arbitrary.

1st. When the tenant has given increased value to the land by his labor, building and other improvements, the landlord may require a higher rent, which, if refused, can, as a consequence of these very improvements, be easily obtained from some one else.

2nd. The landlord has virtually the right arbitrarily and for no reason to evict his tenant.

3rd. Practically, he may do so without allowing compensation for any improvements made or paid for by the tenant.

Those persons who pretend that these rights are equitable and justifiable are fond of insisting upon the *contract* existing between the landlord and his tenant. All who pretend to know any thing about *lease* are aware that it is one of those contracts called reciprocal,

that is a contract which creates rights and obligations reciprocally between the parties. We should therefore ascertain what are these respective rights and obligations of the landlord and tenant in Ireland. We have seen what are some of the landlords' rights—what are his obligations? Strange to say in Ireland the proprietor, whose land is held under a tenancy-at-will, is under no obligations to his tenant. And yet, as long ago as when the Marquis of Normanby was lord-lieutenant, an Irish Chief-Secretary startled the world he lived in by asserting that "property has its *duties* as well as its rights." The idea was so perfectly new in Ireland at the time that many people were seriously shocked at a statement from "the castle" so subversive of established order. However, although the words of the Irish Secretary have grown familiar, still as far as Ireland is concerned, the law gives them the lie, and they remain, as they were at the time of their utterance, true only in theory. Comparing this Irish contract of lease with the contract of lease under the civil law, which is the law of Lower Canada and prevails throughout the whole of continental Europe, we find (article 1613 *et seq.* Civil Code) that the landlord is bound to make all necessary repairs excepting certain specified lesser repairs to be borne by the tenant; he is bound to give peaceable possession of the land leased to the tenant during the continuance of the lease, and he cannot break this lease at will, but only for certain specific causes, and even then he must institute an action at law, when the lease, for cause shewn, may be rescinded by judgment of the Court.

We have stated what are the rights of the Irish landlord, and that he is not bound to the fulfilment of any obligations. Now what are the rights of his tenant? Virtually the Irish tenant-at-will has no rights secured to him by law and of which he may avail himself. His part of this anomalous contract consists merely in his obligations. He is bound to pay the rent whether it has been raised year after year and has reached a sum much greater than the actual annual value of the land, and he is obliged to pay this rent whether he

can or not. And here incidentally may be explained the advice given by Mr. Parnell to the Irish peasantry and for which he has been so much abused. He has said to the tenant unable to pay the whole rent on account of a lost harvest: "go to your landlord and offer to pay what you can afford on his giving you written security against eviction; if this security is refused, then most decidedly pay nothing on account of rent, since the payment of all you have will not guarantee you from eviction, and if evicted you will need all the money you have to stave off starvation." Now this is Mr. Parnell's advice, and it leads us to consider whether the law is a just law which in times of lost crops compels the tenant to pay the whole rent as in years of plenty. Turning again to that accumulation of the wisdom of ages, the civil law, we find (article 1650 Civil Code of Lower Canada) that "If the harvest be wholly or in great part destroyed by fortuitous event the lessee is discharged from his obligation for rent in proportion to the loss."* This is the law throughout the continent of Europe on this branch of the subject, and it is also the law here in Canada, where, on account of the small number of rural leases, the necessity for such protection to the tenant is not nearly so necessary. In Roman law, from which the law of France and our own are greatly derived, this principle is clearly laid down. It was also adopted by the Canon law in favor of the tenants of Church lands (*Decret. Gregor. propter sterilitatem*) And this rule was not adopted from equitable considerations alone, but it was regarded as a consequence of the principle of strict law according to which if the thing leased be destroyed in part only, the lessee may obtain a reduction of rent; for the harvest is looked upon as part of the thing leased until it has been separated from its roots, and till then both are at the risk of the owner.

This system then without giving him any secured rights, imposes upon the tenant obligations most onerous and

often impossible of fulfilment and places unlimited arbitrary power in the hands of the wealthy land-owners. This system results in poverty to the peasantry in good years and famine in bad ones, and the necessary tendency of such a state of things must be and is to lessen the industry and destroy the enterprise of the rural population by refusing them fixity of tenure. The Irish have proved the falsehood of the assertion that they are lazy, improvident or intemperate. They have shewn in other parts of the world that under just laws they are industrious, thrifty, enterprising and prosperous. Prosperity is the consequence of industry, thrift and sobriety, but industry, thrift and sobriety in a rural community are the consequences of security of ownership.

However, it may be said that in all the foregoing no account has been taken of the Irish Land Act of 1870. It has not been mentioned simply for the reason that it has left things in precisely the same condition as before its passing. No doubt if the first draft of the bill had become law some measure of relief would have been the consequence; but before the bill had passed through both Houses of Parliament it was so corrected as to be very useless indeed, except in the hands of those who are pleased to tell Irishmen that they have no reason to complain, that in fact the land-laws of England and Scotland have received by no means so much attention as theirs have. This bill, it is true, by one of its clauses gave to the tenant evicted without just cause a right to sue his landlord for damages; another clause allowed him when evicted a right of action to obtain payment of the value of improvements; but it will be easily seen that these rights of action against a wealthy defendant who could appeal *ad libitum* are perfectly useless in the hands of the impoverished peasantry of Ireland. Then the act goes on to make certain other humane provisions, but fearing that they had gone too far and conceded too much to the Irish, the legislators enacted a saving clause whereby none of the foregoing benefits could be taken advantage of by the tenant in any case where the landlord had stipulated that their contract was not to be affected by the Act.

* Article 1770 Code Napoléon— " Si le bail n'est que d'une année, et que la perte soit de la totalité des fruits, ou au moins de la moitié, le preneur sera déchargé d'une partie proportionnelle du prix de la location."

The effect of such a clause has been to make the whole act a dead letter, for landlords are left masters of the situation still, being always able to contract themselves out of the operation of the Act, so that practically nothing remains of this munificent piece of legislation but the preamble by which in 1870 the Queen, Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled declared that, "Whereas it has been found necessary to change the present system of land tenure in Ireland"—we may very justly claim that this is strong authority in favor of the affirmative of our proposition, and equally so that the same authority might with the same truth make the same statement in the present session of the Imperial Parliament—for in 1870, while the necessity of change was admitted, no change for the better was made and there has been no legislation since on the subject.

However, let us go on further to consider what may have led the English Legislature to make such an admission. Are not the too frequently recurring famines, the constant poverty in a country admittedly fertile, are these not reasons for presuming that "there is something rotten in the State;" or if further proof were wanting are not the universal clamor and agitation against the present system, and the continued discontent of a people naturally loyal and contented not proof? It has been long an axiom that when a government is in a chronic state of conflict with its subjects, it must have some radical defect. The defect in the government of Ireland is that its legislation has been framed for the exclusive benefit of a small class, and to the prejudice of the masses of the people. This has again and again been admitted to be the case by the Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Bright and other distinguished English statesmen who have taken the trouble to examine this Irish question fairly, Englishmen, who, without boasting of fair-play, practised it, and who have had the wisdom to see and the courage to admit that what was English was not therefore necessarily perfect.

"The Irish land question," said Mr. Disraeli before he was Lord Beaconsfield, "can only be satisfactorily settled

by a revolution peaceably achieved." There is no reason why this question should not be peaceably settled. A complete change, call it revolution if you prefer the word, is necessary, but it is for England to say whether it shall be peaceably effected or not.

At a remoter period the same sad state of affairs, that we find to-day in Ireland, existed to a greater or less extent in every European country. The evil that all foreigners find in Ireland's land-laws to-day, the same that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues are working to root out, and the remedy they suggest, are neither of them new. In France at one time the evil existed and a violent revolution was the awful means resorted to, but in Prussia, Bavaria, Austro-Hungary, Holland and other continental countries, and recently in Sweden, the remedy of peasant-proprietary was applied to remove from their land systems evils which never caused one tithe of the harm that results from the Irish land-tenure. And to assure us that the remedy worked well, we have the authority of Lord Brougham, who states that when these changes, after having received tremendous opposition from the nobility, were finally effected in Prussia, through the ministry of Baron Von Stein, the nobles admitted that they themselves had been affected beneficially and that they had been advanced a century in consequence. Of course, the promoter of the land-laws in Prussia was greatly abused by his noble brethren, just as Mr. Parnell is to-day, but the Emperor of Germany has vindicated Baron Von Stein and pronounced him to have been "the Regenerator of Prussia."

It should be remembered in considering this question of Irish land-tenure that there are circumstances affecting it which make it very different from the same question in England, circumstances which have the effect of making what is bearable in England and Scotland perfectly intolerable in Ireland.—And among these circumstances is the salient fact that as a rule, with comparatively few exceptions, the Irish landlord has nothing in common with and no sympathy for his tenantry—they are not of the same race or creed as he is—in fact, without any attachment or affec-

tion for the demesne given him by conquest, which a revolution may at any time take away, he has no interest in Ireland but to draw thence as large a revenue as he can, careless whether in doing so the soil be exhausted or those who work it ruined. To this of course there are generous exceptions, but what is contended is that the present system encourages such a state of things, and if there are exceptions, it is because the individuals are good men in spite of laws which invite them to be the contrary. If all men were perfectly good we could then do without all law.

We have already quoted from M. Troplong, and shall conclude with another paragraph from the learned jurist, of which the following is a translation:—

“If a feeling of hostility exist between the proprietors and the tillers of the soil, if the rancour of creeds, differences of race, the memory of conquest and confiscation, &c., &c., cause antagonism between two classes which should progress unitedly together, then the contract of rural lease, far from being a secure refuge for labor, will have become the means of iniquitous deceptions * * * * Hope of profit and advancement being denied, the laborer will take counsel of despair, and individual wealth, hated by him and cursed, may be then a fatal gift; for society has approached a near dissolution when such last extremity is reached.”

MEAGHER'S "SWORD SPEECH."

THE following extract is taken from the speech delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, July 28, 1846. It was part of an argument for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman could continue to be a member of the Repeal Association who entertained the opinion conscientiously that there were occasions which justified a nation in resorting to the sword for the vendication of its liberties. Mr. Meagher was interrupted by John O'Connell, who stated "that it was the strongest conviction of his soul that it would not be safe to let him (Mr. Meagher) proceed." Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, and others,

left the meeting, and afterwards formed the Irish Confederation.

* * * * *

"But, my Lord, I dissented from the peace resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first. I now come to the second.

"I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

"Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny (John O'Connell) has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

"Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

"From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the

sword? No, my Lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

"My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

"My Lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success. and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies."

EXTRACTS FROM FATHER BURKE'S LECTURES.

EARLY ENGLISH LAWS IN IRELAND.—

In the year 1367, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, a third Son of Edward III., came to Ireland, held a parliament in Kilkenny, and passed certain laws. You will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of these were as follows: If any man speaks the Irish language, or keeps company with the Irish, or adopts, Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the Crown of England. If an Englishman married an Irish woman, what do you think was

the penalty? He was sentenced to be half hanged; to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off, and every right to his land passed to the Crown of England. Thus says Sir John Davies, it is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the Irish lands, and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE IRISH.—And in the midst of all this persecution there was still a reigning idea in the mind of the English Government; it was still the old idea of rooting out and extirpating the Irish from their own land, to which was added the element of religious discord and persecution. It is evident that this was still in the mind of the English people. Elizabeth, who Mr. Froude says, "never possessed an Irishman of an acre of his land," Elizabeth, during the terrible war which she had waged in the latter days of her reign against heroic Hugh O'Neil in Ulster, threw out such hints as these "The more slaughter there is the better it will be for my English subjects; the more land they will get." This woman who, Mr. Froude tells us, "Never confiscated, and would never listen to the idea of confiscation of property;" this woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond, and gave them all quietly and calmly to certain Englishmen from Lancashire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cheshire; and in the face of these truths, recorded and stamped on the world's history, I cannot understand how any man can come in and say of this atrocious woman, "Whatever she did, she intended for the good of Ireland." The annals of my own order record that there were six hundred Dominican Friars in Ireland in her time. "There are said to have been but four Fathers of the Order of St. Dominick left remaining at the time of Elizabeth's death," says Mr. McGee, in his history of Ireland. Five of our Bishops received at her hands the crown of martyrdom; yet, during the half century of blood that marks her reign, we do not read of one single apostate among the bishops, and but half-a-dozen at most from all the orders of the clergy.

WE had determined to publish a series of brief sketches of the lives of distinguished Irish Canadians, and, in fact, had already prepared for this issue a biography of an eminent statesman. The sudden death of our esteemed fellow-countryman, Bernard Devlin, Esq., Q. C., has caused us to change our original plan and to commence the series with the following synopsis of the leading events of the life of the late eminent barrister, for which we are in a great measure indebted to the pen of the talented Editor of the *Evening Post*, J. C. Fleming, Esq.



BERNARD DEVLIN, Q. C.,

BORN, 15th DECEMBER, 1824; DIED, 7th FEBRUARY, 1880.

Requiescat in pace.

THE late Bernard Devlin was born in 1824, in the County of Roscommon, where his father was a large landed proprietor, but, on account of circumstances surrounding most of the Irish gentlemen of the period, had lost the bulk of his property. Previous to this the subject of our sketch commenced the study of medicine under the tutelage of his uncle, Dr. Charles Devlin, of Ballina, in the county of Mayo, one of the leading practitioners of the West of Ireland, at that time. He afterwards went to Dublin, to complete his studies, but misfortune having overtaken his father, and the latter having determined to emi-

grate to Canada with a portion of his family, young Bernard resolved to share the paternal fortunes. On arriving at Quebec he applied to the Medical Board there for admission to practice, and was warmly supported by Dr. Marsden, a thorough friend of his, but the application was refused, in consequence of Mr. Devlin being under twenty-one years of age. Mr. Devlin then devoted himself to the press, and edited a newspaper called the *Freeman's Journal* in Quebec. Soon afterwards he came to Montreal, where he established another journal, the *Shield*; his last newspaper venture was the publication of the *Montreal Weekly Freeman* in 1853, a journal of considerable influence. Mr. Devlin studied law in the office of Mr. Edward Carter, Q. C. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, and entered upon a practice which at once became lucrative. Shortly after his admission to the Bar, he married Miss Ann Eliza Hickey, of Brooklyn, who bore him several children. This estimable lady died in 1875, leaving behind her a large family. For about seven years he was a member of the City Council, until 1871, when he was appointed one of the City Attorneys. Mr. Devlin, during his term as City Councillor, originated the Mountain Park scheme which he carried successfully through.

Early in 1856, Mr. Devlin organized an Independent Irish Company of Volunteers well known as "No 4," a body which did the highest credit not only to its members and their commanding officer, but was something of which the Irish people of Montreal had every reason to be proud. In the same year he was appointed a delegate in conjunction with the late Mr. Clerk, then Editor of the *True Witness*, to attend the Catholic Convention which met in Buffalo.

In 1866, on the occasion of the first Fenian invasion, Mr. Devlin, then Lieut.-Colonel of the Prince of Wales Rifles, did service on the frontier and was highly complimented by Lord Monck the then Governor General.—Some time after this trouble was over Mr. Devlin resigned his command. On his resignation he received a very flattering address from the officers of the regiment, together with a number

of other mementoes, which he prized, perhaps, more than his honors gained at the Bar and in the Senate.

In 1867, when party feeling ran high and a bitter division existed among his countrymen, now happily healed, he opposed the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee for the Western Division of Montreal, and after an exciting contest was beaten by a small majority. In 1874, he contested Montreal Centre with Mr. M. P. Ryan but was again defeated. Mr. Ryan having been unseated on petition Mr. Devlin was returned, who, in turn, was unseated, but finally elected by acclamation. At the General Elections in 1878 Mr. Devlin was opposed by Mr. Ryan, who was elected by one of the largest majorities then obtaining on account of the Protection wave which swept the great number of the constituencies.

Mr. Devlin was President of St Patrick's Society, off and on, for many years, and in connection with the office had to carry out duties of the most important nature, but always with the success and judiciousness for which he was so remarkable.

Mr. Devlin was confessedly one of the most agreeable public speakers in Canada. His voice possessed that pleasing silvery sound, and the flexibility of modulation, which, even when uttering platitudes, is listened to with such great pleasure. But platitudes Mr. Devlin seldom dealt in. From the time he rose to speak, no matter on what subject, he kept the attention of the audience riveted on his words. His pathos and humor, irony and sarcasm, though of the good natured character which scratch, but do not wound, gave piquancy and interest to even his purely political speeches. In Parliament he was listened to with very great attention, and could always bring the members in from the libraries and smoking-rooms. The fault with his Parliamentary speeches is that they were too few, if we may use such an expression. His speech on the representation of minorities was particularly admired as a master piece of eloquence and sound reasoning. It was remarked that Mr. Devlin remained silent for a long time after one of his happy efforts, and thus gained a reputation for indolence even

among his friends. Those, however, who were best acquainted with him knew the secret of this indolence was a shattered constitution resting after a mental effort that exhausted it. There is no doubt he made his mark as a Canadian politician, but there is little doubt that had he entered the parliamentary era early in life, while his physical constitution was in a condition to sustain his intellectual powers, he would have obtained a far wider celebrity. As it was, the party to which he rendered such staunch service and yielded such loyal allegiance did not treat him with common gratitude. To that party he devoted his talents while in the possession of health and competence, and hence it was clearly their duty, when his constitution was wrecked and his wealth departed, to see that he was provided for, as were others with half his abilities and a tithe of his usefulness. But perhaps parties, like republics, are ungrateful. The deceased gentleman was extremely popular though through causes arising out of the many bitter political contests in which it was his good and bad fortune to be engaged, he necessarily made a good many enemies, enemies however who are generous enough to be disarmed by death, and who, forgetting politics, will remember the political speaker, the steadfast friend, the loyal Canadian and the ever faithful champion of Irish rights, no matter where or by whom assailed. As for his personal friends, and their name is legion, among all creeds, classes and nationalities, they almost worshipped him, through good and evil reports, under the gloom of defeat or the sunshine of victory. While generally neglectful of his own interests, Mr. Devlin never forgot those of his friends, and many of them are to-day enjoying the benefits of his friendship. Before throwing himself altogether into the whirlpool of politics his fame as a great criminal lawyer brought him such large fees as would, if he had not considered money as so much dross, made him a princely income; but, as everybody knows, money slipped through his fingers just as easily as it came, and he died a poor man. His sad death took place at Denver, Colorado, where he had gone in the vain hope of

recruiting his shattered health, far from the scenes of his busy life, far from home and kindred. The feeling in the city when the news of his death arrived was of grief mingled with surprise, for it had been expected for a number of years, by the personal friends who viewed with sorrow the ravages time was making in a frame never of the strongest. Now that he is gone a genuine feeling of grief takes possession of the hearts of the Irish people of this city, who considered him one of their foremost leaders, and we can sympathize with and exclaim with them in their sorrow, peace to his ashes, may his soul find a resting place in Heaven, far removed from the toils, the miseries and the struggles of this fleeting life.

VITIATED TASTE FOR READING.

"On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die."—DRYDEN.

WE have been often astonished to see how desirous people are for slander. You will find twenty delighted at a tirade of calumny and abuse, for one who desires to have a work of charity and truth. Nay, a hundred will purchase a publication that attacks everybody, for the one who will buy a book or magazine that may edify all. Such is the rage for Billingsgate, that he who writes most against public decency and private morals, is sure to get the most customers; whilst the moral essayist, whose delight is to make virtue lovely and piety engaging, will have many to laugh at his lessons, or to despise his wisdom. With what velocity does the vehicle of slander run through society? This man must have it to squander away a few dull hours. That man must get it that he may learn the character of his neighbor, whilst he is utterly unmindful of his own.

"There is a lust in man, no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame."

Here one must read it to see if he be attacked; and there another that he may know whom to assail with vile vituperation. The young must have it to keep their spirits up, and the old cannot be

without it lest their spirits should go down. No matter how foul the stab is, or how base the literary assassin is that gives it, innocence must fall before impudence, and virtue must be laughed out of society, by the outcasts of the world. Thus whilst works of merit, of talent, and of solid instruction are condemned as dry and uninteresting, the sheets of lies, columns of calumnies, and tomes of incredible and dangerous romance, are deemed "pleasing and delightful." Why reward those who prostitute their talents to the vilest purposes, whilst we give no encouragement to those who use all that heaven has given them to make us better Christians and better men? Why aid the chartered libertine, who makes the "liberty of the press" subservient to his base mind or disordered intellect, and give no assistance to the man who desires to extend the empire of morality and virtue? Why prefer violence, disorder, and brazen blackguardism to peace, order, and public decency? Why support the weekly advocate of drunken revelry and the monthly gazette of obscenity, and give no aid to the works which will make bad men good, and good men better? What more atrocious than to destroy the sanctity of private life, and to sever what, perhaps, can never be restored—connubial love and domestic harmony? What more demoniacal than to assail what should be dearest to man—female virtue, lovely chastity, and heaven born modesty? What more infamous, than to circulate the reservoir of filth and uncleanness—to make others drink the cup of literary poison, and to extend among the young and innocent, a knowledge of everything vile in nature and wicked in society? Why bring a tear to the eye of virtue, a blush on the cheek of modesty, a stain on youth or a disgrace on old age? Why shoot the impoisoned arrow at female purity, or glory in masculine delinquency? Let the guardians of morals, the pastors of souls, the heads of families, the friends of order, and the lovers of good taste, sound sense and solid virtue, banish such literary receptacles of infamy far from the people, and let them substitute what will improve their judgment, refine their taste, correct their morals and purify their heart.

ANECDOTES OF SWIFT.

THE FIRST MEETING OF DEAN SWIFT AND HIS MAN.—Dr. Jonathan Swift was born in Hoey's Court, off the Castle Steps, A. D. 1667, and died in the Deanery House, Kevin street, 19th October, 1745, his latter years being spent in a state of imbecility. Whether from motives of patriotism or dislike to the Ministry, he sturdily contended for public measures conducive to the advancement of the trade and general well-being of the country. He even rendered himself obnoxious to legal punishment by his plain-speaking and fault-finding with things as they were. In consequence his memory is held in great veneration by the middle and lower classes in Ireland, who have long fathered on him sundry witty sayings and excentric actions, the rightful property of wits and eccentrics both before and after his day. In popular tradition his servant man gets greater credit for wit and cleverness than he himself. This was the way in which they first became acquainted.*

As the Dean was one day riding along the road, he saw an intelligent but badly clad boy minding a brood of young pigs and their dam. "Who owns that fine family of young pigs?" said the Dean. "Their mother does," answered the youth. "Oh ho!" said the Dean to himself, "here's a smart fellow. And who is your own father, my lad?" "If your Reverence will only mind the *boneens*, here's the switch, I'll go in and ax my mother." Away went the Dean without exchanging another word.

DEAN SWIFT GIVES A LESSON IN POLITENESS AND GETS HIS REWARD.—Some days after, the Dean was in his study reading, when the door was suddenly opened, and the same young fellow came in, dragging a fine salmon by the gills, and without saying "by your leave," or "with your leave," he walks over, and flops it across the Dean's knees, and says, "There's a fine salmon my father sent you." "Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure; but I'd be more obliged if you had just shown better manners." "Well, I wish I knew how." "Sit down

* The four narratives next ensuing are given in the idiom in which the writer first heard them.

here, and I'll show you how to behave." He took the fish in his hand, and went outside, and shut the door. Then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out, with a loud voice, "Come in;" and what should he see but the young monkey with his own spectacles on his nose, and he pretending to read a book. "Oh, the young vagabond!" says the Dean, but he didn't let on. "Please your Reverence," says he, with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this salmon, which he has just taken." "Your father is a respectable man," says the urchin, taking off the spectacles, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's half-a-crown for you. Take the fish down to the kitchen, and tell the cook she's to give you your dinner." He then sprung up, and took a pull at his hair, and relieved the Dean of the fish. You may be sure the master laughed on the wrong side of his mouth.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS MAN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.—As tricky as the young fellow was, the Dean found he was honest and dependable; so he took him into his service. Once, when they were setting out on a journey, the Dean saw that his boots were not polished, and he spoke of it. "Oh!" says the servant, "what 'ud be the use of polishing? They would be as spattered as ever before night." "Oh, very well. They were after riding seven or eight miles, and were passing a house of entertainment. 'Master,' says the boy, 'don't you think it time to get breakfast?' 'Ach, what use would it be? We'd be as hungry as ever before sunset.'" There the boy was circumvented any way. He said nothing; but kept riding after his master, dismal enough. The Dean, to vex him the more, took out a book, and began to read, jogging on easy. By and-by a gentleman met them. He touched his hat to the Dean, and when he came near the boy, asked him the name of the clergyman. "Musha, an' don't you know, sir, that is the great *Dane* Swift? Did you never see him before?" "No, indeed; but I often hear tell of him. And, pray, where are you going?" "To heaven straight." "Well, I think you're astray." "Not a bit astray or mistaken, sir. My master's praying, and I'm fasting." The boy

didn't speak so low but that the Dean might hear him. He did hear him; and the next inn they passed, he ordered a good breakfast for both.

TRUE TO THE DEATH.—The Dean, out of his love to Ireland, wrote some bitter things again' Government, so bitter, indeed, that he could be tried for his life for them. But no one was in the secret but his man, who used to carry the writing to the printer. The servant was pretty sober, but once he came home drunk in the evening, and next morning the Dean gave him the walking paper. "Ah, masther honey," says he, "dont send me away. I may fall into great misery, and the devil tempt me to inform on you." "I'll run that risk," said the Dean; "away with you." The Dean was as proud as Lucifer in some things. A couple of months after, the poor fellow crossed him as he was going out, and he all in rags, and famine in every line of his poor face. He asked for parden, or anyhow for something to keep body and soul together; but not a farthing would he give him. Well, what will you have of it? The poor creature held the secret, though he was ready to perish, and might get a big reward for informing. Still his master didn't lose sight of him and when the danger was all past, he took him back, and never parted with him again. When he died, his master got him buried next the wall in St. Patrick's church, giving directions for his own body to be laid just outside. (There is a germ of truth in this tradition.)

THE DEAN'S DEATH.—There was formerly a pretty general belief that the last years of Dean Swift's life were spent in the asylum founded by himself off Bow Lane, W. Such, however, was not the case. During these years he was tenderly cared for in the Deanery House, off Kevin street. Neither theory was comfortable enough for the audiences round country hearths on winter nights. These were the circumstances preceding his departure as known to them:

A minister visited him on his death-bed, to pray with him, and give him the rites of his Church, if Protestants have any. When the ceremony was over, he asked him if he was in peace with all mankind. He said he was, ex-

cept Father So AND So, of Dirty Lane (Bridge Foot street,) Chapel. "He *done* such things to me," said he, "that he cannot forgive him." "Oh be this and be that!" says the minister; "that won't do. You must forgive every one from the bottom of your heart, or the face of God you'll never see." "Well now, that's a hard case; but anything is better nor to be shut out of heaven. May be if he was sent for, and we were speaking face to face, I might make up my mind to pardon him." The priest was sent for, and the minister stayed outside to give himself and the Dean time enough to be reconciled. They took a long time to it, and at last the clergyman pushed in the door; and what did he find the priest at, but anointing the dying man. "Oh, you imposter!" says he, shaking his fist at the Dean, "if ever you rise out of that bed, I'll have your gown stripped off your back." "Indeed," says the poor Dean, "if ever I recover, I'll have you prosecuted for bringing in a popish priest to a patient not over strong in his mind."

This closes the mere traditional stock of anecdotes connected with the memory of Dr. Jonathan Swift.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.—The question still remains unsolved, whether the mortal remains, which passed through such alternations of honor and dishonor, were or were not those of James IV. of Scotland who was supposed to have perished in the fatal field of Flodden. The absence of the iron penance chain, which the king invariably wore raised doubts as to the identity of the corpse. These were confirmed by the fact, that a strong likeness subsisted between the King and Lord Elphinstone, a nobleman who fought and fell near his royal master: added to which it became known that on the day of battle the king had attired many of his nobility in royal armor; in order to encourage his troops and confound the enemy by the semblance of his presence. On these grounds, the opinion prevailed that Lord Elphinstone's body had been mistaken for that of the king; and many of the common people consoled them-

selves with the hope that their beloved Monarch had left them only to perform his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whence he would shortly return. But after circumstances led to a strong suspicion that the King fell a victim to private treachery. In the heat of the conflict, he had observed the troops of Lord Home keep aloof; and, riding up to that Nobleman, used both reproaches and threatnings in urging him to do his duty. It was darkly surmised that Lord Home took care to prevent his indignant sovereign from having the power to execute his threats; he is said to have conveyed the King to his own Castle, and ordered him to be put to death by several of his own servants, one of whom afterwards hinted that "he had assisted to teach a Scottish King that he was mortal;" and another offered to the Regent Albany, on condition of a free pardon, to show him the King's body, with its belt of Iron. The offer was unfortunately refused. The rumors are reported, with more or less credence, by the historians of the period; they received an unexpected and startling confirmation within the last half century. During the course of alterations in Home Castle, some excavations in the moat around its walls brought to light a skeleton, wrapped in an oxhide and bearing round the waist a chain. This important fact, which has not yet taken its place in Scottish history, while it seems to leave little doubt that James the IV. lost his throne as he had won it—by treachery, may induce some of the readers of the HARP, to search into, and offer a more trustworthy or at least a more plausible account of the disappearance of the Scottish Monarch, James IV.

Any reader of the HARP satisfying the inquirer on this point, will be presented with a good and useful volume for his researches.

Address Ed., Literary Miscellany,
HARP Office.

He that can only rule the storm, must yield to Him who can both raise and rule it.

God has made neither nobles, nor masters, nor slaves, nor kings, nor subjects; *he has made all equal.*

GEMS OF GENIUS; OR, WORDS OF
THE WISE.

CHRISTIANITY.

As Christianity is the most perfect kind of knowledge, it must essentially produce the most perfect kind of happiness. It is the golden, everlasting chain, let down from heaven to earth; the ladder that appeared to the patriarch in his dream, when he beheld Jehovah at its top, and the angels of God ascending and descending with messages of grace to mankind.

THE PASSIONS.

In sailing over the sea of life, the passions are the gales that swell the canvass of the mental bark, they obstruct or accelerate its course; and render the voyage favorable or full of danger, in proportion as they blow steadily from a proper point, or adverse and tempestuous. Like the wind itself, they are an engine of high importance and mighty power. Without them we cannot proceed; but with them we may be shipwrecked and lost. Reined in, therefore, and attempered, they constitute our happiness; but let loose and at random, they distract and ruin us.

How few, beneath the auspicious planets
born,
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted.

Perhaps the oldest, simplest, and most universal passion that stirs the mind of man, is—Desire. So universal is it, that I may confidently ask, where is the created being without it? And Dryden is fully within the mark in attesting, that desire's the vast extent of human mind.

All the passions have their use; they all contribute to the general good of mankind;—and it is the abuse of them, the allowing of them to run wild and unpruned in their career, and not the existence of any of them, that is to be lamented. While there are things that ought to be hated, and deeds that ought to be bewailed, aversion, and grief are as necessary to the mind as desire and joy. It is the duty of the judgment to direct and to moderate them; to discipline them into obedience, and attune

them to harmony. The great object of moral education is to call forth, instruct, and fortify the judgment upon this important science; to let it feel its own power, and accustom it to wield the sceptre intrusted to it with dexterity and steadiness. Where this is accomplished, the violent passions can never show themselves—they can have no real existence; for we have already produced evidence that they are nothing more than the simple affections, discordantly associated, or raised to an improper pitch. Where this is accomplished, the sea of life will, for the most part be tranquil and sober; not from indifference, or the want of active powers, but from their nice balance and concord; and if, in the prosecution of the voyage, the breeze should be fresh, it will be still friendly, and quicken our course to the desired haven. Finally, wherever this is accomplished, man appears in his true dignity—he has achieved the great point for which he was created, and visions of unfading glory swell before him, as the forthcoming reward of his present triumph.

All violent passions are evil, or in other words, produce, or tend to produce unhappiness: for evil and unhappiness are only commutable terms.

Happiness is a state of discipline; and is only to be found, in any considerable degree of purity and permanency (without which qualities it is unworthy of the name), in a regulated and harmonious mind; where reason is the charioteer, and reins, and guides, and moderates the mental coursers in the great journey of life, with a firm and masterly hand.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

Virtue alone is happiness below.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALL.—In 1792 there was a meeting at Belfast of the last of the old class of Irish harpers, and out of this meeting grew the Irish Harp Society, which is still in existence. This society has a collection of about one hundred and fifty ancient and mediæval airs—dirges and solemn tunes in the style of Ossian's Lament, and livelier melodies, hornpipes and songs—all handed down orally from generation to generation.

Turlough O'Carolan, the last and greatest of the Irish harpers, blind from infancy, died so recently as 1738. It was his skill with the harp and his musical and poetical genius which did most to soften and subdue to sweetness the plaintive and exquisite Irish melodies, as we know them at the present day. Yet he was a true son of the Irish bard, and the harp which he played upon was a counterpart of the harp of King Brian Boru, which may still be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Brian's harp, black with age, worm-eaten, but richly ornamented with silver, is about four feet high and without pedals, made in fact to be slung on the back. When Brian was slain at Clontarf, in A. D. 1014, his son Teague took the harp to Rome and presented it to the Pope. One of his successors gave it to Henry VIII of England, "Defender of the Faith." Henry presented it to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, after passing through several hands, it finally became the property of the college in 1776.—*Kunkel's Musical Review St. Louis.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER II.

MAIN SUPPORT OF LEVERRIER'S DISCOVERY.

WHEN Leverrier was working at his great discovery he did not strike out a new path in science, he was supported by a great law of nature, the base of all astronomical knowledge. It is the law of gravitation, discovered by Sir Isaac Newton.

Those of our readers who have a fair knowledge of the theory of light, will now easily comprehend, what we are going to say about the force of gravity.

Every heavenly body is endowed with the power of attraction; that is, it attracts every other body in the same manner that a magnet attracts iron. If the celestial bodies, or to speak only of one class, if all the planets were at rest

that is, without motion, they would, on account of the great attractive power of the sun, rapidly approach it, and finally unite with it in form and body.

That this does not take place, may be ascribed solely to the fact that all planets have their own motion. This motion combined with the attractive force of the sun, causes them to move in circles around it.

This may be illustrated by the following: Suppose a strong magnet to lie in the centre of a table. Now, suppose some one to place an iron ball on the table; then will this ball run straightway towards the magnet. But if some one were to roll the ball so that it would pass the magnet, it would at first run in a straight line, but the magnet attracting it at every moment of time, the ball would be compelled to deviate from its straight course and would begin to circulate round the magnet.

We see that this circular motion round the magnet springs from two forces: first from the hand that starts the ball in a straight line; and secondly, from the attraction of the magnet, which at every moment draws the ball towards itself.

Newton, the greatest Natural philosopher of all times, who lived in England two hundred years ago, proved, that all the orbits round the sun, as described by the planets, are caused by two such forces by the motion of the planets peculiar to themselves, which, if not interfered with, would make them fly through space in a straight line; and by the attractive force of the sun, which is continually disturbing that straight course, thus forcing the planets to move in circles around him.

But Newton has discovered more than this. He succeeded in proving that, knowing the time of a planet's revolution round the sun, we can determine precisely with what force the attractive power of the sun affects it. For if the sun's attractive power is strong, the planet will revolve very quickly; if weak, it will move more slowly.

Were the sun, for example, all of a sudden to lose a portion of his attractive force, the consequence would be that the earth would revolve around him more slowly. Our year, which now

has three hundred and sixty-five days, would then have a much greater number of days.

Newton has also shewn—and this is for us the main thing—that the attractive force of the sun is strong in his close proximity, but that it diminishes as the distance from him increases.

In other words, the remoter planets are attracted by the sun with less force than those nearer to him: the attractive force decreases with the distance in the same proportion as light, which, we saw a little while ago, decreases in intensity as the square of the distance increases. This means, that a planet at a distance from the sun as great as that of the earth, is attracted with only one-fourth the force; one that is three times the distance, with one-ninth of the force, etc.

This great law pervades all nature. It is the basis of the science of astronomy, and was the main support of Leverrier's discovery.

QUESTIONS FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

1. What took place at the diet of Worms?
2. What do you understand by the Holy League of Rome?
3. When was England reunited to the See of Rome, and by whom, and by what means was this effected?
4. In what year did the Council of Trent close its sittings? who were the Royal personages in Europe at the time? and how many prelates were present at the close? and what were the principal objects of the Council?
5. What are the several forms of government, and their characteristics?
6. Give the estimated income of the Law Established Church in England?
7. Explain the following chemical terms,—caloric, carburet, caustic, cauk;
8. What is alcohol?
9. What means the "Nags Head Consecration?"
10. When and where was printing invented?
11. When and where was the first Bible printed?
12. Did the Irish Catholics retaliate upon their former persecutors in the reign of Mary when restored to ascendency?

13. Give the history of newspaper printing?

14. State the advantages of the steam-press?

This series of questions will be continued from month to month during the year and the person solving the greatest number will at the end of the year receive a valuable book.

SCOWLING.

DON'T scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cow lick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh! how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that is stealing upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think.

There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle scowls when something fails to suit—"Constitution scowls," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross" we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the grown folks, and as for ourselves we can't help it. But we must. It's reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty what will it be at seventy?

There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or a smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten those creases out of our faces before they become indelibly graven upon our visage.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH is strong, and age is weak; youth healthy, and age full of bodily infirmities. If the gross amount of health could be weighed and measured, yes, youth would undoubtedly have the best of it all round. But, taking patience and the power of bearing as modifying influences, there is something to be said of age even here. Age knows its lesson of suffering by heart, and bears cheerfully what it cannot avoid, and of which it foresees the end and extent; youth kicks against the pricks, and does itself increased damage by its impatience. To its inexperience every trivial ache is exaggerated into anguish—every passing indisposition, not lasting the twelve hours, into an illness of grave moment and never coming to an end. Age has a fit of the gout, and youth has a headache or a “growing pain;” but age suffers less, because it is patient and self-controlled, while youth becomes hysterical and frightened, and makes itself worse by its own self-pity and impatience. Stop grief. Age knows that man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and accepts its trials as it accepts wet days and gloomy seasons, but youth, strong in its instincts and with large vitality, believes in its own immunity from the general law, and, when it falls under the harrow of fate with the rest, gets additional scratches by its angry despair at being there at all. Age has learnt to take things quietly and in that quietness has robbed them of their sting; but youth, which accepts nothing patiently that it does not like, has to be chastized with scorpions till it has learnt to bear with resignation. Is it nothing to have learnt that lesson as well as the others? Life has none so difficult, and in proportion to the difficulty overcome is the relief of the achievement.

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Parts 23, 24, 25 and 26 have been received and we would again call the attention of our readers to this invaluable work and recommend them to subscribe for it. Only 25 cents per number.

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE.—This is the name of a new Catholic Monthly, devoted to pure literature and useful family information. It is a handsome magazine of forty pages, filled with light and attractive reading of the right kind. As the mission of the Magazine is to instruct, edify and amuse the Catholic Family, we strongly recommend it to every Catholic household in the land. We are of opinion, that if the young people read but one number of *The Catholic Fireside*, the parents will have the gratification of learning that the dime novels and literature of that class, will quickly disappear from the home circle. We wish our contemporary a long and prosperous career. Terms: one dollar a year; single numbers 10 cents.

Address THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE Publishing Company, Post Office Box 3806, New York City.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—There has just been started in Baltimore, Md., a weekly paper for Catholic children. It is called *THE CHIMES*. It has four pages of stories, poems, puzzles, parlor magic, legends, anecdotes of distinguished persons, and interesting miscellany. Its price is only two cents a copy or one dollar a year. Send for a specimen number to *THE CHIMES*, P. O. Box 31, Baltimore, Maryland, or, better still, send on the price of a year's subscription and get good reading for the entertainment of your boys and girls.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buck-knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-power, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshiping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space—as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.

F A C E T I Æ.

There are no sweets in family jars.

Nobody has yet challenged Orion for the belt.

An African proverb says the idle are dead, but cannot be buried.

In long tramp matches the race is not with the swift. It goes to the man who holds on.

What riles a country postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French.

We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

It is estimated that in this country only one in five hundred own a horse. Are we a neigh-shun.

Some men are like postage-stamps, they will never stick to anything till they are thoroughly licked.

More of coal than any other kind of property is destroyed by fire, and yet but little of it is insured.

Why a door nail is any more dead than a door must be because it has been hit on the head.

When two men put their heads together it is for mutual advantage, but ain't so with goats.

The editor of the *Oil City Derrick* has tried it and finds that "A New Year's swear off does wear off."

A sufferer says that there is an advantage in having Indian parents—that the moccasins are softer than slippers.

Every living boy has an aching desire to touch his tongue to a frosty lamp-post, just to see if it will stick.

The man who unexpectedly sat down in some warm glue thinks there is more than one way of getting stuck.

They are getting kerosene so that it won't explode, and pretty soon there won't be any fun in being a coroner.

There's a man in Chicago so short that when he has a pain he can't tell whether it's a headache or corns.

"Is this the Adam's House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes, till you get to the roof then its eaves."

If a man's horses should lose their tails, why should he sell them whole-sale? Because he can't retail them.

The difference between a scale maker and a dentist is that one is always on the weigh; the other is always en route.

It is currently believed that a woman is a hard thing to see through. And so is her hat at the opera.

The great problem with rats and mice is how to get rid of human beings and have cheese making go ahead all the same.

Professor Proctor alludes to the earth as a mere mustard seed. The *Buffalo Express* says that this is because it is hot inside.

A bootmaker has this extraordinary announcement in the window: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents a pair."

The *New Orleans Picayune* calls the gout a sort of brake which a wise Providence puts on a man's legs when he is living too fast.

Door bells are not favored in Leadville. If a man is too proud to kick the door and holler, he's too high-toned for the locality.

A man having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said, "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."

It takes six years to teach a bear to dance, and even, then he is apt to stop in the middle of a waltz and eat some small boy up.

Did you ever notice how carefully everything in nature is projected by some necessary covering? The river's bed is covered with a sheet of water.

Man with a wig jibes a bald-headed friend. "I admit" says the other, "that I have no hair, "but the hair I hav'nt got is my own, anyway!"

A sportsman was boasting the other day of having shot a rabbit. "But it was not in season," said a friend. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "'twas seasoned after I peppered it."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Slipping down on the banana is to be still more common, for it has been discovered that a lively intoxicating liquor can be made from the fruit.

A barber who was chastising his son explained to a neighbour who was attracted by the cries of the boy that he was only trimming his hair.

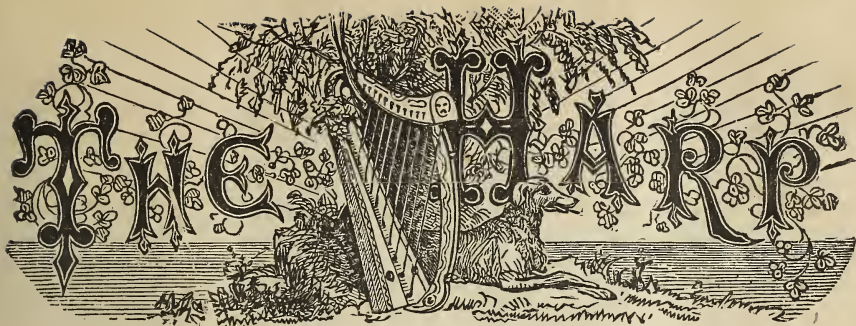
Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in March.
1	Mon	Resolution of 32 Orange Lodges against the Union, 1800. Mr. Gladstone introduced the Church Disestablishment Bill into the House of Commons, 1869.
2	Tues	Archbishop Murray read before the Catholic Committee a communication from the Irish prelates against the veto, 1810.
3	Wed	James Stephens escaped from England to France, 1866.
4	Thurs	"Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery" received the royal assent, 1703.
5	Fri	Act for the suppression of the Catholic Association passed both Houses, 1829.
6	Sat	Fenian rising in Dublin County, Tipperary, Limerick, Drogheda, &c., 1867.
7	Sun	Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, born at Tubernavine, in the parish of Adergoole, and diocese of Killala, county Mayo, 1788.
8	Mon	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. The <i>Press</i> , "United Irish" organ, seized, and office destroyed by Government, 1796.
9	Tues	King William III. died, 1701.
10	Wed	Mr. Grattan, in the English House of Commons, moved for a committee of the whole house on the Catholic question, 1819.
11	Thurs	Maynooth besieged, 1535. Emancipation Bill read first time in House of Commons, 1829.
12	Fri	The Irish Volunteers suppressed by proclamation, 1793.
13	Sat	King James landed at Kinsale, 1688. Oliver Bond and fourteen United Irish Delegates arrested in the house of Oliver Bond, 12 Bridge Street, Dublin, 1798.
14	Sun	Two sons of Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrne committed to Dublin Castle, 1653. Ulster Williamites beaten at "break of Dromore," 1689.
15	Mon	PASSION SUNDAY. Six thousand French, under Lauzane, entered Kinsale, 1689.
16	Tues	Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, butchered by English soldiers in his 80th year, 1601. Father Sheehy hanged, 1766.
17	Wed	Don Juan, Spanish commander, left Ireland, 1603.
18	Thurs	<i>St. Patrick's Day</i> . ST. PATRICK died, 464. Irish flag presented to the French Provisional Government by the Irish Patriots at Paris, 1848.
19	Fri	Battle of Ross, 1642. King John granted a charter to Dublin, in 1207.
20	Sat	Laurence Sterne died, 1768. Monster Repeal Meeting at Trim, 20,000 present, 1843.
21	Sun	James Ussher, Protestant Primate, died 1666. Miles Byrne born at Monaseed, County Wexford, 1780. John Mitchel died, 1875.
22	Mon	PALM SUNDAY. First newspaper published in Dublin in Skinner's Row, 1685.
23	Tues	Synod of Catholic Bishops at Kells declared the Irish war just and lawful, 1642.
24	Wed	O'Connell presented a petition against the Union in the House of Commons, 1844.
25	Thurs	James II. entered Dublin, 1689.
26	Fri	MAUNDAY THURSDAY. An export duty put upon Irish cloths, which destroyed that branch of Irish manufacture, 1699. An act obliging all registered priests to take the oath of abjuration (in which the Mass was declared idolatrous) took effect on this day, 1710. First Irish Volunteer Company enrolled, 1778.
27	Sat	<i>Good Friday</i> .
28	Sun	HOLY SATURDAY. John Hogan, sculptor, died, 1858.
29	Mon	EASTER SUNDAY. Meeting in Liverpool to honor O'Connell, 1844.
30	Tues	Arras surrendered after a brave defence, by Owen Roe, 1641.
31	Wed	Hugh O'Neill submitted finally to the Lord Deputy at Mellifont, 1603. Martial law for Ireland proclaimed, 1798. "Emancipation Bill" read a third time in the House of Commons, 1829. John Martin died, 1875.
		Peter O'Neill Crowley shot in Killelooney Wood, 1867. Prince John, son of King Henry, embarked for Waterford, in the year 1185.

Contentment is a thing that must be learnt, and which cannot be learnt without much attention, consideration, and practice.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.

No man is perfect, all have their defects; all men lean upon each other, and love alone renders the burden light.

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known live in a city.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1880.

No. 6.

A MALEDICTION.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.
I.

"My native land! how does it fare
Since last I saw its shore?"
"Alas! alas! my exiled trère,
It aileth more and more.
God curse the knaves who yearly steal
The produce of its plains;
Who for the poor man never feel,
Yet gorge on labor's gains!"

II.

"We both can well recall the time
When Ireland yet was gay;
It needed then no wayside sign
To show us where to stay.
A stranger sat by ev'ry hearth,
At ev'ry board he fed;
It was a work of maiden mirth
To make the wanderer's bed."

III.

"Tis altered times: at every turn
A shiftless gang you meet;
The hutless peasants starve and mourn,
Camp'd starkly in the street.
The warm old homes that we have known
Went down like ships at sea;
The gateless pier, the cold hearth-stone,
Their sole memorials be."

IV.

"We two are old in years and woes,
And Age has powers to dread;
And now, before our eyes we close,
Our malison be said:
The curse of two gray-headed men
Be on the cruel crew*
Who've made our land a wild beast's den—
And God's curse on them too."

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG. AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BARING'S DIFFICULTIES GROW THICKER.—"AN OLD FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HIM."

MR. BARING's difficulties grew and grew, until the sunshine looked dark, and, among men, he felt like one in an enemy's country. He became more and more moody and reckless, because excitement became every day a greater excitement. He had exhausted Cunneneen's endurance and liberality—Cunneneen himself used to say he had exhausted his means—and yet the more he needed economy, the more he plunged into hazards and projects and multiplied losses, until to "get more" or to face ruin became an inevitable alternative.

One night, Baring came home late, and in a mood which boded a wakeful night and a miserable morning. He seized a light in the hall, and made for his apartment, which boasted two rush-bottom chairs, a deal table on which a crippled mirror was falling in two, and a four-posted stretcher not over luxuriously provided with either mattress or bed-covering. The room was about twelve feet square, and the window of it looked over at the stables.

* Meaning the "exterminating" landlords.

Baring laid the light on the table, and drew one of the chairs right into a corner of the room. The other chair lay at the head of his bedstead; and, as he sat down in his corner, his eye somehow fell upon the vacant seat, and kept itself fixed in a dreamy gloomy kind of reverie.

"Heavens!" he cried, striking his forehead with his right palm. "Heavens!" he repeated, "what shall I do?"

He turned his eyes towards the white wall, and he was startled to see some one just near him! He rose suddenly, and the stranger made a corresponding motion. Only then, he saw he had been frightened by his own shadow! "Wretched man," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with me? Am I going to get mad?"

He flung himself again into the chair. The candle burned dimly, and everything around was as dreary as the light was miserable. He looked like a condemned culprit, and the room looked like a condemned cell, where the culprit was preparing for a hangman's rope on the morrow.

The impressions of such a moment color everything; and, what is strange enough, even the accidental often falls in with the impressions. Thus, when Baring's gloom was gloomiest, and his moroseness most morose, a rat stood before him on the floor. The creature was quite at home, and looked with fiery eyes into the eyes of Baring! The young man started with a cry! But the horrible thing did not stir! He made a kick at the monster; but looking down, the horrible thing was no longer there!

Baring then, according to his own account, began to brood! He brooded a long time. He knew not how long. He raised his eyes to the vacant chair at his bed's head. It was no longer vacant! Some one had stolen in, and occupied it.

Baring started up once more; and was on the point of seizing the intruder, when he lost heart, and sat down quite subdued.

"I ask pardon," the stranger said, "but I come as your friend. I know your difficulties, and I am one of experience. I come to give you counsel?"

"Counsel!"

"Yes, counsel!" And Baring could not withdraw his eyes from the severe but genial looks of the "friend" who came to give him "counsel."

"And, sir,——"

"Do not worry yourself, Mr. Baring. I have my tastes. I know your needs, and I come to speak about them. Indeed, I am an old follower of many of your family!"

Baring became silent.

"You are wretchedly off in the case of that thousand pounds."

Baring started.

"It is a hard thing to be exposed—and proved a liar! Very hard!—and your enemy has no pity."

"Well, sir, who the——"

"Quiet for a moment. Are there not some ways of getting that thousand pounds?" and the stranger raised a pair of dark brows, revealing dreadfully dark and very small black eyes.

"Ways?"

"Yes, Mr. Baring. What a triumph that Kinwain will have, and how the puppies who envied you will exult! It is a real pity."

"Well! Well!"

"I was going to add that forgery on Commerford for five hundred will be discovered early next month; and your own note to Kane for a like sum will expose you so horribly!"

And the stranger stared horribly at Baring.

"Many a man would end it all by a bullet through his own brain, Mr. Baring."

Baring thought the same, but made no reply.

"Now, it is a sad thing that old men like your uncle heap up money uselessly and wickedly, while so many people need it. It has struck many a one, that such peoples' lives are useless to society—or, rather, great evils to it."

Baring sighed.

"Really, a young man has great temptation to rid himself of such a foe to his life. It takes nothing from a wretched old creature like Mr. D'Alton—for he has not long to run—and it removes the great obstacles to a life of delight and triumph."

"There's a gallows!" cried Baring bitterly.

"Yes, yes," replied the stranger, with

a sardonic smile. "Yes, a chance of a rope against a certainty of disgrace, ruin, and—worse than death!"

Baring started again in dismay. He had often entertained the same thoughts and reasoned like this stranger. Often the unfortunate man half raised himself up to eject the intruder, but each time a force, he said himself, within him, mastered his movements.

"The thing seems so easy, too," the stranger went on. "Mr. D'Alton is so unpopular that agrarian assaults would account for twenty times as much! And then you would have a free foot and a tranquil mind."

Baring again looked at his visitor. Baring felt choking. "Who or what are you?" he struggled to say.

"I am the friend of people in your plight; but I see you want courage!"

"Courage!"

I should say so; but I must remember that you are going to face the jeers and mockery of enemies and the contempt of all your class! There is, certainly courage in that!"

Baring groaned. The stranger had again stricken home—and the jeers and contempt and the faces of assailants and accusers and foes were all mixed up together with a gallows and a hangman in the midst of them.

"You may not find this course a necessity," the stranger said, after a pause—"at least for six months—may be never. Cunneen would cash an acceptance of Mr. D'Alton for one thousand five hundred pounds, and hand you one thousand."

"An acceptance of my uncle?" And Baring laughed that laugh of woe and hate which only mocked despair knows how to laugh.

"Well, Mr. Baring you imitate Mr. D'Alton's writing well."

The unfortunate young man shook.

"Six months may bring about changes, and relief for you might be among them," the stranger continued. "You must go on, you know. To stand still is irreparable ruin and dishonor. Then, we all know, that even should D'Alton of the Crag live six months to get notice from his banker, he will never blast the reputation of his heir and the respectability of his family!"

"But, Cunneen——!"

"Cunneen knows very well how he is and he knows that if he refuse you now, he ruins himself as well as you. Again, I say, six months is a long time, and"—Baring felt the dark eyes burning into his soul—"and," the stranger added with a look of diabolical meaning, "you may not be driven to the 'agrarian outrage' at all."

Baring fell into a state which could not be called "thought." It was a state in which images moved rapidly and incoherently through the mind leaving the spirit weak and broken—as sickness or long labors sometimes leave it. He raised his head. The candle had been burnt into the socket. The first rays of the morning were stealing in, and Baring looked towards where the stranger sat. There was no one in the chair, nor in the room! Baring crossed himself the first time for many a month; and, going to the door, he tried the lock. The lock was all right, the door perfectly secured, and the *key was inside!*

"I have been dreaming," Baring murmured; yet the dream was dreadfully distinct, and dreadfully coherent."

Mr. Baring might have added that it was wonderfully instructive; and very like what an "old follower of a family" of a "certain kind" would have propounded.

The mind of Baring was in chaotic confusion. Yet the "six months' relief" and all that might arise in that time, perhaps the old man might die, or he might conquer the repugnance of his cousin—or—and then the "agrarian outrage" would present itself as the solution so horribly suggested and terrible in the consequences to be apprehended! Ever and anon, the words came back, the words of evil omen, "chance of death, or the certainty of something very much more horrible."

The comings and goings of Baring were very mysterious, as we have said; but much better known than he was aware. He aimed at money by intrigue. He aimed at money by dishonesty, and he aimed at money by *treachery*. One time he thought the last mode would have become a mine of gold and silver; but after pawning his honor and breaking his most sacred compact, he was informed that, until the *results* of his

"loyalty" were *obtained*, he could not expect the rich rewards of his "fidelity to order."

Baring undertook one piece of public service which would have cost him dear, had he not encountered a man of resolution and feeling.

There was a Mr. Fullerton at the time of which we write, who added, to a pure enthusiasm, a singular caution, and who fanned the flame of political ardor into a perfect blaze: but who seemed to have an instinct of discovering men of the Baring stamp and evading them. Baring was, of course, furious at meetings, and rich in projects, many of which were of a character to compromise hundreds, and he was lavish of the money he had not got, just as he was of the patriotism to which he pretended. Mr. Fullerton made many speeches and headed many marches and processions, and somehow drilled men without coming into collision with the Act of Parliament. He brought the movements of the extreme party to the very line, where at any moment the sword might be drawn, but he did not commit any indiscretion in the process. He was just the most dangerous man that could be imagined; because the ideas of force were always kept before the minds of his followers, and the idea of resistance while the law could never proclaim either his deeds or language to be illegal. One day, however, this gentleman might be said to put arms into the hands of the population. Great excitement followed the publication of a certain missive, or proclamation from the chief of the movement. The people gathered in hundreds around the placard. They read it with avidity. It was plain and decisive, though not intemperate, and the populace cheered!

The police were soon on the ground, in the locality we speak of, and they deemed their duty a plain one. Opening his way through the circle which surrounded the placard, the officer tore the paper down and walked away.

Now, it happened that the local leader, Mr. Fullerton was not present at the moment, but he soon came to hear of what to his thinking was an outrage. The hour was a supreme one. If the authorities thus cowed the masses, all Mr. Fullerton's work would be undone,

and the labor of weeks and months lost to him. That should not be, Mr. Fullerton thought, and, accordingly the patriotic gentleman procured a new proclamation, or he had got a second copy. He hesitated not one moment. He hung it from the window of his drawing-room in a position where everyone could read it; and then he deliberately walked down stairs, and stood beside the sheet of supposed treason.

As we have said, the turning point had come, and the question was whether fear or conscious power governed the authorities.

However, this may be, the town was soon gathered above and below, and opposite the placard, and the town was so concerned in the same, that, at each side of the street the people sat down to make a day of it.

At length the "guardians of the peace" came, and signified to Mr. Fullerton what they conceived to be their duty.

Mr. Fullerton bowed very politely, as he well could, and was silent.

The officer advanced towards the placard, in the attitude of going to seize. There was a dreadful stillness. Then hundreds of men rose to their feet. A number of men appeared at the end of the street with scythes, pitch-forks, and a few with old pikes.

All was silent; when Fullerton advanced to the side of the Inspector.

"Sir," he said, "I have hung that placard in its place. I believe it legal though patriotic. I am here to defend that manifesto of Ireland's old blood and best men; and I know the consequences perfectly. I have weighed them deliberately. I declare to you solemnly that the man who touches that placard dies."

"Why, Mr. Fullerton! What do you mean? You!"

"I mean, sir, that that placard shall hang from my drawing-room window. I mean that I will defend that placard. I mean, that even though myself and five hundred more die—after I have killed the man who stretches forth his hand to seize that placard—that man shall die!"

The populace overheard the defiance and there arose a cheer!—well such cheer as showed that 1848, in some places was in earnest.

The "authorities" exercised a wise discretion. The placard remained in untouched sacredness, until Mr. Fullerton removed it, when it became too dusky in the evening to read it.

Mr. Fullerton, then, was in earnest. Heart, hand, liberty and life, Mr. Fullerton meant revolution, and we must admit that for any government he was, locally, a dangerous man. The Habeas Corpus Act had not yet been suspended, or things might have come easier to the guardians of "order." Mr. Fullerton might in such case have been seized, though he were loyal as a pensioner on the Crown. How was he to be stopped, and handcuffed, *according to law*?

Mr. Baring is "the man in the gap;" t Mr. Baring had more than one reason for at least making a visit to Mr. Fullerton.

Whether the visitor whom Mr. Baring had been communing with mentioned Mr. Fullerton's name, we have no way of discovering: but, certain it is, that a few days after, Mr. Baring appeared at Mr. Fullerton's pleasant residence, and had himself formally announced.

"Mr. Baring of the Crag," said the servant.

"The d——take him!" interiorly, and uncharitably, answered Mr. Fullerton.

"Oh, one of the *patriots*!" Mr. Fullerton said loudly to his son. "Send him up," added he.

And, behold, Mr. Baring enters the drawing-room—a quaint old apartment with a monkish light falling upon ancient furniture, that is rich in spite of itself, and tells of happiness where here is display.

"Welcome, sir; welcome, Mr. Baring," cried the proprietor of Castle Fullerton.

"Thank you. I quite expected from our patriotism the reception of an old friend. You know me, Mr. Fullerton?"

"Well, I should say, I do. You are called 'the Captain,' I think?"

"Quite right, Mr. Fullerton. I am for good or evil, that man. I have come to you on most important business, and my time in this part of the country must be short."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Baring here whispered very low to Mr. Fullerton's ear. It was that

"one of ours" was outside the door, a brave fellow whom he would not think of introducing without Mr. Fullerton's leave.

Mr. Fullerton at once rang for the servant; and directed that Mr. Charles Baring's friend should be sent up stairs.

So he was; and the enthusiastic Mr. Fullerton bade him "welcome?" Nevertheless, Mr. Fullerton remarked that, coming up the room, the friend of Mr. Baring had a very *measured* tread, and that he had unnecessarily shortened his fine dark hair, and viewed Mr. Fullerton and the drawing room, as if he had been looking for something "lost or mislaid."

Mr. Baring in due time opened his mission or missions. This was, "his friend, Mardyke," he said, "and the 'chief' and the whole organization had unlimited faith in him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Fullerton.

"Then, my friend!" said Baring, "we want to arm the country immediately."

Mr. Fullerton listened.

"You know, brother," Baring continued, "that I am heir to four thousand a year, and that the 'governor' is over seventy."

"I have heard something like that."

"Well, brother, were I to lose the whole estate—were I obliged to sell every sod—our brothers must be armed."

Mr. Fullerton still listened.

"I am going to make you a proposal. It is morally impossible that my governor can live more than six months. I will draw upon you for £500 at six months, and take up the bill when it becomes due. We will buy arms for every penny of it.

"Well, Mr. Baring, what is the object of buying the arms?"

"The object! Why, the object for which you are known to have defied death a few days ago, and the object for which a nation's heart is beating—National Independence, sir!" warmly concluded Baring.

"Hear, hear!" cried Baring's friend.

"I have never 'done' a bill in my life," answered Mr. Fullerton. "And I certainly—even if I had done bills—would not do one to purchase arms. Ha! ha! pardon me—"

"I fear you do not trust me Mr. Fullerton!"

Mr. Fullerton glanced around the

ceiling in a thoughtful way, and his eyes finally rested on Mr. Baring. "Five hundred pounds!" he said interrogatively,—“Five hundred pounds to arm a nation. Let us have common sense!”

"Why, sir," I shall sacrifice all I have. I shall stake a thousand—two—three!" enthusiastically cried Mr. Baring.

"Change that subject, my good friend," Fullerton replied. We cannot approach one another on it; change it!"

There was an amount of fixedness in Mr. Fullerton's manner and resolution that evidently wrought on the visitors' minds. Yet they were convinced that the whole thing was only oddity, as they knew he was in earnest and had the means; and they determined to see him again," when he had considered it. The conversation changed.

"Of course, you have plenty of arms, yourself?"

"Plenty! Oh, yes."

"A hundred?"

"Well, I can't say a hundred."

"But plenty?"

"Quite enough."

Mr. Baring exchanged a glance with his companion—only the flit of a beam. But Mr. Fullerton saw it, and he smiled in his heart grimly.

"Our 'chief' has profound confidence in you, Mr. Fullerton."

"Well, no one trusts him more, or loves him better than I do."

"I am going to see him this night."

"You are?"

"I and my friend here. Have you a note, or letter, or message? I shall be glad to deliver it."

Mr. Fullerton thought for a moment.

"How soon do you depart?"

"In one hour."

"Well, in that time I will be able to send a letter of some importance. Will you do me the favor of calling? or shall I send to your hotel?"

"Oh, I shall call, certainly."

Mr. Fullerton sat down to think; and the most prominent thought that possessed him was that Mr. Baring was to be utilised. He had not been long in this mood when, who came the way, but James, the Pilgrim.

"James! is that you?" cried Mr. Fullerton.

Yes, sir. Everywhere, like the bad father. A poor Summer, sir."

"James, you know Mr. Baring?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is a leading man—the 'captain.'"

"So I have heard, sir."

"Does he know where the chief is?"

"He! No."

"And you do?"

"I do."

"Mr. Baring is moving Heaven and earth to find the chief's whereabouts."

"He came here to get information," said James.

"Precisely," answered Mr. Fullerton.

"And you are going to write to the chief, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Well," James said, with the most comical face a man wearing belt and rosary ever yet put on, "here is the chief's address," and he looked full of fun at Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Fullerton accepted the information with thanks, and, more than that, he made James wait for dinner.

Mr. Baring came in due time for the letter, and duly received the same. He did more, indeed. In a fit of patriotic liberality, he produced a magnificent case of pistols, snugly flannelled in a mahogany box.

"I am so much indebted to you Mr. Fullerton, that I beg your acceptance of this case of pistols. They will remind you of this day, when liberty shall have dawned upon our land."

"Pardon me, Mr. Baring. I informed you that I have more arms than I well know how to employ. You know numbers of your friends who will be glad to receive them."

"What! you will not take them?"

"Not for the world! You can find plenty who want them."

However, Mr. Baring had the letter, the address on the cover of which named a place *only seventy miles away from the sojourn of him they called the "chief,"* and the pilgrim and the patriot Fullerton laughed more than we can measure or describe.

* * * * *

What is shocking to hear is that the case of pistols was taken from Baring as he went home, and that he got what some evil-minded people called "the father of a beating."

CHAPTER XVI.

A WONDERFUL CONCESSION, AND A WONDERFUL JOURNEY—A PENCIL BEAM UPON TWO HISTORIES.

ABOUT the period of Mr. Baring's meditations and great trials, Mr. Meldon appeared one day at the Crag. He was accompanied by his daughter Clara; and all the style within Mr. Meldon's command seemed "put on" for the occasion. The phaeton was shining; the horses were shining; and the harness outshone horse and phaeton. In fact everything looked "spic and span" new.

Mr. Charles Baring had been away for some days; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton was ill at ease, people said—so that, with all the offices of charity and her reading, which was never given up, Clara had been saying to her father that Amy's life was a great trial, and almost a misery. What rendered Clara's sympathy more active for her friend was the journey Mr. Meldon was about to make to Dublin, and the weary hours poor Amy would have to spend in their absence.

Clara, though so young, was full of good sense; and her education had given her confidence in herself. She loved Amy D'Alton deeply, and she conceived the wonderful thought of going to Mr. Giffard D'Alton to ask his concession for Amy to be a companion of her travels.

"Why, child," Mr. Meldon said, "you had better ask Amy herself first."

"Not for the word, papa. Amy would not move a step of herself to leave Mr. D'Alton alone. I must try and win the old gentleman myself, and, once he consents, I am sure of Amy. In fact, I will make Mr. D'Alton *command* her to come with us."

Mr. Meldon felt proud of his child. He saw, moreover how wise she was; and, kissing her on the forehead, he quietly said, "Bless you, Clara!"

We have now made the reader acquainted with the antecedents of this morning on which the Meldons appeared at the Crag; and, may be, the brilliancy of the "turn out," which was due to "Crichawn" very considerably, had some connection with that astute individual's knowledge of the objects of the visit, and also his desire of its success. Why Mr. Leyton Seymour was left at

home, we may readily guess; but Clara would have it so, if for no other reason than her desire to fight the battle with old Mr. D'Alton in the presence of the smallest number of witnesses that was practicable.

The phaeton flew along the road, and Slieve-na-Mon seemed to fly the other way; while Clara's pre-occupation of mind kept her musing and silent.

Arrived at the Crag, little delay was made in sending up cards, and preparing for the interview. The old gentleman was "at home;" and, in honest truth, had taken a survey of the equipage, and a good one, before he entered the drawing-room. His eyes fell particularly upon Clara, and he said afterwards, that "his heart softened" in the view of the young girl, and "he did not know why."

After the usual common-place, Mr. Meldon opened the way to Clara's mission, by announcing that he and his daughter were going to travel for a month or two; and that their visit was almost a "good-bye," though they intended to call again. They would not leave before a week or ten days.

"An expensive thing is travelling," remarked Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, sir, money is made to purchase recreation and information, as much as for food and raiment."

"Hem!" shrewdly coughed Mr. D'Alton. "Does your friend, Mr. Seymour, accompany you?"

"He leaves, to-morrow, and awaits us in Dublin or London."

"He is rich, I believe," continued the old man, and his grey eyes twinkled.

"Very wealthy," answered Mr. Meldon. "I should say his investments reach a hundred thousand pounds, and his property in Australia reaches several thousands a year."

"Phew!" emphatically replied Mr. Giffard D'Alton. "A hundred thousand pounds, and several thousands a year! 'pon my word!"

"Where is Amy, sir?" now demanded Clara Meldon.

"Where is Amy? Why, she is in her room, or in some cabin near. It is not hard to find that child of mine, Amy. She will be in great affliction after you, Miss Clara."

"No, 'Miss' now, sir! You promised

me, ever so long ago,—do you not remember?—that you would always call me 'Clara,' just as you call Amy by her name."

The old man looked towards the window, and he took off his spectacles to have a good survey over the Crag. When he came back he was busily engaged in cleaning the optical helps with his pocket handkerchief.

"Well, Clara," he said, "we must send for Amy."

"Not for the world, sir; oh, no!"

"What! are you not going to say good-bye to your companion?"

Clara reddened a little, then became much moved, and finally did an excellent thing. She burst into tears.

"What!" cried Mr. D'Alton, looking at Mr. Meldon. He beheld a smile on the face of the gentleman, and became reassured. As Mr. D'Alton was a man of rapid thought and great penetration, perhaps he began to have a prevision also. But, with all his prevision and all his rapidity of thought, he never dreamt of what was coming. The fact was that one minute after she had commenced to weep Clara was weeping around the neck of old Mr. D'Alton and treating him in every way as if he were a relative rather than a visiting acquaintance. Not a word the young girl spoke, but kept showering upon the old man the marks of a child's love.

The old man could only say "Child! child! What is the matter?"

"You like little Clara, sir?"

The old man smiled. "You seem to know that very well."

"I do! And I know you have said little Clara is like some one you loved long ago."

"True," answered Mr. D'Alton with a voice of real feeling.

"And you would not like to afflict Clara, and wound her and—"

"What is it?"

"You must send Amy with Clara on this tour with papa."

The old man exclaimed "On a tour! on a tour!"

"Yes, sir, with me."

Mr. D'Alton looked at Mr. Meldon, and he saw plainly Mr. Meldon had come to the Crag with the object enunciated by his daughter.

"Mr. Meldon," asked Mr. D'Alton, "what am I to think of all this?"

"Well, sir," mildly replied Mr. Meldon, and with a voice like music, "the children need each other. Neither of them has a mother; and they have learned to love one another ever so much. If you accede to Clara's prayer, and give us Amy for the next month or two, she shall be as dear to me as Clara!"

The old man started, he knew not why; and he felt inclined to weep; and at last he yielded, he knew not why; and by the same arms which won Clara's first victory, a second was won; he declared "no matter what Amy wished, go she should."

"You shall hear from me constantly, and we shall be home within six weeks, I calculate. We shall bring with us a companion for Amy and Clara—our friend Alice Hayes."

"Then I am to rely upon Nelly Nurse and my most excellent nephew," rather cynically remarked the old man.

Here was something very strange, yet it fell in, somewhat, with Mr. D'Alton's idiosyncrasies. "Mr. Meldon's respectability was unquestionable. Mr. Seymour was a man of great estate; and to tell the truth poor Amy led a very mopish kind of life where she was. If Mr. Seymour liked Amy? Well, she was as good as he was, whoever he might be; and she was rich too; and if he happened to like her, she would be clear of Baring; and then there was no expense. On Meldon he—Mr. D'Alton—would depend his life and fortune. The man warmed him up, whenever he addressed him." Such were his reasonings.

That evening Mr. Meldon met "Crich-awn" at the hall-door.

"Well, Tom, how is the widow?"

"Ever so well, sir."

"And Alice?"

"Oh, sir, she lives in the other world entirely, thank God."

"You know she comes with us on our tour?"

"God bless you, sir! I know all of it; and she has her heart fixed on something else, her mother sez."

"Would you like to come with us?"

"Would I like to come? Ah, sir, wid Miss Amy that fed my family many a

day—and Miss Clara—an' you—like to come? I suppose poor fellows like me have too much liking, so they have. They don't know how to curb themselves."

"Well, do you wish to come?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't want to follow the wish."

"Eh!"

"Ah, sir, the widow id be lonesome; an' I'm wantin' here, you know, about our own house; an' I dunno—somethin' about the Crag!"

"The Crag."

"Ah, sir, I'm afeard about the Crag. The old man is odd—and he's good in many things an' I'm not sure he won't require a man like me near him."

Meldon started.

"Oh, sir, make your mind aisy. I am enough for three score of the old man's enemies; an' I can tell you my own friends are among them that speak hard of old Mr. D'Alton."

"Your friend?"

"Yes, sir; they are there to guard and protect Amy's father."

"Guard the owner of the Crag as you would guard your father, Tom. The old man is dear to me—very dear."

"Well, the honest thruth, is I always saw the same an' said it; but there's not a neighbor from this to Piltown or Waterford that dos'nt love Miss Amy, sir, and would'nt lose a fall to save her wan single tear."

The preparations for departure were not extensive; and, indeed, with practised travellers preparations are always few. Amy was *persuaded* by old Mr. D'Alton that she "needed change;" and he declared that he himself would go to Bonmahon or Tramore, and stay at the hotel for a month or more. Nelly Nurse would mind him, and—

"Well, sir, what of my cousin?"

"He may go to——"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton had lately been having somewhat more of Mr. Baring than was well for Baring's position in Mr. Giffard D'Alton's good opinion; and of all persons who deserved ill of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and of some who did not, that gentleman was ever ready to make that unmentionable, hoofed biped a present. In truth, he had been recently consulting some prudent people regarding the possibility of "breaking the

entail" by a "private act;" and Mr. Charles Baring had become aware of the same with something like dismay. That "friend and follower of the family," who gave Mr. Baring such wise counsel on a certain eventful night, came more frequently to his mind than ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE journey to Dublin was to commence on the morrow week of the day of the conversation last detailed; and on the day before the departure of the tourists all the packages were duly arranged and duly labelled, and the hour for Amy's presence at Mr. Meldon's fixed sufficiently early to enable the family to reach a morning train from Clonmel. The father and daughter, and Alice Hayes, sat down in the pleasant drawing room and indulged the anticipations born of such a moment. Very likely the young people were excited by the expectation of many novelties and much pleasure, and Mr. Meldon enjoying that luxury of a kind nature—the pleasure he was going to bestow.

Three heavy knocks at the hall door startled the little company. The noise of "grounded arms" was then heard,—done with a will as if to proclaim ponderous power. "Crichawn" was at the door in a moment. Mr. Meldon arrived immediately after, and found himself in presence of a dozen policemen.

"What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon, when the police had entered the hall.

"We have been informed that Mr. M—— is harbored in your house."

"My house! who could have been so mad and so false as to name my house?"

"We cannot say," replied the sergeant. "We ourselves do not believe it, but we obey orders."

"And you wish to search?"

"We have been directed, if you pledge your word of honor that Mr. M—— is not in the house, to proceed no further."

"No, no; no 'word and honor' in this case. The information has been given likely enough to deceive you, by putting you on a wrong scent, or to annoy me; though I do not know how I could have made an enemy. In any case you must search!" Without fur-

ther demur the police did as they had been desired. The children were a little alarmed at first; but soon rather enjoyed the investigation and the failure of the visitors. Every place in the house and in the yard, and the stables and the granary, was examined; but all were found equally innocent of harboring the redoubtable hero of many a 'well fought field' (at hurling however) and who was now feared for his designs when his ability and strength would have taken another and more dangerous direction.

"We are very sorry, sir, to have worried you and your family."

"Worried us! Not in the least. I could not think of allowing you to depart without an examination; because a man does not always know everyone or everything, in his house; and because I confess, though devoted to 'law and order,' I was not displeased to give the fine fellow the chance of a run during your delay."

Mr. Meldon gave the men some refreshment for which they were extremely thankful, and they bade him a farewell and a happy tour.

For some time James the Pilgrim and a man in the garb of a blind piper had been waiting at the right hand side of the entrance—very modestly, as became them. Mr. Meldon, as soon as the police had gone, advanced towards James and gave him his hand. He then beckoned both the new comers into the hall, and drew James into the parlor.

"Well, James, my friend, have you seen Mr. Seymour lately?"

"I have heard from him, Mr. Meldon. He is in London?"

"London!"

"Yes, sir; and making use of Father Hayes's letters of introduction. I think you will find Mr. Leyton Seymour more agreeable than ever."

"What do you mean James?"

"I will not say just now," answered James; "but Mr. Seymour's father was worthy of a good son."

"Let us order the poor piper his dinner and bed."

"Like you, sir," answered the Pilgrim—"like you, sir. He wants both;—and he wants ten sovereigns."

"Ten sovereigns!"

"Yes, sir. The 'blind piper' is Mr. M——, for whom the police have just been searching. He is on his way to America."

"Chrichawn" entered.

"Sich a man! sich a man!" cried "Chrichawn." "That owld aunt will hang 'im. Was there ever——!"

Just then Mr. Meldon beckoned to the piper, who joined the party.

"Sich a man!" again cried "Chrichawn."

"All true, "Chrichawn," said Mr. M—— in a fine clear voice; "and I am sure, if you wanted to see your brother's wife, or Mr. Meldon, or even an old neighbor, once more before you left old Ireland, you would venture more than I have; indeed, you would."

Mr. Meldon presented his hand to the outlaw.

"I do not share your views—I will not say anything of your feelings; but I cannot help honoring your sentiments."

"Thank you, Mr. Meldon. I am grateful."

"But, sir," Mr. Meldon continued, "what on earth *could* you have done? You have had great proofs that democratic power was not with you. What *could* you have meant?"

"Well, sir, the time will come. We have made a mistake. Ireland's clergy must always be the real power and——"

"Ah, well, do not mind that! You must have suffered awfully on this run?"

"I have not, sir. I have enjoyed much, if I have suffered some. I saw men and women, and even girls, 'peril everything to protect me—ay, even when they told me plainly they were far from giving up 'Ould Ireland.' It is worth a life of work to prove a people so genuine and loving."

"I quite agree with you; and as I heard a neighbor say—you know Father Ned—the principle of national being is indestructible. Its development is only a question of time and circumstances. Your hazard this time was to see your aunt?"

"Yes; I would rather have gone to prison than left Ireland without seeing her. She has given much of her life, indeed all of it, to me, in rare devotion. I have seen her; that is enough now."

Ireland a *gradh's mavourneen*!" added the young man hoarsely, "shall we ever baptize your cause in the holy wells?"

"Give up your wells an' rivers, now!" shouted "Crichawn;" "an' put on your coat, an' get off to the fair. Don't dhrove the baste too fast," though said the rogue. "And now let me see how the blue *ratteen* becomes you."

"Crichawn soon had enveloped the wanderer in a long, *ratteen* coat, on the back of which hung a cape down as low as the quondam "hurler's" hips. He then handed him a fine pair of whiskers not large but "bushy," as "Crichawn" called them.

"There now," said "Crichawn," a little proudly, "there's an *ould Irishman* for you! Isn't he as good as——"

The young man seized "Crichawn's" hand and gave it a hearty wring.

"You are a kingly man!" he cried. "Oh, for a hundred thousand like you!"

"Now, you know,——"

"Yes, I know; you never came our road, and that makes me admire your friendship and your courage more."

Mr. Meldon was silent; but he was surprised.

"Crichawn" crowned his exploit by driving a cow to the door.

"Now *Paudheen Murphy*," said "Crichawn" with a droll glance, "dhrove that baste ever so aisy to the fair o' Clonmel, an' at the corner of the main street, just at six in the morning, a farmer will give you fifteen gold guineas for her; an' the train leaves the station for Watherford about nine. There's warnin' that Mr. M—— is to be at the Thurles station to-day, and others with him."

As "Crichawn" mentioned Mr. M——'s own name that gentleman at once saw his danger.

"Bless you, "Crichawn," he cried. Then turning to Mr. Meldon, whose kindness had shaped the whole situation he expressed his obligations as a gentleman should, and bade him farewell.

This chapter was intended for Mr. Meldon's journey but the young enthusiast has borne us away as he many a time has borne away thousands.

We will compensate the reader by saying as little of the road as we can; and hardly anything of the partings.

Indeed, the partings were very few; and old Mr. Giffard D'Alton's was the saddest. He knew that ethereal love which Amy bore her father and believed that she held her life in her hands for him, at any hour or minute of her life. She was not at all insensible to his faults and follies. On the contrary, both had caused her many tears. But a child's love—particularly a well-reared daughter's affection—defies all resistance, and rises above all depressing influences. Its eyes, and ears, and senses, and everything, are in the heart!

The three ladies—Amy, Clara, and Alice—had a pleasant time of it, and had a companion in Mr. Meldon whose conversation was rich in knowledge, and indeed inexhaustible. Occasionally he mentioned Mr. Leyton Seymour's name, his fine property, and his family; and he saw plainly enough that such observations were not unacceptable to Amy D'Alton. He was glad of this for many reasons then working in his mind, and for many more which he hoped to see added to them.

Let us suppose the trains, all, to have been regular and the boats to have been faithful to "sailing time," and good fortune, good spirits, and high hopes to have accompanied the friends all the way, and they succeeded finally in joining Mr. Leyton Seymour at the "Grosvenor" and filled that gentleman with joy! Well, thus we find altogether in London.

The meeting was extremely agreeable to all parties, and the number just sufficient for the enjoyment of sight-seeing when business in the Metropolis, though the Metropolis made more for them. However, the particular calls and occupations of the gentlemen have so much to do with our mysteries that we must decline to name them at present.

It was easy to see from Mr. Leyton Seymour's line of thinking that his mind was very hard at work in a new sphere. He had been a great deal about the institutions which illustrated the science, art and charity of London; but what seemed to strike him most were the convents, particularly those that cared for poor orphans, and protected young women. Somehow, the devotion of the ladies to a work so great and so difficult, constantly forced itself before

his mind, and when he found among the religious not only the tenderly-reared aristocracy, but even those who had been brought up in very hatred of what they now worshipped with a hushed reverence—the saying of Pharaoh's necromancers came unbidden to his mind. "The finger of God is here," he said.

The reader will not feel surprised that Mr. Leyton Seymour accompanied the party to the Roman Catholic church very frequently, indeed almost daily; and one of those visits had a singular influence on his future career—and on the career of one at least besides himself.

One morning the ladies proposed to go to the Oratory at Brompton, and the gentlemen readily assented. It happened that as they drove from the door of their hotel, another carriage drove in the same direction, and street after street kept them company. At first they thought it curious, and then became really interested; but the interest culminated when they saw the carriage stop at the very same destination for which they were bound.

The occupants of both carriages entered the church together; and our friends saw that the strangers were ladies—or by their appearance, a lady and her maid. The lady hardly eighteen, was a foreigner of quite a noble look and bearing; and the maid was a worthy companion for so much distinction. Whether the parties were a mutual distraction or were not, we cannot say; but fate had arranged that they should become acquainted. It was inevitable.

The fact is, that just as they went to the church in company, they came back in company, and finally entered the porch of the Grosvenor together. What could be more inevitable?

Clara Meldon therefore, walked right across the ladies' parlor one hour after and as her eyes met those of the foreign lady, both quietly smiled.

"You see," Clara said in French, "Mademoiselle, we must become acquainted; *le bon Dieu* has brought us together."

"I am most happy," the young lady replied in the same language; "and such meetings are mostly providential."

Amy D'Alton now entered, when the

foreign lady said in English, and with a very pure accent, "this is one of your companions?"

"Oh, that is Miss D'Alton, my most beloved friend. But here is papa. Oh, papa! I have been wishing you to arrive. I have made a friend," the little witch said, most wittingly.

Mr. Meldon bowed low.

"My father's name is 'Meldon'" she said looking at the fair foreigner; "and my name is 'Clara.'"

"Well my name is Fernandez I come right from Berlin, accompanied only by my maid."

"From Berlin!" Mr. Meldon remarked.

"Yes, and I leave this to-morrow."

Mr. Leyton Seymour just came in, and Miss Fernandez only waited the introduction before she added, "I am going to enter a convent, which you must come and see."

"To become a nun?" Amy asked.

"Precisely. In fact, I came for the purpose. But pray, did you not say Miss D'Alton," she said, after a pause, looking at Amy.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Have you any relatives in Austria?"

"I believe not," Mr. Meldon answered; "but——"

"I was going to say," continued the lady, "that a very old friend of our family, noble and wealthy, was named D'Alton, and something quite romantic makes the name dear to me."

"Indeed! Senora." Mr. Meldon said.

"Yes, sir. The Count D'Alton quarrelled with his son, who had made a match below his rank. The son was quite as proud as his father, and they separated. Young D'Alton was educated in Cambridge, and was more than half an Englishman. Having quarrelled with his father, he enlisted in an English marching regiment, and left for North America. The account of his death came to his father, I believe, the year I was born. But there was a vague report of a child; and I never hear the name 'D'Alton' without feeling my mind stirred by the sad story."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Leyton Seymour exchanged glances.

"This does, indeed seem providential," said Mr. Seymour. "I have just

had a letter from Father Hayes, in which he states that he is about to return from America, and that he will be accompanied by a young girl whom he discovered among the Micmac Indians. She had been brought up as the adopted daughter of an old Indian queen, and was generally known as 'Nœmi, the Indian princess;' but Father Hayes's enquiries elicited the facts that her parents were Europeans, who died while she was yet an infant, and that her father was an English soldier, named Henry D'Alton, who had wealthy relatives, with whom, however, he had not corresponded for a long time before his death."

"Singular!" said the Senora Fernandez. "If this girl should prove to be the grand-daughter of Count D'Alton, what a joy it will be to the old man. He has long since repented bitterly of his harshness to his only son; and I understand he is even now in England, prosecuting, through the war office, enquiries with regard to his death; though he had little hope of finding the child he was reported to have left."

"In that case," said Mr. Meldon, "Father Hayes will be a great aid to him. But we must be careful how we excite hopes that may not be realized; though I have no doubt, from what the lady says, that the mystery will be satisfactorily cleared up; and," he added after a thoughtful pause, and looking significantly at his daughter, "it may be that, in its elucidation, it will explain other matters which now appear even stranger than this does."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT the time indicated in the last chapter, at all events not very long after, two or three old friends turned into Father Aylmer's for "one of the evenings" himself and Father Power knew so well how to bestow. "One of Father Aylmer's evenings" passed into a proverb, and however spare the tabling might be—sometimes it was, as we have remarked already—the hearty welcome of the parish priest and the *bonhomie* of the curate were gifts not every day to be obtained, even when the fare was most luxurious.

On the day of which we write, the

arrival of an old friend and class-fellow in college made Father Power more radiant even than usual; and, as if to balance the years in the little parlor, old Father Morrissey, the nearest neighbor, came to make one of the happy circle.

Father Power's friend we must call Feehan, for convenience sake—and he was one of the most genial, most daring, and devoted men that ever wore alb or stole—like the "Great High Priest," always ready "to lay down his life for his friend"—or to share his last shilling with him. Father Feehan was under forty, wonderfully strongly built, and with an eye that shot out rays of reflection or sparkled with humor as the occasion arose, and really looked as if he was always going to sing "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?'"

"So those 'Young Ireland' boys are off," exclaimed Father Power.

"Safely as Giffard D'Alton's hoard," answered Father Feehan.

"How did you manage?" pursued Father Ned.

"I managed by sleeping in three different quarries three different days, and each succeeding night getting nearer to the sea."

"Singular," Father Morrissey said, "that her Majesty's faithful 'Peelers' did not make your acquaintance on the road."

"As I said, we travelled at night, and always had three carts, going 'on our lawful business;' in fact, we did carry loads of turf one night, and tents to set up at the fair of Ballybunnion another night."

"Well!" the old parish priest said, somewhat impatiently, "Father Feehan let us hear how the poor fellows got away."

"I succeeded in boarding a schooner one day last week. I found the captain was a Kerry man, and we agreed that he should receive £500 for landing the three men in Constantinople."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Father Aylmer,

"Ah, yes; your friend—or the son of your great friend—O'G—from Dublin—paid two-thirds of the money."

"Then?" asked Father Power.

"We paid one-third in hand; the remainder to be paid on arrival."

Father Aylmer's foot was very busy beating the floor. "Gracious!" he said finally, and looking imploringly at Father Ned.

"Well, sir," Father Feehan said, turning to Father Aylmer; "well, sir, our friend the Captain, having got £160 in his pocket, took a 'vacancy' while we came on shore, and having, I suppose, got a fit of loyalty and avarice, he set sail and left us there."

There was a cry of indignation and astonishment.

"I found afterwards," Father Feehan said, "that the fellow was a Kerry 'souper,' who had apostatised some years ago. But, after all, we succeeded. I tried our fortune once again. This time the Captain, I found out, was an Englishman, from Kent. I frankly told him our condition, and our loss.

"'I shall take them' said the Captain.

"Well, Captain, you are a frank, honest man. I will advance——"

"Not a stiver," replied the Captain. "They can pay when they reach their destination."

"Thanks. Can you come along side, or shall we sail out to you?"

"Not for gold," replied the Captain, "shall you sail out; and, in fact, it is very likely the fellow who pocketed your money, has, by this time, pursued his industry a little further, by giving information of your whereabouts. So we shall need water and refitting; and stay a couple of days in the Shannon.

"And where are my friends to remain so long?"

"They are to come on board to-day; and we shall make much of them in the hold. However, I shall invite the Custom House officers to a bottle of Champagne; and, for the honor of the cause, I shall hunt up the Inspector of Constabulary. We shall have a jolly time of it." You have it all now, gentlemen. I bade them adieu with a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow; but I believe they had all been convinced that the harvest time of national hope had not come, and that the counsels of their old friend had been the wisest."

"They are clear off—God be praised!" cried Father Ned; and the table rung with hearty applause.

The chances of the future were then discussed, and Father Ned evidently

knew very much more than an "Old Irelander" was generally supposed to know. In fact, the young fellows believed that his prudence invariably opposed his sympathy, and that all his feeling was for the cause and for them. Personally, he was the friend of every one of them.

"Come, Ned," said Father Feehan. "You are a 'loyal' man, we all know; and you can therefore afford to sing a disloyal song."

"But I do not sing disloyal songs, Michael."

"Come, now; 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight'—you *must*."

"Will you make a contract?"

"The terms?"

"I shall sing 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight,' if you sing the song you sung in college on Christmas night, 1834. We shall find who is the oldest rebel."

"Done!"

Father Michael Feehan then commenced:

"COME O FREEDOM! COME."

Come, O Freedom come,
And beam thee on our lovely isle;
The hope that glads a nation's heart
Is bright but in thy smile!
Come! years have passed away;
And tyrant power hath flung
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young;
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young.

Come, O Freedom! come;
The patriot's heart is burning still;
The spirit free, as ocean's wave,
Brooks not the tyrant's will.
We love our fields of green!
We love our mountains blue!
And know we not what we have been?
Yes, Freedom! we love you!
And know we not what we have been?
Yes, Freedom! we love you!

Come, O Freedom! Come,
And bless the hearts that beat for thee;
The brightest beams of the Summer
hours
Are bright but for the 'free!
Come o'er the western wave,
That bounds in thy presence grand!
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking
slave
Shall flee from our green land;
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking
slave
Shall flee from our green land!

(To be Continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

LIBRARIES.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

GOETHE once said: "one ought every day at least to read a good poem, hear a little song, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words." Goethe lived in a land where the arts and sciences were encouraged and where, in consequence of that encouragement they were flourishing. In Canada it would be a difficult task to accomplish what the great poet lays down as a rule. "To hear a little song"—every day we do not consider very practicable, unless one were gifted with a talent for music and had for society and companions those who are constantly prepared to raise the voice. Outside the theatre or public concert halls the greater majority are not in a position to enjoy the sweets of music and song. Even those who may have friends or relatives that sing, too often find it difficult to snatch a few moments in the evening to devote to this enjoyment. "To see a fine picture"—indeed they are too few, as yet, in Canada. Our art galleries can be easily counted, for they are not as numerous as our cities. But if we cannot follow the advice of the author of this beautiful precept we can go as near to it as possible. "To read a good poem" (or book)—and "to speak a few reasonable words"—are things within the grasp of nearly every one of us. At home, in society, with friends, at morning, at noon or at night, at all times and nearly in all places and with all people we can find occasion to thus increase our little store of knowledge.

But for the person who desires self-education, who seeks to fill up a large mind and to cultivate a fertile intellect, this precept does not extend far enough. Every one has not the means to purchase books wherein that knowledge is to be found. Neither is every one placed in such happy circumstances as to enable him to hold, every day, a solid and instructive conversation. But if

those books cannot be purchased there is yet a grand way to get the hand and the eye upon them—there are avenues along which they are strewn, highways that lead on towards the great temple of knowledge. If we cannot, on account of business affairs, or for other such reasons, find time and place and occasion to meet with, and converse with those who are learned and whose conversation is a species of education, there are shrines devoted to the deity of learning wherein they may be found and admired. These avenues, highways, and shrines are better known to the public under the name of *Libraries*.

Libraries are the grand conservatories of knowledge in a land. A good public library is a focus towards which converge a thousand, aye a million rays of purest light. A library is an ocean of wealth to the city in which it is to be found. Hear what Thomas Davis says of libraries. It may seem strange that I have so often cited the works of this man. But they are not known, and he unfortunately was not known, and deep down in the soul of that humble man were plans and ideas revolving around each other, that would have dazzled the *literati* of the age had he the opportunity of bringing them to light. I cite his works, for what he says is stamped with truth and sincerity. Speaking, then, of libraries; he says "Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motly calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's Kaledoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most eminent men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the Lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts

named in the last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at for sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.”

In Canada we have grand public libraries. Not to speak of the splendidly filled shelves of those in Montreal, Quebec and Toronto we need but refer to that inexhaustible mine of literature and science that is an ornament to the capital of the country. The Parliament library of Ottawa is one of the greatest treasures that Canada to-day possesses. The materials are not wanting—the occasion is not amiss—the time, if properly and faithfully employed, is not too fleeting; but the desire and the courage, so to speak, are not to be found. There is not that thirst for reading and studying which should be found amongst the people. Did it exist the floods that pour from such a fountain-head would not be allowed to roll by “untouched, untasted.”

This is the spirit and desire that should be forced, if force is necessary, into the minds of the people. They should be taught to regard their own education as a sacred duty. It is true you will often be told by a person that he or she reads very much and yet that person is unable to afford you the few moments “reasonable conversation” of which Goethe speaks. Why is it so? For one of two reasons. Either that person reads very much, but reads so as to forget it, to miss-apply it, to lose it, or he reads very much of the *thrash* literature that is floating like a scum upon the purer and clearer waters of *true* literature.

Either of those two ways of reading is not only useless but is very injurious. Too many know not how to chose their books—and consequently are led on to read and pour over volume after volume of those, so called novels and stories which, at best merely serve to while away and waste time. It is a difficult task to collect a small private library, and it is just as difficult to pick out the most useful volumes that are to be found in a large public one.

The best remedy to this evil is not as many imagine to lay down the rule “that such and such a book you shall read and such and such another one you shall not read under penalty.” But the proper way is to so instruct and educate that the person can tell what is good and what is hurtful or useless in literature. Inspire the person with a sincere desire for self-education and self-advancement, then shew him the means necessary and most useful in order to gain that end. The person, if at all reasonable, will certainly chose the proper course and judging to a certain extent for himself will feel a kind of pride in picking his steps with care and caution along the highway of knowledge.

The surest means to make a young person read and ponder over a book is to let him know that it is forbidden to read it. Nine out of ten will seek the first occasion that presents itself to lay hands upon the volume and to devour its contents. But if a man felt a true desire for the acquirement of knowledge, felt the courage to shoulder his spade and go forth to delve and dig in some one of those mines of literature, felt the importance of saving time by reading to retain and reading to profit, felt the truth of that saying—“educate that you may be free”—he would have a grand field open before him.

“Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbors, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting “strength.”

Let us suppose a young, or even an old man who is in the habit of frequenting a library. Let us suppose him gifted with a certain amount of judgment and taste. It is wonderful what an amount of knowledge he will acquire in a very short space of time. He will know the literature of his own country and if he has not a knowledge of other languages at least through the medium of translation he will be enabled to become familiar with their beauties. And

if such a man had never the occasion to display before the public his learning and science it would be for himself a constant source of enjoyment—to which the poor pleasures of the majority of men cannot be compared. Contrast that innate satisfaction, that deep-felt pleasure, that soul-moving, heart-touching, peace-inspiring enjoyment with the relaxations and amusements which the hundred other sources afford.

The gambling-room, the bar-room, the hellish-resorts of iniquity are the centres of attraction for far too many of our people. There the time, that is precious in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of God, the physical energies that are so necessary for the preservation of happiness and health, the mental faculties that are the ornaments of man, are all wasted by degrees. Then there is the pomp of worldly display, the glitter of a grand appearance, the splendor of a rich banquet; these and a thousand such more innocent but still unprofitable pastimes are the rage, but as Goldsmith says: "These little things are great to little man." Not there is true enjoyment to be found. Again the rough and more brutal enjoyment of animal pleasures has laid a hold upon a certain branch of society. Again, we repeat, *there* is not to be found that true enjoyment which should accompany us through life.

If the mind is not cultivated and tilled, it soon becomes dull and cannot soar beyond certain narrow limits. The man may have physical strength and energy, he may be gifted with a grand appearance and beautiful features, he may have all that is attractive and admirable exteriorly, but if the mind is uncultivated there is a dead blank. An old English poet once sang:

"Were I as tall to reach the pole,
And grasp the Ocean in my span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

And the best and surest place where that refinement can be had is within the four walls of a good library. But a library is a labyrinth. A thousand by-ways start out from one point and these are intersected by a thousand cross-paths. At times, as in the depths of the catacombs, all is darkness and bewilderment. It is necessary to have

a light and a sure and faithful guide in order to safely reach the end. It would be impossible to visit every passage—a life time would not suffice; no, not ten times the space allotted to man upon earth. The explorer must, therefore, pick out the corridors, most useful and less dangerous and most in accordance with his tastes and energies, and then follow them through their divers windings.

An hour a day in a good library would suffice to lead a person a long long distance upon any one way. Take for example History—You start with your well trimmed lamp and your faithful guide. Away you go—back, back along the ages. On each side of you, lit by the wane light of your flickering torch, you see the tombs of the nations—some grandly adorned and beautifully worked, others simple and dull. You read upon each the epitaph, into which is condensed the story of its birth, its rise, its flourish and its fall. On you go and the ghosts of dead ages come forth from their crypts and stalk out before you. Back, back along that winding, lengthy, passage you advance—even (if you have time) until you reach its end. Such is your progress in that great library labyrinth. But as yet you have only seen one passage, without even making a single excursion into the million off-shots or by-ways that branch away from it.

Suppose it is another corridor you desire to explore. It is that of Literature,—away you go with the same guide and same light that you employed when walking the road of History. So on for every branch of learning or science. Their name is legion. Certainly in the space of one life-time a person could not even attempt the exploration of more than a small number of those passages. But what an amount can be acquired, what a distance can be travelled, by slow stages—an hour a day—what things can be seen and gleaned is wonderful in the end.

Every library should be encouraged and used. They are a source of incalculable good to a city and even the country at large. Not only are they of use to the men of profession but even more so to the men of the merchant class. These are the people whose time

is occupied with business and who are unable, owing to circumstances, to devote much of it to study. But if in the city or town there is a good public library, where they could walk in and take a book every now and then, soon a desire, a real thirst for reading would take possession of them and they would soon find that they were wont to waste much time in idle talk or in a thousand other ways, which could have been much better employed.

"Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttlecock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed the highest reading of all (which we may name epic reading) is of this class."

But if for some persons reading is a waste of time, in general it is a good and a grand employment. And if libraries are useful to those who seek and desire self education, they are more so to those who already enjoy a liberal education. For men of professions nothing so important as a library. The physician, the lawyer, the engineer, the clergyman and above all the author or writer requires some such place where knowledge is to be had for the mere trouble of seeking for it.

Space is limited and consequently only very few of the multitude of things which might be said upon this subject can here be expressed. Volumes could be written upon libraries, and volumes could be written upon the subject of books in general. As in all those essays, whatsoever be the subject, only a short glimpse can be taken at the question brought forward, so in these few phrases we merely desire to draw attention to this branch of education—for no one can deny that it is a very important branch.

Let libraries be encouraged and let the people be encouraged to frequent

them. Rest assured that if you are seen in a public library it will never injure you in the eyes of the one whom you meet there. If you are often seen frequenting these sanctuaries of learning, found delving in these mines of literary wealth, discovered pouring over the volumes of those great conservatories of knowledge, walking the passages of those winding labyrinths, that you will soon be marked out by your fellow-citizens as a useful, intelligent, worthy—aye good man. And the older the volume you hold in your hand, the more dust of the musky forgotten shelf that is seen upon it—the more will you be considered studious and learned. But beware of doing this for show-sake. Such would be an acted lie. Do it that you may glean the benefit and reward.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER AND THE GALLOGLASS.

A BALLAD.

A barrier lay 'twixt him and me,
For I was far in rank above him,
So handsome, graceful, kind was he
I could not but sincerely love him:
Thus whether in a hunter's dress
Or trowse and cloak, as simple farmer,
In saffron tunic—playing chess,
Or girt with sword and clad in armor.

As arrow straight—a spear as tall,
When Connor's clan attacked the stranger
How proud his mien—as castle hall
He left, to claim the post of danger,
While sang the *Ros-catha* a bard,
He from the kerne and galloglasses
Was chosen by his Chief to guard
The river fords or mountain passes.

The warfare o'er—at banquet board
The clansmen talked of border forays,
When Cairbre laid aside the sword,
How sweet his songs and droll his stories;
Metheglin, wine their spirits lit,
(Good cheer the fiercest face relaxes)
Still more his humour and his wit
E'er bright and keen as battleaxes.

As foster-children we had played
Mid orchard fruits and garden flowers,
At eve (although of ghosts afraid)
Among old Dangan's gloomy towers.
In after years his love was seen,
It roused the anger of my brother,
Hot words ensued—each drew his *skeine*,
Tho' Conn's fond nurse was Cairbre's mother.

From thence our paths asunder led,
 No more to meet on ramparts daily,
 On bushy road or rath—he fled
 The fields and forests of O’faley.
 I knew his worth—and courage tried,
 How pure and high his sense of
 honor,
 Though Fortune’s favours were denied,
 His heart was with the House of Con-
 nor.

We still with fear in secret met,
 And tears were shed before we parted,
 He told me once the sun should set
 On us no more half broken hearted;
 And said though poor in all beside,
 Although in want of lands and trea-
 sure,
 Yet if his Eileen were his bride
 His toil and trials would be pleasure.

He called me then his *gra machree*,
 His *Colleen bawn*, the sweetest crea-
 ture,
 From Barrow’s banks to Lough-na-ree
 And good in soul—as fair in feature,
 He gave me there his hand and word,
 That if he failed to fondly cherish
 The lady whom he long adored
 Might all his hopes and prospects
 perish.

Returning home, pressed to his side,
 He kissed my blushing forehead over,
 And made me promise—what betide,
 That soon he’d be my wedded lover,
 My cheek was near his faithful breast,
 My fingers hung upon his shoulder,
 I then my maiden love confessed,
 Tho’ years have passed, ’tis scarcely
 colder.

We called the evening star above,
 Whose orbit bright is ne’er forsaken,
 To witness our true vows of love,
 In sight of saints and angels taken:
 Next day the solemn seal was set—
 Unknown to kindred—by a friar,
 Tho’ want has pinched—without him yet
 I never wished for station higher.

The fervor breathed in his sighs,
 The warm embrace that would infold
 me,
 The pure affection in his eyes,
 The sweet, soft things he often told me,
 I’ve counted like a miser’s wealth,
 Whose hoarded gold his mind be-
 witches,
 Our children with content and health,
 Have since become my only riches.

I envy not the queens of earth,
 When I observe the gifts and graces,
 Of boys and girls around our hearth,
 Their beautiful and happy faces:
 But when in love like us they sigh
 And hand and heart are freely given,
 With nuptial rite we’ll ratify
 The pledges registered in heaven.

Montreal.

LAGENIAN.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

RENAN at least, infidel though he is,
 does not believe in the lie, that the
 Church has never opposed slavery.
 Speaking of the persecution of the
 Christians in the year 64, he says “Thus
 opened that extraordinary poem of
 the christain martyrs, that epoch of
 the amphitheatre, which is to last 250
 years, and to eventuate in the ennob-
 ling of women and the reinstating of
 the slave in all the rights of manhood
 and citizenship.” (*Antichrist*, p. 175).
 To shed his blood for the faith was for
 the slave an eloquent declaration of
freedom; to die in the same arena done
 to death by the same wild beasts with
 freemen; perhaps with his own master,
 was *equality*. If during periods of
 comparative calm some difference of
 rank might have sprung up in the chris-
 tain family between master and slave,
 they disappeared when the one and the
 other were cast into the same prison,
 were tried before the same judge, suffer-
 ed the same torments and died together.

The persecuted Church called all the
 faithful, without distinction of age sex
 or condition, to the combat. If to die
 for virtue, liberty or for oneself, says St.
 Clement of Alexandria, is good and
 honourable for man, it is so also for
 woman. Such deaths are not the ex-
 clusive privilege of men, but of all the
 good. Let the old man and the young,
 let women and slave live faithful to the
 commandments, and if necessary die
 for them, that is to say, “gain life by
 death.” Commemorating the martyr
 Agricola put to death for the faith a
 few moments after his slave, Vital, St.
 Ambrose cries out: “The slave has gone
 first in order to prepare a place; the
 master follows; the one began, the
 other finished, the work. They have
 striven together in good deeds, after
 having become worthy to be equals.
 The master has sent the slave before
 him to martyrdom; the slave has drawn
 his master after him. No condition of
 life is an obstacle to virtue.” “There
 are combats,” says St. Chrysostom, “in
 which certain conditions of age, sex and
 dignity are required for the combat;
 slaves, women, children and old men are
 ineligible; but hither (to martyrdom)
 all ranks, all ages, both sexes are called

a great liberty is given to all, in order that they may learn how free and powerful is He, who has instituted this combat." These are strong proofs of the perfect equality of all classes (and therefore of the slave) in the Christian church. It is true that the martyrs themselves with a beautiful humility may sometimes have drawn a distinction. Origen, in his Exhortation to martyrdom, gives us a beautiful example, "we poor" he represents them as saying "though we are martyrs like you, yet reasonably give you the first place, since for the love of God and Christ you have given up more than we; you have trampled under foot high rank great riches and love of your children."

But the Church did not accept this distinction. When a martyr's death had crowned any of her children, she affixed to his name in her diptychs the honourable title "martyr vindicalus" ("canonised saint" we should say now-a-days) whether he was born of free man or bond-woman. The arcosolium which in the catacombs received the ashes of the one or the other was clothed with the same honors, and on the feast days of the martyrs saw the same crowd elbow one another pressing forward to pray there and to participate in the holy sacrifice. This veneration paid to martyred slaves was a matter of grave astonishment to the pagan mind. These Christians says the Sophist Eunapius, "*honor as God's men, who have been put to death with the extreme penalty of the law; they prostrate themselves in the dust and mud before their tombs. They call faithless slaves, who have been striped with the scourge, and whose bodies bear the scars of punishments caused by their crimes—martyrs,*" &c.

Besides proving the equality of slaves, does not this last testimony afford invincible proof of the veneration of saints in the early church? Even the pagan Roman bears testimony to it.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the slaves who were honoured with public worship and who are mentioned in the writings of the first centuries. During the persecutions the indifference of the Pagan slave master for the religion of his slaves suddenly vanished. Not only did they punish

those, who declared themselves Christians, but much more, they obliged, at least in the persecution of Dioclesian, all slaves to offer sacrifice and libations to the gods as a proof of their attachment to the religion-by-law-established. There were slave-martyrs of all grades of slavery for even slavery had its grades. Here a powerful slave has been touched with grace, and is brought home dead for Christ to the palace, where formerly all trembled before him. There slaves hitherto favourites of their masters are cast into prison as soon as their conversion to Christianity is become known. Or an old well respected slave around whose knees three generations of children have sported, dragged to death as a Christian, breathes out his short remaining life on the cross. For refusing to sacrifice to false gods another is run through with a spear like a wild beast by his master. A whole family of slaves, father, mother and children are put to death by their Pagan master for having confessed the faith. Perhaps the weak ones are the most to be admired. A young slave mother, just delivered of her first born, rises from the bed of sickness to fight for Christ in the amphitheatre. A female slave is shut up by her mistress in a strong room to die of hunger because she has been surprised frequenting the Churches. Slave virgins (Sts. Felicitas, Matrona, Digna, Eunoimia, Eutropia, Dula, Pitamien) are denounced as Christians for defending their modesty, and die for their own honor and that of religion. All kinds and degrees of servitude are here represented. It is a labour of love to unroll verse by verse "this poem of the slave martyr." It abounds with touching scenes, and sublime episodes. It is the chant of victory. Paganism stood confounded in presence of this presumption of the slave made free (in soul at least) by Christianity. A young Christian slave named Mary is denounced by her master for adoring Christ. Why being a slave, are you not of the religion of your master? asked the Judge. This was the Pagan servitude. These martyrs were a puzzle to Paganism. It could not understand this "non possumus" of the Apostle repeated again by the lips of those who hitherto had not had the power to say no.

H. B.

PARNELL'S RECEPTION.

THE most magnificent demonstration ever witnessed in the City of Montreal! Such was the unanimous verdict expressed by all who beheld the royal reception given to the great Irish agitator, the successor of the immortal O'Connell on the evening of the 8th of March. Well might the heart of Ireland's cherished son rejoice at the genuineness of his welcome, the public manifestation of confidence in the sincerity of his motives, and the cordial approval of his course as bold and unflinching as it is unique in the history of parliamentary or constitutional warfare. Unprecedented as was his reception in the grandeur of its display, the recipient of the ovation had fully earned the laurels that were showered upon him. A Protestant in religion, he had espoused the cause of his distressed and oppressed Catholic fellow-countrymen; a landlord he had thrown himself into the breach to do battle for the victimised tenantry of his native land—born to a position of ease, the road to honor and emolument was open before him, were he to join the ranks of the heartless rulers of his country, he had preferred the rugged and painful career of champion of popular liberties; instead of the smiles of the powerful, he had chosen the inevitable ostracism of men of his own creed and class—and what has been his reward? At an early age he has become famous throughout the civilized world, his name is enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, he has no honorable prefix, no ribbon of any ancient order decorates his breast, but in their stead he has won and wears the grander and nobler title of Parnell the patriot! His career is fresh in the minds of our readers. His entry into Parliament, his tactics of obstruction which have gladdened the hearts of his countrymen whilst they have caused gnashing of teeth, and brought forth curses both loud and deep in the camp of the enemy. His espousal of the cause of the tenants of Ireland, and the peaceful revolution he has occasioned already for the benefit of his clients. How he sounded the alarm of impending famine, and how he was met with the lying reports of Government Commissioners

proclaiming that Parnell and his associates were merely making political capital and that there was peace and plenty in the land; reports so mendacious but persisted in so flagrantly that even the Bishops of Ireland were for a moment deceived by them, and venerable pastors on this side of the Atlantic, whose whole lives prove that their heart's blood would be given for the cause of their country, were induced to stay for a short time the hand of relief that was about being extended to the sufferers. Later, how the venal press of the United States, subsidised by the money of the profligate landlords of Ireland had made common cause in hounding him down as an imposter, a demagogue and disturber, and how his noble and unswerving course had actually goaded the greatest enemy of his country into subscribing the magnificent sum of \$100,000 and opening a list towards the relief of the starving poor. Well do our readers remember how he made the history of Ireland's woes and the intolerable condition of the wretched tenants-at-will the subject of comment at every fireside in America. It was for all this, and to show their contempt for his foul slanderers, that the people of Montreal gave him a reception which we have just termed in the opening of these few lines the most magnificent demonstration ever witnessed in the city. Imagine not less than twenty associations, clubs and societies, averaging, swelled as their numbers were by sympathising outsiders, at least five hundred members, each bearing torches and transparencies, one vieing with the other in beauty and brilliancy: first our hackmen astride their splendid animals a credit to the city of Montreal, then the National, Benevolent, Temperance, Benefit and Athletic associations on foot, the whole winding up with a mounted guard of honor, each man bearing a torch, the whole body moving along with military precision, the procession extending nearly a mile and a half in length, and our readers will have some idea of the grandeur and gorgeousness of the display.—On the following evening the Theatre Royal was crowded to overflowing with an audience eager to hear the great

tribune of the people, and to contribute with genuine Irish generosity to the fund of the agitation. The rousing cheers that again and again greeted the appearance of Mr. Parnell can never be forgotten, and his plain unvarnished tale sank deeply into the hearts of his hearers. The whole proceedings were such as long to be remembered by those who witnessed them; perhaps never again in the lifetime of the present generation will the streets of Montreal present a scene so grand as this public endorsement of Ireland's patriotic son, and in the words of one of the orators of the evening at the Theatre Royal, we say "God speed to the advocate of the cause of the people, and may the day of Ireland's deliverance and the hour of the triumph of right over might have an early dawn."

J. J. C.

AN ENGLISH PRONOUNCEMENT FOR HOME RULE.

THE following excellent article appeared in the London *Weekly Despatch*—a paper of very large circulation in England:—

Unless we greatly misread the signs of the times, the Home Rule question is one which will soon have to be considered seriously by Englishmen. Events appear to be conspiring very rapidly to bring it "within the scope of practical politics." An agrarian agitation which the Government is wholly impotent to stem, an impending famine which the Government is making, no adequate preparation to deal with, are not by any means ill-calculated to bring about this result. It is very far from improbable that before the Winter is over we shall find coroners' juries summoned to ascertain the cause of death of people who have died of hunger in the counties of Donegal, Sligo, Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, and Cork, returning verdicts of "wilful murder against Lord Beaconsfield." It is, moreover, unfortunately almost certain that before the Winter is over many a man who now "owns land" in Ireland will have come, by means of a violent death, to own no more of it than some six feet by three.

Then the British public, whose atten-

tion is usually (and quite rightly, and indeed necessarily) taken up with its own affairs, will be driven to give some consideration to Irish matters, and to come to some conclusion one way or the other upon the Irish demand. What, then, is the Home Rule proposal? Let us try to make it plain to ourselves. Whether we agree with a proposal or not, there is no harm in understanding it, more especially if the proposal is one with which whether we like it or not, we must deal one way or the other. What, then, is the Home Rule project? It is neither more nor less than this—a proposal put forward by the majority of the Irish people to assimilate in some respects the constitution of the United Kingdom to that of the United States. Everything American may be abominable; yet that does not prevent the State of New York or New England from being an "integral part" of the American Union. Now, Ireland wants—wrongly, wickedly, rebelliously, Papistically, if the reader pleases—to be an integral part of the British Union. Ireland asks for no more than this. Let us, then, consider the question upon this basis, and talking no more nonsense about "the integrity of the British empire" or anything else which has nothing to do with the matter, let us endeavour if possible, before our hair turns grey, to arrive at some conclusion on the matter. The Irish ask to be allowed to manage their own affairs, first on the ground that they understand their own affairs better than we do. This may not be true, but it is not altogether improbable for English politicians of both parties have been driven once and again to confess that they can "make neither head nor tail" of Irish affairs. As far, indeed, as we are aware, no English politician ever has been able to make head or tail of Irish affairs with one single exception (and he always makes tail), the present Irish Secretary, "Jemmy" Lowther, as he is now playfully called. He will be called "Famine" Lowther, or "Manslaughter" Lowther before next Spring. Secondly, the Irish ask to be allowed to manage their own affairs on the ground that they have time to attend to them. "You English," they say to us, "are very kind, very good-natured at the same

time you are very busy. You now and then give us two whole sessions, and it is a great act of condescension, but still Irish business lags somewhat. Now, we would give ourselves the whole of every session and thus, although confessedly an inferior race, we should get through more Irish business in the long run than you do with all your wonderful energy and all your good will in these occasional spurts." "In a few years we hope," say these simple people, "by giving our whole time and our whole minds to it, to pull Ireland up to the condition—well, to the condition of the Isle of Man." By the way, they have Home Rule in the Isle of Man—so they have—a native Parliament too. They call it the House of Keys. It is a queer arrangement certainly. But is it not better to have a House of Keys than to have "Jemmy" Lowther going about with the whole bunch in his pocket and "not knowing one from the other?"

They have Home Rule, too, in the Channel Islands—or rather they have allowed us to have it, as they say—these perky little Normans, always pluming themselves on their victory at Hastings—and they are quite content with the arrangement. Then there is Norway. Norway has recently obtained Home Rule, and now she and Sweden are as pleased as Punch with each other. Iceland, too, has now had Home Rule conceded to her by Denmark, and everybody is charmed with the arrangement, even our old friend the *Times*. Working round this way we get back to the place we started from, America, and there we find Home Rule rampant, but nevertheless "business carried on as usual." So that the Home Rule idea does not appear to be either a very new idea, or, as far as one can judge at first sight, a very dangerous idea. It may not, indeed, be absolutely and perfectly safe. No political combination ever is, was, or will be. Why, the combination of famine, agrarian outrage, and "Jemmy" Lowther is not quite safe if you come to think of it. But looking abroad—taking a general survey of the universe, and remembering our own parochial system and our time honored proverb, "If you want a thing done do it yourself"—the Home Rule idea, in

the abstract of course, appears to be neither very unsafe or very unpractical.

For this reason, then, there seems no cause why we should allow ourselves to be alarmed by these Irishmen. It is not a blunderbus they are holding to our heads after all, but only a constitution. They may be an eccentric people, but they are not so eccentric as to wish to cut either the British connection or their own throats. Being (at least, the vast majority) of sound mind, memory, and understanding, they wish to continue British subjects, just as the New Englanders are American subjects. They wish to continue free to serve in the British army and navy, to come to the English bar, to obtain colonial appointments, and to own land in England without the necessity of being naturalised. They want, in fact, to continue as they are now, members of the great Imperial Club, but at the same time to be allowed to have the exclusive management of their own household. This is all they ask. Does it sound so very dreadful? Ought it to turn our hair grey merely to have it mentioned? Are we justified in denouncing as a "traitor," "sycophant," "rogue," "hypocrite," and "liar" every Radical candidate for a borough constituency who says he will "vote for an inquiry" into the matter? Home Rule may perhaps, turn out to be absurd; but is it not a fair subject for inquiry whether the Home Rule system is more or less absurd than the "Jemmy" Lowther system?

ROME AND IRELAND.

A FEW weeks ago certain English correspondents at Rome made, with great confidence and elaborate detail, a very remarkable announcement. They announced that the Holy See was about to raise its voice in earnest and indignant protest against the Land agitation in Ireland, and that in fact the Papal anathemas had already been forwarded to the Irish bishops. These statements were received in Ireland with a smile of incredulity. The trust of Ireland in the illustrious successor of Saint Peter who now wears the Tiara was never for a moment shaken. "No Irish Catholic" says the Dublin *Freeman*, "believed for one instant that Leo XIII. was about to

sunder one of those golden bands by which the Chair of Peter and the liberties of Ireland have been for ages bound together. Leo XIII. is a profound student of history, and he knows how in the dark days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the splendid but unsuccessful struggle for Irish Independence had its centre and focus in Rome; how the Holy See extended such noble hospitality to the victims of that struggle, exiles for conscience sake from Fatherland; how "the Earls" sleep their last sleep under the shadow of the Vatican; how Owen Roe triumphed at Benburb not alone as the champion of Catholic Ireland, but as the consecrated soldier of the Pope. Remembering these things—remembering in later days how often the Holy See had blessed the labors of the great Tribune whose heart now lies in the Eternal City—the

Irish people never for a moment credit the lying story that the Pope was out to ban the struggles of Ireland for better government and repeal of cruel laws. And very soon and very remarkably have these lying stories been dispelled."

England, says the *Irishman*, turned her hypocritical face to America and to the Continent, and implored the Principalities and Powers to speak aloud and curse the Irish Nation, which would neither live quietly under oppression nor die mutely of starvation.

The Principalities and Powers of Europe and America looked once more upon England and her victim; and, lo! they have blessed wronged and suffering Ireland, and condemned England as her oppressor.

In America all the notables of the Republic have welcomed the champion of the Irish people; in France, organs of the most diverse parties have sanctioned the Irish struggle, and now from Rome itself comes a Voice, as it were the Voice of Peter, blessing the sacred cause of Ireland!

How our enemies must writhe under this judgment of humanity we may calculate from their anxiety to snatch, by fraud and falsity, a verdict in their favor. The telegrams of their agents invariably declared that judgment had been given for England whilst the full news that followed invariably demonstrated that

the verdict was clear, complete, and emphatic, in favor of the Irish Nation.

Rome was first misrepresented, and, as it now appears, foully and infamously calumniated. The London papers published statements from their agents (ostensibly at Rome) declaring that the Vatican viewed the agitation in Ireland with great disapprobation, that it had already despatched its condemnation of their proceedings to the Irish Bishops, and that it was about publicly to manifest its displeasure.

All this was false—false as England. It was not a mere perversion of the truth, it was its direct contradictory. Nothing could be more infamous than this outrage upon all veracity, save the fact that English policy now aims at a general violation of all truth, so far as the relations between Ireland and foreign states are concerned.

Fortunately for Ireland, Pope Leo has the qualities of his name—fearless, bold, magnanimous as a lion, he scorns the English leopard's cunning wile, and nobly declares for the cause of suffering Ireland. He will not permit England to misrepresent his convictions, in order that they may misgovern the Irish people with greater ease. He will not allow the names of Leo and of Rome to be invoked in order to serve as a screen between English wrong-doing and Irish censure.

Since England has had the audacity to attribute to him opinions which he never expressed, England, Ireland, and the world shall now hear the correct expression of his true sentiments.

These sentiments have been interpreted by articles published simultaneously in the Papal journals of Rome—the *Aurora* and the *Nella Verita*. The authority of these articles is acknowledged by the *Times*, which, after all its elaborate misrepresentations, has now to publish translations of these remarkable articles.

The *Aurora*, its Roman correspondent declares, is a new organ, specially reflecting the opinions of the present Pope—a man not only of exceptional intellectual power, but gifted with statesmanlike sagacity beyond many of his predecessors, and not a few of his contemporary sovereigns.

The *Aurora* points out that the news

of "a rebellion in Ireland" (which English agents had sent to Rome!) is unfounded. But it takes care to add that England is now beginning to experience inconvenience at home from those very principles which, especially during the Palmerston Government, she so fervently practised abroad. "Ireland," continues the *Aurora*, "has for a long time been a country agitated by many passions, for the reason that the most sacred rights of the ancient inhabitants were violated by English intolerance and harsh laws." The oppression of the Catholics, it proceeds, had the effect of causing them "to seek to obtain justice through secret associations." But it does not confine its views to the sufferings of Catholics, as such; on the contrary, whilst it points out that "to-day that injustice has been in great part redressed," it takes care to add that "much remains to be done for the poor Irish despoiled of their land."

Thus, it recognises that there is a Land question in Ireland; but, thank heaven! the *Aurora* goes further and declares that there is a National Question also. The agitation which had appeared to diminish since O'Connell's days, it says, now again arises and grows great. This does not surprise it; on the contrary, the *Aurora* looks upon it as the natural consequence of the principles which the British Government professes, and which it presses on other countries when occasion serves. These are its words:

"And in truth it is not strange that the Irish, knowing what the England of Palmerston has done for the constitutions of various countries, are unable to understand why she will not give them what, with so much insistence, she asked not long ago for Hungary. Ireland, therefore, asks for a Parliament of her own, as she had in times past and maintains that it is neither just nor reasonable that the laws of Ireland should be made in London, instead of in Dublin. Canada has obtained from England what Ireland desires."

This states the case of Ireland with sympathy, and logical force. Again, it drives the argument home:

"England has favored elsewhere the doctrine to which the Irish people who

cry 'Ireland for the Irish' now hold, and what is more, the Irish cannot forget that the land they now see in the possession of others was taken by force from their ancestors who legitimately possessed it."

The *Aurora* warns England that she must practice what she has preached, for, it says, the flames are spreading, they must break forth, and they are bound to extend to edifices deemed secure. Then we have the following calm, deliberate and striking passage:

"The present condition of Ireland is the result not only of the conquest, but of the wars of religion and the wars of legitimacy. To remedy entirely this condition is impossible, but it is necessary to prepare to allow liberty of legally forming more equitable and a more tolerable state of things for the people descended from the ancient proprietors! This many men of sense believe cannot be obtained by better means than a Parliament of her own for Ireland. And perhaps this will be the best remedy, if that Parliament, which it seems the English now incline towards granting, be composed of upright and religious men who forget the past and its hatreds to think of the country."

A Parliament of her own for Ireland. Yes, thank heaven, this is the conclusion to which men of sense have come, not only in Ireland, but abroad—not only men of the Irish race, but the gifted, the most eminent, the most authoritative men of other races.

The *Voce della Verita* speaks to the same effect. As the article in this journal appeared simultaneously with that in the *Aurora* it has been fairly inferred that both are due to a suggestion from the Vatican. There cannot be a doubt that they represent the opinion of Holy Holiness. The *Aurora*, which is stated to be more especially his organ, speaks, perhaps, in a more statesman-like manner, but the conclusions of both are identical. It will be observed that the *Voce della Verita* adopts the same line of thought, and affiliates the present agitation in Ireland to that of O'Connell. It does not fall into the error, as some English Catholic organs greatly desired, of looking upon the Irish movement as a "Socialist," "Communist," etc., agitation. Quite the contrary, it at once and

correctly declares it to be a National movement, inasmuch as it acknowledges it to be the offspring of the Repeal movement, conducted by one—whose name is held in veneration in Rome. When a Roman organ declares that an Irish movement is akin to that of O'Connell, it can give no higher praise; that name is held to be a sanction in it self.

Thus speaks the Roman *Voce della Verita* :

"The present agitation in Ireland, in our opinion, is nothing more than the continuation of the great movement initiated by O'Connell, and it will have a happy issue, if the revolutionary passions, falsifying its scope, do not convert it into a rebellion, into an episode of the Great Revolution, which for centuries has convulsed the nation, and the result of which has been the confiscation of their most sacred rights, in favor of a rival sect which tyrannizes over them. The patience of the Irish, their patriotism, their respect for law, and, above all, for the Catholic religion, which commands obedience to legitimate powers, and which, in return for this obedience, promises every good thing, the sense of the English, their love of true liberty, the now extinct religious hatreds, and, finally, the fullness of the times, and the unanimous consent of all the real Liberals in that country, *give us ground for hoping that 1880 will close the era of the agitation commenced in 1828.*"

These are the words of the *Voice of Truth*. It adds a prediction—a prophecy which this generation may see fulfilled in part:

"Yes, the Irish will acquire complete liberty, and will break the chains which still bind them to the servitude of the soil, remaining faithful to their religious traditions, and continuing to be the most devoted subjects of the great Crown of England. England will not permit so worthy a portion of the nation to continue under the burthen of a slavery which almost renders useless the celebrated Catholic Emancipation Bill. Political liberties are an insult without civil liberties, and these the Irish now demand."

We need not enter upon any debate-

able details in this passage, we have but to deal with the conclusions. Those both of the *Aurora* and of the *Voce della Verita* are the same.

Religious hatreds are extinct—this the two Papal organs insist upon, and with all justice—the Irish question is a National Question which includes the interests and welfare of Irishmen of all creeds and of all classes. Not only for the Irish representatives that are to be, but for the Irish people who are, the hatreds of the past are non-existent. Only its glorious lessons are and shall be remembered. Upright and religious men, we have no doubt, will go to constitute our native Parliament; this hope of Pope Leo finds its counterpart in the noble verses of an Irish poet:

"For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

The Heart of O'Connell is shrined at Rome—may we not suppose that Irish Heart felt a thrill when the Heart of Leo dictated the words: "A parliament of her own for Ireland,"—may we not suppose that faithful Irish Heart felt one throb of joy, when the voice of the Roman Pontiff sanctioned the prophetic words: "Yes, the Irish will acquire complete liberty!"

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—croaking sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born purposes of human nature.

IN MEMORIAM.

P. J. Curran—Died March 5, 1880.

BY AN OLD CLASSMATE.

We know the sun goes down to rise
Upon a new to-morrow;
We know no heart on earth can soar
Above all earthly sorrow:
We never doubt that life must end,
Unless it be for our own friend.

We who can count upon our hands
Our years since life's beginning—
We who have linked our golden bands
While love and learning winning,
Think sometimes heaven, so far away,
'Tis never reached in youth's bright
day.

We who are sighing, sad to-night,
Our eyes just brimming over—
We who are clasping hands as tight
As though he were our lover—
We scarce can understand at all
To-night the snowflakes are his pall.

We scarce can deem he's lying low,
His life behind him,
And we his classmates of St. Jo.
No more may find him,
Our dearest, best and brightest friend,
Untill our lives, like his, shall end.

It seemed like life's beginning still,
And we just started,
Finding our pathway up the hill,
Young and lighthearted;
And now death whispers with his
solemn tone—
How speedy sometimes all our years
have flown.

And so we, trembling, pause and look around
And note how time has shattered
The little band that boyhood's friendship
bound,
How far apart we're scattered,
And wonder still while he we loved
the best
Is he we laid away to-day to rest.
Montreal, March 7, 1880.

Alas, and alas, for the hopes we most
cherish!
The brighter their promise, the sooner
they fade,—
Like the tints of the rainbow, they glow but
to perish,
The sky of existence replunging in shade!

Thus, doth the loss of our valued friend
grieve us,
And cast our bright hopes of his future in
gloom—
Hopes that but lured us, alas! to deceive us,
While sharp'ning our sense of his prema-
ture doom!

How warmly as guest at our hearths was his
greeting,
Thanks to his virtues of head and of heart!
And how the glad moments seemed ever too
fleeting,
As his treasures of knowledge and wit he'd
impart!

Then, green be the sod that thy fond dust
encloses—
Aye, green, sacred Shade! as our mem'ries
of thee,—
In spirit we'll guard the priz'd spot where
reposes,
One deemed once the pride of all circles
to be!

X.

SELF-PRESERVATION THE FIRST
LAW OF NATURE.

THE *London Universe*, speaking on this
subject, with reference to the condition
of the people of Ireland, says:

The laws of nature and the Divine
laws are never in conflict, since both
emanate from the same source. To pre-
serve life is the first instinct implanted
by God in the human breast. A starv-
ing man, therefore, unable to earn his
bread by the sweat of his brow, and
feeling that he has a right to live, helps
himself to that which will keep body
and soul together. In doing so he com-
mits no wrong, for Catholic moralists
among them St. Alphonsus Ligouri, de-
clare that it is no sin in a starving man
to help himself to bread or to anything
else which may sustain life. It is a du-
ty which he owes to himself in obedi-
ence to the law of self-preservation. The
starving peasants in Connemara, in
stopping a waggon-load of bread and
distributing it did so under the neces-
sity of preserving their lives, and no man
however law-abiding or God-fearing, can
justly impute to these starving people
an offence against the rights of prop-
erty or the laws of God, since there is a
higher right than the rights of property
—the right to live.

Under such circumstances it is an of-
fence not only against the long-suffering
Irish people, but against the sense of
justice, to twit them with law-breaking.
We are not at all surprised to hear that
people in Ireland indignantly resent the
affront put upon them by the namby-
pamby preachings of certain English

Catholic writers as to the general duty of abiding by the law. Irish Catholics know their duty; to say the least, as well as these goody-goody English Catholic journalists; but they know far better than these "superior persons" who in London or Liverpool presume to sit in judgment on them the dire circumstances under which starving men and women in Ireland were compelled, in self-defence against death from hunger, to set aside for the nonce the rights of property and assert for themselves the higher right which comes from God—the right to live.

Men, women, and children under the frenzy of hunger and the fear of a horrible death, did, it is true, exhibit a natural excitement, and did, unfortunately throw stones at the constables—it is a pity that they did so, because it stirs up ill-blood and provokes retaliating blows—but, on account of these circumstances, for a writer in an English Catholic paper to declare that in Ireland "popular passion was rife enough for any extreme," would be an insufferable piece of impertinence were it not to be excused on account of the writer's ignorance of the sufferings, as well as of the rights of the starving people whom, instead of defending, he accuses as guilty of passion and law-breaking. Heaven deliver Ireland from such well intentioned but provoking and mischievous friends!

It is hardly necessary to assert, except for the enlightenment of the goody-goody people who set themselves up as preachers of morality and law-abidingness to the Catholics of Ireland, that human laws and institutions are subject to circumstances; that what might be right to-day, or in one place, may to-morrow, or in another place, cease to have binding authority over the consciences of men; or, in other words, that conduct which under one set of circumstances would be immoral under another is no longer so. Indeed, in all conditions of life circumstances dominate conduct. In no place, for instance, is discipline more rigidly enforced than on board ship. No Irish landlord has such strict rights and absolute dominion as a captain of a ship enjoys. A storm arises, the ship is half-wrecked; its sails are gone; it floats helplessly before the wind for days; food begins to fail. What

happens? The captain surrenders his peculiar rights and privileges; he shares his rations with the men to the last drop of water. The approach of starvation equalizes all rights, or, rather, all other rights sink before the supreme right which each man has of living.

In like manner, in those places in Ireland where the harvest has suffered shipwreck by the visitation of God—where famine approaches—where starvation has fallen upon the tenants, who can no longer pay the rack-renting amounts due to their landlords—surely the landlords are in duty bound to do no less than the captain of a waterlogged ship—forego their rights whilst danger of death lasts and share the produce of the land for the time being with their starving tenants, mindful that, before God, the tenant has as much right to live as the landlord.

FACTS FOR NO-POPERY PAR- SONS AND BIBLE-MANIACS.

"I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed."—SWIFT.

CHEATS, charlatans, and mere pretenders of all sorts, generally possess a superabundance of cool impudence; indeed, it is part of their stock-in-trade, and enables them to vend their spurious wares to advantage, that they may the more readily pass themselves off for something with the crowd, and impose on their credulous dupes.

The champions of the so-called Reformation in this country—particularly in the good City of Montreal, are incessantly dinning in the ears of the public, that the Catholic Church has taken great care not to allow her people to be acquainted with the Holy Scriptures; I shall give an enumeration of Catholic editions of the Sacred Scriptures published in a few of the Catholic countries of Europe, before the thing called the Reformation.

No sooner was the art of printing discovered and which, of course, was a Catholic discovery, than innumerable copies of the Scriptures were printed and circulated, dedicated to popes, princes, cardinals, and legates. In Belgium, the first edition, in two volumes folio, was printed at Cologne, in

the year 1475. This was followed by two editions, one in folio, and another in quarto, printed at Delft, in 1477.

Next succeeded that of Gonda, printed in 1479. An edition issued from the Louvain press, in 1518, and another from that of Antwerp, the same year. And new editions from the press of the last named city appeared successively in 1525, 1526, 1531, 1533, 1534, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1544, 1545, 1548, and 1553. Editions were also printed at Louvain and Cologne, in 1548. Besides these versions of the entire Scriptures, the following separate editions of the New Testament were also printed, viz : one in 1523, without the name of the place ; another at Delft, in 1524, ; three at the same place in 1531, two in 1533, one in 1535, two in 1538, two in 1541, two in 1542, and one successively in 1543, 1544, 1545, 1553, 1554. The first Protestant translation was printed at Embden, in 1556 ; so that before its appearance, there were at least twenty Catholic editions of the whole Scriptures, and as many of the New Testament were in full and active circulation. The Protestant version was, as far as the Book of Job, almost a verbatim copy of the Catholic one. The most approved Catholic version was that amended by Nicholas Von Winghet, printed by Graves at Louvain, in 1548, and by Blakne at Cologne the same year. The discovery of the art of printing was hailed in Italy as a precious treasure ; and the Church, ever ready to patronize everything valuable in science and in art, took the new discovery under its immediate protection. To judge of the immense patronage bestowed in Italy on the new invention, it is only necessary to state, that out of the first hundred cities into which printing offices were first introduced, one half were of that country, and Rome honored itself by being the very first city that imported the art from Mentz. Under the auspices of Cardinal Casa, Tweywhend, Pennartz and Ham, who had been invited by the Cardinal to Rome, set up printing presses in the Convent of Sublac, in 1465. At the close of the fifteenth century, scarcely a city in Italy was without its printing press ; and before the year 1500, almost all the Latin, and many of the Greek classics had passed through

numerous editions. According to the most eminent bibliographers, no less than forty Catholic Italian versions of the Scriptures were printed in Italy before the first Protestant ones, which latter were, in fact, no translations, but mere alterations of Bruccioli's version. No less than forty editions of three or four different versions or translations of the whole Bible had issued from the Catholic press of Italy, before the Protestant one appeared. But the enumeration is probably far from being complete, as it is likely that other editions may have escaped the notice of bibliographers. But besides these editions of the entire Bible, numerous editions of the New Testament were separately printed before 1562, either taken from the entire versions, or from other translations, as Gachina, Theofilo, Maximo, and others. A translation of the Bible was made into Castilian, as early as the year 1260, by order of Alfonso the Wise. There is another version, in two volumes, made in the beginning of the fifteenth, by direction of Alfonso of Arragon. There were two or three translations into Spanish. Printing was introduced into Valentia in 1474. We are indebted to Spain for the first Polyglot. Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, was the first that published a work of this nature, called the Bible of Complutum, in which was the Hebrew text as the Jews read it, the Greek version of the Septuagint, the Latin version of St Jerome, commonly called the Vulgate, and lastly, the Chaldee paraphrase of Onkelos, upon the Pentateuch only, to which is added a dictionary of the Hebrew and Chaldee words of the Bible. This was printed in 1515 ; and what is most remarkable therein is, that the Greek text of the New Testament is printed without accents or aspirates, because the most ancient manuscripts had none.

It was thus the Church of Rome, in the past as well as in the present, has acted in keeping her people in ignorance, by printing and circulating in thousands, and in different languages, the Scriptures among the people. At the present day Protestants, with all their boasted knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the Bible, are profoundly ignorant of many of the great truths it

contains. They torture and pervert it to suit their own whims and fancies, till it ceases to be the word of God altogether, but the word of vain, proud, self-deceived, and deceiving men. In concluding this article, I may notice, as a singular fact, that it was almost solely in those countries which had remained constant to the Catholic faith, that these popular versions had been published, so little did they prepare the way for, or promote the innovation; while it was precisely in those kingdoms, England, Scotland, Denmark and Norway, where Protestantism acquired so early, and has maintained, a permanent ascendancy, that no Bible existed before they embraced the new creed. This is a problem which I shall leave to the Bible Saints and the No-Popery Parsons of Montreal, to solve at their leisure, hoping, however, we shall hear less of their boasting about superior Scriptural knowledge in future, and that they will considerably lower their pretensions—trim their sails to suit the wind—if they have any honesty in them—in this respect, as they might also in many others upon which they affect to be superior to their Catholic neighbours.

W. M. K.

CHIT-CHAT.

—What poor mean creatures the world's "Great Men" are! and how merciful it is of God not to have so made us as that others might read our inner thoughts. When Vulcan asked Momus, the Sir Critic of the gods, what he thought of the clay man, he had just finished, Momus, eying the figure for a moment turned on his heel (if the gods had heels) with a sneer, saying: My man should have had a window in his chest, that I might see not only his ailments but his thoughts. This was marvelously short sighted of Sir Critic, who evidently forgot that two can play at this game of peeping, and that however convenient it may be to look in at our neighbour's window, it is hardly desirable that others should look in at ours. Napoleon—we mean "the little corporal" not "the nephew of his uncle"—had a window in his chest, through

which he is seen to be as little in soul as he was in body. Madam de Rémusat, the wife of one of the officials of Napoleon's court, and who was on the most intimate terms with the Great Emperor has given to the world all she saw through this window and forthwith this "Great Man is seen to be of clay." The Russian lady, who had taken great pains not to confound Napoleon with Moses! (they were both in Egypt, you know) had certainly not peeped in with Madam de Remust at Napoleon's window.

This "great man" was so little that he could not brook greatness (however small) in another. Hence his ministers and courtiers were expected to be figure-heads. To possess *brains* was a danger; to show you possessed them was treason. "I should not know what to do with them (his ministers)" he said, "if they had not a certain mediocrity of intelligence or character." In a fit of frankness, in which he sometimes indulged, he declared "that he did not like to confer honors except on those who could not carry them."

This desire to be-little every one made him act the bear with the ingenuity of a fox. At his audiences his remarks, especially to the ladies, were generally insignificant, often absolutely disobliging: and he was continually asking "what is your name." It is related of Grétry, who as a member of the Institute often had occasion to come to these audiences, that at length impatient of of this eternal Who are you? he answered *Always* Grétry; Sire. After that Napoleon contrived to remember him.

In religion he was an idolater; but it was *himself* he worshipped. "I cannot say," says Mde de Rimusat, "whether he was a deist or an atheist. He was ready to scoff in private at everything connected with religion, and I think that he gave too much attention to all that happened in this world, to care much about the other. I would venture to say that the immortality of his *name*, seemed to him much more important than the immortality of his *soul*." Like the scientist of our day this conqueror at Austrelitz thought religion a sign of want of *progress*. When it crossed his path, he was wont to say

"I thought men more advanced than they are."

This is not an amiable picture, though it shews the littleness of greatness withal. Alas that there should ever be windows to Great Men's breasts. Momus you were wrong.

—Two *mots* of Napoleon are worthy of being recorded. They shew that the "little corporal" could at times be witty. Of Chateaubriand he said: "My difficulty is *not* to buy M. Chateaubriand but to pay him all he thinks he is worth." Of Madame de Genlis and her books he said "When Madame Genlis speaks of *virtue*, it is always as of something she has just discovered."

Even in his writicisms "the little corporal" seeks ever to trample.

—What a curious thing is man. *Mentally* he may say with Tennyson's Ulysses—

"I am part of all that I have met."

Physically, or structurally he may say with equal truth, though with somewhat less dignity—

"I am part of all that I have ate."

Religiously what is he? Can it be possible that every form of religious belief he has ever come in contact with, acts its part upon him more or less to mould him to its shape and substance? If so; was it not a wise provision of our forefathers, to keep heresy so much at arm's length? And does not the Church do well in discouraging mixed marriages.

—A curious proof of how thoroughly "we are part of all we have ate" and which bears strongly on the all important question of the transmission of drunkenness by mother to child has lately been given to the world by a French chemist. Some years ago M. Flourens hit upon the plan of tracing the growth of bones through the ingenious device of giving animals madder in their food. People in general are not aware of the great rapidity with which bone grows or wastes. To look at it one would as soon expect a milestone to grow beautifully less, or to add to its stature one line as that this hard shining substance called bone, should shrivel like a leaf, or swell out like a frog. Nevertheless it is a fact

that bones are always in an active state of waste and repair. It was the knowledge of this fact that led M. Flourens to mix madder in the food of certain animals he was feeding. The result realised his expectation. The madder coloured all the new deposits until every bone in the body was a deep red. Nay more; when the madder was discontinued for a time, and then given again the fact was disclosed by a deposit of uncoloured bone between two deposits of red.

But Mr. Flourens did not stop here. A sow nursing a litter was fed on food mixed with madder. In a fortnight all the bones of the little pigs were reddened. Remember—the milk of such a sow is as white as that of any other sow; nothing reveals the presence of the madder save the effects on the bones of mother and offspring. But M. Flourens was not yet satisfied that his experiment, was above suspicion. The snout of the sow when admitted to the young pigs had been seen coloured with madder. The little pigs might have taken the madder thence, and thus their bones might have become discoloured as by direct action. The whiteness of the sow's milk though fed with madder, added to this doubt. To make doubly sure he next took white rats and rabbits. Rats and rabbits for some time after birth do not eat, but only suck. Here then were all the conditions for a fair trial. A rat was fed with madder directly after the birth of her young. On the eleventh day every part of the bones of the young rats was red. It was the same with the rabbits on the ninth day. No trace of the madder could be found in either mouth, throat, stomach or intestines of the animals.

Have we not here a very remarkable confirmation of the old saying, "He sucked it in with his mother's milk?" and ought not mother's to fear the use of intoxicating liquors whilst nursing? so truly are we "a part of all we have ate."

The fool saith in his heart, "There is no God." (PSALMS.)

A would-be atheist I found,
Who quaintly urged in self-defence,
"The arguments I use are sound!"—
Yes; *sound* indeed; but little *sense*.

H. B.

INDIAN LYRICS.

VII.

THE HURON'S DEATH SONG.

As yon red sun sinks to his rest,
Soon to the Islands of the Blest
My soul will travel, free as air,
To meet my father's spirit there;
He beckons me beyond the grave
To join him with the just and brave
In peaceful rest—and far withdraw
From false, ferocious Iroquois.

Now come with torture—maim and cut
With flint and shell from head to foot,
Then fire from pitch-pine knot apply
And taunt, and I will yet defy;
Take off my scalp and blind my eyes,
And still your vengeance I'll despise,
When ancient torments fail, invent
New modes of pain and punishment.

Think not that while tied to this stake
My cheek will blanch, or hand will shake,
A Huron warrior has no fear.
When Mohawk foes and death are near;
In vain you seek to rend my soul
With bowie knife and burning coal,
I do not shudder though I feel
Within my side the sharp cold steel.

You should with feet and hands begin,
Then from the shoulders tear the skin,
And jibe and jeer the victim's grief;
I tortured thus your Shawnee chief,
Now hacked his arms, then gashed his face
For hours, but pierced no vital place,
At length he like a woman cried,
Then closed his eyes and meanly died.

You know not how to break the heart,
To wound and kill not—or impart
That sense of anguish keen and deep,
Which makes a coward captive weep—
Go, count your kindred, and then tell
How many 'neath my fuses fell,
Or tomahawk or bow well bent—
Their scalp locks hang around my tent.

The Medicine-men to camp have gone—
The shades of death move slowly on;
Thus with defiance on my lips
I'll die as comes the moon's eclipse,
Which far above this vale of tears,
Behind the Shadow disappears,
But when its darkened hour has passed
Shines forth beyond the clouds at last.

The war-dance ceases—whoop and yell—
To thee my *squaw*—a long farewell;
No more to raise my lodge I'll see
Thy busy hand—my humming-bee,
No more my love and labour share,
My leggings, food and drink prepare,
No more of branches make my bed,
Nor on my bosom lean thy head.
And yet, tall, strong, fleet as the moose
And fierce, be thou, our fine *papoose*,
This message, with my latest breath

I send,—my son! revenge my death;
As feebly fall my words, the light
Is fading from my aching sight;
A last and endless sleep I'll take—
And in the Spirit's land awake.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

NOTE.—This Lyric with two to follow, were published many years ago in the *Literary Garland*. They will be found, to a slight extent, amended and improved.

HON. T. W. ANGLIN, M. P.,

EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PERHAPS the most prominent Irish Catholic now representing a constituency in the Dominion of Canada, certainly one who is looked up to with pride by his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists and who has won the esteem and confidence of all creeds and classes by his sterling ability, honesty of purpose and untiring labors for the advancement of the country is the subject of our sketch, the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, late Speaker of the House of Commons.—He was born in 1822 in the town of Clonakilty, Co. Cork, and educated in the endowed Grammar School of that town. Young Anglin with laudable ambition was preparing for a profession when the dreadful famine of 1846-7 came and disconcerted all his plans. He had struggled to save the small property belonging to his family until 1849 when he emigrated to St. John, N. B. There, devoting himself to journalism, he established the *Weekly Freeman* same year, and the *Morning Freeman* in 1851. The *Freeman* soon gained a leading position in the Province. He supported in politics those who called themselves Liberals until they being in the government allowed the Prohibition Liquor Bill to become law. He was opposed to that measure and led the opposition. The Liberal Government was dismissed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Prohibitory Act was repealed, every member of the Assembly elected after the house which passed the act was dissolved being pledged to vote for repeal—with a single exception.

In 1861 Mr. Anglin was elected one of the representatives of the city and county of St. John, the first Catholic ever elected to represent that constituency. He took an active part in all the discussions which occupied public attention while he was in the Assembly. He



HON. T. W. ANGLIN, M. P., EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

opposed the proposal made for the construction of the Intercolonial Railroad as the joint work of the Provinces on the ground that New Brunswick would under that arrangement be required to pay more than her fair share of the cost and more than she could afford; he supported the Government when they resolved to build a railroad to the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a public work, and was afterwards the chief advocate of the same policy with regard to the road which would connect the Province with the United States. When any question involving in any way the rights or interests of Catholics was raised, Mr. Anglin was in his place to watch carefully over those rights and interests. When the scheme of Confederation was mooted he took a prominent part in opposition to it, because he did not believe as some asserted that the Union proposed was necessary for the defence of the Provinces or the continuance of their connection with the Empire, and because he believed it must increase the rate of taxation in New Brunswick enormously and that it

would prove destructive to many of the manufacturers there. The Legislature was dissolved and the Anti-Confederate party carried the Province by a large majority. Mr. Anglin was again elected for St. John and became a member without office of the Government formed by Mr. now Sir A. J. Smith. During the campaign he pledged himself to the construction of the Railroad connecting with the United States as a Gov't. work, and after some months when the Government resolved to get it built by means of a subsidy paid to a company he resigned his seat in the Government, he continued however to support his old allies as he deemed it necessary to enable them to resist the extraordinary pressure brought to bear upon them by the Imperial and the Canadian Governments, acting through the Lieutenant Governor and the leading advocates of Confederation. The agitation became very active and a No-Popery cry, always very potent in New Brunswick no matter how absurd and meaningless it may be, was raised. It was said that Mr. Anglin was really the only opponent

Confederation, that he controlled the government even after he had left it and that he was actuated by hatred of the English Government and a desire to promote Popery. About this time a small body of men calling themselves Fenians appeared on the New Brunswick border and threatened to invade the Province in the interest of the Anti-Confederates. Mr. B. D. Killian their leader issued a proclamation inviting the Anti-Confederates to co-operate with him and promising that the Fenians would give them such help as would enable them to resist British tyranny successfully and maintain the Legislative independence of the Province. All this would have been very ridiculous but for the effect it had on a people always fond of cherishing the strangest delusions about Popery and Papists, they became thoroughly alarmed, they believed that the leading Anti-Confederates were at heart disloyal and that duty to Protestantism and to the Empire required them to vote for Confederation. When this feeling was thoroughly worked up the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Gordon, acting on the advice of the Confederate leaders forced the Smith Government out, although they had a very large majority in the Assembly and dissolved the Legislature. At the elections which followed the Anti-Confederates were defeated and Mr. Anglin lost his election in St. John. He then resolved to remain in private life but repeated invitations to represent in the Canadian Parliament the county of Gloucester, which he had never once visited, were sent to him he more than once declined, but when the Senators were appointed and he saw that not even one seat in the Senate was given to a Catholic as representative of New Brunswick he felt it his duty to accept the invitation repeated about that time. His election was strongly opposed by the Dominion Government. The Election was deferred until all the elections in Ontario and Quebec except Algoma and Gaspé had been held and all in the other districts of New Brunswick. Hon. Mr. Mitchell, then Minister of Marine, himself canvassed the County actively and on nomination day spoke for hours from the hustings. Dr. Robitaille, the present

Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, was brought across the Bay of Chaleur to canvass the electors who are chiefly French, and officers of the Fishery Department were employed canvassing indirectly where nearly all the electors are fishermen. Despite all this Mr. Anglin was elected by a majority of nearly 400: he has represented that County since, and was elected twice by acclamation and twice by large majorities.

In New Brunswick the issue of most importance since Confederation has been the School question. So peculiar a people are the majority that when the adoption of a Common School system was first proposed, Catholics hesitated to petition against it or to ask that their religious rights be respected lest by doing so they should accelerate the passage of the measure to which they were so strongly opposed. By great prudence and caution the evil day was postponed, but at last it came and Catholics were forced to do battle openly for their rights. During all those years Mr. Anglin, through the columns of the *Freeman*, and on the floor of the House of Commons, fought a valiant battle for his co-religionists. Throughout all this struggle, from the first day to the last, he worked in thorough accord with the Catholic Bishops whose entire confidence he enjoyed. His efforts and the exertions of those who laboured with him were so far successful that in the greater part of the Province a compromise was made which allows Catholics to have their own schools and teachers and to give religious instruction before or after school hours. This was far from being all he would wish, but it is much better than the utterly Anti-Catholic irreligious system at first insisted upon.

Mr. Anglin is still in the prime of life and in the full vigor of manhood, with, we trust, many years of unabated usefulness before him. He is a fluent speaker and a vigorous and logical debater. He attends his parliamentary duties with the greatest assiduity and is one of the pillars of his party ever ready to take a prominent part in the discussion of the most important topics, and is invariably listened to with marked attention by the leaders as well as

the rank and file of both sides of the House. During the years that he held the office of Speaker, Mr. Anglin won golden opinions for himself by the strict impartiality of his rulings and the great dignity he imparted to the discharge of his duties. It is not merely in the capacity of a public man, laboring with might and main for what he conceives to be the *right* that the subject of these remarks is worthy of a prominent place amongst distinguished Irish Canadians. His private life is as pure as his public acts have been conspicuous. He is an example to the rising generation of young Irishmen as a good and unostentatiously devout Catholic, a model in his family circle, as warm as a friend as he is energetic as an opponent, but ever true to the interests of his people and to the welfare of the Dominion.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Go down where the sea waves are kissing the shore,
And ask of them why do they sigh ?
The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er,
But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed it before,
And they're *sighing* to-day, and they'll sigh evermore;
Ask them what ails them? they will not reply,
But they'll sigh on forever, and never tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The waves will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the boundless deep,
When the night stars are gleaming on high,
And hear how the billows are *moaning* in sleep,
On the low lying strand by the surge-beaten steep,
They are *moaning* forever wherever they sweep;
Ask them what ails them? they never reply;
They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The billows won't answer you, neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day,
When it passes and murmurs, "Good-bye;"
The dear little breeze, how it wishes to stay
When the flowers are in bloom, where the singing birds play,

How it *sighs* when it flies on its wearisome way.

Ask it what ails it? it will not reply,
Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The breeze will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts as they spring from their lair,

When the shout of the storm rends the sky;
They rush o'er the earth, and they ride through the air.

And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair,
And they groan like the ghosts in the "land of despair;"

Ask them what ails them? they never reply;
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The blasts will not answer you neither shall I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side,
Or list where the rivers rush by;
The streamlets which forest trees shadow and hide,

And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide,

Are *moaning* forever wherever they glide;
Ask them what ails them? they will not reply;
On, sad-voiced, they flow, but they never tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
Earth's streams will not answer you, neither shall I.

When the shadows of twilight are gray on the hill,

And dark where the low valleys lie,
Go, list to the voice of the wild whip-poor-will,
That sings when the song of its sisters are still,

And wails through the darkness so sadly and shrill;

Ask it what ails it? it will not reply;
It wails sad as ever, it never tells why,
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The bird will not answer you, neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
And the voices that sounds in the sky;
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me.

There's a sigh in each chord, and a sigh in each key,
And thousands of sighs swell the grand melody;

Ask them what ails them? they will not reply;
They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell why.

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The voices won't answer you, neither will I.

A QUESTION FOR KELTIC SCHOLARS.

"BY GOB, SIR!"

Most Irishmen must have heard the expression "By Gob! used as an affirmation or quasi-oath in conversation. Can any of your readers explain its meaning? Is it Irish? or English? or is it any language at all? In other words, is "Gob" the name of anything in heaven above? in the earth below? or of anything under the earth?

That not one man in a thousand who uses it, knows the meaning of it, we suspect. That it has a meaning we think probable. When first we heard it, we merely supposed it one of those innumerable expressions—*close shaves to swearing*—which have been less or more encouraged in Catholic society as a safety valve against an explosion of *real* swearing. Men must have expressions of surprise, of anger, of contempt, of exhortation always ready at hand to be used as occasion may require. The Scripture exhortation "let your speech be yea, yea, no, no;" presupposes a much higher standard of Christianity than the generality of men attain to. Hence the need of exclamations of some kind. Unfortunately the general tendency is to the use of the most sacred names as exclamations. To avoid this, expressions innocent in themselves, but approaching as near as possible to the sacred names have frequently been substituted. In Italy a common oath is "By the body of Christ;" the Church substituted "By the body of Bacchus." Thus substituting an innocent expression for one highly reprehensible. Hence when we first heard "By Gob" we suspected it to be one of these "close shaves to swearing," a substitution, in fact, of the letter b for d in the word God. This of course would leave it a mere expression without meaning—"vox et præterea nihil," but still a safety valve.

This we say was our first impression. We are inclined now to a contrary opinion. And for this reason, an expression so commonly used must we think have some foundation in fact. Not being an Irishman, and consequently ignorant of the Irish language, we cannot look in that direction for an ex-

planation. If any of your Keltic readers have any to offer we should like to hear from them. Meanwhile we have looked in the direction of the English language in particular and of the Arian languages in general.

Supposing the expression "By Gob" to be English, Gob would appear to be the root of our English word "*goblin*" a diminutive word derived from the old French, meaning a sprite or small spirit or ghost. In this case instead of being "a near shave," "a safety valve," it is absolute swearing pure and simple, being a cognate term to *By my soul*. It is to be hoped that some Keltic scholar will find a more innocent explanation of it. That it is *not* English we are inclined to think from the fact, that we have never heard it used by Englishmen, neither do we know of it ever having been used as a provincialism in any part of England.

H. B.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

SHERIDAN.—DR. JOHNSON ON SHERIDAN'S MARRIAGE.—Sheridan, shortly after his marriage with Miss Linley, the famous singer, withdrew her from the stage, though he had not a shilling in his pocket at the same time for her maintenance. His conduct in this respect was censured by many of his friends. A few persons attempted his vindication, among whom was Dr. Johnson, who exclaimed, on hearing Sheridan's delicacy denounced as absurd pride—"He resolved nobly and wisely. He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife sing publicly for hire? No, Sir. I'd rather be a public singer myself, than let my wife be one."

SHERIDAN AND CURRAN.—Horne Tooke, contrasting their wit, says:—"Sheridan's wit was like steel highly polished, and sharpened for display and use; Curran's was a mine of virgin gold, incessantly crumbling away from its own richness."

SHERIDAN AND FOX.—They were introduced to each other for the first time by Lord John Townshend, in 1799. After the interview Fox declared to his

lordship, that he had always thought Hare, after Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely. Next day Sheridan expressed to his lordship his high admiration of Fox, that he "was puzzled which to admire most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

SHERIDAN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.—He called at the theatre one day, while the pantomime was in rehearsal, and found them all in confusion, not knowing what to introduce to allow time for the setting of a scene. Sheridan saw a remedy at once, sat down at the proprietor's table and wrote on the back of a play-bill, in a few minutes, the beautiful ballad of the "Midnight Watch," which was set to music by Mr. Linley.

SHERIDAN'S POWER OF RAISING MONEY.—The boxes of the Theatre were newly decorated under Kelly's management, at Sheridan's desire, but there was no money forthcoming for the upholsterer. The cloth amounted to £350; and after some time a bailiff called upon Kelly, who had nothing whatever to do with the matter. He immediately sent word to Sheridan, who settled the debt without difficulty in his own peculiar way.

He sent for Mr. Henderson, the upholsterer, and after describing to him the cruelty committed on Kelly, who had nothing to do with the debt, and who had been arrested by his bailiff, remonstrated and extenuated, and in less than half-an-hour, Henderson agreed to exonerate Kelly and his bail, taking Sheridan's bond instead. Before the upholsterer quitted the room, Sheridan who never did things by halves, contrived to borrow £200 of him in addition to the original claim, thinking himself highly honored by Sheridan's acceptance of the loan!

At another time he was £3000 in arrears, with the performers of the Italian Opera, and as they saw no prospect of being paid, they refused to perform any longer. Kelly was Manager, and intimated to Sheridan the determination of the Company. *Three*

Thousand Pounds! Kelly, said Sheridan, "there is no such sum in nature." "Then," said Kelly, "we must close the Opera House—there is no alternative." Sheridan sat down and read the newspaper at perfect ease and then ordered a coach. "We'll drive to my banker's," said Sheridan; "I have been there and he will make no further advances," was the reply. However, they drove to Morland's and Sheridan entered the bank, leaving Kelly in a state of agonizing anxiety. In less than a quarter-of-an-hour Sheridan made his appearance, with £3000 in bank-notes in his hand. He never told Kelly by what hocus pocus he procured it; but placing it in his hand, desired him to take it to the treasurer, to have the debt discharged immediately, but to be sure to keep enough out of it to purchase a barrel of native oysters, which they would roast that night.

HIS PROCRASTINATING HABITS.—One of his plays was announced for performance on a certain night, though at the time of its announcement it was not half finished. Up to the night of the performance the actor's had not received their parts. The house was overflowing, and the acts of the play, so far of it as was written, were actually in rehearsal, while Sheridan was in the prompter's room, finishing the last part. As he wrote, the scraps came in piecemeal for the actor's, and not until the end of the fourth act, had Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, or Barrymore, their speeches for the fifth! But Sheridan knew that these were quicker than any other of the performers, and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say at half-an-hour's notice. The event proved his judgment; the play was received with the greatest approbation, and was played thirty-one nights that season.

SHERIDAN AND LORD BYRON.—Lord Byron met Sheridan frequently. He had a liking for his lordship, and never attacked him as he did almost every body else who came within his reach. His lordship had seen him quiz Madame de Stael, annihilate Colman, and do little less with a host of others, of at least equal fame; he had met him at all parties, and in all places, and always found him the spice of the evening.

In 1815, his lordship had occasion to visit his lawyer in Chancery Lane; he was with Sheridan, so his lordship waited. Sheridan and Byron met immediately afterwards, and after mutual greetings the former retired. His lordship first inquired of his attorney what was Sheridan's business. "Oh, the usual thing—to stave off an action from his wine merchant, my client," was the reply. "Well," said his lordship, "and what do you mean to do?" "Nothing at all for the present," said he; "would you have us proceed against old Sherry? What would be the use of it." And then he began laughing and going over Sheridan's powers of conversation. This man had as hard a heart as the most unfeeling of his profession, and his lordship could not understand how in half an hour he had softened and seduced him in such a manner that had the wine-merchant come in at the time, the lawyer would almost have thrown him out of the window, so strongly was he impressed in favor of "old Sherry." This was Byron's opinion. Such was Sheridan! He could soften an attorney—nothing like it since the days of Greek music, when madness was cured, and troublesome creditors calmed, by the influence of sweet sounds. The noble poet and some of his companions were all delivering their different opinions on Sheridan and other literary characters when Byron said, "Whatever he has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy, (School for Scandal,) the *best* drama (the Beggar's Opera,) the *best* farce, (the Critic,) and the *best* address, (Monologue on Garrick,) and to crown all, delivered the *best* oration, (the famous Begum Speech,) ever conceived or heard in this country." Somebody told this to Sheridan next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears. "Poor Brinsley," exclaimed Byron, "if they were tears of pleasure I would rather have said these few but most sincere words, than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippi. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear he had derived a moment's gratification, from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to my elders and my

betters." Byron describes his person thus:—"The upper part of Sheridan's face was that of a god—an expansive forehead, an eye of brilliancy and fire; but below he showed the Satyr."

A PROTESTANT HISTORIAN ON PERSECUTION.

THE following account of the cruelties practised by Henry VIII., towards ten monks of the Charterhouse, who refused to take the oaths against the Pope and in favor of royal supremacy over the Church is taken from the History of the Church of England by R. Watson Dixon, M. A., Honorary Canon of Carlisle, England. This extract is additional evidence of how Catholic faith was burned out of the hearts of the people of England by Protestant persecution:

There had been enough of the scaffold already for the Charterhouse; and for the ten recusants were reserved, the more horrible but less conspicuous torments of the dungeon. They were committed to Newgate May 29 1537 and were subject to such frightful treatment that in the space of a fortnight five of them were dead and the others were dying. *In a standing attitude they were chained to posts, so that they could not move day or night; in that posture they were starved to death.* Their sufferings were rather prolonged than mitigated by the piety of a woman named Margaret Clementson, who, bribing the gaoler, entered the prison in the disguise of a milkmaid, bearing a pail filled with meat, not milk, with which she fed them, putting the food into their mouths, because they were not able to feed themselves..... This she continued to do until the gaoler, alarmed by a messenger from the king, who sent to inquire whether the culprits were dead or not, refused to admit her any longer. She then, however, with his connivance, got upon the roof of the building and let down her meat in a basket, approaching it as near as she could to the mouths of the Christians as they stood chained to their posts. This horrible story, which might be doubted if it rested only on the narratives of the Anglo-Roman party, is confirmed in the main by the unimpeachable evidence of Bedyl himself. The

zealous Archdeacon had taken up his quarters in the Charterhouse, perhaps in the capacity of one of the discreet preachers who were to preach three or four sermons a week there; and while the unfortunate malignants were rotting thus in Newgate, he brought the new prior and the more compliant residue of the brotherhood, June 10, to execute a surrender of the house. Two days after this he was able to report to Cromwell that of the ten five were dead, two at the point of death, two sick and one whole; "for which," added he, "I am not sorry, considering their behavior and the whole matter; and I would that all such as love not the King's Highness and his worldly honor were in like case." It seems propable that out of ten men there would have been more than one who could have borne a fortnight's incarceration without death or severe sickness, unless extraordinary severity had been used; and the general result may be taken to confirm the only particular narrative that remains. Bedyl saw this former advice carried out to the letter—to kill of the best of the monks and disperse the others.

OUTWITTED.

"Now Sergeant Simmonds, how do you like this country?" asked the Bailiff Miller.

"How do I like it?" was the reply, "it is ten times as beautiful in my north country than in all Devonshire, allow me to say with all due respect."

"Are you not well pleased with our people?"

"I ought to be, they are good, kind folks."

"You are right in general, Simmonds, but they have their peculiarities."

"Indeed? What do you mean, Mr. Bailiff?"

"Do you know the Green Farm?"

"I was there yesterday."

"What do you think of Farmer Eudby?"

"Oh, Mr. Bailiff, he is a most respectable man. He invited me to a splendid breakfast, everything that is good. He is a capital fellow."

"Simmonds, Simmonds, beware of him; he has his tricks. I tell you he

has made the lives of your predecessors miserable, and I see you are in a fair way to be driven to the same extremities."

"Well, Mr. Bailiff, but what do you mean?"

"I mean that he is an accomplished poacher, and that as yet no one has been able to catch him."

"Not possible!"

"Yes, dear Simmonds, it is so. All your predecessors have failed to do this with all their cunning. Try whether you will have better luck."

"I will do my best. Of what use would it be to have served in the army for twenty years if I cannot succeed?"

"Well, good luck attend you; and you shall have a good recommendation afterwards. Good-day, Simmonds."

The bailiff's face had a somewhat malicious smile as he uttered these last words, which, however escaped the observation of the soldier.

Simmonds had but lately come from a garrison town in the North, and now he had a fine opportunity for distinguishing himself in his new service by a great act. What none of his predecessors had been able to do he would effect. Reward from Government, praise, promotion, all swept before his eyes as the probable consequences of his deed.

While he thus revelled in future enjoyments he did not forget the realities of the present moment; he retired from his post to a neighbouring public house, there to refresh his body and arrange his thoughts. Like a good general he must concoct the plan of his operations, and to this end he contrived to gain information about Eudby and his customs in an apparently simple and natural manner—for he was very cunning—from the guests who came in, so that he should get a secure basis for his operations, though by an occasional knowing wink of the eye it was evident enough that he knew that there was a tale connected with this man that he hoped he should trace to the end.

Yes, Simmonds was very cunning.

But why did the guests all laugh when, with a satisfied air, he left the house?

The Green Farm lay about half a mile distant from the barracks, surrounded by meadows and fields. On one side of

the handsome dwelling house was a large and well-cultivated garden, in which there was a pretty summer-house. Not a gunshot beyond this was an uneven piece of ground covered with bushes, and behind one of these bushes the newly-arrived Simmonds had been concealed three hours.

It was bitterly cold.

He saw many traces of hares leading towards the garden, but very few from it, from which he concluded that the garden must be a kind of hare's den to which the marks of footsteps are many, whilst there are few that mark a return. Here was at least a beginning which he would duly follow out.

The fact that the farmer snared hares in his garden was evident to him. Now there only remained to catch the poacher in the act, and that must be easy enough. It was for that reason that he had remained for three hours long concealed among the bushes.

But strange to say he saw not a single hare. The marks were so fresh that they must have been made only yesterday, and yet to-day not one is to be seen. Was the evil one conspiring against him?

It is to be feared that he uttered a few bad words, and at last, quite out of patience, he crept from his concealment and took his way home.

"Well," he said, "we must not despair; Rome was not built in a day."

When he came to the farm, past which his way led him, Eudby himself suddenly opened one of the windows—he had been seated by it the whole time—and called out to him: "Mr. Simmonds, will you not come in for a minute?"

Somewhat surprised, for Eudby must have been observing him, he accepted the invitation. Cold, hunger and thirst had done their worst with him.

The farmer received him in a friendly manner and with the most innocent appearance in the world. "You must have got cold out there," he said, "and a little refreshment will do you no harm."

Mrs. Eudby brought cold ham and wine, to which Simmonds applied himself duly. "This is quite a different thing from out there in the cold," he said. "The mischief take all the hares!" to himself.

"I should like you to taste this roast

veal," said Eudby as he was partaking of a large plateful of it, but a piece almost choked him so surprised was he when Simmonds replied: "Roast veal? I will have some with pleasure if it is not hare."

"That is not bad," returned Eudby smiling. "You are not the first who has paid my wife this compliment. She understands how to dress veal in such a manner that it cannot be distinguished from hare. You might swear it was roast hare."

"And I could swear that it is hare," replied the soldier.

"Veal, nothing but veal, my dear Simmonds," again affirmed the kind and unsuspecting host, and then he again filled the glass of the half frozen man, which he failed not to empty. So it came to pass at last that Simmonds found himself in a particularly good humor in which he almost regretted that he had endeavored to work any ill to his good and hospitable host. When at last he rose to return home he pressed the farmer's hand as well as those of the clever cook, his wife, and his daughter Marianne.

But when he had reached the door he could not refrain from asking confidentially, "But tell me good sir, where do all the tracts of hares which I see leading to your garden end?"

"They are made by the hares," was the friendly reply.

"Yes, I know that, but I want to know what business the hares have in your garden," and then he winked at the farmer in a knowing manner, who however, answered without observing this:

"I cannot tell with certainty because I have never asked them, but I am of opinion that it is for the sake of my winter cabbages."

"Yes, that is possible, but I cannot understand how it is that the hares all run towards your garden and none of them seem to return."

"Yes, my dear Simmonds, that puzzles me too, I have often thought about it as you may believe, and I can account for it in no other way than by supposing that the clever animals after having feasted on my cabbages return backwards lest they should unexpectedly be

stopped in their career. An uneasy conscience disturbs them."

Simmonds was knocked over. "Yes, an uneasy conscience" he repeated, but he braced himself up for a last question. "Will you tell me in confidence," he said, "how is it that not a single hare has entered the garden to-day? I cannot understand that."

"Simmonds, Simmonds, you are laughing at me. Do you think the hares would jump over your head. You yourself stopped their way; how could they come out of the wood? And you know these animals are not famed for their courage. You shall not make a joke of me any longer. Adieu Simmonds."

Simmonds scratched his head.

"This plan has quite failed," he muttered, "but remember Simmonds that your honor is at stake. What wine! what a roast! But he must be caught. I know where I can place myself with better success. He must be caught, or my name is not Simmonds."

So spoke the noble fellow to himself while he nodded his head emphatically, and then began to meditate over his black intentions as he wended his way homewards. He would carry them into effect the very next day, for his maxim was, "strike the iron while it is hot."

He was the more zealous as he felt how completely he had been made a joke of by Eudby, and he wished to revenge himself before his defeat of to-day should become known.

In fact he was very cunning.

Again Sergeant Simmonds was at his post, but this time it was not in the thicket but on the opposite side to it. "I will not stop the path of the hares to-day," he said to himself with a grim smile.

He waited a good while in vain; then he began to think that a similar fate awaited him to yesterday's, and he had just opened his mouth to make a very unbecoming speech when, hold! what is that? there, that grey thing; yes it is a hare; how lucky! Now nothing is wanting for Eudby but to take him. Then Eudby goes from the house into the garden and then into the summer-house.

Simmonds you are a lucky fellow. Up and to work.

He rose and went to the house. There

he found Marianne and asked after her father.

"He is in the garden," was the reply.

"What is he doing there?"

"He is snaring hares."

"Now I have him; he cannot deceive me any longer."

Certain of conquest our cunning friend went into the garden. What he sees there calls up a joyful smile to his countenance. The like had never happened to any of his predecessors.

There sits the farmer in the summer-house with a line in his hand. This line is attached to a hare trap which is hidden by fresh cabbage leaves, and not far from these cabbage-leaves there is a hare, the very same that he had seen; he knows him at once, the animal has not yet begun to nibble; it looks timidly on every side.

"So now it is time," said Simmonds to himself, drew the buckle on his sabre belt tighter, stroked his whiskers into a threatening position and taking the regulation military air marched down the gravel walk.

But Eudby must have heard his step, for he turned suddenly towards him, raised his finger and uttered a low "sh!"

The watcher of the law stood petrified at such shameless conduct, but he obeyed and remained where he was, for who would not be interested in seeing a hare made captive?

"There! a leap—and "hurrah" cried the farmer; "we have him. Come here Mr. Simmonds."

Simmonds drew near shaking his head. He is quite out of conceit with himself; he does not know what to think of it all.

Eudby stood by the imprisoned hare with a slight hazel switch in his hand. He took the prisoner out of the trap, seized the culprit with his left hand by the ears and gave him some hard cuts with the switch. Then he set him at liberty, and after this punishment the hare ran with wild haste to the woods.

"Go and tell your brothers," said the farmer as a parting salutation, and gave as a reply "No, we will never return."

"Welcome Mr. Simmonds."

Simmonds was stupefied.

"You see," continued Eudby calmly, "what a capital way I have discovered for keeping the hares away from my

winter cabbages. I shall do as you have seen to all the hares. The creatures perhaps think they can eat my cabbages with impunity."

Simmonds was silent.

"It was you yourself Simmonds who gave me this idea yesterday. The thought of all these hare tracks left me no rest during the whole night."

Simmonds continued silent.

"And, my dear sir, we gain this advantage from this game; the creatures will no longer go away backwards. Did you not see how that one ran off quite straight?"

Simmonds was obliged to yield. He had suffered a complete defeat. There was no longer any hope. Against this conjuror there was nothing to be done.

Resigned, but with the resignation of despair, he once more accepted Eudby's invitation to revenge himself on the farmer's wine and roast hare.

"Do not fear, dear Simmonds; it is not hare, only veal, nothing but veal," said the still friendly Eudby.—*Lamp.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A DOG BATHING-MASTER.

OUR faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy, and to injure, and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage-whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the lash vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully

took a good grip in the gathers of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took up the whip, trotted off to the barn, with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterwards treated him with great consideration.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him the "boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased. He would take them in and bring them out again, as he thought fit, and there was no use in resisting him, as he could master half-a-dozen at once in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers to have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting them dive off his shoulders, and playing leap-frog.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE STUPID BOY.

NEVER set a boy down for a stupid because he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most celebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as donkeys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster with these encouraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All he wants to do is to lie on the grass on his back and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong." Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for drawing all over his copy book and surreptitiously painting the pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood and your smug and self-sufficient piece of precocity, who takes all the medals, and is the show scholar of his school, often ends by showing no talent for

anything beyond a yardstick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not even considered to his credit that he was fond of "sic trash" as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any time. That boy, who really worries you by being so much unlike his bright brothers, may be the very one who will make you proud and happy some years hence. Take that for your comfort.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

PERHAPS the question presents itself to the thinking reader: If it be true that the heavenly bodies attract each other, why do not the planets attract one another in such a manner that they will run round and about each other?

Newton himself proposed this question; he also found the answer. The attractive power of a celestial body depends upon its larger or smaller mass. In our solar system the sun's mass is so much larger than that of any of the planets, that the balance of attractive power is largely in his favor; hence the revolving of the planets around him. If the sun were to disappear suddenly the effect of the attractive influence of the planets upon one another would be tremendous. There can be no doubt that they would all begin to revolve around Jupiter, because that planet has the largest mass. To give some examples in figures,—the sun's mass is 355,499 heavier, while Jupiter's is but 339 times heavier than that of the earth. It is evident that, the sun's mass being more than a thousand times larger than Jupiter's, so long as the sun exists the earth will never revolve around Jupiter.

Yet Jupiter is not without influence on the earth; and although he is not able to draw her out of her course round the sun, yet he attracts the earth to some extent. Observations and computations have shown us that the earth's orbit around the sun, owing to the attraction of Jupiter, is somewhat changed, or, as it is called, "disturbed."

As with Jupiter and the earth, so

with all the other planets; their mutual attraction disturb their orbits round the sun. In reality, every planet revolves in an orbit which, without this "disturbance," would be a different one. The computations of these disturbances constitutes a great difficulty in astronomy, and requires the keenest and most energetic studies ever made in science.

Perhaps some of our readers may ask here, whether in course of time these disturbances will become so great as to throw our whole solar system into confusion? Well, the same question was proposed by a great mathematician named Laplace, who lived towards the end of the last century. But he himself answered the question in an immortal work, "The Mechanics of the Heavens." He furnished the proof, that all disturbances last but a certain time; and that the solar system is constructed so that the very attractions by which the disturbances are caused, produce at the end of certain periods, a regulation or rectification; so that in the end there is always complete order.

After what has been said, it is evident that if one of the planets were invisible, its presence would still be known to our naturalists, on account of the disturbances it would cause in the orbits of the other planets; unless, perhaps, its mass to be so insignificant as to render its power of attraction imperceptible.

And now we may proceed to explain the subject of this chapter.

Up to the year 1846, when Leverrier made his great discovery, it was believed that Uranus was the most distant planet revolving around the sun. Uranus itself was discovered by Sir John Herschel in England in the year 1781. As this planet takes eighty-four years to go round the sun, its complete revolution had not yet been observed in 1846; in spite of this, however, the course of Uranus was calculated and known very precisely, because the attractive force of the sun was known; and all the disturbances that might influence the planet were taken into account.

But notwithstanding all the nicety of calculations, the real course of Uranus would not at all agree with the one computed. At that time already long

before Leverrier's discovery, the idea arose that beyond Uranus, in a region where the human eye could, in spite of all telescopes, discover nothing, there must probably exist a planet which changed the course of Uranus. Bessel, a great astronomer, who unfortunately for science died too soon, was already on the point of finding out by computation the unknown disturber. But he died shortly before Leverrier's discovery. As early even as 1840, Mædler, in the city of Dorpat, in Russia, wrote a fine article on this as yet unseen disturber.

Leverrier, however began the task and finished it. He computed with an acuteness that was admired by all men of science. He investigated whereabouts in the heavens that intruder must be situated, so as to be able to trouble Uranus to such an extent; how fast this disturber itself must move in its orbit, and how large must be its mass.

We live to see the triumph of Leverrier's being able to discover with his *mental* eye, by means of computation only, a planet at a distance of millions of miles from him.

Therefore let us say: Honor science! Honor the men that cultivate it! And all honor to the human intellect which sees farther than the human eye!

THE END.

REVIEWS.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED HISTORICALLY.—We have received from Mr. P. T. Sherlock, the veteran Irish publisher, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago, a well written work on this subject. It is really what it is represented to be, a clear statement of the Case of Ireland. If those who berate Mr. Parnell for his labor of love in trying to alleviate the condition of the Irish tenants would procure this little work, we feel sure they would, after reading it, change their tone in regard to his mode of settling the Land Question. The book gives a sketch of the history of Ireland in her days of peace and prosperity, and also of the 220 years' struggle with the Danes; of the Anglo-Norman invasion, begun about the year 1169; and the spoliation of the land during the reigns

of the Plantagenets, the Stuarts, Cromwell, and the British rulers down to the latest day. The political, religious and social history of the country during its 700 years' struggle with England is graphically stated, with also some statistics of the famine of 1847-50. Coming down to the present time, there is given the personal history of Mr. Parnell and his associate Agitators for the reform of the land laws of Ireland; and then follows the whole statement of what Ireland complains of, and what she asks from the British Parliament. The book should be in the hands of every Irishman who desires to refute false and calumnious statements against his nationality. Price one dollar.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, parts 27 and 28 of Brennan's *Life of Christ*. Price 25 cents each.

F A C E T I Æ.

Correspondent: "Will the editor please inform me where me and my family can go on Sundays without danger of being crowded?"—Answer: "Go to church."

A bold young man explained why he had a pretty girl on his lap with his arm around her, by saying that he was engaged in the study of weights and measures.

When his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was being done, and not Dunne when it was done."

"The better the day the better the deed," is a bad proverb as it runs; but read it backwards, as wizards undo charms, and it is a capital saying "the better the deed the better the day."

A proper conclusion for the marriage ceremony in many of our fashionable society weddings would be, "What commercial interests have joined together, let not ill-temper put asunder."

The little Parisian mendicant who followed a gentleman some time since, whined:—"Monsieur, give me just a sou—I'm an orphan by birth!" The definition was worth ten centimes to her.

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the opera," she answered. He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?"—"Berry well, massa."—"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"—"Well, you see, missus biled three eggs for herself and gave me de brof."

Scene in a Paris restaurant. Customer: "Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster: it's as hard as flint." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. That's the paper-mache lobster out of the showcase! Shall I change it?"

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "when he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?" "I should say to him *do write*," answered the lady.

A nobleman built a handsome grotto, and caused this inscription to be placed over it—"Let nothing enter here but what is good?" A wit, to whom his lordship was showing the place, asked: "Then where does your lordship enter?"

Capability Brown was George III.'s head gardener, and exercised within his domain an autocratic rule which, while fully admitted, was secretly resented. In course of time Brown died and the King made haste to visit his emancipated gardens. "Ha! John," said His Majesty to the working gardener, gleefully rubbing his hands, "now that old Brown is dead you and I can do as we please!"

A young man who had just returned from a long journey, clasping his adored one in a loving embrace in a dimly lighted parlour, was seized with great terror that, for an instant, paralysed all his energies. "Oh, my darling," said he, wildly, "why didn't you write of this? What is it—spinal disease, or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this broad leather-bandage?" "Oh, love," she gently murmured, "this is only my new belt; I would have got a broader one, but it would not go under my arms."

Young lady (*pettishly to dress-maker*): "Oh, bother! I wanted this dress for the sea-side, and it seems quite an in-door thing. You seldom see these dresses worn out." Dress maker—"Oh, no, miss; it is such a good material it will last all the season."

It is told of a Scotch "innocent" that when a gentleman, by mistake had given him a shilling instead of a half-penny, and on discovering his mistake, asked restoration in the ordinary way when such mistakes are committed, by saying, "Hech, man, Rab, but I hae gi'en you a bad shilling; just return it to me and I'll give you another." "Oh, no," replied wise Rab, "I'll try to get it awa' mysel'; it wouldna suit you to be putting awa' ill siller."

ONE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE BULL-DOZED.—A citizen went into the water department recently, and referring to a notice that his water would be shut off unless he paid up, said: "I'd like to see you try it on, I would. If this water board imagines that it runs the whole city, it will find itself grandly mistaken!" More silence from the clerk. "If the water had been shut off I'd have given this board such a tilt as it never had before. It can browbeat some men, but it musn't try any Caesarism with me." The clerk looks out of the window. "I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off, if you dare! I'll make a test case of it and carry it to the supreme court." The clerk shifts his weight to the other leg. "Yes. I'll carry it to the supreme court if it costs me \$10,000. I have never allowed anyone to trample on me, and it's too late to begin now." The clerk softly whistles, and the indignant citizen starts for the door, halts, returns slowly and says: "No, you can't browbeat me." The clerk begins making out his receipt. "I know my rights as a citizen, and I will maintain them—how much is it?" "Six dollars." "We have no czar in this country, and—take it out of this ten." "Fine day," remarks the clerk, as he hands over the change. "Yes purty fair. This board musn't try to bulldoze me, I'm not the man to submit to any sort of tyranny. Looks like snow, don't it? Is that clock right? Lots of pipes frozen up, I s'pose. Well, good day."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in April.
1	Thurs	Prince John's fleet arrived in Waterford, 1185.
2	Fri	St. Patrick preached at Tara, 433.
3	Sat	Goldsmith died, 1774.
4	Sun	LOW SUNDAY. First baptism by St. Patrick in Ireland, 433.
5	Mon	ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. M. Battle of Cappelquin, Co. Waterford, 1645. Lord Essex landed in Dublin to make war on Hugh O'Neill, 1599.
6	Tues	ST. PATRICK'S Church, Dublin, burned, 1362. Resolution of the Grand Jury of the County Cork—"That the claim of the British Parliament to bind this kingdom by laws is a claim disgraceful and unproductive; disgraceful to us because it is an infringement of our constitution; unproductive to Great Britain because the exercise of it will not be submitted to by the people of Ireland."—1782.
7	Wed	Treason Felony Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Sir G. Grey, 1848.
8	Thurs	Monster banquet to O'Connell; Smith O'Brien in the chair, 1844. Special Commission for Trial of Fenian Insurrectionists opened in Dublin, 1867.
9	Fri	Thomas Addis Emmet imprisoned at Fort George, Scotland, 1798. Catholic Relief Bill became law, 1793.
10	Sat	Great Speech of Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons against the second reading of the Treason Felony Bill, 1848.
11	Sun	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Right Rev. Dr. England, a native of Cork, died at Charleston, S. C., 1842.
12	Mon	Galway surrendered to Coote on terms, 1652.
13	Tues	First stone of Trinity College, Dublin, laid, 1591. Emancipation Bill received Royal Assent, 1829.
14	Wed	Gavan Duffy released on bail, 1849. Lady Morgan, died, 1859.
15	Thurs	Essex landed with twenty thousand men at Dublin, 1590. Repeal Association founded, in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, 1840. Rout of the Williamites from Lifford to Derry, 1689.
16	Fri	Henry II. left Ireland, 1172. Declaration of Irish rights moved by Henry Grattan in the Irish House of Commons and carried unanimously, and Ireland's independence won—for a time!—1782.
17	Sat	Monster Repeal meeting at Clones, 50,000 present, 1843.
18	Sun	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. ST. LASERIAN, Patron of Leighlin. William Molyneux, author of "Case of Ireland Stated," born 1614.
19	Mon	Monster Repeal meeting at Limerick, 120,000 present, 1843.
20	Tues	Siege of Derry commenced, 1689.
21	Wed	Death of David Rothe, the celebrated Bishop of Ossory, 1650.
22	Thurs	Repeal Question introduced into the House of Commons by O'Connell, 1834.
23	Fri	Glorious Battle of Clontarf: rout of the Danes by Brian Boru, who was killed on the field of battle, 1014.
24	Sat	Rev. William Jackson, Protestant clergyman, found guilty of high treason, 1795.
25	Sun	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Thomas Addis Emmet born, 1764.
26	Mon	Attainder of the Earl of Desmond and his followers, 1586.
27	Tues	ST. ASICUS, Patron of Elphin. Carolan the Harper died, 1738.
28	Wed	Great meeting of Catholics in Dublin to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1852.
29	Thurs	Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, issued a proclamation against the assembling of the "Council of Three Hundred, or the embodiment of a National Guard," 1848. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, disgusted with the conduct of the troops in Ireland, resigned the command of the Army, 1798.
30	Fri	Rev. W. Jackson, having taken poison in order to avoid a public execution, died in the dock just as the judge was proceeding to pass sentence on him for high treason, 1795.

The less we have here on earth, the more we shall be exalted in Heaven.—*St. Theresa.*

In order to arrive at a union with God, we must pass through the crucible of adversity.—*St. Catharine of Genoa.*

The cross and wounds of our Redeemer loudly proclaim His love for us.—*St. Bernard.*

We ought not to breathe as often as we ought to think of God.—*St. Gregory Nazianzen.*



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1880.

No. 7.

ROCKS AND RIVERS.

AN IRISH FABLE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

I.

When the Rivers first were born,
From the hill tops each surveyed,
Through the lifting haze of morn,
Where his path through life was laid.

II.

Down they pour'd through heath and wood,
Ploughing up each passing field;
All gave way before the flood,
The Rocks alone refused to yield.

III.

"Your pardon!" said the Waters bland,
"Permit us to pass on our way;
We're sent to fertilize the land—
And will be chid for this delay."

IV.

"You sent!" the Rocks replied with scorn,
"You muddy, ill-conditioned streams;
Return and live, where ye were born,
Nor cheat yourselves with such wild dreams."

V.

"You will not?" "No!" The Waters mild
Called loudly on their kindred stock,
Wave upon wave their strength they piled;
And cleft in twain rock after rock.

VI.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land,
They brought new life to fruits and flocks:
The Rivers are the People, and
Our Irish Landlords are the Rocks.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*Continued.*

WE may well imagine how the old clergymen and the young enjoyed the reminiscences always so dear—the memory of sweet academic days, when the life of intellect and heart makes an elysium which, alas! so soon vanishes in the presence of the world of hard realities.

Father Ned, however, half lived this evening in the charmed atmosphere of fourteen years before, and the same must be said of his class-fellow, Father Michael Feehan; and though the elder clergymen had to banish the shadows of nearly five-and-fifty years, they renewed much of their youth in the associations which gathered around in the geniality of a loving reunion.

Father Ned Power kept honestly to his contract; and if his heart was half as emphatic as his minstrelsy, we have great doubts of his devotion to "law and order."

"And true men be you men,
Like those of Ninety-eight,"

had hardly been pronounced, when the little company was excited to a degree indescribable—simply by the arrival of the post. Indeed, there were two effects this evening from the same cause, and

we question whether in the varied history of the results of opening letter-bags two results more remarkable have been recorded. One of those occurred, as we say, in Father Aylmer's parlor; another at some distance to which we shall adjourn in due time.

On consideration, we will leave the gentlemen at Father Aylmer's—first conjecturing what letters were in the bag; and then conjecturing whence the letters had come; and then conjecturing what were the letters. In fact, the minds of those around the little table at good Father Aylmer's were so occupied by song and story that, when the post-bag came, they had little inclination to open the letters at all; and so a considerable time elapsed before the surprise came upon them and made the stir which none of them had anticipated.

The other place the post-bag made a stir at was, of all places in the world, at the Crag.

Thus it happened.

The post-boy was quietly coming along the road from Kilsheelan, indulging himself and his mule by a very quiet lounge, when he was overtaken by James the Pilgrim who, as usual, staff in hand, and rosary hanging down, was wending his way to one of his many haunts in and near Ballyneal, and around the mountain base.

"God save you!" was the Pilgrim's usual salute.

"God save you kindly, sir," answered the post-boy.

"You spare your mule I see, Pat."

"An' the wispings," answered the boy.

"Do you ever trot him?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but I keeps the trot for the avenue you know.

"Go *dhirach*," remarked James, which is "just so," only more philosophically expressed in the *Gaelic*. "Any news?" continued James the Pilgrim.

"Not much, only the 'boys' got off from Waterford, yisterday; an' Tim Cunneen bought a new hat!"

"You didn't hear that Miss Amy is going to be married?"

"Married? To who?"

"Oh, Miss Amy is going to be married, and Ally Hayes is going to become a nun!"

"Murder!" cried the post-boy; and now he started. Before his companion could call him back, he had dashed along the road far on his way. He rushed through the gate to the Crag; and, as he approached the door, half the house had turned out to see who was pursuing the flying post-bag of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton himself was one of these who came, in no pleasant temper, to demand an explanation.

"What is the matter that you ruin the beast with travelling like that?"

"Oh, sir, my heart is up to my mouth, I'm in a fright. Well, well!"

"Come in here, you vagabond. Come in! come in, I tell you; or——"

Poor Pat began to blubber and crave pardon, and make solemn promises for the "whole of the remainder of his life" to be careful of "Bill" the mule; and; finally he thought the storm had lessened enough to venture in.

"Now, tell me what whipped you up in that manner to-day?"

"I met the Pilgrim, your honor."

"Met the Pilgrim! Did that frighten yourself and the mule, you unmitigated rascal? Did that frighten you to death?"

"No; but he towld me something, your honor."

"Told you,—told you what?"

"Oh, he said!—murder, he said, Miss Amy was goin' to be a nun in England, an' Miss Hayes—that is, Ally Hayes, your honor, but we all calls her 'Miss Hayes,' now, Miss Amy is so fond of her,—is going to be married."

Poor Pat had scarcely uttered his last syllable, when old Giffard had him by the throat, and swinging him round, tumbled him on the floor like a meal sack.

"You vagabond! you robber! you ruffian! How dare you say that to me! How dare you say such a thing to me!"

"Oh sir, oh sir, forgive me! forgive me!"

"Say you told me a lie, say you told me a lie! you——"

"I did sir; I did, sir, tell you a lie."

"Swear it; you villain! Swear it."

"I swear—I swear,"—the last part of his speech was uttered outside the door, to which location he had been unceremoniously kicked and cuffed by the enraged Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. D'Alton foamed at the mouth, and pitched a tumbler into the grate, assaulted chairs and tables most wickedly, and then sat down in dudgeon with all mankind.

All we have been describing happened after dinner, when strange to say, Mr. Giffard D'Alton was generally in the worst humor; but to add to his natural irritability, he had that day received an anonymous letter threatening his life and holding "the mirror up to nature."

Everything has an end; and at last Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion subsided just enough to allow the post-bag a place in his memory. "I may as well open the bag," he thought, and he half started when he saw two letters with the London post-mark lying on the table. He knew one to be from Mr. Meldon. He did not know the handwriting of the other. "Meldon, Meldon!" he cried, "if you have robbed me of my child!—you want my family's money—*my* money for the Church; but I'll—"

At length Mr. Giffard D'Alton opened the letter.

He perused it greedily, wrapt up, as if he had turned to marble. He drew a heavy sigh at length; and, as he had been standing, he fell upon the old sofa, and the letter lay upon his bosom.

Long, long, perhaps an hour he lay—not thinking—yet filled with thought, a thousand thoughts gathered together—too crowded to be examined, and each obscuring the other. He took up the letter once again. It was as follows:—

"THE GROSVENOR, Sept. 2nd, 1848.

"Dear Sir,—The letter which accompanies this one is from Mr. Leyton Seymour. He has admired my dear friend, Miss D'Alton, from the very first moment he met her. I told you of his immense wealth and respectable connections. He is placing his happiness in your hands, he says; and, as I believe Mr. Seymour says nothing about means, I may say that he wishes every penny of Miss D'Alton's to be settled absolutely upon herself.

"I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"C. MELDON."

"Giffard D'Alton, Esq."

"Settle every penny upon herself!"

he repeated; "every penny! And I am to be left alone!" he half wept—"alone!"

He thought of the anonymous letter of the morning. He thought of how much the love of Amy had been to him a shield of protection. He thought of the gentle ways that soothed him without words and the wise and kindly words that often convinced him, when he would not admit it, and appeased him, he hardly knew why. He then looked around him—and thought of all the light of his life faded, and neither within nor without a single friend! He thought of his son Henry. In that very room Henry and he had had their last interview. From this very spot he had spurned him and sent him to exile and the grave! He thought of the reckless nephew whose character and habits he had half discovered; and he groaned—he groaned, and absolutely went down upon his knees—the letter still in his hand! Yet it was not to pray. It was as if he had seen an avenger and knelt in horror.

"I am accursed! I am accursed!" he said bitterly. "Life is just at an end—and no joy, no hope! I have lost my life for a lie—the lie that—no matter! Lucy! Lucy! Had God left *you* to me, I had not been so hard—to *him*. Curse upon it; what can money bring *me* now? Lucy? Amy? Henry?—an honest good wish—an easy heart? Oh, my curse—"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was interrupted by a knock, and by the entrance of a servant who desired to know if Mr. Cunneen might come up. At first he was inclined to be "out;" but he changed his mind; and, in a hard voice, said, "let him come."

Cunneen came in with the benzed humility of a man who was nothing and had nothing; but there was that sinister light in the corner of Mr. Cunneen's eye which always signifies a man to be minding his business and doing so successfully. He seated himself on the chair which he always occupied when with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and, as usual, he placed his palms upon his knees, and he bent down the Iscariot brow of evil omen.

"I heard the news about Miss Amy, sir, and that brought me over."

"Umph!" was the eloquent rejoinder.

"Mr. Seymour is a very wealthy gentleman, sir, and of course he will take no fortune, sir."

Another grunt; but the old man saw clearly that Cunneen had a stroke of trade in the hand of his sympathy.

"Mr. Seymour, sir, is a nephew of Lord Leyton, who has never married."

Strange, thought Mr. D'Alton, that Mr. Meldon never mentioned that. Yet he felt his heart leap a little.

"Of course, you will feel very lonesome after Miss Amy, sir; but, then, you have the best nephew in the world."

Giffard D'Alton turned suddenly on Tim Cunneen, and fixed his eyes upon him, so as to make his blood freeze apparently. Mr. D'Alton's eyes glared at him like the eyes of a tiger.

"Cunneen!" said he "are you not the vilest deceiver, hypocrite and devil that ever blackened the parish?"

"Mr. D'Alton!"

"Didn't you poison my heart against my son, belie him, drive him from home? you designing cheat! you miser! you usurer! you robber!"

"Whatever you like, Mr. D'Alton: I am anything you like! I was faithful to you always, and I will not contradict you."

"You will not, you low-lived impostor—you——"

"Why, Mr. D'Alton, all in the world I said was that your nephew was a pattern—not a word more."

"A pattern?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much does he owe you?"

"A mere trifle, sir. I lent him some money to buy a horse."

"To buy a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty pounds?"

"A hundred, sir."

"Come, give me a discharge in full for all he owes you, and I shall give you a cheque for a hundred and fifty."

"Well, sir, you know——"

"Well?"

"I mean, I lent him other money, for other things."

"Other money?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Or more."

"A thousand?"

"Somewhat over."

"Come, write a receipt in full, and I shall give you a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds. Will you, you——?"

"Well—no."

"Oh, you diabolical——"

Mr. Cunneen rose to the level of a great occasion. He straightened himself up, fixed his little black eyes on Mr. Giffard D'Alton, stamped his foot, and cried, "Who cares for you, D'Alton? No—no discharge—ay, not for two or three thousand! My business is my business; and I have not the curse of the poor and the hardworking! You can never be worse than I wish you to be. And if you be miserable, you deserve it. I am sorry I cannot see you turned out of the door with a bag upon your——"

Mr. Timothy Cunneen ended the sentence where he had found himself one and twenty years before—at the foot of the stairs. John, the butler, had stolen into the apartment, and had heard the last portion of Mr. Cunneen's address to his old master, which John rewarded by an embrace that would be worthy of Crichawn; and, carrying his load half way downstairs, pitched it recklessly away, to find the remainder of its road by blind gravity. Mr. Cunneen picked himself up, and muttering, "My day is coming! my day is coming!" he gathered himself for the road away from the house.

Wretched indeed were the feelings of D'Alton of Crag; and, if this world can find punishment for a hard, money-grabbing heart, Giffard D'Alton had that punishment that day. Bereavement, desolation, hopelessness, darkness—utter darkness within and without, and around! "I wish I were dead!" cried the miser; "I wish I were dead!" At eight o'clock, to the bewilderment of the butler and Nelly, and the whole household, who should arrive at the Crag but Father Aylmer. How he contrived to venture out, and why that night were the speculations of the domestic all; and, great indeed, was the excitement in the house.

"I want to see your master, John," said the clergyman.

"Ah, sir, I'm afraid——"

"Well, John, you go, and say I desired you announce that your master's old friend—mind those words 'your mas

ter's old friend'—wants to see your master."

John disappeared and made the announcement exactly, expecting what he used to call the "master's thunder an' lightnin'," but he was mistaken. On the contrary, Giffard D'Alton coughed once or twice; and then took out his handkerchief. It is a fact that Giffard D'Alton absolutely wept.

"Father Aylmer is most welcome," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The master will soon die," said John to the first servant he met: "he'll soon die!"

Father Aylmer was not only received courteously, but warmly; and he was just speculating on the cause of the change in his neighbor, when Giffard D'Alton said,

"You come about Amy's good fortune, I am sure! After all, an old man might be sure of one steady friend, if the old man were wise. I declare, Father Aylmer, I never remembered till now, that you have been father and mother to Amy."

"Oh, I think yourself——"

"No, sir; no. I was hard, unbending, and unfeeling, and only for God and you, she never could have stood the Crag. I am heart-broken, Father Aylmer; and, I deserve it all."

"You have God, Mr. D'Alton."

"I had, you mean—I had; but Him I drove away too."

"Mr. D'Alton, remember the word ever true—ever and ever true—'I stand knocking; I stand knocking.' He wishes—wishes, always—*now* even—to 'come in.'"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's face began to reflect a gleam of light. He only sighed, however.

But Mr. D'Alton, are you aware that Mr. Seymour is to be received into the Church on All Saint's Day?"

Giffard D'Alton clapped his hands; absolutely, he felt a joy.

"And Mr. Seymour is likely yet to be a peer of the realm."

"I heard so from Cunneen wherever he got it."

"Oh, James the Pilgrim knows it all. He is an old friend of Mr. Seymour's father, and Mr. Seymour writes to him every week. You know, also,

that Ally Hayes is joining a religious Order."

"Immediately?" asked Mr. D'Alton, really now thinking how lonely his daughter Amy would be.

"Not immediately. Her brother, the clergyman, is a great friend of Mr. Seymour, and they expect him to be over for the occasion of Mr. Seymour's reception into the Holy Church."

"Thank God!" old D'Alton cried. The old priest almost wept to hear him thank God.

"I have yet some more news, I do not attach much importance to it; but who knows? God is good."

Giffard D'Alton looked at him anxiously.

"You heard of dear Henry's death in 1831?"

"Yes, what of that?" the old man asked eagerly.

"Have you got the letter near you?"

"Ochone! I have read it many a time!"

In a moment he laid his hand upon it and presented it to Father Aylmer.

"This states that on the 8th of December, 1830, Henry D'Alton died, and was buried in Halifax, Nova Scotia; that he belonged to the 32d Regiment of foot."

"Precisely," the old man remarked, in a voice of emotion.

"I have found that the Henry D'Alton mentioned there was not our Henry."

Poor old D'Alton jumped to his feet. He was deadly pale; and for a moment seemed to have lost consciousness. He whispered, as if to himself, "Lucy! Lucy!"

When Father Aylmer could re-open the case prudently, he continued to say that too much importance was not to be attached to the news. "But we should take measures to sift the matter," he said; "and, please God, we shall."

"But how, how could you know about this?"

"A Spanish lady met dear Amy in London. She knew the father of the young soldier who died in North America. He was a Count D'Alton. Thinking Amy might be a relative, she told her how Henry D'Alton a private in the 32d Foot, son of Count D'Alton, had died in Halifax, in the year 1830, and

left an only daughter whom, by-the-bye, Father Hayes will bring home with him."

There was a pause.

"We shall see, old friend," D'Alton said, seizing the priest by the hand. We shall see; but I fear the hope you have enkindled is too blessed to be realized for me, and that Henry does not live; or if he lives I have had too hard a heart ever to receive the joy of beholding him."

CHAPTER XIX.

"SHIVAWN NA CHOMHAIRLE."—THE
"WHITE POWDER OF FION MACCUM-
HAIL."—D'ALTON'S DANGER.

THE reader will remember the lonely house at the foot of Slieve-na-Mon, where Crichawn put up on his way to the "Pookah's hole," the evening of the "Long Dance." It was an out-of-the-way place, and the house was lonely and mysterious-looking. Two elevations enclosed it, north and south, because in building up the mud habitation, expense had been saved by digging out the earth, so as to make a third elevation answer for the wall on the east side; though this made the place damp and very like a cave. How any human being could exist there through the long Winter, in the clinging damp and often biting mist, and furious blast, we do not pretend to conjecture, as "one half the world," is said "does not know how the other half lives."

In this dwelling, however, an old woman, popularly known as "*Shivawn na Chomhairle*," (Joan, or Judith of the counsel,) for a long time flourished, and was an object of great interest to many, and to some an object of great dread. She did not beg, and she did not work, unless a small share of knitting; yet she never seemed to want a garment or a meal. She had living with her a female very small and attenuated, with pale face and black eyes, monstrously long fingers, and large hands. This woman might be any age from twenty to seventy, because she had no flesh to get wrinkled, and was active as a cat. The neighbors had it that she belonged to a race of whom people always spoke with reverence, and that *Shivawn na Chomhairle* received all her knowledge from

the strange, witch-like-creature. To be sure, people who knew Shivawn a very long time said, that her real name was Joan Cleary, and that the younger one was "Bridheen," the old woman's daughter, and was sickly from her cradle; but the wise inhabitants shook their heads and ended the controversy by "*Tha go maith—bidheadh she mar shin*," which means, "Let us have no more about it—have your own way."

Shivawn was an herbalist of great repute, and the "medical department," did much for the pair; but the power of injuring her enemies by lessening the butter or making the cows run dry, or by other preternatural means, procured more than tolerance for Shivawn and Bridheen; they often got a *mischawn* of butter or a little bag of potatoes from those who sought their advice and protection.

Shivawn herself was slightly bent, with a very sallow complexion and black eyes. She had a profusion of gray hair, which she wore over a tall fillet, and which fell down her back from a cap of questionable cleanliness. A tall staff which she used gave her an appearance of weakness, though for Shivawn's three score and ten, she was a woman of wonderful power. One thing we must add—that, rightly or wrongly, she was credited with more knowledge of poisons, quick poisons and slow poisons, than was good for her fame, or for her neighbor's security; and whenever a beast got sick in the barn, or blackened in the sty, "*Shivawn's poison*" came to the minds of the uncharitable of the locality.

Some time in the end of October, a man dressed in the ordinary garb of a countryman, approached Shivawn's cave late at night. He wore the "*coatha more*" of that time, blue rateen, falling nearly as low as the ankles, and with a kind of military-cut cape. The coat was closely buttoned up and bound around the waist by a cord. The man was of medium height, and had dark, heavy whiskers covering his face, of which little was seen above a deep "comforter" which he wore. His brogues were covered with mud, and he leant heavily on his stick as if he had made a long journey. Having entered the dwelling and got the reserved wel-

come which Shivawn always gave, he sat down by the fire of furze which, helped by some turf, was making vain efforts to warm the apartment.

"I came," said the stranger, "a long way, and I came on very great business."

Shivawn answered him in Irish, which was the only language she would speak, and told him she would be glad to hear. The visitor evidently could understand the Irish, though he seemed not sufficiently master of the language to speak it fluently.

The pale girl now joined them, looking like a phantom, so light, so thin, and so vacant-looking was she.

"Well sir?" said she in a very dreamy way, but in fair English, "what do you wish?"

"I am glad you speak English," he remarked. "You can more surely understand me."

"Not more surely than Mother Shivawn," she replied, "but mother does not speak the Sassenach speech well."

"I suppose you are *on the run*?" croaked old Shivawn.

"Well, no," answered the stranger. "I suppose you have given a corner to many of the poor fellows here."

"What we do we are not in the habit of telling; but if you *were* on the run we would not turn you out," said the pale girl.

"There was a poor boy of the Keely's shot by a policeman over near the priest's, the other day," said the old witch, "and it will be a sore day for the murderer."

"How?" inquired the traveller.

"How?" answered the crone. "Leave that to me. I will make his cheek pale! I will turn his blood into ice; and the veins shall thicken and grow black, and the muscles of his arms and legs shall be twisted, and he shall die under the ban and the curse, a death, slow, and sure, and terrible!"

"And you can do that?" asked the strange man, now rather excited; "can you?"

The old woman moved her awful visage from side to side, while her unearthly eyes glared on the questioner. "Ah," the old crone half croonawned; "it will come; it will come; the brothers will be one, and the wise men will

prepare; and the *fathers* will see hope—the *fathers* will see hope—and a benediction will descend upon 'the green!' The time of the 'Three Kings' will come at last."

"What is that?" answered the man.

"Are you a stranger not to know that the time of the liberation, three kings will come to Ireland; and they will break the chain of bondage, and establish the reign of right and freedom and *Erin* will be happy again!"

"That's a prophecy, is it?"

"That it is; and the man to hold their horses in the streets of Carrick will be born on Slieve-na-Mon and is to have six fingers. They say that a male child with six fingers was born near the river at the other side of the mountain, one week ago. We shall have justice at last," crooned the old woman; "and the Crag will shake."

"The Crag?"

"The means of the poor will be dragged from the gripe of the miser."

"How is that?"

"How is that! Has not old D'Alton the land that my father tilled?" the old dame continued, "and did he not level the home of my kindred?"

"He has a hard heart indeed," said the stranger. "But I thought you could remove him by your enchantment. Did you not say so?"

"I did!" half shrieked the old hag.

"She does not want to," interposed the pale girl.

"Bad as he is?"

"Bad as he is, there is worse, you know—worse to come after him."

"Who is that?"

"Who is it?" again half shrieked the old woman; "who is it? Why, where do *you* come from, that you do not know who is to come after old D'Alton of Crag? Why, the greatest vagabond is to come, a villain false to God and the Church, and his mother, and his honor, and the name of his family—dirty Charley Baring."

"But, mother, I have heard that Baring is cut off, cut off."

"No, but he soon will be," said the old woman. "Amy D'Alton is going to be married, and the Crag is to go for her fortune—to a fine man! Oh, a fine man entirely, *beanachus do Dhia*."

The man shook in his chair. He half rose, but again sat down.

"What is that you have said!" he hoarsely demanded of the young woman.

"I have said nothing," answered the young enchantress; "but my mother has said that Baring the rake is to be put out."

"Why, you seem to take an interest in Baring the rake," cried the witch.

"Well, indeed, I do take something of an interest in him; and I think after rearing him up in such expectations, it would be a hard thing enough to make a beggar of him."

A clap of thunder at this moment was heard, and a howl of wind succeeded, showing that the night was giving notice of the Winter. The younger witch left the house, seeming careless of the wind or rain, though they had abated very little. The old mother informed the stranger that she had gone to watch the lightning and gather fairy herbs lit up by the flashes; and that she would be quite prepared to answer any question, or give him any help he wanted, when she came back. She lived in communication with "the good people." To all of which the stranger made no reply.

In three-quarters of an hour the night seeker came back, her hair dripping, her garments covered with mud, and her eyes standing as if under the influence of catalepsy.

"A hundred miles since, I will go bail," the mother said. "*Ta obuir aguing.*"

"We have work on hands," was the reply.

There was a pause. The girl shook out her hair loosely, and appeared to calm herself after an emotion.

"I am ready," the young woman said; "I am ready! What want you in the air above or on the earth below—what want you?"

"Well, I want physic to cure sheep that got a blast; and I want poison to kill rats. Can I have them?"

"Have them!" cried the old woman in the old tongue. "Shivawn has the herbs that were gathered in the November moonlight, and the leaves of the blessed alder that first met the sunbeams of the May. And she has the dragon's

gall, and the juice of the serpent's fang, and the white powder discovered in the rath which had not been opened since the days of Fion MacCumhail."

"And the white powder is very strong?"

"The size of a head of a pin would kill a horse or a cow."

"How is it given?"

"Why, lay it on the bread that is eaten, or put it in the cup that is drank, and nothing that eats or drinks what the powder touches can live."

There was a wretched clutch of chickens in a corner. Shivawn placed the merest sign of white powder in a pewter plate, mixed with some crumbs of potato. She placed the plate beside a chicken, who pecked the food. In a moment the creature fell down, shivered and died.

"That is awful!" said the new-comer.

Shivawn now knelt down by a black, sinister-looking chest, and commenced a *croonawn*. She seemed weaving a spell, for her hair fell down about her, and she stared upon vacancy. She seemed calling powers from all places, far and near, and sending them on errands which required strength and rapidity. The mountain, the sea, the churchyard, and the bright stars, and the planets, were all invoked. The old crone wanted something "from the heart of the sea," "from the northern churchyard," and the high mountain "must send her a contribution," and "the river in the south," and all were commanded to "run fast to her—run fast to her!"

The stranger began to feel uncomfortable enough, and suggested that they might let him go; but the young woman requested him to be quiet; that he was more safe where he was than travelling on a dark night along Slieve-na-mon.

When Shivawn had satisfied herself with her incantations, it was far gone in the night, or into the morning, and signs of ending the trial appeared in the opening of the big chest. The stranger had hardly courage to peep in; but he ventured a glance to see innumerable bottles of all kinds, bundles of herbs, and the bleached arm-bone of a human being.

The old woman brought from the big chest about a thimbleful of what she

called the "white powder of Fion Mac-Cumhail," and a small bottle distilled from the mysterious herbs, and which was intended to cure the sheep of the fairy "blast."

"How much am I to pay?"

The young woman answered—"Two guineas in gold."

"Two guineas!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the witch; "and remember, if you show any hesitation you get nothing at all."

He took out a pocket-book.

"No notes!" cried the termagant, as if he was going to strike him.

"I have no gold."

"That is not true!" she answered.

"Look in your purse."

The man started, half in astonishment and half in horror.

Shivawn put out her hands to remove the packages, darting a fierce look at the stranger.

"No, no," he cried. "No! Here are your golden guineas;" and having paid down the money, he went his way.

The sun had not risen when the traveller who bore the charmed packages got out from the fields on the main road. He kept the road, however, only when there were no dwelling-houses by the wayside, and he took care to meet no one face to face, and in case he encountered a wayfarer, he went to the opposite side, and kept looking over the hedge—or the wall—as the case might be. He was approaching a forge, about a mile from the Crag, and he took his usual precaution. He walked quickly past, a hundred yards behind the forge; and he thought he heard a voice speak loudly. So he did. Our old friend, Crichawn, held a horse of Mr. Meldon's by the bridle at the door of the forge, and cried, as the dark figure passed by behind, "Take these!" These were the words heard by the traveller.

In a quarter of an hour from that time, Crichawn was speaking to Nelly Nurse at the Crag. Long and earnestly he addressed her in the Irish tongue. Nelly clapped and wrung her hands, and wept bitterly, and stamped; but Crichawn strove to appease her and encourage her, and at length succeeded in his efforts.

One thing, however, filled Crichawn's heart with a joy that rarely brightened

his life. The Crag was beginning to wear a new aspect. He saw vast preparations and expensive ones, all around him, and the Crag was evidently preparing to give "his darling Miss Amy" a surprise and a welcome. "Thank God! Thank God!" murmured the poor fellow; and then he thought of Ally, the "Queen of the May;" and though "proud and happy" at Ally's lot, we shall not be surprised that he heaved a sigh.

"Alone!" he said. "But no! my brother's wife is left to me, and Mr. Meldon, and Miss Clara, and, oh! the neighbors—everyone so good."

On the evening of that day Charles Baring returned to the Crag; and everyone remarked his beaming benevolence and kindly humor. Everyone had reason to enjoy his presence, because he had a good word or a good gift for everyone. To Nelly he was particularly benignant; and he congratulated her on the great change in her old master, Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and he expressed a hope that he would live long enough to convert the enemies he had made for himself, and to make them all friends.

Nelly was taciturn. She listened and looked thoughtful.

Never was man in more awful straits than Mr. Charles Baring. Not only poverty but infamy was threatening him. and in the whole world he saw no mode or manner of escape. Cunneen had him bound, hand and foot, and the Crag was his, practically, at the moment; and all the furnishing and decoration added a poignant grief to the many that crowded his soul. What was he to do? We need not say that the "old follower of the family," who gave him such lessons in "things worse than death," and how natural "agrarian crimes" were, in certain cases—very often was with him in spirit; and although he had striven to divest himself of the horrible feeling of having communicated with the Prince of Evil, he had striven in vain. Charles Baring was fast getting desperate. Any thing or place he thought better than what he suffered, and where he was.

Amy D'Alton's room had a door opening upon that of her father, and here, in this room, we find Baring that night. He is clothing in a dark dressing-gown and soft dark slippers, and he is restless

and worn. Ten o'clock strikes, and Baring takes up a newspaper. His eye falls upon "An atrocious murder!"

"Confound you!" cried Baring. He flung down the paper.

Eleven o'clock struck, and he listened with his ear to the keyhole of the door opening upon old D'Alton's room. The breathing of a heavy and tranquil rest, regular as a pendulum was audible.

"Come!" said he now.

The "old follower of the family," he thought, was beside him; and he shuddered. He extinguished his candle, however, stole with cat-like step towards the door at which he had listened, took steady grip of the door-knob, noiselessly twisted it round, and entered with a beating heart the well-known chamber.

Like a shadow he approached the dressing-table; and, placing a croft of water before him dropped into it a white powder. He shook the croft gently; and then stole noiselessly to his own room.

"'Tis done!" said he.

Of course the reader now knows that Mr. Charles Baring was the traveller who engaged *Shivawn na Chomhairle* and her daughter in the witchcraft of the night before.

"'Tis done!" said Baring; but he was mistaken. Nelly Nurse entered the bed-room two minutes after he had left it, and quietly poured the contents of the croft into a vessel she had brought for the purpose, and took the croft itself away.

"Let him ring if he wants a drink," she muttered. "Bether get a scowlding than make the road for a coffin. Och! I wish Miss Amy was at home!"

Mr. Charles Baring left the Crag very early. Whatever the news at the old dwelling, he would hear it at some distance; and everyone or anyone in the house would be suspected far sooner than he. How could he? He made first for Mr. Timothy Cunneen, to whom he expressed his opinion that the Crag would be forthcoming before long, and from him he heard the consoling remark that it should "before long or never." He thought the old Judas looked very like the "old follower of the family;" and gave a muttered curse.

CHAPTER XX.

A CONSPIRACY.—CHARLES BARING'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.—A MYSTERIOUS SHOT.

FOUR of the men who first presented themselves in this history met once more at the place of their first rendezvous. It was more distant from the Crag and was not in the Glen; but a considerable way into the table-land eastward, and within the walls of a ruined and abandoned out-house or the wreck of a hut.

The night was dark, but, for an autumnal night, it was still, unless when the bay of a mastiff in some distant farm-yard reminded the hearers of the chances of intruders and the necessity of being vigilant.

"So, Paudheen, you made a bowld stroke of business in Waxford." This was said in a very low voice by a very tall man.

"Faith, if I have luck an' get the money, I'll go to New York."

"How much is the reward?"

"A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred pounds! Murther! was any wan of the family ever so rich? But, warn't you hard hearted to sell poor, old Mr. D'Arcy?"

"Not a bit. He was sure to be tuk; an' isn't the money bether in his countryman's pocket than in the pocket of the p'lice?"

How could you know he was sure to be tuk?"

"Oh, I was sure; an' I'm sure the gentleman would rather me have the money than let the guvermint have id."

"How did you find where he was?"

"Well, a friend in Waxford. That's all now."

Paudheen was in the luxurious contemplation of his hundred pounds when his "interrogator" remarked that "the right-hand man" was a long time later.

"I suppose," Paudheen said, "the news is thure afther all."

"The news!" two echoed together.

"Yes, faith," answered Paudheen; "ould Cunneen towld wan o' the Foley's yestherday, that Giffard was dyin'."

There was a general laugh—one of the fellows swearing that the old fellow would never die naturally; "it was 'gainst all reason," he said, "bekase I'd expect to see St. Patrick alongside ould

Giffard's bed, as soon as a priest wid a stole on 'im—so I would."

The required addition to the company at length arrived. He was a remarkable personage. A large, bullet-head, with curling red hair over the brow, a low forehead, short, small nose and large mouth—topped a pair of shoulders fit for Atlas. His lawlessness, and, perhaps, his courage were seen in the fact that, in the face of all proclamations and Arms Acts, he carried a well-kept rifle, which seemed to be cared for as a sportsman would care for his piece.

There was a general movement and a low expression of welcome.

The new-comer took from under his coat a dark lantern, and soon the fraternity and their dwelling were dimly revealed.

Paudheen was the first to speak.

"Is it thrue that th'ould fellow is dyin'?" he asked the stranger.

"The news is too good to be true," answered the right-hand man.

"Tim Cunneen towld Jim Quirk there that owld Giffard was as good as gone."

"But he isn't, you see. I saw him as well as you are when the bell was ringin' for the servant's dinner at the Crag."

"Saw him?" asked the man called Jim Quirk.

"Saw him," was the sententious reply. "He flung out your uncle, Jim," the right-hand man whispered.

"Flung him out," answered Quirk, "and sent him to the workhouse to die."

"He deserves a bullet," remarked Paudheen.

"*Molocht dhearg air*," was the pious ejaculation of Quirk.

"The man that sthrikes the blow will have the blessin' of God an' man," another said. "If a murderher is hanged, why not a murderher be shot? He has no right to life; so he has'nt!"

"Right! right!" Quirk hoarsely muttered.

"The blessin' of the people an' a hundhred goold guineas he'll have!" said the right-hand man.

"A hundhred guineas?" demanded Paudheen. "An' whin'?"

"Afhur the funeral," answered the right hand man. "Who goes? All? Two or three? or one?"

"One ought to be enough," said Quirk, firmly; "and I ought to be the man."

"An' the money?" asked Paudheen.

"You mind No. 1.

"Oh, ain't we all companions?" asked Paudheen. "We share what we get."

The right-hand man denied the rule laid down by Paudheen, and insisted that "the man in the gap" always got half; and the *remainder* was divided.

"Paudheen may have the money and be hanged!" Quirk said. "I want my revenge!"

Giffard D'Alton was at this moment tranquilly reposing; and he dreamt of his sweet child's return. The singular revulsion of feeling seemed to have more than a passing force. The old man began to think of how much joy he had killed in the home which his tyranny had darkened; and how misery and sorrow haunted his footsteps every day. He felt changed—wonderfully changed; and he began to be impatient for the return of his child and her friends. In fact, he used to wish from time to time that nothing would "happen him" until the spirit of his wife would smile and thank God for the change in the Crag. Alas! we cannot

"Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time."

and undo the facts which make up destiny. While Mr. Giffard D'Alton dreamt of a few years' sunshine, the shadow of death was gathering and deepening around him.

"Then you are the man," the right-hand man concluded, addressing himself to Quirk.

"*I am the man!*" solemnly answered the would-be murderer. "*I am the man!*"

"You will find a ladder at his bedroom window at twenty-four hours from this," the right-hand man continued; "and the ould codger keeps a light on his table."

"Capital!" all cried in an undertone. The saw the plan at a glance—its secrecy and its effective character.

Baring had determined to follow the advice of the "old follower of the family," and to give to history one more agrarian outrage, and make himself master of the Crag. Of course, "the right-hand man" was Baring's messen-

ger; and the hundred pounds was to come from Baring's purse, to pay the assassin of his uncle.

The right-hand man now produced new help in the form of a bottle of whiskey, of which the evil-doers largely availed themselves. A couple of glasses each produced a wonderful amount of ambitious heroism. First of all, Paudheen declared things had not been done fairly; "Every wan had a right to slay an' kill the ould vagabone!—Every wan!"

Paudheen was joined by one or two others who declared that Quirk got an advantage of the brotherhood, and they all had a right "to the life an' the money."

The right-hand man reminded them that "every one of 'em could'n't do the wan thing."

He was answered, "Lots! Cast lots!"

Quirk had not drank half as much as the others, and he saw things had tended to a row.

"Oh! I am satisfied even now," he cried. "Brothers ought'n't to fall out!"

"Right! right!" all of them replied. "Right!"

"We are to cast lots then!" the right-hand man remarked.

"The lots! the lots!" was the reply.

The rifle was now placed in their midst—on a long coarse form. Its shining barrel and lock of polished steel seemed to speak in the dim lamp-light, and to speak in sympathy to the workers in blood.

The right-hand man soon found the lots; and all anxiously gathered around him. He carefully placed the pieces of reed between the fore finger and thumb of both hands, so as to make them all on a line. The lot fell on him who drew the shortest; or on the right-hand man himself, if the shortest should be left in his hand. One drew—an other—a third—a fourth—a fifth—and the lengths were compared. It would be surprising, and look like a fate, if the lot fell upon Quirk—and it did; but we fear very much that the right-hand man took advantage of the few glasses the patriots and humanitarians had taken, and enabled the sober man to put his neck in the halter.

Complaints were raised—rather loudly too—and it required all the tact and

influence of the emissary to prevent a battle. Finally, however, the midnight band separated, and it was agreed that two of the number should be within call, if needed by the perpetrator of the deed; and that, at half past one in the morning of the following day, the identical rifle on the table should do justice to mankind by blowing out the brains of Mr. Giffard D'Alton as he laid unconscious in his bed.

A solemn oath of help in case of need, and secrecy, was then renewed, and the party broke up.

Quirk was true to his hate and vengeance. He had courage as well as malignity. In a lonely glen some miles away he spent the following day, and spent it in constant practice. He fixed marks against rocks—tied marks to the branches of brambles—fixed slight, straight twigs fifty, sixty, and seventy paces away. He hit the mark every time.

"That will do, *colleen*!" he said to the gun. "You will send the murderer of my poor uncle to destruction! Oh, agin I say *molocht dheargh air*!" and that means a fine scarlet malediction—red as blood!

And yet whenever Quirk met a stranger, he looked in his face, as if he had been suspecting him of anything; and once he saw a policeman coming along the road in his direction; and Quirk's heart beat. For he thought all had been discovered. But there was no notion of the dark deed to be done at the Crag.

On the contrary, this day Father Aylmer had been with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and had with that gentleman a very long conversation. He had been saying how the words used by Father Aylmer had been before his mind ever since; and how he used to repeat "I stand knocking!" until he really began to think he heard a real knocking at the door. He said, moreover, that he always thought God would not give him the comfort of seeing even his daughter Amy—"just because it would be *such a joy*—and you know, reverend sir, I deserve no joy," he would conclude.

Father Aylmer had been the bearer of an offer to Mrs. Hayes from Mr. D'Alton to give to Crichawn and herself a farm twice as good as the one of which he had dispossessed her; and

when the offer was thankfully declined he insisted that he should be allowed at all events to "help Ally Hayes's fortune," and astonished the priest by a cheque for two hundred pounds!

"Why, Mr. D'Alton!"

"Well, reverend sir, what use—what use? Why I would give two or ten or twenty thousand pounds to live my last five and twenty years over again! But I can't change the lives I made miserable—and I can't restore the dead!—*Ochone.*"

"Well, sir, you will have many years yet—and Amy, and—who knows—even Henry!"

"Oh, don't—don't—don't now. There is the heart-break—the heart-break!"

"Have you written to Mr. Meldon?"

"I have; and so have you."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, the short and the long of it is—I dare not believe that—Henry lives—and I keep my mind away from it."

"The fact is we must continue the inquiries. Mr. Meldon says there *was* a Mr. D'Alton well known in North America, a man of large fortune and great success in all his pursuits. The Mr. D'Alton so well known was *not* in the army at all; and therefore the death of which you heard could not be the death of Henry D'Alton."

On grand designs of reparation intent the parish priest and the changed Giffard D'Alton talked on till ten or eleven o'clock. The priest gave family prayers at which Mr. Baring most devoutly assisted, and then the clergyman departed for home.

Mr. Baring had made his uncle's room a visit and industriously removed the encrustation of antiquated dust which muffled the bed-room window that looked into the yard. He then stole into Amy D'Alton's room, got down a back stairs, and soon was miles away.

The tumult in Baring's mind began now to have a kindled tumult in the world around him. There was first a stillness which lasted for some time after he had left. The leaves on the trees seemed to listen, and as they fell on the moist earth or on one another the echo was like the hiss of a whip. Then there was some rumbling in the distance; and then a darkness and a flash; and then a thunder clap that

seemed Nature's death-sentence, and seemed to shake the foundation of the hills. Decidedly the gambler and debauchee is frightened, and he has reason.

A figure passes in the thick darkness—and he thinks he hears a terrible Irish curse breathed. He is too frightened to stop or stay. He rushes on and on, hardly knowing where; and, drenched with rain and almost blinded with lightning, he sinks under a shelving hedge and tries to rest.

Meanwhile Quirk is not unfaithful to his bad resolve. Crouching in a cabin half a mile off he is waiting for some pause in the storm. Even inside his "*coatha mor*" his rifle would become useless, after a struggle with such a down-pour as happened that evening; and he had time enough until two o'clock, or even three, in the morning.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

LECTURES.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

"THERE is a lecture this evening at the hall," said a citizen to his friend the other evening. "Who is the lecturer?" asked the friend. "Mr. So-and-so and he lectures upon such and such a subject—you should come!" He thinks for a moment and then replies, "I guess not, I have heard him before and once is enough for me to hear a man." "But," continues the other, "you never heard him lecture upon the subject he has chosen for this evening." "No, but I have read all about that subject, and it would be tiresome for me to listen to the same thing over again." "Well, then," says friend No. 1, "do as you please, but for my part, I am off to hear the lecture." "And I," says friend No. 2,—"am off to the opera—they play *Fra Diavolo* to-night, it will be the fifth time I have gone to hear this opera, and I still find something new and attractive in it each time—a change of costume—a change of *role*—a change of scenery, always something new. Good-night and I wish you fun!"

The above conversation has never taken place in these terms, but by word and by act it is repeated to a certain extent, every day. There are not many words in it, but much is comprised in the ideas and tastes and sentiments so expressed. We hope it will not be considered that we are opposed to operas and dramas because we terminate the conversation with the last remarks of the friend No. 2. Such is not the object we have in view. The opera and the drama are, not only good, (when moral and high) but are even necessary to our society at large.

We merely desire to answer two great objections ever made, by those who are not fond of such entertainments as are afforded by lectures,—two objections expressed in the answers given by the person above referred to. Firstly the lecturer is objected to, because he has already been heard, and secondly the subject is objected to, because we are acquainted with it.

Few men are perfect as orators. To be a perfect orator it is not only necessary to be a deep thinker, a hard student, a fluent speaker and a good composer. There is a something else required—a something that is easier understood than described. It is a certain power, which merely a gifted few possess, of seizing (as it were) the listeners and drawing them along with him from idea to idea, from sentiment to sentiment. A species of mesmerism, by which the orator is enabled to awaken in the breasts of others, feelings of joy, of sorrow, of pleasure, of hope, of expectation, of enthusiasm. When we find a man possessed of this great gift, this mighty power, we can listen to him not only with satisfaction but with a kind of passion. We regret when he has concluded his address or lecture,—we acquire a thirst for that undefinable feeling which his presence and language and action produce,—we seize on every opportunity afforded us to return again and spend with him an hour of delight. Such was the eloquence of a Bossuet, of a Massillon, of a Lacordaire, of a père Felix, of a père Monsabré, of a Father Tom Burke, such was the eloquence of a Pitt, an Edmund Burke, an O'Connell, a Whiteside, a Holmes, a Richard Lalor Shiel.

Unfortunately we have none—or at

least very few, such true orators in our day and in our country. But it is not necessary that a man be a perfect orator, in order that he may be an interesting, instructive and elequent, lecturer. If we hear a man once and on a particular subject, we cannot well judge of his powers. And a man may be quite ordinary when treating a certain subject and be most powerful when touching on another one. So that, to say such and such a one is no speaker, is uninteresting, or uninteresting, because on a certain occasion we heard him lecture or speak, would be unfair and unjust.

Lecturers are not sufficiently encouraged in Canada. The lecture room is the *rendez-vous* of the elite of society. By *elite* we do not mean the most wealthy or the most powerful members of society, but we mean the most intelligent, the most learned and most useful members. The lecture-room is a species of school or college of a very high order. There, we have always something to learn. There we may always hear something new to us. No two men can speak for an hour upon any one subject—and express the same ideas throughout, give vent to the self-same sentiments, unroll the very same pictures, or clothe their thoughts in the self-same language. Consequently on going to a lecture, we are sure, howsoever inferior the speaker may be when compared to others, that we will hear something that we have never before heard. We are positive to glean ideas and sentiments and expressions that would otherwise have been forever foreign to us. And we are, therefore, sure to learn something useful, something noble, something good.

Again a person will object to a lecture on the ground that he knows the subject, has studied it, and, perhaps has a greater knowledge of it than the lecturer himself. Even so, there may be a thousand little points in the subject which have escaped his eye and which may have fallen under the gaze of one less versed in the matter. And if the lecturer says nothing new, he is certain to say it in a *new manner*. And, even though that manner, be simple and inferior to others, yet there is something in it. Besides, we may rest assured that the man who has taken the trouble to pre-

pare a lecture, to study his subject and to present it, must, necessarily, have a knowledge of it to a certain extent. Therefore we consider that, it is no reason to shirk the lecture hall, because the lecturer is known to us, or because we may happen to be acquainted with the subject.

In a late essay we passed a few remarks on libraries and their utility; and, it is unnecessary to say, that the short time allotted to man in this life, is an unsurmountable obstacle to his being able to study every branch or read every volume in a library. Consequently, a man should not only study and read by himself and for himself, but should also strive to make use of other people's labors. And if there is a place where one can, certainly, profit by the study, the research, the work and the reading of another, it is in a lecture hall. There you get in one short hour, the result of, perhaps, weeks and months of application and study. There in a few moments you learn more than you might learn in a month's reading.

Now, that we have answered in a couple of words, these two great and sole objections to lectures and lecturers—we would, merely, say a few words about the utility of them. It is too bad, that in Canada, we have so few. In each city there should be a regular lecture hall—a hall that would not be leased to play-troops, to opera companies, or to any other persons—save lecturers. And, then, it should be the duty of those who have the hall to choose fit and proper persons to deliver lectures. They should be frequent, above all during the winter months—and the subjects should be instructive, and moral in the strictest meaning of the words. And whenever a good lecturer, from foreign parts, would chance to come to town, there would be a place ready for him. Such halls in Toronto, in Ottawa, in Montreal, and Quebec, would serve more than may be, at first, imagined to raise up the tone of our Canadian literature—to give an impulse to it and to afford encouragement to those desirous of going beyond the narrow circle whereby it is now circumscribed.

But, it will be objected, (eternal objections?) that we have no men to lecture. How do you know that? Have

you ever tried them or attempted this plan? Did Ireland know what glorious minds she possessed, before circumstances called forth her galaxy of orators? Did France know what power was hidden in her, before her great men were pushed forward by the exigencies of the times? Did the literature of England know what lights were burning in obscurity, until a Milton, a Byron, a Keats or an Otway, shone out. Did the world know what gems were hidden in the earth before the occasion and the *Spirit of the Nation* called forth a Duffy, a Mangan, a Callanan, a McCarthy, or a Davis? There is a doubt expressed in that objection and the cause and the object are worth the trial. Nothing can be lost by the attempt, while on the other hand much is to be gained.

Not to go outside the four walls of the city of Quebec, and not to speak of any other than French Canadian writers and lecturers we have some most powerful minds. We have men who want but the opportunity and the aid from their fellow-countrymen, to blaze forth in a new light. To mention but one, we have a judge of our Superior Court, who comparatively speaking, is a young man and whose talents and powers as a lecturer would do honor to many of those who weekly hold forth to vast audiences in the lecture-halls of Paris. Why not give such men the chance to instruct and to elevate the people and to tinge with a truly national color the disjointed literature of this new and glorious land?

What vast fields are yet unexplored by the most of us! There are millions of grand subjects that would deserve the attention of the public and that could be made more familiar, every day, by the means herein referred to. Every one has his hobby, his special study with which he is acquainted. Had we good lecture-halls and good lecturers many a pleasant hour might be whiled away in passing from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns. Then we could pause steadily, and look at these facts till they blaze before us; "look till the imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence; and when these visions—

from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—would have begun to dim, we could solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.”*

We would have it understood that none of our remarks upon such subjects, as libraries, lectures, &c., are altogether original. They are the feeble expression of ideas entertained by master minds and undisputed authorities. Not only in our day do we find eminent personages holding up the lecture or the conference as one of the best and easiest means of higher education. In the seventeenth century,—not to speak of the foregoing ages—we find such men as Fénelon, himself an orator, as Bourdaloue, another great speaker, telling the people to hear as often as possible good and eloquent men. François de LaRoche foucauld in his comments upon conversation—and a lecture is nothing other than a conversation in which only one person speaks—says, “Speak often, but not too long at a time, it will serve yourself while it will instruct and help others.” The famous Madame de Sévigné in a letter dated from Paris, the 4th of May, 1676, over two hundred years ago, tells her friend that more can be acquired, in the way of knowledge, by listening for a half-hour to a good speaker than by reading for two hours in one’s room. In the eighteenth century we find the celebrated Montesquieu saying, in other words almost the same thing. And the too famous Voltaire in his work entitled—“*L’homme aux quarante ecus*”—says, “Only speak in public to tell truths and new ones, and useful ones, do so with eloquence, with sentiment and with reason.” And he adds, that by so doing you are placing your hearers under a deep obligation to you.

In our own age—this nineteenth century—we find amongst the advocates of lecturing and speaking such names as those of DeMaistre, Thiers, Villemain, Hugo, Montalembert, and others. Truly they did not all write especially on the

subject. But here and there scattered through their works we find the expression of their ideas upon this point. Even that famous orator and lecturer, the Rev. D. W. Cahill, D. D., fully understood how useful it was to thus collect together a number of people and to convey to them all, at the one time, the results of his studies and his labors of years.

It is scarcely necessary to say any more upon this question. We are certain that no person will for a moment doubt the truth of the fact, that the establishment of lecture-halls in our principal cities would be one of the best and surest and safest means to diffuse knowledge amongst all classes of people.

But one thing should be avoided, and that is to make of a lecture-hall an assembly-room for any junto or faction. Party-spirit should be chased far away from its door. It is nearly time that the country at large should cease to suffer from such causes. Upon the political hustings such divisions are in their place; but when there is question of the interests of every class and every nationality, no such spirit should exist. It were well for us, if it could be said of the people of Canada that they were like unto the ancients, when—

“None were for a party—

But all were for the State,

And the great man helped the poor man,

And the poor man loved the great.

When the spoils were fairly portioned,

And the souls were fairly sold :

The Romans were like brothers,

In the brave days of old !”

O’CONNELL.

To the Editor of THE HARP.

SIR,—Perhaps the following truthful portrait of the Liberator, may not, at this distance of time, prove unacceptable to the readers of THE HARP. At no period has it been more necessary to wake up recollections of those who lived and died for Ireland, than the present, when a venal press, as in the days of O’Connell, is endeavoring by the foulest vituperation, to tarnish the fair fame of a gentleman whose patriotic efforts, are now nobly directed towards the accomplishment of Ireland’s redemption.

Faithfully yours,

M. D.

Montreal, April, 1880.

NEVER can we forget our first hearing of this mighty Irish chief, the last of the Milesian Monarchs, not merely an

* In our last essay on libraries, we made use of this same citation ; but it being so applicable to both questions, we have taken the liberty of quoting it once more.

orator, but a prince, ruling over a chivalrous light-hearted people—Daniel O'Connell.

It was on a bright September morning, in the year 1835, that we, at that time a newly-licensed preacher of the Word, left the little red-tiled village of Pitlessie, in Fife, where we had been discharging the duties of our calling, for Edinburgh, to be present at the O'Connell festival. Every incident and step in that little journey lie before us still, as if they were inscribed on canvas, or sculptured in marble: such as the walk of some miles to the spot where we were to meet the stage, through the rustling fields of ripe corn; the ride on the top of the coach along the merry lands of Fife; the queer feelings with which we passed through Kirkaldy, repeating to ourselves the words "the lang toun, the lang toun, the lang toun o' Kirkaldy," and wondering if it were ever to come to an end; the emotion with which we saw again, after a long absence, the glories of that unrivalled Frith of Forth, which we had never seen before from the North side, with all its marvellous promontaries, hills, and buildings, bathed in the softest and richest of Autumn sunshine; our passage amid the afternoon hues of deepening splendor across the waters, and our entrance once more into that Modern Athens which, though *now* it seems to us greatly changed, looked then like a picture of the New Jerusalem, adorned as a bride prepared for her husband, and covered in all its streets, and squares, and back-grounds, with

"The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Arrived, we lost no time in securing what was the main desire of our heart at the time, a ticket for the O'Connell dinner. A day or two had yet to elapse ere the period fixed for that entertainment, and this time we spent in intercourse with old friends, in revisiting all our favorite points of view about the city and neighbourhood: the Calton Hill where we had read Johnson's "Rasselas"; the half-moon battery on the castle, where we were once deep in the "Revolt of Islam," when a great thunder storm came up from the west, and shed some lurid drops on the more lurid

We were up early and wandering with high expectations through the crowded streets; for, although it was Autumn, Edinburgh was in flood, and the centre of all its multitudes and of all its material grandeurs was for the day Daniel O'Connell. Every group was talking of him, every eye we saw told that the soul within was thinking of him, either for or against, and you heard the very poorest, as they passed you, breathing his name. It was a sublime and affecting spectacle, to see what Carlyle has called the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! For O'Connell *was*, for the time, the real king, not only of Ireland, but of Scotland, nay, of Britain. It was arranged that, ere the dinner in the evening, there should be a preliminary meeting on the Calton Hill, where the greatest of out-of-door orators should appear in his own element, and have the blue sky for his canopy. It was the most impressing spectacle we ever witnessed. We stood in common with some hundreds more, on a platform, separated from the general crowd, and surrounding, at no great distance, the still more elevated spot on which O'Connell and a few of his committee and friends were stationed. The day was clear and bright when he began his address. But a few among that mighty multitude had an eye or a thought to spare for the scenery around them, all were too eagerly gazing on that one point to the eastward, where the hero of the day was expected to appear.

By and by, first a hum among the multitude, then a sudden departing of its wave, and then a cheer, loud, universal, and long-continued, announced that he was there. And quietly and suddenly as an apparition up stood the Czar of Ireland in the presence of 50,000 Scotchmen, and of the grandest scenery in Scotland, tall, massive, clad in green; his bonnet girdled with gold—with those eloquent lips, and indubitable eye of his—

"Will this immense multitude hear him?" was a question we overheard asked by a gentleman who was standing immediately before us. "They'll hear his arms, at least," was the reply. The cheers now subsided, and a death-like stillness obtained. After an address to

him had been hurriedly read, he commenced his speech with a serene dignity and depth of tone which no language of ours can represent. His first words were, "Men of Scotland, I have news for you, I have come to tell you the news. The Tories are beginning to repent that they have permitted the Reform Bill to be passed, and I believe their repentance is *very* sincere." What struck us first about the address, was the simplicity of style. It was just the after-dinner talk of a gifted man produced to the ear of thousands, and swelled by the echoes of the hills. But such talk, so easy, so rich, so starred with imagery, so radiant with wit, and varying, so freely and so quickly, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the stern to the gay, from abuse to lofty poetry, from bitter sarcasm to mild insinuating pathos. What struck us next were the slowness and excessive richness of his tones and cadences. Such a voice was never heard before or since. It seemed to proceed from lips of ivory. The tones were deep, lingering, long-drawn out, with sweetness and strength strangely wedded together in every vibration of their sound. The words as he uttered them "Red Rathcormac" still ring in our ears. His arms as he kindled, seemed inspired. Now he waved them both aloft over his head, now he shook one of them in the air, now he folded them, as if they had been eagle's wings, over his breast, now he stretched them out imploringly to his audience; and it was all so thoroughly natural.

His abuse and sarcasm were, as usual, exceedingly fierce, but accented by the music of his tones into a kind of wild harmony. He called Peel, we remember, "the greatest humbugger of the age, and as full of cant as any canter who ever canted in this canting world." He alluded to the glories of the scene around him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and quoted—giving thereby a thrill to our hearts which we feel at this moment again there—the words of Scott in "Marmion."

"Where is the Coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

About the middle of his speech the sky became overcast; a black cloud, with rain, hailstones, and a muttering of thunder, came over the assembly and

the thought occurred to us "what a catastrophe it were, and how the Tories would exult, did an arrow of lightning leap from that darkness and slay O'Connell, in this the very culmination of his triumph?" But it passed away, and the September sun shone out again gloriously on the stalwart form of the Titan, who closed his speech by depicting the coming of a day when Ireland and Scotland should be reconciled, and when the "Irish mother would soothe her babe with

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The effect of this touch at the time was indescribable, although on reflection we thought a war-song, tho' the finest in the world would be a strange lullaby for a child. The multitude as he ended, seemed to heave out their feelings at one loosened heart, and although these were tumultuous cheers, they seemed but a faint echo of the deep emotion.

The hour for dinner came. It took place in the Cannon-mills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Bowring, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But compared to O'Connell they seemed all school boys learning to speak in a juvenile debating society. His speech was not of course, equal to that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains, he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine-glasses before him, in place of seas? Yet it showed quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner, was its exquisite combination of ease and energy, of passion and self-command. Again the basis was conversation, and yet, on that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, fierce invective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination. His questions seemed *hooks*, which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. Altogether it was Titanic talk. And then his voice! Again that wondrous instrument, which Disraeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely managed brogue, over the awed and thrilled multitude who gave him their applause at times.

but far more frequently that "silence which is the best applause."

We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coin more cheers, men too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery; but here for the first time, is an orator in the full meaning and amplest verge of that term—*totus, teres, et rotundus*.

This indeed was the grand peculiarity of O'Connell. As an orator, he was artistically *one*. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker, united into harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence *subdued* into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass, and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, and cajolery mingling in its ray. He had the richest and best managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective, at will. He had a fine Irish fancy, flushing up at times into imagination. He had a lawyer-like acuteness of understanding. He had a sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also, that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action: not the leapings, and vermicular twistings, and contortions, and ventriloquisms, and ape-like gibberings, by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural, and powerful action. And over all these faculties he cast a conversational calm; and this rounds off the unity, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he moved altogether when he moved at all. Hence while others were running, or leaping or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O'Connell was content majestically to *walk*. Hence while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O'Connell was simply anxious to *speak*, and to speak with authority. Nothing discovers to us more the energy of O'Connell's genius than his vituperation. Witness his onset on Disraeli: unjust though that in some points, yet it was so powerful, so refreshing, and so original, that you fancied the spirit

of the author of the "Legion Club" or of him who wrote the "Irish Avator," to have entered O'Connell for the nonce. It was a touch of genius worthy of Swift or of Byron, to call Disraeli the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." All men great and small can call names. But there is the widest difference between the vituperation of a porter and that of a poet—between a kick given by an ass from below, and the stroke dealt by an angel from above. The one recoils from the object of assault, and impinges upon the stupid assailant; the other rests on the brow, the scar of an irresistible and supernal blow. The one strikes, the other strikes *down*. The one, to use the words of Christopher North is "like mud thrown by a brutal boor on the gateway of some glorious edifice;" the other is a flash of lightning from on high, which can neither be repelled nor replied to, but leaves a Cain-mark on the devoted brow, which may be its only passport to future ages.

But it may be asked what *did* this man whose powers you rate so highly?

Daniel O'Connell has taught us some very important lessons, altogether apart from that special line of political conduct to which he latterly devoted his powers. First of all, he was one of the most determined, and disinterested, and unwearied denouncers of slavery in all its forms and shapes, in all countries and climes, that our land has ever witnessed. And thus, while his name is at present rather at a discount in England, it is beloved and revered in America, and the inhabitants of "vast burning zones" in Africa mingle it with those of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Garrison and Mrs. Stowe, in the prayers they offer and the blessings they breathe. Whatever errors of policy O'Connell may have committed, he covered them with a wide mantle of universal charity, and entitled himself, above *all* his contemporaries, to the name, the "Friend of the Black Man," the patron and defender of those "images of God carved in ebony." And not Brougham himself ever threw out more blasting torrents of invective against the cowardly oppressors of the negro, and the still more miserable sophisters who have attempted to justify, to soften, to explain away,

and eternize the outrage. O'Connell's invective excels Lord Brougham's in directness, in heartiness, in raciness, and in imagination. The attacks of the noble lord, powerful as they were, resembled the abuse of Apermantus, clever, caustic, and keen; those of O'Connell, the sublime and fire-tipped utterances of Timon: the one never exceeded lofty passion—the other rose into absolute poetry; showing thus the intense distinction between a mind of great talent, and a mind of a very high order of poetic genius.

O'Connell, secondly, for ever demolished old Toryism. The energy of his assaults, the pertinacity with which he returned to the charge, the bitter sarcasms by which he scorched and withered his opponents, and the mighty force derived from the "seven millions" whom fancy saw peopling the horizon behind him—all tended to abash the front of the then Tory idea, and to precipitate its long projected transmigration into the form of Conservatism. Whatever else O'Connell failed to do, he did this—he impaled the old shape of political exclusiveness; he opened the doors of Parliament to the children of his people; he annihilated tithes, in their worst form; and he showed, that the Milesian race, after centuries of degradation, could yet bear a Man, before whom the proudest of their Saxon superiors were fain to quail, and who arrested the progress of a party to irresponsible and absolute power in Britain.

Thirdly, he gave wholesome proof of the effect of perseverance. In 1828 the name of O'Connell was a name of reproach. His talents were underrated; he was spoken of as a mere "mob orator:" his own kind of vituperation, only destitute of its vital force and burning genius, was applied to him without mercy; every small prophet was predicting, that, as soon as he entered Parliament, he was sure to "find his level." In 1830 he became a senator; in 1831 he was listened to as the first orator in the House of Commons; and in 1835, as he stood on his proud pinnacle on the Calton Hill, he had become (Wellington not even at that time excepted) the most noticeable and powerful man in the British empire—the most loved by his friends, and the most dreaded by

his foes. He has left behind him a reputation so wide and wondrous, that we may truly call it fame. He has proved what a single man may, and may not do. He has driven the notion of the capacities of individual power to its extreme point—Never, since the days of Cromwell, was there in Britain a man who exerted more power, nor one who on the whole deserved more to be a *Monarch*.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

THE following little poem in praise of the Blessed Virgin, is a complete answer to the Protestant objections made against the Catholic devotion to Mary. The clear, bright reason of Longfellow which has grasped so thoroughly one Catholic truth, cannot long remain in exile from the rest. True poetry is always Catholic.

The picture the poet draws of Mary is superb. One can read and re-read those lines without tiring, and find fresh beauties with each reading. We will take a liberty, however; in the heading we will substitute May for "Italy," and in the first line month for "land:"

MAY.

LONGFELLOW'S TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's month,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her
name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the
peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children who have much
offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests, an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confes-
sions,
And she for them in heaven makes interces-
sions.
And if our Faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood—
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and
truer,
Than all the creeds the world had known
before."

The highest type of mother is a sister to her children; and the idea of Mary's intercession could not have been more beautifully expressed than above. Especially is it applicable to the present month when, the world over, Catholic hearts are outpouring in devotion and supplication to the Blessed Mother. We can almost imagine that in this particular season of grace, the Blessed Virgin is accompanied in her constant visits to the Throne, to seek favors for her clients, by the entire heavenly cortege appointed to her honor and her service—and by myriad of volunteers who come to add their merits to their suppliant Queen's.

Around every altar where pure, loving hands have placed fresh Spring flowers, and where the lights burn in honor of our Lady in this her month, there must be a dazzling array of Angels, swift bearing messengers to their Mistress of every poor human hope and pleading from her tried and trusting children. Here, we should especially come to combat the particular temptations which a corrupt society produces in this present time and in our land—repining against our lot—an unchristian indifference to impure things. No sorrows can equal the agony of the afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross—she will teach us resignation; she can beautify the humblest home and make it happy—she who cheerfully tended with her own fair hands to the household duties of Nazareth, to the wants of the Infant and Man-God, and of her spouse the holy St. Joseph;—and where can we receive a safer shelter from the thousand and one lures of a sensuous, sensual age, than in the Sacred Heart of the stainless Virgin and Mother, Mary Immaculate?

The truer the woman—though her creed may reject the prophecy of the Angel Gabriel and may refuse the title "Blessed" to the Mother of God—the truer the woman, the keener the perception she has of the graces and glories of Mary. Chaste maidens will turn to her as the model and mirror of purity; and matrons will revere in her, the loyalty of the spouse and the devotion of the mother. Great blessings flow from these month of May devotions. The light of faith is powerful in this bright

month—and we have been a thankful, happy witness to the same.

Bring then your non-Catholic friends—matrons and maidens, to these sweet May devotions. Somewhere, the full beauty of the Mother of God may strike the instinctive womanly mind—somewhere, a sisterly responsive chord may awaken in the generous womanly heart, when contemplating that

"example of all womanhood—
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,"
Mary!—*Catholic Universe.*

"THE HAND OF GOD WAS THERE!"

A BIOGRAPHY.

A. M. D. G.

THE death of Miss Anne Abigail Barber, in religion Rev. Mother St. Francis Xavier, a venerable member of the Ursuline Monastery of Quebec, which occurred on the 2nd March last, has suggested to the writer to lay before the readers of THE HARP the following sketch of three generations of a most remarkable family who, in the wonderful ways of God's Providence, were brought into the fold of His Church, and, all of whom, following the Evangelical counsels, devoted the remainder of their lives to His service. The particulars are taken from a most reliable source.

The Reverend Virgil Horace Barber, descendant of an English family who settled in the Colonies long before their struggle for independence, was a native of the State of New Hampshire, and the son of an Episcopalian clergyman of which church he was himself also a minister. Being an excellent classical scholar, his first care after his ordination was to make a careful study of the best authors who had written in the learned languages, so as to perfect himself in pulpit eloquence, and amongst these were the early fathers of the Church, including St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and particularly St. Cyprian. Having married a lady of remarkable talents and intelligence—a Miss Booth—she became the partner of his studies, they spending

together in those pursuits all their leisure time, and so they were insensibly, as it were, drawn to a knowledge of the Truth as it is in the Catholic Church. Each returning day brought them from Heaven some ray of that immortal light destined to shine forever upon them. Unknown to each other they had yielded to the action of grace! Mr. Barber who was a Professor in the University of New York, soon began to feel, by anticipation, the sacrifice he should be forced to make if he acted conformably to these convictions. His faithful companion discerned the cause of his anguish, however carefully concealed, and with that courage so natural to every virtuous woman, she resolved to brave the trial so as to afford him relief. Having one day observed that he sighed more deeply than usual, she thus accosted him in one of her most agreeable tones: "Virgil, it was *you* who made the demand for our union, is it not now *my* turn to beg of you a favor of a very different nature?" Then, without a moment's pause, she acknowledged to him her own desire of becoming a catholic and of embracing the religious life, so as to follow with more perfection, the example of our Lord Jesus, His Apostles and the greatest Saints. Vanquished by the courage of his wife, Mr. Barber owned to her the secret causes of his anguish, adding that their domestic felicity and his prosperous position in life, should be sacrificed without delay, as no one knoweth how long the Almighty may be disposed to await their answer to His "call of grace." This eventful occurrence took place in 1817. One son and four daughters—of whom more anon—often blessed their union and no trial had ever thrown the slightest shade over their happiness. God had favored them with the gift of mutual support and sympathy, and these with His grace completely triumphed over the instincts of nature. Without further resistance these virtuous souls, yielding to the inspirations of Heaven, sought advice and instruction from the pastors of the Church. Delighted to find converts so faithful to grace, the catholic clergymen did not, however, at once approve of their ardent aspirations after religious perfection; the practice of the Evangelical counsels being un-

congenial to the married state, and Holy Church then as ever, most unwilling to "dissolve the bond" formed by God Himself. Meanwhile, the illustrious Bishop de Cheverous took their cause in hand, received their abjuration, baptised them with their children and then introduced them to the Bishop and clergy of Baltimore, where they were received with the greatest kindness. Being fully determined to embrace the religious state, Mr. Barber obtained his entrance among the Jesuits and his worthy partner was admitted into the Visitation Convent founded in Georgetown, D. C. by Miss Lawlor, a short time previous, being allowed also to take with her her three eldest daughters whose education she there continued. The son, little Samuel was placed at board with a friend, whilst Josephine the parents' fond pet was adopted by the mother of the good Bishop Fenwick.

Shortly after the completion of these pleasing arrangements, the new Jesuit novice had to prepare for a journey to the Eternal City, where, during a sojourn of several years he was ordered to "sound his vocation" and dispose himself by hard study to enter Holy Orders, if such should appear to be the will of Heaven. After his "trial of three years," Father Barber received the unanimous consent of his superiors to receive Holy orders and he soon joyfully returned to Georgetown where Mrs. Barber was also prepared to pronounce her vows. By a special privilege, these two favored souls were allowed to offer up together their inestimable sacrifice in the chapel of the Visitation, so that Rev. Father Barber was ordained a Priest at the same Mass during which his former wife became a consecrated Nun.

Having received leave after his ordination, to go exercise the sacred ministry in his native state, Rev. Father Barber immediately repaired to Claremont, where he had the consolation of imparting to his own venerable father a knowledge of the truth. Being a widower, the latter also manifested the desire of embracing Evangelical perfection, so with the help of his admirable son, he too "sounded his vocation" and entered Holy Orders, but did not proceed further than the grade of deacon as he had

been twice married. Father Barber had also the consolation of building the first Catholic Church in his native place and it was during its construction that he came to Canada for the first time; arriving at Quebec towards the end of December, 1824, the "immortal Plessis" and his clergy gave him a most cordial reception. The annals of the Ursulines record the fact that he accompanied the Bishop on his visit through the interior of the Monastery on the 2nd January, 1825.

His daughter, Anne Abigail, whose demise has been mentioned above, was born at Claremont on the 5th February, 1811. She took the white veil of an Ursuline with the name of St. Francis Xavier, on the 12th September, 1868, and pronounced her vows on the 11th September, 1828, from which time she was constantly employed as a teacher, rendering most important services, a fact which is gratefully remembered by many still living. As teacher of the fine arts, ornamental writing and fancy works of all kinds, none could surpass her. Shortly after her entry as a novice her father paid a second visit to Quebec, and the affecting character of the meeting of the father and child under such very remarkable circumstances is a tradition carefully handed down by the *religieuses* of that time and its remembrance is piously treasured by their successors.

Two other daughters also became Ursulines. The eldest, Mary, joined the order in Boston as Mother Mary Benedict and made her profession there in

1828. After the destruction of their beautiful convent of Mount Benedict by the infatuated and bigoted "Native American" or "Know Nothing" party of Charlestown in 1834, kind Providence guided the much-injured sisters to the Quebec Monastery where they were received with open arms and kindly entertained during four years. At the end of that period, they were induced to return to Boston in the hope of the restoration of their convent home, but as no indemnity could be obtained, they were forced to separate and seek a more permanent refuge among their sisters in Canada and Louisiana; Mother Mary Benedict coming to Quebec. Gifted with talents of a superior order which

had been improved by a highly finished education, she not only taught Literature to the English-speaking pupils, but also imparted her graceful accomplishments to the young sisters of that day. She died in 1848.

Another daughter, Susan, entered the Ursuline noviciate at Quebec in 1828, and shortly after received the white veil, under the invocation of St. Louis Gonzaga; her health, however, requiring change of air, she was sent to the Ursulines at Three Rivers, where she made her profession and died there in 1837.

The son, Samuel, following in the footsteps of his father, also became a Jesuit, and died a member of that distinguished Order, while yet a young man.

The youngest daughter became a member of the sisters of the Visitation and is still living in a convent of that order in St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. Barber, who took the name in religion of Mother Mary Augustine, was long one of the most edifying, devoted and able teachers of her celebrated convent, where she sweetly ended her meritorious career in 1860, at the age of 71 years. Rev. Father Barber did not attain the same length of years. After an admirable course of zealous labors for the salvation of his countrymen, he returned to the college of Georgetown where he died the death of the just in 1847. To him may be applied the words of the Psalmist: *In thy strength, O Lord, the just shall rejoice: and in thy salvation he shall rejoice exceedingly: thou hast given him his heart's desire.*

ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD PERIODICAL.

It is found from experience, that new and varied productions have had a considerable effect upon the People. When their object has been the diffusion of error or immorality, they have, as it were, imperceptibly produced the most lamentable consequences upon the rising generation; and when youth are corrupted, vice obtains a double sway! Thus, the impious philosophers of France and of a neighboring country—Germany, scattered the poison of their infidelity through the medium of small

flying pages; and what they could not do by reason or argument, they effected by ridicule, or fanciful stories, by works of laughter or of wit! The rigid moralist may say "it is bad to promote a love of diversified publications, and it is better to form the mind to solid and serious works." It is very true, if we could get all men at once, to think seriously, and like A Kempis, to be satisfied with a few books of solid piety, the world might dispense with the adventitious aid of light or lively productions. But we must take men as they are, and not as they ought to be! The mind of man is naturally fond of novelty, and he generally considers "variety as charming." Hence, a rage for Albums, Annuals and Magazines under every shape and form, because they are more lively and entertaining than elaborate dissertations or labored volumes! When those productions lead the fancy, captivate the imagination and seduce the heart to the empire of vice, how dreadful are the consequences? To think that at once, such persons will be led to the path of virtue, by dry details, or by works of a very serious nature, is to think very erroneously. Whilst religion despises all novelty in doctrine and every species of fiction and falsehood, she may, as St. Vincent of Lerins said fourteen hundred years ago, and over, vary her mode of advancing the truth. "Method, beauty and clearness, and such kind of embellishments may be added to the Word of God, whilst every kind must continue distinct and entire in its own nature." If then numerous Societies are disseminating works against faith and morals; if unfortunate Apostates who have become "Shipwrecked in the Faith," are scattering their impious sheets of slander "against the Mother that bore them;" if tracts, pamphlets and journals in thousands, are monthly, weekly and daily issuing from the press, to corrupt the faith of the poor, the simple, and the uneducated, shall we be told that "it is better to let things pass; better to let the poison go forth without antidote; better to let falsehood flourish; better to let the sacred cause of truth be left without any means of vindicating it against the combined efforts of art, wit and malice." No, it is the true genius

of Religion, to avail itself of all the lights of the Age, and all the improvements of Arts and Science. If the mighty engine the *Press* be used to corrupt mankind, it is the duty of the virtuous and the good to use it to sustain the cause of "the faith once delivered to the Saints." If "intellect," disordered in its wondrous march, threaten to level all morality and devotion, it is the office of those who love both, to stop the flood of its impiety, and to point out the road in which true intellect, true philosophy, and true genius can march to the "Science of Salvation." In fine, if zeal, perseverance, and *combined co-operation* be used to destroy all sound principles and sacred practice, why should not every Catholic use zeal, perseverance and combined co-operation in their support?

To the poor who have neither means to purchase, nor time to read ponderous works, a good Periodical is an agreeable treasure. It gives short, but practical essays on morality—it suits the diversified tastes of the many, by adapting its style and language, to the grave and cheerful—to the humorous and serious. The variety of its subjects is suitable to the manners and dispositions of different classes. It brings, almost imperceptibly, literature, taste and religion into combined co-operation. It introduces the rustic and the scholar—the peasant and the peer into the same society. It gives free and easy lessons to the *people* without much labor, and often makes impressions where labored works produce no effect. To the rich a good Periodical brings that taste, tact and talent which they desire to see known and respected. It shows, as it were, Society in miniature before them, whilst it takes every means within its reach to improve or reform it. To the high-minded it opens the magazine of practical ethics, and gives them a love of that kindness and humanity which add so much glory to their character. Here it points out the misery of sordid selfishness, of degrading avarice, or of hard-hearted indifference. There it shows "the luxury of doing good," of exploring the recesses of suffering humanity, and like the benevolent Samaritan, pouring the oil of comfort into the bosom of distress, and speaking the

language of compassion to the ear of wretchedness.

But there is another reason why a religious and moral Periodical should command support. We live in an age of boasted wonders, when everything in nature and art is explored not to make men virtuous, but learned; not to improve their morals, but to increase their pride and insolence. Under the pretext of "philosophy" and "reason;" both are repudiated, and superficial. Knowledge is made subsidiary to the propagation of falsehoods and calumnies against religion. In this case, the lovers of virtue and sound principles, should not stand still whilst the flood of impiety, like a mighty torrent, destroys thousands in its desolating march. It is their province, to direct their course accordingly—to avail themselves of the same activity—earnestness and perseverance, which the enemies of everything sacred evince. Whilst the mighty engine of the Press is worked in the cause of vice and falsehood, they should use it for opposite purposes—while slander and misstatements are circulated with such avidity—by those who have no principle but dishonor—no art but deceit—no interest but mammon or passion—the children of *truth* should *combine, unite and exert* themselves in circulating right and maintaining sound principles. If Catholicity be reviled—if its tenets be misrepresented—and its ministers be calumniated—if lies the most gross and statements the most unfounded, are sent forth to corrupt society—are we, who glory in professing the *religion of nearly 1900 years*, to satisfy ourselves in the indulgence of a careless or indolent habit? Does not the Lord denounce, in his severest vengeance, those watchmen who sleep upon their post,—or the shepherd who remains quiescent whilst the wolf is devouring the sheep? Does not the Almighty reprobate the ministers of the Church who sit quiet whilst the advocates of error are spreading the poison of their impiety on every side? Does not the Lord, in the Apocalypse ii., applaud the Bishop of Ephesus, for his zeal against those who say (like our modern uncommissioned gentlemen) "they are Apostles, and are not—and hast found them liars?" Does He not rebuke the

Bishop of Pergamus, because he had not opposed (or did not sufficiently oppose them who held the doctrines of Balaam and Nicholas? Does He not condemn the Bishop of Thyatera, because with all his faith—charity—patience and good works—he permitted the woman Jezabel who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce his servants?" Does He not reproach the Bishop of Laodicia, (ibid. iii. c.) for being "neither hot nor cold," and threaten him for such inactivity to "vomit him out of his mouth?" When, then, we consider the *combined* machinations of fanatics and bigots—who, under the hypocritical pretext of "piety and religion"—attempt to support monopoly and injustice—are we, under the mistaken idea of "Moderation," to allow truth to be outraged and falsehood to triumph? When thousands of dollars are expended (in the fair City of Montreal alone,) to blacken the religion of nearly 1900 years, is it not our duty, to dispel unfounded prejudices in the language of dignity and truth? Whilst clubs and societies are circulating the reports of packed meetings—of slanderous speeches—and letters from self-condemned Apostates,—are no efforts to be made by Catholics in circulating authentic documents and authorised statements in vindication of our creed and character.

Let us not be told "such efforts are unworthy of notice—such men are below contempt." Even the meanest and worst lies left unrefuted, are believed by thousands of thoughtless individuals—and no falsehood is too gross to be received by some deluded men against "Popery!"

The fact that the answers given in THE HARP, have already produced a powerful effect—affords the best reason why the *bane* should at least be followed by the antidote.

If the traducers have commenced the attack—is not self-defence justifiable? If *lies* are everywhere circulated—is it unfair to let Truth show herself in "her own native costume?"

But we must resume, in another number, our arguments for *combined* general co-operation among the Catholic Laity of Canada, in defence of their faith—in supporting good Periodicals—and by

becoming subscribers to **THE HARP**, established for the purpose of promoting religion at home and abroad, and extending the blessings of a Christian and secular education amongst its readers and patrons throughout the land.

HOW LONG?

BY T. O'HAGAN.

O Lord! it is hard to have Ireland so long
 Begging bread from both strangers and foes,
 O Lord! it is hard to have Ireland so long
 Toss'd about by a tempest of woes;
 When, when, shall the sceptre of justice and
 right
 Wave in peace o'er her long widow'd throne;
 When, when, shall the sun of her happiness
 dawn
 To roll back each century-clad moan.

Out, out of the darkness of sorrow I look,
 As the plumes of bright hope wave me on,
 And I scarcely have gazed in the sky of my
 thoughts
 When the rays that were bright'ning are
 gone;
 And hope and despair breathe a song in my
 soul—
 A song, oh! how strange its weird tune—
 'Tis an anthem of hope for a much brighter
 day,
 'Tis a psalm over pitiless ruin.

And ah! my sad heart weeping tears—bitter
 tears
 O'er the cypress-crown'd years of the past,
 In sorrow and gloom I kneel at their tomb,
 And pray God for faith till the last;
 And pray that each grave on that sea-girdled
 isle
 Be an altar for liberty's throne,
 And the dove of true peace, from the ark of
 God's love,
 Bring a balm for each tear laden moan.

O Great God of Might! rend the shades of
 cold Night,
 Dispel the dark mantle of gloom,
 That hangs o'er that land, o'er each threshold
 once bright,
 Life a grief laden cloud from the tomb.
 Through a red sea of woe lashed wild by each
 foe,
 Has thy pillar of faith guided on,
 In this cold night of care may it beam in
 bright prayer
 Till the hosts of dread famine is gone!

By the waters of Salamis crimson'd with
 blood,
 By the sword of the patriot Tell,
 By the soul of each hero that quickens in
 dust,
 By the sword of each hero that fell,

I pledge thee dear land, with a heart and a
 hand,
 At the throne of thy altar to serve;
 And wedded to thee dear isle o'er the sea,
 From my duty how can I e'er swerve.

Then up with thy flag! fling it wide to the
 breeze,
 Let it stream in its folds o'er the sea,
 With *Resurgam! Resurgam!* emblazon'd in
 gold
 Bright emblem of true liberty;
 Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner so bright,
 In the breath of our faith lift it high;
 Lift it up! lift it up! let it flash in the sun
 Till it kiss the blue dome of the sky!

ENGLAND ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE NATIONS.

“THERE IS NO CRUELTY IN THE HISTORY
 OF THE WORLD LIKE THE CRUELTY
 OF ENGLISH GOVERNMENTS TO IRISH
 CATHOLICS.”

At a recent meeting of the Nottingham
 (Eng.) Catholic Union, the following
 telling speech, on the gross outrages per-
 petrated for centuries by the English
 Governments—Whig and Tory—on the
 people of Ireland, was delivered by the
 Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Catholic
 Bishop of Nottingham, to an audience
 of over 1,000 persons:—

The Nottingham Catholic Union is
 for the defense of Catholic interests and
 the redress of Catholic grievances. The
 Catholics of Ireland have for centuries
 suffered, under terrible oppression, and
 may fairly look to English-Catholic
 unions and associations to help make
 known and redress their sufferings and
 grievances. The Catholics of Ireland
 cannot get the English public to listen
 to their complaints. When they bring
 them forward in parliament the mem-
 bers troop out, and leave them to speak
 to empty benches. The reporters leave
 their speeches for the most part unre-
 ported. The newspapers leave the na-
 tion in total ignorance of the cruel and
 unjust usage which it has inflicted, and
 is still inflicting, on the Catholics of
 Ireland. They even add calumny and
 insult to their conspiracy of silence, for
 they charge the misery of the Irish poor
 on their own idleness and ignorance,

and on their supposed preference for potatoes and water over beef and bread; and comic papers add to the bitterness of oppression by their calumnious and mocking pictures. We desire to expose the grievances of our Irish brethren, and to demand from the English government and the English parliament that they be redressed. Many people think that there is no hope of redress in that quarter, and that the only remedy is to be found in home rule. But on that question no one will speak to-night. The meeting is not called to discuss it, but, as has been said, to claim from the English government the removal of unjust and oppressive laws. Nor is the meeting called in the interest of any political party. *Whigs and Tories, conservatives and liberals, have rivaled one another, and vied with each other, in oppressing and ruining the Irish Catholics.* The resolutions will first deal with the famine which is impending, or rather which has begun, in Ireland. Many have already died of starvation, thousands are slowly perishing from insufficient nourishment, and thousands would have died of want before this, but for private charity. The destitution is far more widespread, far more complete and hopeless, than the English government and the English people choose to believe. All those who know the country, and especially the Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland, are unanimous in their testimony on this point. It will belong to the first resolution to enforce and illustrate this statement, and also to protest against the government contenting itself with a measure of relief which is not only pitifully inadequate and tardy, but also in many respects cruelly unjust. The relief by loans has scarcely come into operation at all, and it must be many weeks before it does so on an extensive scale. And the power of relief through boards of guardians has been left almost wholly unused, either through their own fault or that of the Irish local government board, or both. Yet for months past thousands on thousands have only been kept alive on private charity, and the government has had ample warning. The Relief bill appears to be unjust in several ways. First, it relieves a people who are always kept at starvation point by the operation of

the law, not by a gift, but by a loan, which they will shortly have to pay with crushing interest. Secondly, the benefit of the loan comes to the landlords, who, having used it to improve their estates at the public cost, will probably proceed to grind down their tenants, as usual, by a proportionate increase of rent. Thirdly, it takes the money from an Irish instead of an imperial fund. Ireland is reckoned a part of the empire when there is a question of taxing it to pay English debts as though they were its own, but it is not any longer a part of the empire, as Lancashire was, when there is a question of relieving it at the cost of the nation. The second resolution deals in the first place with the laws by which the famine is brought about. *The famine in Ireland is not from the visitation of God, but through the cruelty of man. It is an artificial famine, not a natural one.* In the year 1836 a select parliamentary committee reported that Ireland could easily sustain much more than its actual population, and export immensely besides; nevertheless that any failure of a potato crop would bring a famine. It has always been so in Ireland under English rule. In the middle of the last century the Protestant Bishop Berkeley, in the *Querist*, put the following questions: 1. Whether there be on earth any Christian or civilised people so beggarly, wretched and destitute as the common Irish? 2. Whether, nevertheless, there be any other people whose wants may be more easily supplied from home? 3. Whether a foreigner could imagine that one-half of the people were starving in a country which sent out such plenty of provisions? 4. Whether it is possible that the country should be well improved while our beef is exported and our laborers live on potatoes? 5. Whether the quantities of beef butter, wool and leather exported from this island can be reckoned the superfluities of a country where there are so many natives naked and famished? As we have seen that in the middle of the last century half the Irish people were starving in the midst of plenty, so has it been in the present century. Mr. O'Gorman's resolution was passed in 1847 by acclamation, by an assembly of the citizens of Dublin, when it was publicly declared:

"The truth is that Ireland starves and perishes simply because the English have eaten us out of house and home. Moreover, that all the legislation of this parliament is, and will be, directed to this one end—to enable them to eat us out of house and home as heretofore." Let us see if it was so. In 1817 there was a famine. There was another in 1822, though in that and the previous year three million quarters of wheat were carried off to England. In 1836 we have seen how parliament was warned by its own committee that the Irish were at all times in danger of starvation while they were producing enough to maintain twice their number. But in 1845 they were no longer on the brink of starvation. They went over the brink and perished by hundreds of thousands in the famine which ensued. That horrible famine lasted from the winter of 1845 to the spring of 1851, five terrible years. In those years Ireland lost at least 2,000,000—that is, one-fourth of her people—between those who were starved and those who fled from starvation. She lost also 300,000 of her inhabited houses. Surely here was a visitation of God—surely this awful massacre could not be due to man's cruelty and injustice. It is incredible, but it is true, that those five famine years were years of splendid harvests and exceptional prosperity. In the year 1843 three million quarters of grain and one million head of live stock had been exported to England. In 1844 fifteen million pounds' worth of produce went there. In 1845 the harvest was specially good, and seventeen million pounds' worth of wheat alone was exported for English consumption. So it was in 1846. In 1847 the abundance was so great that the government commissioners reckoned the total value of Irish produce at forty-five million pounds. A special thanksgiving was held in England for the "abundant harvest." It must have been very acceptable to God, that thanksgiving, seeing that daily in that year twenty large steamships, besides sailing vessels, carried Irish wheat and cattle to England, while some 500,000 Irish, for it was the height of the famine, were starved to death! *It appears, then, that Irish famines are made by English laws and Irish landlords. The union of*

England with Ireland so far has been too much like the union of the spider with the fly. The poor fly struggles, but its vitals are sucked dry in spite of all that it can do. In 1844 the great Devon commission recommended as a remedy against the famine the consolidation of farms, and the expatriation of about one million of the inhabitants. Cruel and hypocritical rubbish! The land has always provided enough for twice its people, but, many or few, the tenantry will never be let to get any of the produce but potatoes. A French writer, Monsieur Beaumont, puts it clearly when he says; "If it be one of the settled principles of landed proprietors that the farmer should have no other profit out of his cultivation but just what is barely necessary for his subsistence; and if it be the general custom to apply this system vigorously, so that every improvement in the farmer's way of living brings with it of necessity a rise in his rent; on this hypothesis, which for those who know Ireland is a sad reality, what would be the use of a diminution of the population?" England has had many ways of sucking Ireland dry. For nearly a century she destroyed her wollen and other manufactures by prohibiting exportation, so that she might get them for herself, and she forbade all kinds of direct traffic between Ireland and America and other English settlements, so that Grattan cried out: "The constant drain of Irish cash to supply absentees, and the fetters on its commerce have always been sufficient to prevent this country from being opulent in its circumstances; and the only effectual remedy that can be applied to the sufferings of this kingdom is to open its ports for the exportation of all its manufactures." Another mode of depletion is by taxing Ireland to pay the English debt. In 1798 Ireland owed four millions: in 1801 three years after, she owed twenty-eight millions—having been made to pay the bill for crushing her people and bribing her parliament. But in 1817 she owed no less than one hundred and thirteen millions, the English having cleverly quadrupled her debt after the union, while they did not double their own. But it is for Irish Catholics, at one time nine-tenths of the people, and never less than five-sixths, that the English laws

have reserved their tenderest mercies. In the last century Irish Catholics could not be members of parliament, nor members of corporation or of trade guilds, nor barristers, nor doctors, nor teachers, nor could they serve on juries, nor vote for parliament. They could not purchase estates, nor hold a lease for more than thirty-one years. They were obliged to divide their estates among their children unless the heir were an apostate. The apostate son could make his father only a life-tenant of his own estate. They could not keep a horse worth more than £5, nor make more than a very little profit from their business. And how have the English dealt with the struggles of their victims? We will not speak of the horrors of the suppression of the great rebellion, into which they goaded the unhappy Irish peasantry. Since the union they have given them a surfeit of coercion acts under different names—in 1800, '1, '4, '7, '8, '9, '10, '15, '16, '17, '22, '23, '24, '25, '33, '4, '5, '6 '7, '8, '9, '40, '41, '46, '47, and many years since, they have, by those coercion acts, taken away the liberties of Irishmen, transporting people who did not stay at home at night, or who could not prove they knew of no arms in their houses; quartering armies of police on the poor tenantry, and making them pay them their wages for helping their landlords to pull down their houses, eject them from their homes, carrying off their produce, and collect the rents and taxes poor rates and country assessments, and tithe-rent charges, which robbed them of their last penny. The English multiplied cheap ejectment acts, and, not content with this, they turned the poor people out in the height of the famine by the cruel "quarter acre" clause, which obliged every man to give up his farm before he could get a mouthful of relief. When they had turned them out they duly punished them by vagrancy acts if they did not die, or go into the union, or quit the country, quick enough. The very money they lent they obliged them to spend on strictly useless work, such as destroying good roads, cutting down hills and piling them up again, and the like, and then made them pay this money back in rates and taxes. Since the Emancipation they had conceded to the Catholic

peasantry some political and social rights; but these rights are more nominal than real, as the ingenious system of exclusion which the second resolution explains, makes them almost nugatory. *There is no cruelty in the world like the cruelty of English governments to Irish Catholics.* I was going to say that that cruelty exists still in a mitigated form, but I doubt if it be much mitigated. The land laws—the root of the evil—are in full operation, and reduce some 3,000,000 Irish Catholics to absolute and servile dependence for their lives and homes on the caprice of 10,000, who seldom allow them to rise above the brink of starvation. By these cruel laws the landlords are able to extort unjust rents, and increase them to any amount at pleasure, so as to rob their tenants of all the fruits of their industry; and the tenants, being at any timeliable to eviction, as they only hold as tenants-at-will or on yearly tenancies, have no security for their homes, their property, or even their lives. The landlords are masters of the homes and liberties of their tenants. It often happens, that if a tenant dare to receive a guest, even his own parent, into his house, to get married himself, or to give his daughter in marriage, without the agent's leave, or dare to depart in the least from the attitude of a down-trodden, crouching slave, he is at once ejected and sentenced to ruin. It is time indeed that this horrible slavery should cease. It is time that all should unite to oblige the English people to attend to this hideous system, perpetuated by their laws and enforced by their armies. If they knew it as it is, there might be some reason to hope that there is enough sense of justice and humanity in our country to destroy it at once and forever.

CHIT-CHAT.

—The Phases of "emotional religion" are many and curious. A stalwart backwoodsman at Protracted Meeting, crying out in his most lusty tones, "Come down, Lord! come down! right away! right through the shingles, and I'll pay the damage!" is not an edifying sight. As an act of religion it shocks all preconceived ideas of religious propriety, and runs counter to those high

feelings of reverence for the Great Creator, which are at the bottom of all true religion. "The atonement of Christ" may teach us to look upon Christ as everything that is merciful and kind, but has hardly been read aright, if it makes him who is "atoned for" Master, and Him "who atones," Slave. When familiarity begets want of respect, it ceases to be a virtue. Thirty years ago a Boston friend assured Sir C. Lyell, the great geologist, that once when he attended a revival sermon "he heard a preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect to experience on the first, second and third day previous to their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to his pupils on the progress of any well known disease; and the complaint," he added, "is indeed a serious one and very contagious, when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the judgment, and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination."

Religious madness is a form of mania well known in our lunatic asylums as well as out of them; and this is religious madness of the worst kind. It may, it is true, retain its possession only a short time; in most cases a few hours, at most a day, then comes the reaction; but in some cases, and those not a few, the excitement is permanent, and reason never again (in this world at least) ascends her throne. How common these cases of religious insanity are, may be seen from the fact of which we have some personal knowledge, that during the Moody and Sankey revivals in England, it was usual for the nurses at the asylums on the arrival of a patient to ask: "What, another 'Moody and Sankey?'" The number of cases of religious mania daily arriving led these officials to suspect each case to be one of them.

—How thoroughly *emotional* this revival religion is, may be understood from the fact, admitted on all sides, of the violent reaction, which sets in after the causes are removed, Sir C. Lyell, who writes in an apologetic spirit, says: "It is admitted, however, and deplored

by the advocates of revivals, that after the application of these violent stimulants there is invariably a reaction, and what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general of late years, almost discontinued such meetings." How far the "discontinuance of such meetings" has been carried out *of late years*, (that is to say in our time, writing 30 years later) may be seen from the Moody and Sankey movement; but we wonder whether it has ever struck Sir Charles as remarkable that the very sects most favorable to the *violent stimulants* of emotional religion are exactly those which are most violently opposed to *alcoholic stimulants*. It is perhaps well that it is so. *Both* drunkennesses would be too much for them.

—And here another question arises. Why have the Methodist (*i. e.* the Emotional) Churches fought so determined and so persistently against drunkenness, as to make it *the only sin* fought against by them in the concrete? It is, we think, a fact, which will be readily admitted by those best able to judge, that the Methodist never hears from his preacher any whole souled denunciation of any *particular* vice with this sole exception of drunkenness. When a Methodist preacher exhorts to a "change of life," it is a change of life in the abstract not a change of life from any particular sin. It may be answered in defence of this line of conduct, that he does not believe in breaking the bundle of faggots stick by stick, that in his zeal, he looks for a *total change*, a change of life from all sin. Without staying to discuss the practicability of such a course, we should be tempted to leave him to his own devices, if he did not invariably break through his own rule in the single case of drunkenness. How is this? As far as we can see there is one only explanation. As "emotional drunkenness" cannot exist side by side with alcoholic drunkenness, he hates alcoholic drunkenness not as a crime against God, but as a crime against his dearly loved and highly esteemed emotional drunkenness.

—Our scientists are making fools of themselves. Give them rope enough

and they will hang themselves. Dr. Calderwood, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, relates, with all due gravity, the following "dog story": A dog belonging to a United Presbyterian Minister, killed the fowls while the family were at church, and buried them in the garden. The bodies were in due time found. The dog was taken to the garden, and immediately *confessed his guilt*. His master took him to his library, and having shut the door began a reprimand after this fashion.—What a wicked thing you have done in murdering the hens! You are a minister's dog, and should have been an example to other dogs, instead of doing such a thing. Then, this is Sabbath day, and the deed is all the worse on account of the day on which it has been done. Thus admonished the dog was put out at the door, and the door shut. Next morning *he was found dead*." A veterinary surgeon was consulted, and declared, that the dog had died of a broken heart.

Well! after that undoubtedly the deluge! Darwinism tells us we have levelled *up* from the animals—it should be levelled *down*, for if Dr. Calderwood's dog story be true, and be not a *very tough yarn*, his dogship was a far better Christian than his dogship's master; for we will wager a new silk hat against a mushroom, that his Presbyterian Reverence, had *he* stolen the chickens and been thus admonished, would not for one moment have thought of dying so honorably of a broken heart!

—One finds it hard to believe such stories are told in earnest, and are not huge jokes on the credulity of children and nursery maids. But when one finds them in such books as "The relations of Mind and Brain," and written by such men as Professors of Moral Philosophy in prominent Universities, we are bound to accept them in all sober seriousness. In this view what does the worthy Professor suppose the Presbyterian Minister meant by the third point in his sermon—the Sabbath breaking? Did he really think that the dog was bound by revelation? that Christ came to save *dogs* (*absit blasphemia*) as well as *men*? and that the dog died, because it felt with the prodigal, that it had

"sinned against heaven and against its father?" Of course we feel with the minister that clerical dogs ought as much to be examples to lay dogs, as clerical men to laymen, but then we look upon this good behaviour on the part of the dogs as a matter of *congruity* not of *duty*, of *convenience* not of *moral obligation*. We know that Moses expected the ox and the ass to keep the Sabbath, but then we suspect this regulation was more for the sake of the *master's* soul's salvation than for that of the *ox* or the *ass*. Any way Moses nowhere requires the dog to keep the Sabbath; so that how our Presbyterian Minister could find it in his conscience to accuse the poor animal of a false crime, and how the poor foolish thing (we mean the dog not the minister) could for a moment go and die of a broken heart, we know not. It is evidently a case of misplaced morality; and though we should not like to tell him so, we are firmly of opinion that the United Presbyterian Minister was as much guilty of murdering the poor dog, as the poor dog had been of murdering the chickens. And this on a Sabbath Day, too!—and by a minister, too, not by a minister's dog. As we have not heard that after murdering the dog, the United Presbyterian Minister went and died of a broken heart, we conclude a second time and from fresh data that the minister's dog was a better Christian than the minister.

—But there is another disgraceful transaction in this most veracious history; this time on the part of logic and the scientists. What proof have we that the dog died of a broken heart? The word of the veterinary surgeon? How did *he* know? What are the marks of a broken heart? Does the heart really *break* like a string or a piece of crockery? Is there any lesion of arteries? or nerve centres? &c., &c.? And if any of these, was there any *post mortem* examination? And if *all* these, what proof have we that the broken heart resulted from the cogency of the sermon? and not at grief that a United Presbyterian Parson should make such a fool of himself. Verily! give our scientists rope enough and they will hang themselves.

H. B.

RELIGION AND IRISH NATIONALITY.

"The Catholic Church has sanctified the Irish cause. It has made patriotism respected. It has given the peasantry the sympathy of Europe. Without their religion they would have yielded long ago."

These are the involuntary admissions coming from a hater of the Catholic Church and the Irish peasantry. They are the words of the English historian, Froude. When an enemy comes forth armed and equipped to attack us, we must gird ourselves for the conflict. We must gather our friends around us, and remain carefully near the encampment. The attack recently made on the Catholic Church and the Irish race by Froude was dictated by a spirit of double hostility. He wants to destroy the Church and the Irish. He sees they are joined by close interunion of claims and sympathy. In a common onslaught he endeavors to destroy us. He carries the war into the enemy's country. He tries to poison American feeling, and to arm political and religious prejudice against us.

In this he has signally failed. His diatribes have kindled no fires of animosity here, sharpened no swords of persecution. As Bishop Spaulding remarks, the proper spirit of reply is hilarity. It is natural to laugh at Mr. Froude. His spiteful intensity has spent itself without effect. Like the surging ocean, lashing itself into fury against the rocky cliffs on the shore, he produces only spray and surge. It may be amusing to behold, but if we keep our distance it is innocently harmless.

As gleaners pick up abandoned treasures on the scenes of conflict when the battle is ended, so may we gather interesting matter for reflection from Mr. Froude's involuntary admissions. In the words quoted, how admirably and beautifully he expresses a reality! How gladly we can agree with his admissions. We, standing in the light, with open hearts, see much more than he, with his distorted perception and all-consuming prejudice. He knows the Church has been the friend of the oppressed and persecuted. He knows it is her principle. He knows it from no Irish consciousness. There never

was a generation of Irishmen from the days of St. Patrick that did not receive our own early impressions of the Church's friendliness. Every Irish mother taught her children what our mothers taught us on the subject. We know it from the history of our country. Has not the Irish cause been always *sanctified* by the Catholic Church? Was not the Irish the nation of *saints*? Did they not remain faithful with superhuman energy? Did not Ireland keep the lamp of faith and learning burning when Christendom was in darkness? Was not the Irish cause the cause of the Church—the cause of God? Did not the Catholic Church sanctify the cause of Brian Boru, of St. Lawrence O'Toole, of Roderick O'Connor, of Hugh O'Neill and O'Donnell, of Patrick Sarsfield, of Owen Roe O'Neill, and Father Murphy, and '98, of O'Connell and of Archbishop McHale—and Parnell? The "Earls" were received and given a home by the Pope. The Confederation of Kilkenny was blessed and visited by a Papal nuncio. Leo XIII. says Ireland should have a separate Parliament. Yes, the Catholic Church is always on the side of justice and right. The Irish cause is just and holy, and is *sanctified* by the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Froude would seem to think it was a temporary or politic union which existed between the Church and Ireland. Not at all. Ireland is faithful to the Church, and has received for it an hundredfold, even here, and her children, will, please God, receive eternal life hereafter.

Ireland is not like the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Ireland will always be heard from. Ireland—poor and persecuted—has a friend and advocate the whole world over. When Ireland is afflicted the Catholic Church is disturbed with pitying sympathy. The Church appeals to the charitable, the generous, the merciful and the righteous. Yes, Mr. Englishman, the Catholic Church is your enemy when you would deal unjustly with Ireland. Your doings cannot be hidden away in congenial darkness. The Catholic Church has universal voice. She exposes you to all peoples. More than that. The Catholic Church concentrates the history of civilization and of nations in

herself. All scholars in all time will read the history of the Catholic Church. England is a province. English history is only of interest to Englishmen and their victims. The Church's history is the history of the world. Men who would never specially examine England's atrocities will see them in the history of the Church. Mr. Englishman, when present dynasties will have gone the way of the Chaldean, and the Grecian and Roman Empires; when London will be as Troy, Thebes and Memphis, of old, when men will dispute where London really stood, the record of your country's crimes and of her barbarous treatment of Ireland will be recited to astonished and indignant generations of posterity. You do well to try to destroy the Church and blot out the witness of your crimes. But the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. She shall endure to testify against you, even unto the consummation of the world.

The Church befriends the peasantry of Ireland. She is the guardian of the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. She is the civilizer of the barbarian and the abandoned. Where is justice trampled that she does not assert and vindicate the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed? Well does England hate the Church.

"She makes patriotism respectable." You dare not sneer at an Irish patriot faithful to his Church. You dare not breathe the breath of scorn against any patriot—Protestant or infidel—except the Church condemn him. We are and shall—please God Almighty—remain faithful to the Roman Catholic Church. We are working out the designs of the Holy Ghost. Whatever is best for ourselves and our country will inevitably result. We are poor, we are reconciled to the will of God when expressed by His Church. With the Church we shall struggle for freedom. We are your superior, Mr. English bigot. Here, and hereafter, our souls are free. There is blood on you. We are respectable before the world—you are despised. We are honored of all in the honor of the Roman Catholic Church. — *Western Watchman*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

THE Rev. William J. Moser, of Peterboro', writes to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, the following account of a strange occurrence. He says: "A young servant, religiously brought up, has adopted a pious practice of having a Mass said each month for the souls in purgatory, making the customary alms from her limited wages. Brought to Paris by her employers, she never failed to observe this work of charity, and she had always been accustomed to assist in person at the Divine sacrifice which she had caused to be offered. Her intercession had for its more especial object the deliverance of the soul whose expiation had been nearly achieved. Soon God tried her by a long illness, which not only caused her to endure much bodily suffering, but which resulted in the loss of her situation, and she was reduced to her last resources. The day when she was able to leave the hospital a single franc was all she possessed. She prayed to God with confidence for help, and went in quest of employment. She had been directed to a registry office at the other end of the town, and she proceeded there, but, passing a church on the way, she entered it.

"The sight of a priest at the altar reminded her that she had omitted this month her ordinary devotion, and that this was precisely the day on which she had been accustomed to have Mass said for the souls in purgatory. But what if she applied her last franc for the purpose! She would not have anything to provide herself with food. There was an inward struggle for the moment. 'After all,' she said to herself, 'God knows that it is for Him, and therefore he will not forsake me.' She entered the sacristy, made her offering and assisted at the Mass offered for her intention. Afterwards she proceeded on her journey, filled with an anxiety easy to imagine. Absolutely destitute, how was she to satisfy her wants for that day? She had nowhere to go. Just, however, as she was turning a corner into a street, a young man, pale, of slight build, and gentlemanly appearance, approached her, and said: 'Are you in search of a situation?' Yes, sir." Very well; go

into such a street, and to such a number, to Madame——. I believe that you will suit her, and that you will be happy there.' He disappeared among the passengers without waiting to hear the thanks which the poor servant had commenced to address him. She found the street, recognized the number, and ascended to the apartment of Madame——. A servant was leaving the house carrying a bundle under her arm, and muttering words of anger. 'Can Madame receive me?' asked the newcomer. 'Perhaps she can, perhaps she can't,' replied the other; 'what matters it to me? Madame will tell you herself, I have nothing to do with her; good morning.' And she descended with her bundle.

"Our heroine remained trembling, where she was, when a sweet voice told her to advance, and she found herself in the presence of an aged lady of venerable appearance, who encouraged her to make known her errand. 'Madame' said the servant, 'I have learnt a few moments ago that you required a housemaid, and I have come to offer myself to you. I was assured that you would receive me with kindness.' 'My child what you tell me is very extraordinary. It is only half an hour ago that I dismissed an insolent servant, and there is not another soul in the world besides myself who knows it; who, then, has sent you?' 'He was a gentleman, quite young, whom I met in the street; he stopped me to tell me. I have thanked God for it, as it is necessary that I should find a situation to-day, for I am entirely without money.

"The old lady could not understand who the person could be, and she became lost in conjectures, when the servant raising her eyes to look about the room, perceived a portrait. 'There, Madame,' said she, 'it is no longer a difficulty; there is exactly the face of the young man who spoke to me. It is at his instigation I have come.' At these words the lady uttered a cry and nearly fainted away. She made the girl tell her all her history, of her devotion to the suffering souls, the Mass in the morning, and the meeting of the stranger. Then, throwing herself on the young girl's neck, she embraced her with tears and said: 'You shall not be my servant, but

from this moment you are my daughter. It was my son, my only son, that you saw; my son, dead these two years, who owes his deliverance to you, and who has been permitted by God to send you here. Remain here, then, and be happy, and henceforth we will pray together for the suffering souls in purgatory, that they may enter into a happy eternity.' Those who perform this charitable duty of assisting the holy souls in purgatory, are not forgotten; but they will be remembered in an especial manner, and will themselves receive the benefit of such charitable aid when they shall be in need of it; that is to say, that God will not permit a soul to be neglected in purgatory who in life assisted those souls."

CONNEMARA.

A PRIEST SHOWS HOW FUNDS ARE USED TO PROSELYTIZE.

WRITING of the Irish Church Missions, Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough and a Protestant of the ultra type, said that it was "a society whose object is to pervert the Catholic peasants by all sorts of bribes and unworthy dodges. Connemara, the only district in Ireland where this mischievous society has had any success, has been for so long disturbed by their efforts that any effectual relief of distress is rendered very difficult."

The following letter, corroborative of Lord Churchill's damaging statement, has appeared in the *Dublin Freeman*:

SIR,—In order to substantiate, even in a small way, the statement of Lord Randolph Churchill, M. P., in reference to the "bribes and unworthy dodges" of the Irish Church Missions, allow me to append the following few facts. The comparatively small funds placed at our disposal for the relief of distress have debarred us giving many persons in great destitution regular supplies of Indian meal. Three Catholic heads of dissatisfactorily relieved families were induced to go to the Irish Church Missions' emporium. They struck a bargain with the holy firm, and sent their children to the forbidden schools; and one of them, in order to give good value for his keep, actually went to church.

Since this unholy barter was effected those conscience-tortured wretches are enabled to "live riotously" on superabundant supplies of tea, sugar, and flour, and, with a view to make the "new faith" look decent, clothes also have been given to them. But there is no doubt that when hunger loosens its fell grip conscience will assert its sway, and those degraded, demoralized creatures will return sorrowful and heartbroken to seek to be reconciled with their religion and with their God. These evident acts of bribery have happened since the Dublin Mansion House Committee gave a grant of £30 to the Irish Church Missions' clergyman. I protested against this enormous sum being given, as there was not a second Protestant family in the entire parish in need of relief; and I stated my belief that the money would be used as a supplement to the Church Missions' funds. My protest, however, was not entertained, and the temptations held out to the starving Catholic wretches to whom I have referred clearly show that my prospective views as to the uses to which the Mansion House grant would be put had been quite accurate. The irritatingly disproportionate grant, too, made by the Duchess of Marlborough's committee to the Protestant Bishop of Tuam for Protestant relief in Connemara has, I am sure, enabled the soul-traffickers to make liberal bids for the loan of the consciences of the hunger-wasted Catholic poor. I would ask the Rev. Mr. Smylie not to read this letter, for it might hereafter interpose between him and the "All-seeing Eye," and thus prevent him from again stating that he "never heard of any Church Missions' agent, either lay or clerical, to ask any Roman Catholic to become a Protestant, much less to offer him a bribe."

For the enlightenment of the Rev. Mr. Smylie, for the satisfaction of a distinguished young nobleman who has had the courage of his honest convictions, and for the dignity of our common humanity, I anxiously desire that this question of Irish Church Missions' bribery would be seriously looked after. I invite an impartial commission of inquiry into its doings in Connemara, and, if Lord Randolph Churchill would kindly have himself represented on this

inquiry I faithfully promise his lordship that his statement as to Church Missions' "bribes and unworthy dodges" will be more than verified. For I have good reason to know that such an inquiry would bring to light mean acts of bribery and unworthy dodges which would startle and put to shame not only the Lord High Chancellor of England, but even the sorriest Bible reader in Connemara in whose breast the faintest spark of decency and manliness may as yet have happened to escape extinction. If the dark, ugly pall of lies and deceit which shrouds the working of this society were lifted up its very contributors, who are supposed to entertain Christian feelings, would turn from it in disgust, and pronounce it "an unclean thing." There is not an unprejudiced man of honor and of truth in Connemara (no matter what his religious belief may be) under whose notice the working of this vile society has fallen who will not declare the system to be a hollow, hypocritical, mischievous humbug—a degradation to a Christian land—a disgrace to society—a hideous blur on natural and revealed religion, and an impudent outrage on Almighty God. I am, sir, &c.,

B. McANDREW, P.P., Ballinakill.

THE SWORD SONG OF THEODORE KOERNER.

BY LADY WILDE.

ON the last night of Theodore Koerner's fated young life, when an engagement on the morrow seemed imminent, as the French army, under Davoust, were hovering near, the excitement of his feelings denied him either sleep or rest. His soul, like a burning altar brand sheathed in the frailest clay, could not choose but reveal itself in flame; and as he paced up and down in the early dawn, he wrote down on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, that wild, wonderful song, destined to be so famous from the tragic circumstances of the composition, in which the fire of his nature has become, as it were, fixed and enduring for all ages, as the fiery spark prisoned within the opal gem. Some idea of the fierce power of this bridal

hymn of battle may be had from the following translation by Lady Wilde:—

Sword in my right hand gleaming
Where Freedom's flag is streaming,
I grasp thee in pride,
My Love, my Bride,
Hurrah!

Fierce in thy glorious beauty,
I'll guard the with lover's duty,
Unsheathed in the fight,
For God and Right,
Hurrah!

"Where the blood-red rain is falling,
I'll answer my lover's calling,
For the sword by thy side
Is a Patriot's Bride,
Hurrah!

And, so thou art crowned victorious,
With the Palm or the Laurel glorious,
Let the battle's breath
Bring life—bring death,
Hurrah!"

Ha, sword in thy scabbard clashing,
Dost thirst for the wild war flashing,
Round the flag of the free,
When thou'rt wed with me
Hurrah!

Our vows be the swift balls bounding,
Our hymns be the trumpets sounding,
Let the earth flush red
For our bridal bed,
Hurrah!

"Where Freedom's flag is leading,
Where tyrant foes lie bleeding,
I pant and pine
For the crimson wine,
Hurrah!

"The sheath may no longer cover
My lips from the lips of my lover.
As the lightning bright,
I leap to the fight!
Hurrah!"

Then, forward! all dangers braving,
As a flame in my right hand waving,
Whether crowned or dead,
Ere the day has fled,
Hurrah!

Forward! where glory is calling—
Forward! where tyrants are falling—
Where the red ranks ride
I shall bear my bride,
Hurrah!

As a lover her bright form pressing
To my heart in a mad caressing,
With a wild delight,
As a bridegroom might,
Hurrah!

Thunder with thunder meeting
Be the chant of our Bridal greeting,
At the Altar stand
Freedom's sacred band,
Hurrah!

Curse on the coward would falter
By such a bride at the altar,
Be her kiss rose red,
On the dying or dead,
Hurrah!

Now the bridal morn is breaking,
The trumpets peal the awaking,
With my Iron Bride
Fate and Death are defied.
Hurrah for the Bride!
Hurrah!

As Theodore read aloud this song to his comrades, he struck his sword against the scabbard at the end of each verse. At the same instant every sword was unsheathed, and the clash and clang of the sabres of Lutzow's Wild Huntmen responded in magnificent music to the poet's "Hurrah!" Ere the mighty echo had died away, the French were seen approaching through the gray mist in overwhelming numbers; but the Black Band of Vengeance never retreated before a foe, and in vain Lutzow sounded the *rappel*.

Theodore, foremost and bravest, the boldest of the bold, dashed forward amidst a shower of bullets, performing prodigies of valour as he cut his way through the enemy's ranks with his sword, his Iron Bride. At length his horse was shot under him, and he fell. In an instant he was surrounded, for the young poet of freedom was the most dangerous enemy which tyranny had evoked in Germany. For him, whose genius had inspired a nation to vengeance and victory, there was no quarter. A bullet passed through the young hero's body as he lay prostrate, shattering his spine, and Theodore lay dead with the music of his own wild death-song still vibrating on his lips.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE EARL OF FERRERS.

THE IRISH ARISTOCRACY OF THE PAST.

Who was the author of that remarkable work, "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," published in Dublin in 1847, and now so entirely out of print as to warrant the suspicion that it was bought up in order to suppress it? That book, in point of fact, was a historic revelation, was a veritable and unanswerable indictment against the wicked and cor-

rupt aristocracy of Ireland before the Union.

"Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was written by a very able man, no less a personage than the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland—namely, John Edward Walshe, Privy Councillor and LL. D. Born in November, 1816, educated—winning honors—at Trinity College, Dublin; Irish attorney-general in June, 1866; Member of Parliament for Dublin University in July; Master of the Rolls, with £4,000 a year, in October, 1866; holding that office until his death in October in 1869. Edward Sullivan sergeant-at-law, succeeded him in January, 1870, and still holds the office—well paid for doing next to nothing.

Sergeant Walshe was only 31 years old when he wrote "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," and though its authorship was occasionally attributed to him, the fact was largely doubted, on the ground that the work showed a more intimate knowledge of Irish society in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century than a man born in 1816 possibly could have known. The fact was, however, that, like most of us, Mr. Walshe had a father. The Rev. Robert Walshe, vicar of Finglas, near Glasnevin, a well known suburb of Dublin, and one of the authors of a good "History of Dublin," was Mr. Walshe's father, and very capable, and no doubt willing, to keep his son "posted" on the subject of ante-union manners and morals in the latter years of the century which closed, sadly and disgracefully, with the betrayal of what had been left of Irish independence, once a bright reality, and now but a dream of memory.

When the younger Walshe was appointed second equity judge in Ireland by a Tory Government, he may have thought it prudent gradually to call in and destroy his little book; which told such startling stories of the former aristocracy of rank and wealth in Ireland.

It was claimed by the Irish as well as by the English, House of Lords that when a member of that assembly was indicted for felony, which included high treason and murder, he should be tried, not by what is called "a jury of his fellows," but by the whole body of the peerage. In all cases except this—that is, in the ordinary courts of law—a

plain and stinging oath has to be taken by each of the twelve jurymen impanelled to decide, before God and man, on the innocence or guilt of the accused. But, on the trial of a peer by "his fellows" (that is, by the House of Lords) no such oath is taken. When the trial is concluded, the peers, beginning with the junior baron, are called upon to pronounce on the evidence, and this is simply done by each peer saying, "Guilty, upon my honor," or "Not guilty," as the case may be.

During the last two centuries, the number of capital convictions of peers by the House of Lords has been very small indeed. I recollect only one instance in England. In the last year of the reign of George II., when Lawrence Shirley, fourth Earl of Ferrers, an English nobleman, charged with the brutal and unprovoked murder of his confidential land-steward, Wm. Johnson, whom he shot through the head, was placed at the bar of the House of Lords, in April, 1760, and, being convicted, was hanged at Tyburn, then one of the suburbs of London, on the 5th of May following. Many efforts were made to obtain the pardon of this noble assassin, but the king, in obstinate old Geoman, properly declined to exercise the prerogative of mercy. All the favor accorded to Lord Ferrers, was that, instead of being drawn in a cart, like any vulgar law-breaker, from Newgate prison to the gallows at Tyburn Green, he should be conveyed thither in his own coach and four, and that the rope, instead of being made of *hemp*, as usual, would be one of *silk*. At any rate, Earl Ferrers was executed, and his body delivered over for dissection, according to the custom of the time and place, was taken to Surgeon's Hall, where it came under the knife, after which it was removed by his family for interment.

There is one instance at least of justice done by the English House of Lords in a trial for a capital offence. I do not remember, I have not found, on close search, any parallel case in connection with the Irish House of Lords. A young Irish nobleman, called Lord Santry, in a drunken spree at Palmerstown, near Dublin, on the 9th of August, 1738, plunged his sword, wholly without provocation, into the body of a public-house

pot boy, named Loughlin Murphy, and so severely injured him that the victim died on the 25th of September following.

The "noble" and "right honorable" murderer was brought to trial—not before the Court of King's Bench, but at the bar of the House of Lords. The murder was proven. The defence was that Murphy died, not by the sword wound, but by a disease of long standing. Lord Santry was convicted. Various influences were used to obtain his pardon, but the sovereign, that same George II. who declined to spare the life of Lord Ferrers, did not see any justice in dealing mercy to a wilful murderer solely because he was a nobleman.

After all his lordship escaped. Sir Compton Domville, his uncle, owner of Tenenpleague, through which property the river Dodder runs, then yielding the principal supply of water to the city of Dublin, threatened to divert the stream from the city, and a bargain was made, by which, this threat being withdrawn, Lord Santry was allowed to escape from prison. He found an asylum in Italy, where he died.

A few days later the fifth Viscount Netterville was tried for murdering one Michael Walsh, but escaped owing to an informality in the evidence, and in 1798 Lord Kingsborough was acquitted by the House of Lords on the charge of having murdered Colonel Fitzgerald. For the most part, indeed, trials of British and Irish peers of "their fellows" have been mere mockeries of justice.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE following sensible advice of Todd to students will be found worthy of reducing to practice. "As far as possible keep out of debt. Nothing, except loss of character, ever weighs down the spirits of a student, like a load of accumulating debts. To say nothing about independent feeling which he can no more enjoy than an 'empty bag can stand upright;' there is an agony about it of which the stirring, active, bargain-making man cannot conceive. It haunts the soul day and night; and the man who can prosper in his studies while sinking in debt, must have feelings peculiar to himself, and be made of 'sterner stuff'

than most men. All the efforts of denying yourself the luxuries, and even the comforts of life, are light in comparison with the burden of debt."

ST. PATRICK'S STAFF.—When St. Patrick was returning from Rome to France, on his way back to Ireland, to bring to its distant shores the knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, stopped for a night's rest at a venerable convent of monks which was situated on the Gulf of Genoa.

The work and labors of these pious monks were the spiritual and temporal care of the poor, benighted, shipwrecked sailors, who sought refuge there from the Turks. To the reverend father of the monastery St. Patrick revealed his name, mission, and his privileges just received from the Papal court, and after the evening's frugal collation was invited to the sacred precincts of their chapter-room. The distinctiveness of the personal appearance of the monks amazed and puzzled our saint. One half the number of the holy brethren seemed decrepit, infirm, and old, bent in form, their beards silvered with age; while on the other side an equal number looked young and fresh in years and manners. But St. Patrick's wonder increased when one of the most youthful of the pious monks, in course of conversation and in conference with our saint, informed him that the very old men were their children. "It is," (said the seeming young monk in years and voice) "over a century since I and my companions you observe near me came here to live in this sanctified monastic retreat giving praise to God and labouring for the poor sailors' souls redeemed by the precious blood of his only Son. A common bond united us in the world, as we were all widowers, and to the most of our number had the paternal and spiritual charge of a son been assigned by an almighty and wise providence. Those elderly, bent frames yonder, strange pilgrim, are, so you now know, really our children in the spirit and the flesh. The reason and cause of this strange reversal of nature I will unfold to you for your edification and future thanksgiving. One happy night in time long ago it was our blessed fortune to entertain at our humble board a pilgrim of gentle mien

and heavenly sweetness of manner. When about to bid us adieu after the hour of prime next day, in return for our hospitality and good feeling towards him, he bade our father prior assemble us in his presence and presented him the staff he bore in his hand, saying: 'In thanksgiving for the generous hospitality you have extended to me I leave you this staff; for the time it remains in your possession the lapse of years will have no effect upon your strength or appearance. Keep it safe until my son Patrick, and the apostle of my word, rests here on his way northward to Erin to convert and bring souls under the banner of my everlasting truth. In the years to come, when he shall rest here, after prostration at the feet of my Vicar on earth, treat him with all the honor and respect his priestly rank commands; on his departure from your midst give into his hands this same staff as a memorial from me, carrying with it all blessings and graces on him and his apostolic labors.' Standing beneath the shade of yonder olive-tree, we listened in awe to the strange bequest and command of the Pilgrim, who, when he had finished speaking, vanished from our astonished sight, and was never again seen here or around this coast. As I informed you before, pilgrim priest, our children in time, one by one, entered our community; but the blessing of perennial youth for so long a succession of years had not been extended to them, and you see they are withered branches on a yet blooming stalk.

"When you depart from our unworthy midst, great apostle of Erin, for the sainted western isle of the future, we shall expect soon our release from the bonds of flesh, and then, chanting on high the eternal anthem of glory, will chant praises for your labors before the heavenly throne."

This is the legendary history of the famous staff which St. Patrick ever carried with him on his journey through the length and breadth of Erin. After his death it was preserved as a precious relic in St. Patrick's Cathedral of Armagh for over a hundred years. It is said now, by some annalists, to have been transferred to Christ Church in Dublin.

RUINED BY A SPIDER.—Spiders crawl-

ing more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand. Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December, of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, then of unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch Envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French Generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen and its Generals, who duly estimated his character, and relied upon his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat. Within twelve days frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated; and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

FIRST OCCURRENCES.—Post offices were first established in 1464. Watches were first constructed in 1476. The first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493. Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517. Ignatius Loyola founded the Order of the Jesuits in 1535. Modern needles first came into use in 1545. The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1589. Coaches were first used in England in 1569. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588. The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753. Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. The first use of a locomotive in the United States was in 1820. Kerosene was first used for light-

ing purposes in 1826. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. Telescopes were invented in 1560.

INTERESTING FACTS.—The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1301, was opened Jan. 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute (the Dane), who crossed over to England in 1017, was found 1779, by workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had probably lain 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump. In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the Church of Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails and joints remained as though it had been newly buried. Robert Braybrook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1331, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's was taken out of his tomb, after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and although he had lain there no less than 262 years, his body was found firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails. The Convent de St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Prince Rodriguez taken out, who had been buried alive in 1565, exactly as when placed 250 years before. His daughter, 2 years and 6 months old, was lying at her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The position of his hands shows that he was suspended by the body and neck till he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron are deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard are firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.—About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so de-

cisive a manner as to remind one of the ears of Puss or of Tray when suddenly called. Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirees by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little. A man I knew well wore an enormous shock of raven hair, and would allow himself to be lifted by the hair from the ground by any one who was strong enough to do it, and to be swung to and fro like a pendulum, or to be dragged along the floor. The faculty of sleeping at will was one of the endowments of the first Napoleon, who it is said could sleep any length of time, long or short, and awake at the time, almost to a minute, he had resolved upon. Among the muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who could throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular with the wrist. Other instances I have seen though but a few, of persons who can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use or the ordinary symmetry of the hand affected. Of left handed people we have all seen many, and they abound among the working class; but of the artibandist or both-handed, that is, with persons who could do everything with either hand, as well with one as the other, I have known but one in the whole course of my life. This was an orphan boy who had no parental care, but had been left almost to himself from infancy. Quick, active and sharp witted, he had taught himself many things tolerably well, could draw fairly; could play the fiddle and flute, and wrote admirably and with unrivaled rapidity with either hand. There are many persons who, from causes they can never explain, have a repugnance, almost amounting to horror in some cases for certain animals. The French General Junot, who was as cool as a cucumber amidst a storm of bullets, and would face the cannon's mouth unmoved, would take to his heels at the sight of a live frog, and would not recover his equanimity for

hours. I have known a man who could not touch mutton, however cooked, while he would eat heartily of any other meat. Some there are in whom the thought of eating hare or rabbit excites loathing; some who would starve rather than eat shell-fish of any kind; and there are not a few to whom butter and cheese are abominations. Others are equally prejudiced against certain vegetables, but why and wherefore they can never tell you.—*Leisure Hours.*

BIBLE FACTS.—The learned Prince of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, was imprisoned in the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty three years in this living tomb he wrote in his Bible the following: In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 5855 times and the word revered but once, and that in the 9th verse of the CXIth Psalm. The 8th verse of the CXVIIth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the VIIIth chapter of Esther is the longest verse; 35th verse, XIth chapter of St John is the shortest. In the CVIth Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th 21st, and 31st. Each verse of the CXXXVIth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The XXXVIIth chapter of Isaiah and XIXth chapter of 2d Kings are alike, the word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3d verse and IIIId chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The XXVIth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the XXIIId Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John XIVth chapter and 2d verse, John VIth chapter and 37th verse, St Matthew XIth chapter and 28th verse, and XXXVIIth Psalm, 4th verse. The first verse of the LXth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn the VIth chapter of Matthew.

CURIOSITIES OF STATISTICS.—As a fair example of curiosity of statistics, says Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, "take the army of Xerxes when it crossed the Hellespont to invade Greece.

Herodotus gives it as 1,700,000 foot, 100,000 horse and 517,000 naval forces; total, 2,317,000 and adds that this was swollen by the attendants to 5,200,000; and all this to invade a country which in no age known to history contained over 1,500,000 inhabitants. Another favorite myth of historians is the story of that famous Alexandrian Library of 700,000 volumes, burned by the Caliph Omar, A. D. 640, with a rhetorical dilemma in his mouth. Unfortunately for this highly-dramatic tale, no two writers are agreed as to the circumstances, except as to the single fact that there was a library at Alexandria. And that it ceased to exist in the seventh century. To ask a modern inquirer to believe that 700,000 books were gathered in one body 800 years before the invention of printing, while the largest library in the world, four centuries after the multiplication of books began, contained less than 200,000 volumes, is altogether too great a stretch of credulity. Even in reporting the size of modern libraries, exaggeration holds away. The library of George IV., inherited by that graceless ignoramus from a book-collecting father, and presented to the British nation with ostentatious liberality only after he had failed to sell it to Russia, was said, in the publications of the time to contain about 120,000 volumes. But an actual enumeration when the books were lodged in the King's Library at the British Museum, where they have ever since remained, showed that there were only 65,250 volumes, being little more than half the number reported. Many libraries, public and private, are equally over-estimated. It is so much easier to guess than to count, and the stern test of arithmetic is too seldom applied, notwithstanding the fact that 100,000 volumes can easily be counted in a day by two or three persons, and so on in the same proportion. Here, as in the statistics of population, the same proverb holds good, that the unknown is always the magnificent, and on the surface of the globe we inhabit the unexplored country is always the most marvelous since the world began.

DIFFICULTIES.—The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Having finished the task we proposed to ourselves at the outset: "The Wonders of Astronomy," and as we hope with credit to ourselves, and satisfaction to our readers, we shall now turn our attention to a cognate subject,

LIGHT AND DISTANCE.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT ILLUMINATION.

FROM time to time we hear of plans to illuminate whole cities by a great light from a single point. The credulity of the newspaper public about affairs belonging to Physics is so great, that we are not surprised if such plans are spoken of as practicable; though, indeed one needs but to cast a glance of reflection on them, to be at once convinced of their impracticability.

The impracticability does not consist so much in this, that no such intense light can be made artificially as in the circumstance that the illuminating power of light decreases enormously as we recede from it.

In order to explain this to our readers, let us suppose that on some high point in Montreal City, say Notre Dame Church steeple, an intensely brilliant light be placed, as bright as can be produced by gases or electricity. We shall see, presently, how the remoter streets in Montreal would be illuminated.

For the sake of clearness, let us imagine for a moment, that at a square's distance from Notre Dame Church there is a street, intersecting Notre Dame at right angles. We will call it "A" street. At a square's distance from "A" street let us imagine another street running parallel to it, which we will call "B" street; and again, at a square's distance, a street parallel to "B" street, called "C" street; thus let us imagine seven streets in all—from "A" to "G"—running parallel, each at a square's distance from the other, and intersecting Notre Dame at right angles. Besides this, let us suppose there is a street called "X" street, running parallel with Notre Dame and at a square's distance from it; then we shall have

seven squares, which are to be illuminated by one great light.

It is well known that light decreases in intensity the further we recede from it; but this intensity decreases in a peculiar proportion. In order to understand this proportion we must pause a moment, for it is something not easily comprehended. We hope, however, to present it in such a shape, that the attentive reader will find no difficulty in grasping a great law of nature, which, moreover, is of the greatest moment for a multitude of cases.

Physics teach us, by calculation and experiments, the following:

If a light illuminates a certain space, its intensity at twice the distance is not twice as feeble, but two times two, equal four times, as feeble. At three times the distance it does not shine three times as feeble, but three times three, that is nine times. In scientific language this is expressed thus: "The intensity of light decreases in the ratio of the square of the distance from its source."

Let us now try to apply this to our example.

We will take it for granted that the great light on Notre Dame steeple shines so bright, that one is just able to read these pages at a square's distance, viz., on "A" street.

On "B" street it will be much darker than on "A" street; it will be precisely four times darker, because "B" street is twice the distance from Notre Dame Church, and $2 \times 2 = 4$. Hence, if we wish to read this on "B" street, our letters must cover four times the space they do now.

"C" street is three times as far from the light as "A" street; hence it will be nine times darker there, for $3 \times 3 = 9$. This page, in order to be readable there, would then have to cover nine times the space it occupies now.

The next street, being four times as remote from the light as "A" street, our letters, according to the rule given above, would have to cover sixteen times the present space, for it is sixteen times darker than on "A" street.

"E" street, which lies at five times the distance from the light, will be twenty-five times darker, for $5 \times 5 = 25$. "F" street, which is six times the distance, we shall find thirty-six times

darker; and lastly, "G" street, seven times the distance from the light, will be forty-nine times darker than "A" street, because $7 \times 7 = 49$. The letters of a piece of writing, in order to be legible there, must cover forty-nine times the surface that our letters cover now

But the reader will exclaim: "This evil can be remedied. We need but place forty-nine lights on Notre Dame steeple; there will then be sufficient light on "G" street for any newspaper or this sheet to be read." Our young friends will easily perceive, however, that it is more judicious to distribute to forty-nine lights in different places on Notre Dame Street, than to put them all on one spot.

This is sufficient to convince any one and especially our young readers that we may be able to illuminate large public places with *one* light, but not the streets of a city, and still less whole cities.

In our next and succeeding chapters, we may have occasion to notice Edison and his Electric light.

PUBLIUS LENTULUS'S LETTER TO THE SENATE OF ROME CONCERNING CHRIST.

THE following beautiful pen and ink picture of our Divine Saviour from a heathen Roman, will be a most acceptable treat to our young readers:—It being the usual custom of the Roman governors to advertise the Senate and the people of such material things as happened in their respective provinces, in the days of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, Publius Lentulus, at that time being President of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning our Blessed Saviour:

"CONSCRIPT FATHERS,—Here appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and by the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of trust, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair of the color of chesnuts full ripe, plain to his eyes, whence downward it is more orient of color, somewhat

waved and curling about his shoulders. In the middle of his head is a seam or partition of the hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead plain and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red. His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard somewhat thick, in color like his hair, and not of a great length, but forked. His look innocent and mature. His eyes, grey, clear, and quick. In his admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken, pleasant in speech mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any one hath seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body well shaped and straight, his hands and arms right and delectable to behold. In speaking, very modest and wise, a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

THE EVILS RESULTING FROM ROMANCE READING.

ROMANCES are a dangerous recreation. A few, no doubt, of the best may be friendly to good taste and good morals; but far the greater part are unskillfully written, and tend to corrupt the heart, and stimulate the passions. A habit of reading them breeds a dislike to history, and all the substantial of knowledge, withdraws the attention from nature and truth, and fills the mind with extravagant thoughts, and too often with criminal propensities. I would therefore caution my young readers against them: or, if they must, for the sake of amusement, and that they may have something to say on the subject, indulge themselves in this way now and then, let it be sparingly and seldom.

PLAYING CARDS.

It is generally believed, that Cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that first invented these instruments of amusement and folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came, viz., Egypt. The colors are two, red and black, which answer to the equinox. The suites are

four, answering to the four seasons. Their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain: for the heart, a cup, the emblem of Winter—the spade, an acorn, the emblem of Autumn—a club, the trefoil, the emblem of Summer—the diamond, a rose, the emblem of Spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the Zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the fifty-two weeks of the year. The thirteen cards in each suite to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips calculated in the following manner, amount to the number of days in a year:—

55 Amount in each suite.

4 Suites.

220

120 Court cards multiplied by 10.

12 Number of court cards.

13 Number of each suite.

Total, 365

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. In how many points does the Catholic Church differ from all the other so-called Churches?
2. Give in a diagram the derivation of the word News?
3. Who wrote the "Pursuits of Literature?"
4. Who was "Junius," the author of the celebrated letters under that name?
5. What do you understand by the "Second Estate?"
6. What by the "Fourth Estate?"
7. The sum of two lines is 26 inches, and the difference 8 inches, find the lines?
8. If the sides of a triangle be 6, 8 and 12 feet, calculate the segments into which the perpendicular divides the side, whose length is 12 feet?
9. What was the National debt of Ireland at the Union. Give the percentage of increase to 1880?

REVIEWS.

THE WESTERN HOME JOURNAL.—This well known Catholic paper published at Detroit, Mich., is, we are glad to notice, meeting with great success, so much so that the proprietor has found it necessary to enlarge it to make room for the increased advertising patronage bestowed upon him. We are very glad that the *Journal* is meeting with such well-merited success. It is now, with one exception, the largest Catholic paper published in the United States.

THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLAND.—By Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa.

THE SORROWS OF THE OLD LAND.—By Rt. Rev. John J. Hogan, D. D., Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo.

ENGLAND'S CRIME.—By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

Three lectures delivered in Chicago, St. Patrick's Day, 1880, by request of the Irish-American Council of Chicago in aid of the Irish Relief Fund.

Great praise is due to the enterprising publisher, Mr. P. T. Sherlock, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago, for being instrumental in rescuing these noble discourses from oblivion, and presenting them to the people in a shape that they can preserve and hand their children to study as grand lessons in Irish history.

F A C E T I Æ.

Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought himself a herring, when the fisherman knew he was not.

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, Sir; we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?" "Na, na, 'deed na; we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus?"

How to acquire short hand—Fool around a buzz-saw.

The smallest boy is looking after the running gear of his last year's sled.

The man who borrows five dollars is still suffering from the panic of '73.

"A good workman is known by his chips"—and so is a good poker player.

Carpets, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

The new way to spell it is "mesulz," but if you have it in that way it is sure death.

Any small boy who has green apple experience knows the misery that is brought to a party by internal disputes.

A thorough man of the world is one who can shake hands cordially with a friend whom he has just blackballed at a club.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.—"Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"—

The rage for decorations has not yet extended to buckwheat cakes. They are still made plain and are seldom mailed up on parlor walls.

Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a bright snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shovelling away a big drift, its orneriness, mean and disgusting.

Since silk, it has been discovered, causes spontaneous combustion, young men should never hug a girl even in a dark parlor without having a bucket of water within reach of the sofa.

Compared to women, how insignificant is man, especially in the matter of baggage. As a rule, you can stand his trunk up on top of hers and still have room enough there for a game of parlor croquet.

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pig-tail to be cut off, saying in explanation: "Too muchee yank."

A belle, meeting her rival, said, with an air of much concern: "My dear, how old you look to-day. I never saw you look so old!" "Well," she quietly replied "that is not at all wonderful, for, you see, I never was so old before as I am to-day!"

A map of New York has been published on which all the churches are distinctly marked. This fills a long-felt want. For when a countryman visits the city the first place he wants to go to is a church. Nine times out of ten he gets into a theatre by mistake.

Little Franky's mother was very pious, but she was an invalid, and so his auntie, who was also pious, looked after his religious instruction, and let no occasion pass to enforce some precept. One day Franky suddenly said: "Oh, dear, I wish I had wings!" This angelic inspiration was regarded with great joy by the two sisters, and they eagerly asked why he wished for wings. "Oh," said Franky. "I'd fly up into the air and take Aunt Susan with me, and when I couldn't go any higher I'd let her drop."

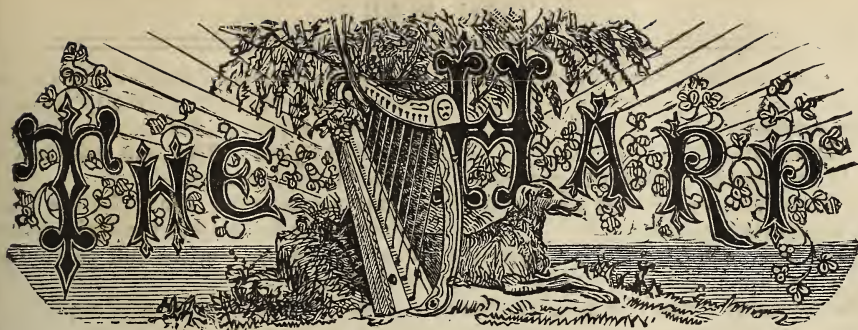
A young man who was pleasantly engaged in dealing out taffy to his girl over the telephone wire the other day, was much disgusted at hearing a voice from the central office remark: "Please hurry up if you have anything to say; there is a business man waiting for the wire."

Once, in travelling, the Rev. Dr. Bledsoe was exceedingly annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him, and made a great parade of his shallow learning. The doctor bore it as long as he could, and at length looking at him gravely, said: "You and I know all that is to be known." "How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a very complimentary association. "Why," said the doctor, "You know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in May.
1	Sat	The English fleet under Herbert, beaten by the French under Chateau Benaud in Bantry Bay, bringing supplies to James II., 1689. Archibald Hamilton Rowan escaped from prison, 1794.
2	Sun	ROGATION SUNDAY. Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's rising, 1608.
3	Mon	ST. CONLAETH, Patron of Kildare. Edmund Sheehy hanged 1776.
4	Tues	Red Hugh O'Donnell inaugurated and proclaimed "The O'Donnell," 1592. Meeting of the United Irishmen in the Tailor's Hall, Dublin, dispersed, and their papers seized, 1794.
5	Wed	Napoleon died in St. Helena, 1821. Great Tenant-Right Meeting at Millstreet, Co. Cork, 1850.
6	Thurs	ASCENSION THURSDAY. An Irish Parliament summoned by James II., 1689.
7	Fri	Monster meeting at the Curragh of Kildare, 70,000 present, 1843.
8	Sat	Battle of Lough Swilly, 1567.
9	Sun	Cromwell repulsed at the battle of Clonmel, 1649.
10	Mon	ST. COMGALL. Assembly of Irish Bishops at Kilkenny to deliberate on the state of the kingdom, 1641. From this assembly was issued an address to the Catholics of Ireland declaring the war to be just.
11	Tues	Battle of Fontenoy. British routed by the Irish Brigade, 1745.
12	Wed	First Meeting of the Protestant Repeal Association in the Music Hall, Dublin, 1848.
13	Thurs	Desmond, Earl of Kildare, founded Gray Friary, Adare, Limerick, 1464. Pope Pius IX born, 1790.
14	Fri	ST. CARTHAGE, Patron of Lismore. Henry Grattan died, 1820. O'Connell's remains deposited under Round Tower, Glasnevin, 1869.
15	Sat	ST. DYMNA. O'Connell entered the House of Commons, and refused to take the Oaths, 1829. O'Connell died at Genoa, 1847.
16	Sun	ST. BRENDAN, Patron of Kerry and Clonfert. <i>Dies Infandum!</i> This is the anniversary of the first landing of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, 1167.
17	Mon	Lord Camden's proclamation against the United Irishmen, 1797. Parliament rejects the Repeal Motion, 1844.
18	Tues	Repeal meeting at Charleville, Co. Cork, 300,000 present, 1843. Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout) died at Paris, 1866.
19	Wed	Lord Edward Fitzgerald arrested and mortally wounded, in a house, in Thomas Street, by Major Sirr, 1798.
20	Thurs	Wolfe Tone left Dublin for Belfast on his way to America, 1795.
21	Fri	Henry and John Sheares arrested, 1798. Repeal Meeting at Cork, 500,000 present, 1843.
22	Sat	Samuel Neilson arrested, 1798.
23	Sun	Battle of Ramilies, Irish Brigade protected the rear of the retreating French, and took several standards from the English, who had been victorious. Irish Insurrection bursts forth, 1798.
24	Mon	Fiann Sionna, Monarch of Ireland, died at Tailteinn, in Meath, 916. "United Irishmen," take the town of Prosperous, 1798.
25	Tues	Edward Bruce landed in Ireland at Oldfleet, in the Bay of Larne, on the Antrim coast, 1315. Carlow taken by the insurgents, 1798.
26	Wed	Turlough O'Brien executed, after having suffered a year's imprisonment, 1581. Richard Lalor Shiel died, 1851. Michael Barrett hanged in London, 1868.
27	Thurs	CORPUS CHRISTI. Battle of Oulart Hill, County Wexford, 1798.
28	Fri	Thomas Moore, poet, born 1780. "United Irishmen" capture Enniscorthy, 1798.
29	Sat	Cromwell left Ireland, 1656.
30	Sun	"United Irishmen" win the battle at Three Rocks, county Wexford, 1798. O'Connell and others imprisoned, 1844.
31	Mon	Massacre at the Curragh of Kildare of the Irish, after they had surrendered and laid down their arms, 1798. Third reading of the Irish Protestant Church Disestablishment Bill carried by a majority of 114, 1869.

FAITH.—A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into a perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear the streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.

EDUCATION AND PURE LOVE.—As education and culture lifts the mind above the coarse, low ignorance of the illiterate, so does the seeker after virtue, beauty and love, scorn all that is not a part of his desires, and does not contribute pleasure to his senses.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1880.

No. 8.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the
swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the mighty billows, laughing at
the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors anchored
yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them as they
launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the moun-
tain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley as the mul-
titudes go by—
You can chant in happy measures as they
slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer, they
will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself
a warrior true,
It, when fire and smoke are thickest, there's
no work for you to do—
When the battle-field is silent, you can go
with gentle tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can
cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest garner up the
richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden, which
the careless reaper leaves,
You can glean among the briars growing
rank against the wall,
And it may be that the shadows hide the
heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver ever ready at
command,
If you cannot toward the needy reach an
ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted—o'er the erring
you can weep—
You can be a true disciple sitting at the
Master's feet.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting for some
nobler work to do,
For your Heavenly Father's glory, ever earn-
est ever true.
Go and toil in My vineyard—work in patience
and in prayer,
If you want a field of labor you can find it
anywhere.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

ABOUT two o'clock there was some abate-
ment though not much; and he started
on his nefarious journey. He was not
personally a wicked man. He was not
a cruel man either. But the spirit of
revenge had taken hold on him; and
woe to the man whom such a spirit
seizes. Such a man has no will but one:
reason has no light to see unless the
glare of his revenge; and death and
shame and even damnation are defied
or ignored in the presence of that deity!
Such people are possessed of a devil.

It still rained, as we have been saying
and still the lightning gave notice of
the power, as it often does, of the jus-
tice of God. But on went the murderer,
growing more excited, at every step,
and his heart hardening more in hate.
He is within a quarter of a mile of the
Crag, when he hears a step rapidly ap-
proaching behind him. The first idea
was that he had been discovered—the

next was to fire: "dead men tell no tales."

He stopped!

"Who's that?"

"Who's that? What a hurry you're in! Wasn't I to meet you on the road? and 'tis hunting you I am."

Quirk was now reassured. It was the decreed companion.

They arrived at the court-yard. Sure enough a light steals through a window, looking towards the south. A ladder lies by the wall. All things have been arranged with diabolical accuracy. It looks like doom.

The house dog commences to bark, and from a bark commences a dismal howl—that cry so like the "keene" of a mute beast, who wants to wail out his sorrow by a grave.

"Catch that dog and choke him, or I'll fire!"

"Hush! do you want to send for the Peelers?"

The dog, somehow, seems to get careless. The ladder is laid to the wall beside the window. Steadily the murderer mounts, step by step. He thinks, in spite of himself, of the many men he saw ascending the steps of the gallows. He thinks of his uncle in the pauper's garb; and the cabin in ruins; and the family scattered over the world. Death is trodden out of view.

At last he has reached his vantage ground. All is still. He looks in at the window and plainly sees the bed and its occupier. Giffard D'Alton is on his left side. His head is turned somewhat downward and towards his pillow. The assassin has a plain and perfect mark, as well as a perfect aim! He collects himself for the deadly assault, and stands like a marble pillar. He seems to move the piece by hair-breaths. The rifle went off, but the ball glanced off the eave of the house.

At the moment of firing, a shot is heard. Quirk is struck by a ball from some one nearly in front of him, as he stood turned half round on the ladder; and he dropped to the ground a lifeless corpse!

Giffard D'Alton's hour had not yet come!

One second after the fall of the unfortunate man his companion appeared by his side; but only to snatch the rifle

from the stiffening grasp of Quirk, and then to take the ladder quietly from the window, and lay it flat on the opposite side of the yard. The man was then off in the thick darkness.

Having secreted the rifle, the same fellow made his way to the "right-hand man" and gave him the full particulars of the failure.

"'Tis no failure after all," replied the able coadjutor of Mr. Charles Baring. "We'll hang the man that killed our brother! We will!"

In half-an-hour afterwards the police were at the Crag, and in possession of the dead body. Quirk was well known to them; but why he came there, or who fired the fatal shot was a mystery.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE POLICE DISCUSSED THE DEATH OF QUIRK—THE WITCHES OF THE GLEN ONCE MORE.

The morning broke upon the whole country-side in a state of feverish excitement. As we have said the murdered man was well known to the police, and not at all of unblemished character. What brought him to Mr. Giffard D'Alton's house? Why did he seek access to D'Alton's yard; and why was he shot down on the premises? These were all questions which could only be answered by conjecture. But one thing was clear—a foul deed had been done, and justice should energetically pursue the assassin.

We may say, without disparaging the officials of the day, that the "energy" was sometimes stimulated by motives hardly akin to justice, and that many an honest man suffered by such zeal. "We have obtained five-and-twenty convictions," might be the boast of a Crown Solicitor or even of Mr. Attorney-General himself; and it would really appear that the administration, and even the bench, from time to time, measured the success of justice by the number found "guilty" more than by the merits of their trials; and every one who knows the history of the last half century is aware that hundreds fell victims to the activity which pursued its singular ends by questionable means—and enjoyed the rewards of public servants while they were a persecution and a plague.

There was one who seemed to feel the whole thing keenly; and on whom the ultimate effect was likely to be terrible. Giffard D'Alton came to his court-yard before the policemen had removed the body; and he recognised the man whose life he had poisoned. It was strange that the day before the murder he had sent a messenger to the uncle of Quirk informing the old man that he, Giffard D'Alton, was inclined to "consider him." And, in fact, Mr. D'Alton had been speaking to Father Aylmer and Father Ned about Quirk and others to whom he intended to do some justice. The unfortunate man was now tempted to conclude that all things were too late—even the time of doing justice had passed. He sighed deeply as he contemplated the pale face of the dead man; and then returned to his room without addressing a word to to any one.

But Giffard D'Alton saw the ladder in the yard; and he had a dreamy memory of a figure outlined on his window panes while he dozed; and he came to the conclusion that the 'unfortunate man came to his death while seeking to kill another; and went to judgment a red-handed and hopeless murderer. Giffard D'Alton did not pause to examine much who it was that shot his assailant, but he could not help feeling that the deed had been done in his defence. Another feeling, and a sad one, began to lie heavily upon the old man's soul—he saw that he was destined by some one or by some number to end his days by violence, and, perhaps, without preparation.

The two clergymen and James the Pilgrim met on the same road and same errand. The priest were going to console and support poor old D'Alton, and James the Pilgrim was on his rounds among the neighbors, but specially bound, in present circumstances to visit the Crag. He began recently to have a few words with old Giffard D'Alton, too; and he was a man likely to be very useful in any contingency like the present.

Father Aylmer greeted James with his genial "*Dhia ghuith!*" and James added, as usual, the name of "Mary" in his reply, "*Dhia agus Mhuire ghuith.*" We believe that we have mentioned

already how our people, in reply, always increase the number of sources from which the prayed-for blessings are besought. "God and Mary to you!" answered James.

"We are glad to meet you, James. We just spoke of you."

"God bless you, sir," answered James; but this time in the English language.

"You have heard of the doings at the Crag?"

"Ochone! sad, sad doings, Father!"

"Well, James, what is your view?"

"Bad members, sir, bad members."

"True," Father Ned interposed; "but James, what brought Quirk on the ground?"

"Well, Father," James replied, "one would rather not say anything just now, you know."

"Quite right, James; but what of Mr. Meldon and Amy?"

"Mr. Seymour, sir, has been good enough to write to me, and has given me an account of all that has gone on."

"Come, James, who is Mr. Leyton Seymour? Who is he?" asked Father Ned.

"Mr. Seymour, Father? He is the son of the greatest friend I have met in life. His father was the man who set me free."

"Do you mean the poor scholar?"

"Oh, no, sir. The Hon. John Leyton Seymour was the governor; and it was he that went to all the trouble when he had been told my story, and ordered a good store out of his own money to bring me home."

"He is Leyton Seymour's father, then?"

"Yes, Father."

"And now, James, regarding the murder?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Is it not a fact that Quirk was one of Baring's followers?"

"Many say so."

"And Quirk was shot in old Mr. D'Alton's courtyard?"

"Yes, Father."

"What brought him there?"

"That will come out, father, I suppose; but your question is still the real one, you know—who shot him?"

"Well?"

"Well, I cannot now guess; but the

man who *did not* shoot him will soon be in gaol."

"What!" Father Aylmer impetuously exclaimed.

"I mean, sir," James again answered, "the man who didn't shoot Quirk will soon be in gaol."

"Come!" cried Father Ned. Come, I know."

"Father?" answered the Pilgrim.

"Crichawn will be arrested," cried Father Ned.

"You have it, sir. The man most hated by Charles Baring—except, may be, Mr. Seymour—is the man for the gallows, and——"

"Dead men tell no tales?" said the curate.

"You have it, again," answered the Pilgrim.

Father Ned Power now assumed look and tone of great solemnity. He took James the Pilgrim by the hand.

"James Feehan," said Father Ned, "you can solve this mystery. Stop," he continued, seeing James the Pilgrim putting up his hands in a kind of deprecation. The good and the bad trust *you* James. The good value you, and the bad themselves trust you—because they believe you will never betray a man, and can nearly always give him good advice. Come; *you* can solve the mystery."

"James!" Father Aylmer said, while the tears flowed down his cheeks; "James, Crichawn is good—oh, so good—oh, so good!—to be sure, poor Mr. D'Alton was hard upon Paddy Hayes; and Crichawn loved his brother; but, you know, James!"

"Oh, sir, I believe Crichawn to be as innocent as you are; and with the help of God and holy Mary he'll put down his enemies; but there is not a hand's turn of Charles Baring for years that Crichawn doesn't know; and Charles Baring's life is no life until Crichawn is out of the way."

By this time the party had arrived at the Crag, and John the butler, and Nelly Nurse, and Maureen Bour a deaf girl, and the coachman, all came to bid them welcome. They were all in dreadful excitement; and Nelly Nurse wrung her hands, and moaned, and declared the poor master would never get over

the whole thing, and thanked God that dear Miss Amy was out of the way.

"Well, John?" Father Aylmer asked, "are we to see your master?"

"Oh, his honor is waiting for you. He expected you."

They turned towards the staircase.

Nelly touched Father Ned on the shoulder.

Having got a corner where Father Ned saw he was expected to present himself, Nelly Nurse, in awfully grave accents, warned him. "See, Father Ned, see! Mind that *Maureen Bour*. She is Master Charles's servant. She spent half the morning in his room; an' she's not half so deaf as she pretends to be. If you see her near ye up stairs remember what I said."

"All right, Nelly," answered Father Ned.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was in his bedroom. He was unable to go down stairs. But even the old man's room had undergone wonderful changes—it looked fresh and refined, if not rich and magnificent; and the clergyman saw at once the memory and love of his daughter, in the changes and surroundings of old D'Alton, of Crag.

The old man rose from the chair as the clergymen entered the room, and walked as quickly as he could towards Father Aylmer. Evidently he labored under intense feeling. He placed his hands on the old pastor's shoulders, looked into his eyes, and for one moment seemed petrified—or stunned. He then gave a loud groan.

"Oh, Father Aylmer!—Father Aylmer!—I told you that God would not forgive me in this world, and that I should give life for life. I must die—must die!"

"Oh, Mr. D'Alton! think better of God's mercy, even in this world. Has he not sent me—your old friend, and Father Ned here? and James——"

"Is James here?" anxiously inquired the old man.

"He is sitting in the hall," answered Father Ned. "But, Mr. D'Alton, what is your view? Why——"

Old Giffard D'Alton's senses were quick. He turned towards the door which opened on his room and pointing to it by signs, bade Father Ned examine the apartment. Father Ned was not

slow, and there, shure enough, he found *Maureen Bour* most suspiciously crouching near the door. The girl did not await complaint or interrogatory, but ran headlong down stairs, leaving Father Ned master of the field.

On his return he found Father Aylmer in whispering conversation endeavoring to allay the old man's fears and to tranquilize his conscience. But ever and ever the old man cried "Too late! too late! the cup of iniquity has flown over!"

"Well, I am astonished—astonished—"

"Father Aylmer, I am not despairing of God's mercy in eternity. I believe He will accept my deep contrition, and, when I offer my life for my hardness of heart, God will have pity! Oh, He will. But temporal reward I cannot expect, I do not expect—why should I? Amy I have lost; Henry I have lost, lost!" he said, bitterly, "and I have gained the curse of the people and a hundred thousand pounds! Nay, do not stop me, sir. I am to die."

"In God's holy name change this frame of mind. We shall immediately have our Amy, and maybe even Henry."

"That is not kind now, old friend! That is not kind—to speak of such hopes! Hush!" he said "the most damning temporal judgment of all is that; hush—listen! The man who hired an assassin to murder me will possess all I have! May it—"

"The Inspector of police, sir!" said John, at the door.

"Show the gentleman up, John."

And there came a man of very sharp visage, dark hair, thin long nose, and small, dark eyes flanking the same. The Inspector made a stiff but not ungraceful bow.

"Welcome, Mr. Sibthorpe. I have expected you."

Mr. Sibthorpe looked at the two clergymen.

"Make yourself easy regarding my friends, the clergymen," continued old Giffard D'Alton. "They are deeply interested in all that concerns my family, and will give you all the assistance in their power."

Mr. Sibthorpe bowed again.

"You received the Coroner's summons, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Sibthorpe."

"Are there any witnesses whom you would suggest as likely to give information?"

"Do you know James Feehan, called James the Pilgrim?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he knows everything and everyone, and he is an honest Irishman. Do you know Crichawn—I mean Thomas Hayes, Mr. Meldon's man?"

"Perfectly well."

"Summon him by all means. Have you not suspicions, Mr. Sibthorpe? Is it fair to ask you?"

"I am quite ready to reply that I have suspicions; but a police officer cannot at some stage of a case reveal his impressions even to worthy people like you and the clergy. You saw nothing, Mr. D'Alton. Of course, what you say to me is confidential, and you depend upon the clergymen, you say."

"I trust your professional zeal and honor, Mr. Inspector."

"Give him your impressions," said Father Aylmer. After all, they are only impressions, and have no use unless the single one of opening to the Inspector a possible road."

"Then Mr. Inspector Sibthorpe," answered old D'Alton, "I will suggest to you to find by every means whether the dead man had any arms?"

"Arms, sir?"

"Arms. My impression is that he was on these premises prepared to commit murder—to murder me. I think I saw the form of a man and a gun on my window panes. I was asking myself whether I was dreaming, when the form disappeared, and immediately a report of a gun followed."

"Of a gun?"

"Certainly—not of a pistol."

"The man, according to your view, was on the ladder taking aim?"

"I think so."

"Then comes the mystery. Who fired the shot which in this supposition saved your life?"

"That I dare not say: though I feel certain—that to save my life the deed has been done."

"You have had some differences with the Hayeses."

"A long time ago. They have been more than amicably set aside."

"You have no suspicion that they would league with the assassin."

"They would not—impossible."

"Would any of them be found to defend you?"

"Ah," said Father Ned, "one sees where such question as that lead; and I think Mr. D'Alton is hardly prepared to answer them."

"Your nephew has some evidence of importance," remarked the Inspector.

"He was not on the premises at all."

"Oh, nevertheless—but I beg your pardon. I want to further the ends of justice by bringing guilt to condign punishment; and nothing shall be left undone to explain the mysterious death of Quirk."

"The police Inspector withdrew, and the clergymen and old Mr. D'Alton closed around a small table.

Father Ned was the first of the little group in Giffard D'Alton's room to break the silence.

"This inquest will end in nothing," was his remark. "They are making up a case, and will say nothing till the whole plan has been completed.

"Plan?" asked Father Aylmer.

"Plan," repeated Father Ned. "Did you remark the observation about Charles Baring?"

"Yes—certainly."

"And the question about the Hayeses and their feelings?"

"Yes."

"And that although Mr. Baring was not on the premises that night, he had 'important information'?"

"True," said D'Alton.

"You have Baring and the Hayeses, and Maureen Bour brought into this thing by some one, and occupying the Inspector's mind; that is the shadow of a plan."

Old D'Alton seemed to awaken. He struck his thigh with his right hand, and commenced to say and repeat, "I see."

"The verdict," continued Father Ned, "will be an open one. The victim will be put off his guard, and when they have the whole conspiracy shaped and coherent, they will try to hang an innocent man."

"Crichawn!" cried Father Aylmer.

"Crichawn!" echoed Giffard D'Alton; "surely——"

"Well, we shall see; we shall see."

As regards "the open verdict," Father Ned was right. The patent facts, and only the patent facts, came out at the inquest. The mystery was wrapped up in the following finding:—

"We find that James Quirk came by his death from a gun-shot wound, inflicted by some person unknown, but who was on the premises of Mr. D'Alton of Crag, on the morning of the 30th of October, 1848,"

That same night Crichawn found himself in the familiar quarters of *Shivawn na Chomhairle*, quietly sitting by the peat fire, and indulging in what O'Connell used to call the poor man's luxury—a smoke of the pipe. The younger of the female occupants was busily engaged at the flax wheel, while the elder kept industriously knitting, and the company was completed by a man whom they called Lliam (or William.)

They had been talking of the inquest, and of the attack upon old Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, *bhean a tigh*, who killed Quirk?" asked Crichawn addressing Shivawn.

The old woman was true to the Celtic tongue, and allowed all around her to indulge the bad taste of speaking the Saxon. She answered:—

"Oh, you know too much to come for knowledge to *Shivawn na Chomhairle*, and I am certain the knowledge is between yourself and Lliam there, at any rate."

"Maybe," Lliam replied, "it was the man that got the pison from Shivawn."

"Pison!" exclaimed the young Pith-oness; "my mother never had an ounce of pison in her life."

"And what did that man get that made his way straight to the Crag some time ago in the dark of the morning?"

"He got pounded starch," was the answer.

"Arrah, didn't Tom here go to Nelly up at the house, and nearly frighten her to death by telling her to watch Charles—that he bought a lot of pison from *Shivawn na Chomhairle* to kill the old master. Didn't you?" he demanded turning to Crichawn.

"I did," was Crichawn's answer.

"And did you think I gave pison to

that scapegrace, or to any one else?" half shrieked Shivawn.

"No, indeed," answered Crichawn; "I only wanted some one to be able to prove the murdering heart he had in 'im, an' that made me put Nelly on the watch. She can now prove that he wished to murder the poor old uncle."

All their eyes opened wide as they saw the prudence and forecast of Crichawn.

"You'll be taken," said Lliam.

"I know that."

"Better get out of the way for a while."

"Not for a minit. I promised Mr. Meldon to keep near ould Mr. D'Alton, and I'll never quit him if I was to die by his side."

"Doesn't that look like shooting Quirk?"

Crichawn smiled a knowing smile, and Lliam fully returned it.

"The ball that killed Quirk was found?" asked Crichawn.

"The police have it," answered Lliam. "It kem from a small bore—a very small bore—an' 'tis a rifle ball."

"Does any wan know anything o' the gun?" continued Crichawn.

"The gun," answered Lliam, was taken by force from the man that fired the shot. No wan knows who tuk it."

Crichawn gazed at the speaker with a look of admiration and affection.

"Gonnies," continued Lliam, "'twas a great night for stealing guns, entirely.

Quirk had a gun in his hands when he was brought down; and that gun got off some way, too"

The old woman flung down the knitting and the young woman stopped her spinning wheel.

"*Lamh Dhe!*" she exclaimed. "The hand of God!"

"You know the owner of the guns?" said the young woman, emphatically.

"They both belong to wan man," was the answer.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TWO "HENRY DALTONS"—THE ARREST OF CRICHAWN.

MR. MELDON was kept perfectly well informed of everything going on at the Crag, and everything going on at his own home, and we may surmise that his

mind was much disturbed by the facts and rumors which had recently reached him from Tipperary. Mr. Leyton Seymour shared his knowledge, and of course sympathized with his feelings; but both gentlemen determined to be strictly reticent on the subject until necessity compelled them to reveal what had happened; and hence Amy and Alice were quite ignorant of what had happened.

When events had developed themselves as we have read them in the last chapter, Mr. Meldon became for the first time really agitated, and he determined on going over to Ireland at once. It would make great complications, and go far to mar some expectations and plans; but whatever the consequences, he made up his mind he would and should exercise all his power to save Crichawn, and to comfort the old man at the Crag. Certainly he had letters constantly from Crichawn and the two clergymen, and all were of opinion that Mr. Meldon could do nothing at Slieve-na-mon equal to the injury to be inflicted, and the impetus his arrival would give to the hostility of Baring and his associates. But no arguments would have retained him if Father Power had not given him a surprise one day by a most enigmatical letter, which was as follows:—

"FETHARD, Tuesday.

"My Dear Sir,—An extraordinary man came here from Kilkenny a few days ago. He seems to have a kind of second sight, for his ability in discovering things is like magic. He says his name is McNaughten, but it is evidently assumed, and I am sure he is a detective sent to work up the case of Quirk's murder; he evidently does not trust the police. The old man at the Crag is much improved, quite out of danger now and Father Aylmer is as strong as ever. It was a great mercy that Miss D'Alton was not at home, and it is a great mercy that she remains away and in ignorance. Her father, she will find a changed man, in fact an old saint. The surroundings now would be too much for any woman. We expect Father John Hayes home in ten days, and he brings with him a namesake of Miss D'Alton regarding which namesake there is a great

romance. Praying remembrance to all around you, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"EDWARD POWER."

Here were surprises enough for one day certain. Mr. Seymour had also that morning received a letter from Father Hayes; but had not returned to Brompton up to the time which found his friend perusing the morning's correspondence. On his return, both gentlemen agreed that the communication of the news from Ireland would be yet premature; and therefore the ladies continued to be kept in ignorance. We ought to have said that by a happy coincidence the old Count D'Alton had signified his intention of coming to London, about the very time the American clergyman and his charge were now apparently due, and in eight or nine days more at the farthest the interesting reunion of Count D'Alton and his grand-daughter, and the no less interesting meeting of Father John Hayes and his sister Ally might be expected to take place. The time did not seem so long as generally such time seems to be, when waiting the look of what we love; because every one had engagements which filled the heart or the mind, or both. One change of programme had, however, been adopted. Mr. Seymour made up his mind that Father John Hayes should be his godfather, and the day of his reception into the Church was therefore made to await the priest's coming.

The gentlemen came in one day about one o'clock in the afternoon to proceed with the ladies to the British Museum, where some new works of art and some curiosities had lately arrived and created a sensation. They were not astonished to find engaging the ladies in conversation a gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, and of most dignified appearance. His hair was quite white, and it fell nearly to his shoulders. His brow was heavy and of the same color as his hair; while he had a clear gray eye and firmly set mouth and chin. He was rather under the middle size, but was so refined and symmetrical that he looked above it. The company were conversing in French.

Mr. Meldon advanced to the group who sat in a circular recess which contained a large window. Immediately

after bowing to the stranger, Count D'Alton, for it was he, rose and with a grace which was perfectly noble, thanked both the gentlemen for the wonderful benevolence which had induced them to take so much pains in his case, and the wonderful blessing they were likely to confer on his childless old age.

"You must have suffered much, M. le Comte," remarked Mr. Meldon, "and I hope God is going to reward you much."

"Only the justice of heaven which punished me can ever know what I have endured. Ah, young lady," he continued, seeing tears flowing down Clara's cheek, "you pity an old man, and pity is divine."

"Alas! sir, I wish I could make you happy and tranquil!" Clara said.

"Well, tranquil I may become; but memory will always come to crush out happiness. Do you know that I was hard, cruel, and unjust?"

"But you were acting according to your opinion," said Mr. Seymour.

"My opinion! Yes, I was, but the opinion was one begotten of pride, and pride blinded me to the examination of the case. I have been cruel. You know," said he turning to the two gentlemen, "I turned my son away because he married beneath him?"

"Yes," answered both together.

"Well, had I waited to examine I might have found that, in birth and connections, his wife, Euphrasia St. Laurence was his equal, though she had little fortune at the time of her marriage. She has fallen in for a large estate within the last half score years, and her daughter will be wealthy."

"Things will yet grow bright, sir," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Hardly," the Count replied with a sad smile. "The day that brought the letter from the clergyman who prepared him—a letter containing the authentication of Henry D'Alton's death as a private soldier, I felt my heart crushed and no joy can grow there!"

"My God, sir, what was the regiment?" cried Amy D'Alton.

"The 30th, my fair child," answered the Count.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!"—and Amy for a moment lost consciousness.

"What is the matter?" demanded the

Count, greatly moved by the scene; "what is the matter?"

Mr. Meldon turned to Amy greatly moved himself; and to the astonishment of Clara, her father's eyes were filled with tears, and he touched Amy's forehead with his lips.

"The fact is, M. le Comte, this is a namesake of yours."

Amy had suddenly brightened, and was trying to laugh at her own weakness. She turned imploringly to Mr. Meldon.

"Do not disturb yourself, Amy. The Count will soon understand that there is some pleasure as well as pain in your excitement just now. M. le Comte," he said, turning to the Count, "it is curious that Miss D'Alton had a brother, 'Henry D'Alton,' too; still more singular that he was reported to be a private soldier in that same regiment; and most singular of all that the certificate of his death, taken from the regimental records came to his father's hands, and tallies exactly with the date of your son's demise. These facts have all been ascertained by Father Hayes, in the course of his enquiries; but that there must have been some confusion of identity in the case is evident from the tenor of the letters contained in a packet given to him by an old Indian who had been the protector of the young girl whom he is now bringing home with him. She was known as the adopted daughter of an Indian, and was called Noemi; but the letters and certain memoranda, which the Indian had received from the dying mother of the girl—then a mere infant—disclosed the fact that her Christian name was Euphrasia, that she was the daughter of Henry D'Alton and his wife Euphrasia St. Laurence, and that the family of her father was noble and wealthy, but estranged from her parents up to the time of their deaths."

Count D'Alton vehemently clasped his hands.

"Stop sir! stop sir! Oh, I beg your pardon! Surely you will not censure me,—I know you will not; but have you the originals of all the letters, of which you sent me copies?"

They saw at once the agony produced by a possibility.

"Alas! sir, I do not blame you in the

least," said Meldon, and unlocking a desk, he placed a packet before the old man. "There, M. le Comte, there they are; open the packet, M. le Comte; no ceremony."

The old man opened the packet, and the very first letter which he encountered was in his own hand-writing—the letter disinheriting his son, Henry D'Alton. Count D'Alton gave a shriek.

"All hope gone!" he cried; no hope remaining!"

For a moment—but only for a moment—he had forgotten that the fact of his son's identity had been perfectly fixed; and the poor old mind had been carried away by the mere *possibility* that all the documents might not be originals. It was only for a moment. The old man, in a few minutes, rose from his chair; and, gracefully moving across to Amy, he took her by the hand.

"Pardon me, my child," he said: "common sense forsook me for a moment I ought to be thankful for the hope of having near my pillow, in my dying day, some one like you. For a moment I lost my senses. Ah! Miss D'Alton!—stop," he said suddenly. "If my son be not alive, may not *your brother* be alive?"

"Oh, M. le Comte, God bless you for that word! I longed to hear someone say it. I have never seen my brother Henry; and I have had no sister, and, until lately, no friend; but the old people say that Henry was very noble and very wise; and that papa had never been so hard-hearted had he not been deceived."

"We must try then to trace the second Henry D'Alton," the old Count said, enthusiastically. We must try more; and, I do declare, I shall rejoice in discovering *your* Henry nearly as much as if I found my own alive! We shall try Mr. Meldon. It is worth while."

"Certainly, M. le Comte, it must be worth while."

"Ah! Mr. Meldon! Mr. Seymour!" the poor girl wept out.

"Amy, my child," Mr. Meldon answered, "is there anything I would not do to make you happy? Is there?"

"Ah, no, sir, pardon me."

"Well," Mr. Seymour said, somewhat

quizzically, "think you I can be indifferent?"

Amy smiled a sweet smile that spoke a volume of confidence.

"The *Times*, sir," said the waiter, entering and approaching the group. Mr. Seymour glanced over the paper, and saw that the *Hibernia* in which Father Hayes had taken passage, had been telegraphed, and was expected the next day at Liverpool.

Now, indeed, Count D'Alton's heart beat, and his countenance began to burn; and Ally Hayes began to pray; and all and everyone of those in the hotel had as much exciting expectation as engrosses most people, in a fairly long life. But each of them endeavored to assure and console the other; and by the time they retired for the night the anticipations of all were dreams of bliss worth enjoying and being thankful for.

Next day found all our friends on the way to Liverpool; and nearly all their hearts were beating, or, at all events, very much under the influence of an excitement seldom felt even during a lifetime. Conversation was not active; indeed, it never can be active where an engrossing anticipation fills up the soul. The heart masters the imagination then, and the volatile dreamer is obliged to rest tranquil or go in the direction of the affections.

Count D'Alton, on the arrival of the party in Liverpool, at once proposed to charter a river steamer and to meet the inward bound vessel some miles away. The confusion of landing would be great, he remarked, and the delicious moment of meeting their friends would be half spoiled in the noise and bustle when they touched shore. Mr. Seymour quite agreed; but he thought the *Hibernia* was a very fast vessel and one that would not be induced to engage a stoppage in mid-river, particularly at that time of the year and in such dangerous water. Having tried at the proper office, they found Mr. Seymour was right, and were obliged to take their chances at the docks.

No ship ever came in fast enough for expectancy; and Clara and Ally Hayes were quite sure "something" must have happened. Even Amy, generally so philosophical, manifested in her bril-

liant eyes and heightened color that her heart and hopes were very busy.

"I see her," cried a gentleman.

"See the *Hibernia*, sir?" demanded Mr. Meldon.

"Yes, sir."

"My glass is an excellent one, and I think the build of that vessel is different from that of the *Hibernia*. I know that gallant vessel well."

"You are right, sir. By-the-bye there is a vessel further away in the offing and gaining fast upon the one mistaken by me."

"That is the 'Hibernia,' sir."

"You await some passengers, sir; may I inquire?"

"We do; two friends."

"Our firm claims a small enclosure near the ship—at her hull in fact, and I will cheerfully give your party the possession of it, if you will except."

"Thankfully," replied Mr. Meldon; and all the party joined him in returning thanks for such an unexpected favor. Mr. Meldon said that likely Father John Hayes and his charge would be on the quarter-deck and therefore would at once become visible to the watchers.

Everything has its end, pleasure and anxiety, just alike. In fact, every state and frame of mind is a little life of birth, growth, and departure. The noble ship soon began to show her majestic poop and to spread her yards like arms of welcome or of wooing, as she swept up the river. Soon the masts and funnel became more defined. She then presented herself in all her life and beauty and seemed to bow to the capital of commercial England and to the crowd. She is up nearly abreast of Birkenhead. She seems to feel her way, to the right, as if treading for the deep water. She pauses—proceeds—approaches and snugs herself and stands still amid enthusiastic cheers.

The "*Hibernia*" has arrived.

Sure enough our friends have a full view of the quarter-deck. Not there, however, but up high on the poop, the captain stands giving orders, and beside him is a beautiful stranger attired in a travelling dress of drab, and at her left hand side is a clergyman some thirty years of age.

The Count D'Alton sprang off the

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ground. His breast heaved convulsively; and he really had been in great danger only for the watchfulness of Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour, which was incessant.

"There she is!" he cried; "there she is!" but the cry was a smothered one.

"They are coming down!" said Mr. Seymour. "Upon my honor, Count," he said, "the lady's eyes are fixed upon you. Look! look how she glides! Why, the priest cannot keep up with her!"

And Mr. Seymour was quite correct. Straight—straight towards the group the fair girl made; turning hither and thither for a moment, as she might, and Father Hayes followed her amazed, and not much minded. She succeeded, having got down the gangway to the landing-stage; the direction she took showed Father John Hayes his sister Ally, and his best friends. The "Indian queen" made straight for the Count. She stood before him, and kneeling at his feet, she pronounced in her low, sweet, loving tones, "My fader, my fader! here is your Noemi," and she embraced Count D'Alton's knees.

Nor was the meeting between Father Hayes and his sister and friends less warm and affectionate, though differing in some of the emotions it evoked. And when, that evening, the whole party returned to London, the joy of all was as unalloyed as can be hoped for in this uncertain world.

We may feel sure that now the great day of Mr. Seymour's reception into the Church came as soon as practicable, the day of a new life and new hopes to him, and, indeed, we may say so all.

The officiating clergyman awaited the large and happy circle of worshippers, and met them so early as eight o'clock a.m. The church in which the ceremony took place was much frequented; and hence a private chapel was selected for the ceremonial. Thither they were led from the gate by the sexton, and the even—that is Mr. Seymour, Mr. Meldon, the Count, Amy, Clara, Noemi, and Ally Hayes—were conveniently seated in priedious around the altar. The sacrament of Baptism so impressive in the case of a convert—was so onconferred; and the joyous party returned to their hotel. (Concluded in our next.)

UNDER the title of *Education* we have a wide field before us—and owing to the existing state of affairs in certain of the European countries and owing to the influence, more or less, such state may have upon our country—in this essay we will, apparently, leave aside the question of education in Canada, and speak of it from a certain stand-point in its application to the world at large. We know already what education is,—we have seen the distinction between *education* and *instruction*,—we have referred to it in the home circle, in speaking of home influence,—we have referred to it in colleges, both mental and physical education,—we have spoken of divers sources of education, for example of libraries and of lectures,—now we desire to speak of a certain political fact which, at this moment is taking place in Europe, and we wish to treat of it from the Education point of view. Truly, it does not directly refer to Canada; but certainly it does refer to the world, to Christianity at large, and Canada, being a Christian country, it necessarily is applicable here.

Without further preface—we refer to the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. And before beginning we would have it understood that we are not asked or authorized by that Order or any member of it to speak of them, or to defend them. Neither do we do so because they are Jesuits, but because they form an Order—portion of whose duties is—to educate and to instruct. Upon the principle we laid down in our first Essay on Education—that every one in Canada is free to express his own ideas and sentiments upon any subject of such a nature—we now proceed to the developement of the argument which we desire to lay before the public.

As is generally known, the Jesuits are expelled by the French Government from France,—they are obliged to close their houses of education, consequently forced to seek elsewhere for a source of livelihood. Our proposi-

tion is: that the forcing of the Jesuits (or any other Order of men or women) to close their houses of education, is an act of simple *tyranny*, and an infringement on the rights of the subject. This we hold, we can prove, not from a religious point—for such people as the leaders to-day in France believe not in religious argument,—but from a worldly point of view. And we will here add, that if our arguments and conclusions are not just, we alone are to be blamed, for we take them from no other source, than from that, which appears to us, the one of common sense.

A Protestant Irish orator—Charles Phillips—once said—that “France’s revolutions and irreligious inaugurations sprung from an impure source—they did all in the sacred name of Liberty, though in their deluge of human blood, they left not one mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon.”

Even so is it in the present case. In the name of *freedom* they order such, and such schools to close, such and such men to separate and to leave the soil. ‘But it matters not, if for a moment their impiety seems to prosper, that victory pants after their insanguined banners, that their insatiate eagle, as he soars against the sun, seems but to re-plume his strength and renew his vision,—’tis but for a moment, and in the very banquet of their triumph the Almighty’s vengeance will blaze upon the wall and the diadem fall from the brow of the idolator.”

Not only does the French Government strike at the Order of the Jesuits and the liberty of education, but it strikes hard and deep at the liberty of every French subject. The question may, from a religious stand-point, be called one of the State *versus* the Church; but it is truly a question of the State *versus* the Subject. It is the State infringing on the liberties of the parent, of the father, of the mother, of the son, of the daughter, of the *man*.

The father has a son, and over that son he has full control, a right coming from God Himself, a right that no human organization is free to destroy. The father, necessarily loves that son, far more than ever the State can love him. The father has at heart the interests and welfare of that son, far more

deeply and truly than can ever have the State. The father desires the education of that son, far more sincerely than can the State desire it. And the father believes that by sending his son to such and such a school he will learn the more and come out a better man. He has a perfect right, a true and undisputed right to send his son to that school; to chose for his son the instructor or instructors he sees fit. The father says to himself—“if I send my son to the Jesuits he will be well instructed, well educated, and will be made a good and useful man.” Acting upon that idea, he consequently sends his son to the Jesuits. The State steps in and says: “we do not like the Jesuits, consequently you shall not send your son to them—and if you send him, and they attempt to instruct him, we will break their Order, we will exile them, we will force you to take your son from under their care by forcing them to fly the country and we will, thus, oblige you to have your son educated as we desire and as we think fit.” Thus speaks the State. The father continues to send his son to the Jesuits:—They continue to instruct him. The State is exasperated and orders the Jesuits to leave, and thus commands the son to go home, and orders the father to seek another means of education for his child.

At first glance, we can see that it is an act of injustice and wickedness towards the order of men, who devote their days and nights to the great cause of education. But, on second thought, we also see it is an act of real tyranny with regard to father and son. Consequently an act of tyranny against the subject—consequently there arises the question of, not only the State and Church, but also of the State against the individual—the subject. St. John Chrysostom says that “God seems to have associated man to Himself in the work of creation.” Thereby the great saint refers to the parent, to the duties of the father with regard to the child. The education of the youth, the cultivating and preparing the mind of the child is a species of continued creation. It is the moulding of the mind into one shape or the other. It is the making, for society, a good and useful or a

dangerous and hurtful member. That is a mighty work. It may seem, at first, of little importance whether such and such a child is well educated and well instructed or not. But consider that the child of to-day will be the man of to-morrow, and the generation of to-day is slowly making way for the generation of to-morrow. If the child is poorly and badly educated he will turn out a useless and dead branch of the great tree of society; if, on the other hand, he is properly trained he will become a source of life to the social circle in which he moves.

It is so for the aggregate of young persons, if they are well educated and sent to good and proper schools where that education is to be had, they will come forth a new and glorious generation. While, if their earlier days are neglected, the coming generation must be a feeble copy of the present one. It is the nation that is on the board. It is the country's future that is at stake.

If the next generation is an educated, religious, good one, the country will be happy and its prosperity and honor and glory will be secured. If the next generation is un-educated, un-instructed, wild, careless and irreligious, the country's future will be of small account.

The parent is, therefore, not only making a man of his child, creating in him good and noble principles, but is doing more; he is building up his portion of the country's future, contributing his quota to the coming nationality.

And when the *State* steps in and prevents the free action of the parent with regard to his child's education, it becomes a question of the State against the State, the representatives of the Nation cutting the Nation's throat.

Again, says St. John Chrysostom—"You have as many accounts to render as you have souls to care for; and you have as many souls to care for as you have children." That is a responsibility to which the father must look, and for which the State cares but little. It is a great load upon the shoulders of the man, and the injustice is the greater, the heavier that weight is rendered. Above all this action of the French Government involves a question of State against the Church; but it also

comprises a question of the State against the subject, and of the State against the State itself. And the spring and origin of all this is the fact that the source, the means and the end of all education, of all prosperity, of all good is ignored. Upon the present and upon human potency they rely, and the foundation is unsafe.

One Saturday evening, in a church situated in one of the suburbs of Paris, a large number of daily laborers were collected. They had come there to listen to addresses delivered by lay men upon the questions of religion. This kind of reunion of the workmen was almost a custom there. Unnecessary to mention, that as little respect was paid to the temple of God, as would be had for a common public hall. Portion of them kept on their hats, others were chewing and talking, and often cursing. Such was the audience, inattentive, quarrelsome, communistic, when a layman named Remond Bruyère, stepped forward to address them. At first his voice could not be heard above the tumult. But his exordium was a master-piece. He began: "Gentlemen, in Paris the workman is not respected!" A pause ensued and a little more silence was obtained. He continued—"in France the workman is despised, is scoffed at, is hated." By this time all were still. The words touched them home. Again he begins:—"Why have we so many misfortunes, so many troubles, so many reverses? Because the workman is cut off from our society—he is not loved, he is not respected!" These words, seemingly communistic, raised their spirits, and soon every hat was off and every sound hushed. Once more continued the orator: "If we would be happy, if we would see France glorious, if we would see our people happy, and our nation free, let us respect, honor and *serve the workman!*" At these words they began to cheer. "Stop," cried the speaker—"do not applaud me. I speak not of you, I speak of the workman,—the One who created all and still sustains all,—the One who drew from chaotic confusion our great earth, the One who spanned the firmament with a galaxy of stars,—the One who commanded the light to come forth and the sun to rise and sink. He

is despised, hated, derided, now as of old in Judea. If we would be happy and successful as a people, as a nation, as a race, we must love, respect and serve the Workman!"

Such was the exordium of that address. And many, when it was over, "who came to scoff, remained to pray." Such were the sentiments of one, whose name is not destined to rank with those of France's orators, but whose reward must certainly be proportioned thereto, in the world beyond. We have given, in a few words this extract, for two purposes—firstly to shew that the missing link in the nation's glory is the want of respect and love for the Great Workman—secondly to have occasion to mention a name which deserves more fame than it can ever receive.

The ignoring of God, is the stumbling-block. It is the source of these troubles, now taking place. It is the origin of the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. It is the spring of that injustice of the State towards the subject. It is the cause of that suicidal conduct of the State itself. It is the first and greatest of all the nation's misfortunes. It has already been the cause of many a dark and bloody day for France—let her beware that it does not become the cause of future troubles and sorrows. We see with regret, in the pages of her history and in the columns of her present press, the results, the dire effects of this awful cause. Knowing them, it behooves us to look around and see that every avenue to our own Canadian country may be strongly closed against them. From this source arose the spirit of Europe's *Illumini*. The Carbonari of Italy, the Communist of France, the Socialist of Germany, the Nihilist of Russia, one and all work upon that evil principle. We do not require them here. We need no off-shoot of Illuminism in this fair country. We are too happy and too fortunate to desire a change so radical in our society. It is the duty of every well-meaning citizen to labor all he can to prevent the march of such ideas and principles in Canada.

Then to return to the subject, glanced at in our last essay, we would repeat that no more powerful means could be procured to spread abroad noble,

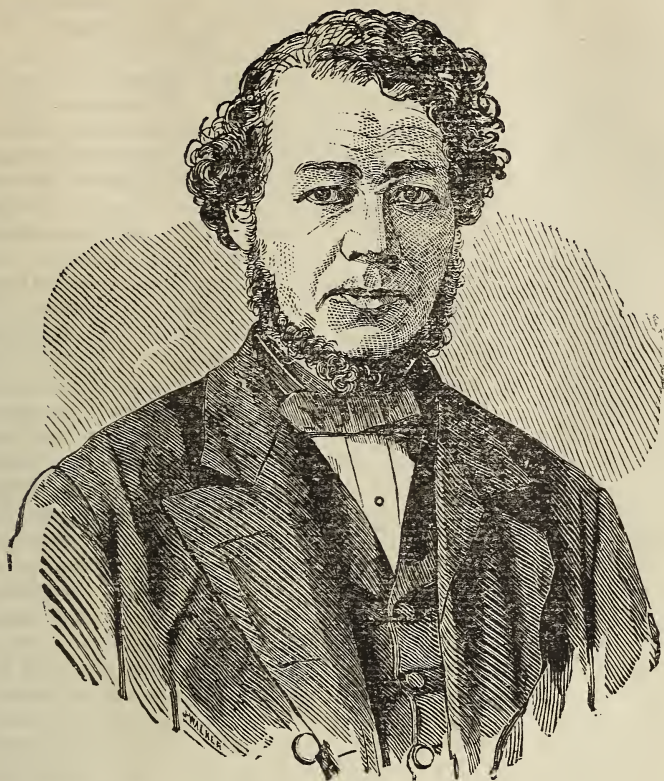
patriotic sentiments and ideas than the encouragement of lecture-rooms, and good lecturers.

It is full time that Canada should commence to establish a literature of her own. She is large enough now, to have a literary name and a literary rank amongst the peoples. And if the idea is evil and false which desires to chase God from society, so is the one injurious which, carrying people to the other extreme, lead them to imagine that they have only to be pious and devoted and all will go well, even without any exertion on their part. Truer than some may, at first, think is the old saying, that Crofton Croker has woven into a ballad,—"*Put your trust in God, my boys, but keep your powder dry.*"

Canada has been the home of the exile, the refuge of the persecuted. Let us see that she may never change her *role*, and from the friend become the enemy of the good and noble! Let it never be said of her, in future years, that she expelled any Order of faithful and devoted subjects from her shores. Let it never be said that she expelled God from her society!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

HAVING determined to publish a series of short biographies of eminent Irishmen, sons of Irish emigrants who have figured conspicuously in old Canada or the New Dominion we thought it appropriate to place amongst the foremost one of the most brilliant and versatile, one whose sad and tragic end contributes to make his career all the more memorable, the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee. To have been intimate with the subject of this short sketch, was to have enjoyed the society of one of those rare children of genius, whose name and works belong to all time and the effect of whose labors mark, not only the days in which they lived, but constitute a rich and valuable inheritance for posterity. McGee, orator, poet, statesman and historian, has identified the Irish name, with the new Canadian Nationality as Carroll of Carrollton identified it with the declaration of American independence. His glowing oratory



THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

flashing into futurity, first made the people of Canada dream of what was soon to be realized, a grand confederation, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the happy home of a brave and free people, to be counted by millions. The career of D'Arcy McGee was a most chequered and eventful one; his biography has already been written by the graceful and fertile pen of Mrs. Sadlier, accompanying her publication of his poems; we shall therefore merely touch on the important points of his life. He was born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825. He first emigrated to America in 1842 and gave evidence of his great powers as an orator and writer, at the early age of 17 years. Having settled in the City of Boston, he became associated with that staunch friend of the Irish race, the *Boston Pilot*, where his contributions attracted so much attention, that he was offered and accept-

ed the chief Editorship of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. His next step was to become associated with Duffy, Davis, Mitchel and Reilly in editing the Dublin *Nation*, the organ of the Young Ireland party. Duffy's appreciation of McGee's abilities was exceedingly high, he said, "he could do more things like a master than the best amongst us since Davis" this was certainly enviable testimony, considering the galaxy of talent by which Duffy was surrounded. After the collapse of the '48 movement McGee escaped to America. As a Journalist on this continent his success was not very marked; great as his literary abilities were, he knew nothing of business management, and from this cause as well as certain editorial imprudences, his various newspaper ventures, the *New York Nation*, the *American Celt*, and the *New Era* had brilliant but brief existences. As a public lecturer on literary or historical subjects, McGee

was probably unrivalled in the New World and it is much to be regretted that no complete edition of his great efforts has as yet been offered to the public. His career in Canada may be briefly told. He sat for many years as representative of Montreal West in the parliament of the United Canadas and for one Session under the McDonald-Dorion administration he held the office of President of the Council; and subsequently that of Minister of Immigration, Agriculture and Statistics in the McDonald-Cartier cabinet, in the parliament of the Dominion. In our legislative Halls the eloquence of the most gifted statesman paled before that of the great Irish representative. When it became whispered about that McGee was to address the house on any important topic of debate, no seat was vacant in the chamber, and eager crowds elbowed themselves into the galleries. When he arose to speak no sound interrupted his usually unostentatious opening sentences, but as he warmed to his subject cheer after cheer would rend the air, his bitterest political foes bowing down with the multitude before his commanding genius. His humor was contagious, his wit sparkling, his invective terrible; but the spirit of patriotism he seemed to infuse into his every utterance was the most effective of his weapons, and won the hearts, after he had convinced the reason, of his hearers. Apart from McGee's great Confederation speeches, his lectures, poems, his principal works are his "History of Ireland" pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Tabaret president of the Ottawa University as the most interesting work on that subject yet written, "Gallery of Irish writers in the 17th century," "History of the Irish settlers in North America," "Life and Times of O'Connell" and "Life of Dr. Magin."

McGee's popularity amongst his fellow-countrymen in Canada was unbounded, until the breaking out of the Fenian movement. Having himself in the mournful days of '48, passed through the fiery ordeal, he felt compelled to warn his fellow-countrymen against lending an attentive ear to those who would seduce them from their allegiance. The unmeasured terms, in which he inveighed against Fenianism and its promoters accused against him a feeling which cul-

minated in his assassination. At the still hour of midnight on the 7th of April, 1868, he fell at the door of his hotel, his mighty brain shattered, by the bullet of an assassin. The Dominion authorities ordered a public funeral for the murdered statesman, and generously provided for his widow and orphans. The Bar of Lower Canada of which he was a member met and passed appropriate resolutions of condolence. The Rev. M. J. O'Farrell delivered his funeral oration in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, a master-piece of Irish eloquence, and the late Archbishop Connolly offered up requiem services in the cathedral of Halifax. Poor McGee lies interred in the family vault on the mountain side, in the Catholic Cemetery of Côte des Neiges on the outskirts of the city whose inhabitants his silvery tongue had so often charmed. He had his faults, but the greatest of them he had conquered long before his sad end. He was a true Irishman, a true and loyal citizen of Canada, his adopted country; but above and beyond all a true son of the Catholic Church. His admirers to-day are legion the enemies of his memory few. The prophetic words of a gifted writer, Mr. P. J. Malone, in the *Irish National Magazine* of 1873, are now almost verified. "His works and ideas have in them the power to propagate themselves, and when the apparent inconsistency of his course shall have been forgotten and explained away, our children will build monuments to the prophet whom their fathers assisted to stone."

J. J. C.

CHIT-CHAT.

—MORE ROPE!—Mr. Faraday in his "Essay on the Mind of Fishes" asks us to believe that fishes are great admirers of female beauty (he means womanly beauty not fish beauty) because a flock of blennies in his aquarium once followed the motions of some young school-girls whom he was shewing round, and stared through the glass partition with "such interest and unmistakable admiration and amazement, that some of my fair companions actually blushed"!!!!

This is melancholy stuff; and in the interests of true science is most deeply to be deplored. Have our educated

men (save the mark!) gone clean demented in their senseless desire to overthrow revelation, that they must thus throw overboard all mental decency, and give to the world as science such miserable trash? Where has the Englishman's world-renowned commonsense gone to, that he will buy and read such folly? Better; far better no science at all than such science as this! Better—far better no books at all, than such bosh! But we perhaps ought not to be angry at these men. Unconsciously they are doing God's work. A little more rope and they will have hanged themselves. A little more such bosh, and the world will begin to see the hoof beneath the lion's skin, and then—well *then* we pity his ass-ships hide. John Bull when roused is not an amiable animal. We suspect, that even though an angel were to tickle his nose during the pleasant dreams of his post prandial nap, he would resent it. But when at length his crass brain discovers that his pleasant and flattering dreams of "advanced science" "modern progress" "intellectual activity" have been only so much ass braying we dread the explosion.

The worst is—that true science will suffer by all this. False science will bring true science into disrepute. A reaction will set in, and the world be thrown back centuries. Science may well pray Save me from my friends.

—Listen to this from one of our London Society papers:

"I shall not live to see it, but fifty years will not elapse before smoking is permitted everywhere. Smoking carriages will be no more needed on railroads than reading carriages. A person, whether *in church*, or in a law court, or in a drawing room, will no more ask permission to smoke than to breathe. No one accustomed to the smell of tobacco objects to it, for it becomes imperceptible. Everyone, consequently, should bring up their children in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, so as to accustom them to it from their earliest childhood. If I were blessed with daughters I should seek out an Irish nurse for them, and insist upon her smoking every day in the nursery a certain amount of the strongest tobacco from a short clay pipe. In after years,

my daughters would not render themselves objectionable to the male sex in general, and their father in particular, by declaring that they could not endure the odour of a cigar or a cigarette."

We hope, on the contrary, fifty years will not elapse before smoking will be reckoned amongst the things that *are not*. If we are to level *up* towards the angels and not *down* towards the pigs, it will be so. We cannot understand this *tobacco crave*. "It is an amusement." We cannot think so. To our mind nothing can be an amusement which carries with it a "crave." Gambling is not an amusement. As soon as it becomes a desire of gain it begins to be a necessity, and all necessities are tyrannies. But even supposing it an amusement, it is surely an amusement of a very doubtful character. Society sees this in the case of opium (God only knows how long). We despise the Chinese opium eater as no better than a brute. Why then not the smoker also. His crime is only different in degree, not in kind. "Tobacco crave" is only a deluted form of "opium crave." Both are *craves* and therefore tyrannies. Nor need we go as far as opium to shew the folly of smoking. Most men despise the tobacco chewer. And yet tobacco chewing is only another form of the tobacco crave. "But tobacco chewing is filthy—tobacco smoking is not." Softly friend! is not this begging the question? To you tobacco chewing is filthy. To most men tobacco smoking is as filthy as tobacco chewing to you. To the tobacco chewer his habit is as little filthy as yours; and the pigs only know how long you will be content with smoking and will not turn to chewing. Besides the same arguments drawn from expediency in favour of smoking hold good for chewing, since chewing is only a quicker mode of arriving at the tobacco effects. You cannot therefore blame the chewer whilst yourself a smoker. Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone.

We cannot understand any intelligent man, deliberately putting himself under the tyranny of tobacco. We have always thought that *slavery* of any kind was disgraceful. So much so is this the case, that Almighty God gave us free will lest we should be slaves to Him.

Only brutes are slaves. "But I am no "slave to tobacco—I can give it up at "any moment." You can; can you? Then you are one in a thousand; for the millions of dollars spent every day in the world in the indulgence of this ridiculous habit prove you such. But can you give it up without an effort? for if you cannot, then are you a slave to the extent of that effort; and though it may be a noble act to make that effort, it is hardly a rational one to make yourself a slave in order to fight for freedom. No; we cannot understand any rational man hugging these tobacco chains. Of course from a Protestant stand point we see no objection to smoking in church, any more than in any other place. A Protestant church is merely a meeting house. Where it is looked upon as anything higher, it is by virtue of some lingering sentiment of Popery in the Protestant breast that it is there not by virtue of Protestant principles. Why not smoke there then as well as any where else. But then this desire to smoke in church proves the crave, and the crave proves the slavery, and the slavery proves a levelling down not up.

—Our school children are being overworked. Professor Treichler lecturing before the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians sounds the warning note that headache in schools is decidedly increasing; so much so indeed, that in some schools, and notably in those of Nuremburg, one third of the scholars suffer from it. This he believes to be the result of over-brain-work, caused, as well by the study of too many subjects; as by the tendency to demand night-work. The brain is taxed when its cells are exhausted. The same complaint is beginning to be heard from the English schools, and should be looked to in time. "All work" says the old proverb, "and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." This over-brain-work will result in making dunces of one half of our men and women. It does not of course hurt the quick, whose brains are equal to any exertion; it does not hurt the dull, whose brains will not be exerted, but it does hurt those boys and girls, whose boundless ambition urges them to fulfil demands beyond their strength. Methodism with its "emotional drunk-

eness" is fast deteriorating the physique of Anglo-Saxondom; it will be to be regretted if State Schoolism steps in to perfect the work.

—The student of French history hears much of the courage and soldierly qualities of Bertrand du Guesclin. Though brave and fearless he was no beauty. If we are to believe the picture drawn of him by his contemporary-Cuvellier, (doubtless an ancestor of our La Salle) nature had certainly not made the most of his physique. "I believe says Cuvellier, "that there was not a child so ugly from Rennes to Dinant. He was flat nosed, and dark skinned, unmannerly and slovenly; for which his father and mother hated him so much, that they were often wishing in their hearts that he were dead or drowned in the running waters; they called him "lad," "clown" and "brawler."

Here is the original French—

Mais l'enfant d'ont je di et dont je vois parlant
Je croi qu'il n'ot si lait de Resnes a Disnant
Camus estoit, et noirs, malotru, et massant;
Li père et la mère si le hevient tant
Que souvent en leurs cuers aloient desirant
Que fust mors, ou noies en une eave corant
Garçon, nisce et coquart laloient appelant.
(Cuvier, vol. I, p. 5.)

—The Tudor doctrine of "the divine right of Kings" was unknown to the Catholic Ages of Faith. When the populace of Paris in 1380 rose up against the regal exactions which pressed so heavily on France and indeed upon all Europe about the time of the accession of Charles VI, the young king sent the duke of Anjou, and his new chancellor, Miles de Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais to promise that their grievances should be redressed. The chancellor's speech on the occasion, contains doctrines, which under Elizabeth of England and the Protestant reformation! would have lost him his head. "The peaceful exercise of government," says the chancellor, "has always been the best security for the prosperity of a country, and I believe that no one is ignorant how grateful and acceptable to God is the power, which is devoid of pride, and which raises not its head with arrogance over the people; while

all the strength of a government consists in the regular obedience of the subjects. *For though kings may deny it a hundred times, it is nevertheless by the will of the people that they reign*, and it is the strength of their people which makes them formidable; and as the sweat of the subject gives royalty its glory, so the vigilance of kings ought to provide for the welfare of the subjects, etc."

These are brave words; and from a Catholic Bishop withal! Had a reformed Bishop dared to utter them within a Tudor's hearing, Tudor blood would have run hot and heavy, and if that Tudor had happened to be Elizabeth of England—(she who like Yankee Butler stole the spoons) we should have had oaths and threats of "unfrocking" enough and to spare.

—"The Church of Rome is the enemy of civil liberty" says your modern liberal.

"The first principles of popular government were first "enunciated in England by the Mendicant Friars" says historian Green in his history of the English people, (p. 265.)

H. B.

DANGERS OF THE NON-CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE editors of magazines, reviews and other periodicals, says the London *Tablet*, seldom allow religious considerations to hamper them much, either in the selection or the treatment of the subjects they are accustomed to handle so flippantly. On the contrary, they invite and encourage what they are pleased to call free discussion, and offer their pages as a public arena for every comer who has any pretensions to skill or dexterity in the use of his pen; and, what is more, flatter themselves that they are thus adopting the wisest means of moulding and forming, elevating and ennobling the national mind and character. The consequence is as lamentable as it is natural. Great and fundamental truths which have been long since incontrovertibly settled, and momentous facts upon which the whole world has sat in judgment and passed

sentence are again and again brought into court, made to submit to a fresh trial and to undergo another cross-examination. Even the primary dogmas of our faith, which Christ, directly or through the mouth of the Church, has placed, once and forever, beyond all controversy, and which therefore enjoy a more than mathematical certainty, are again made the plaything of finite minds, and the target for unskilled pigmies to aim their harmless bolts at. These periodicals, filled as they are with erroneous opinions, false doctrine and fallacious arguments, are calculated to do an immense deal of harm unless great caution and determination be observed in their use. If all those who perused them were theologians, logicians and men well versed in the teaching of the schools, it would matter little. Such as these are accustomed to the wiles and foibles of error; they can, as with a single glance of the eye, detect the misstatement and expose the fallacy; they can tear the miserable rags off the most skillfully-dressed scarecrow, at once make known the deception. But such readers are the exception. The majority are made up of those who have little leisure, and far less inclination, to range through the vast fields of theological and patriotic lore, or to acquaint themselves with even as much of it as would render them competent to discuss, argue and hold their own against the specious, insidious and misleading, though covert, attacks of the unscrupulous, the incredulous and the skeptical.

Men of the world, even such as pass for fair scholars, are seldom theologians. However much they may feel at home on matters of worldly interest, they soon find themselves out of their depths when plunged into the turbulent ocean of religious discussion. When this is true of the highly educated, of the doctor, the lawyer and the politician, what shall we say of the ignorant, the superficial and the ill-instructed? of those who are more impressed by manner and style than by argument, who lend a readier ear to the sweet cadence of rounded periods and to harmonious phraseology than to the truths they should adorn; who prefer what is new to what is true; and, in a word, are

more easily captivated by the ever-varying kaleidoseope of error than the changeless sun of justice? The danger to such minds is unquestionably great in the extreme. Their faith runs risks of being, if not utterly quenched, at least shaken and weakened, by arguments which they fail to recognize as mere sophisms, and proofs which their unpracticed eyes cannot see have nothing but an imaginary basis to stand upon. Such reading also engenders a spirit of criticism, which is one of the great characteristics of the day, and unfits one for the exercise of that ready obedience to, and natural dependence on, ecclesiastical authority commanded by God, which is our highest glory, and it is our only real security. We are influenced, in spite of ourselves, by the example and opinions of others, whether they reach us through books or no. We cannot mark the light, easy way in which the most momentous subjects are treated, nor listen to the crude off hand judgments passed upon them, without being somewhat affected. And if month after month we continue to familiarize ourselves with such views and judgments, and grow up in such a vitiated atmosphere, we shall naturally imbibe something of their spirit, and find our faith gradually growing dull. The general tone of our minds, the tenor of our thoughts, our very mode of looking at things, will all be tinged with the same spirit. A great responsibility indeed falls upon those who receive such journals both in regard to themselves and toward those in whose hands they may allow them to fall. They constitute one of the greatest, because one of the least appreciated, dangers of the age. A roaring lion in the first ages of the Church, the devil now assumes the form of an insidious serpent, corrupting with its poison all the wells of knowledge, that those who drink may perish: "Serpent qui veneno suo corrumpit aquas terræ ut bibentes homines moriantur."

THE RIGHT PATH.—Bring back into the right way him who has gone astray. Correct the errors of mankind where you can, and inspire them with a love of virtue. Restore the lost sheep to the fold.

NANO NAGLE.

BY FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN.

HEROISM has always in the past commanded, and will forever command, the admiration of mankind. Its influence is appreciated long after the noble heart, which throbbed with heroic feeling, has ceased to beat. With justice and right was it born; with justice and right will it die. Tyranny is its constant foe, amelioration of the condition of men its cherished hope, patriotism its firm ally. It knows no limit of time, or race, or sex. In the hour of a nation's peril, the fire of heroism burns with redoubled lustre. At such a time woman experiences this feeling more than man. More impassioned by nature, and superior in soul, heroism with her becomes in fact supernatural, is intensified by enthusiasm, and softened by pity.

History records, on her bright pages, miracles of patriotism performed by woman, when inspired by religious fervor. When desperation compels the most valiant to yield, then, oh! then, do we behold in her the brightest example of Christian heroism. What is necessary to constitute Christian heroism? It unites all the elements of heroism, contempt of danger, devotion to a noble cause, confidence in overcoming obstacles, but crowns all these with a constant and overwhelming charity.

The battle of Christian heroism is not confined to the "tented field," and to the scenes of human misery. Its greatest trophies have been won in the cause of education. The genius of Burke has immortalized the name of Howard; a nation's gratitude has encircled the brow of Florence Nightingale with a crown of unfading glory. These heroic souls, imbued with the spirit of true Christian philanthropy, braved danger and disease to soothe the pangs of suffering humanity. Shall no chaplet of unfading flowers be wreathed for the champions of civilization, who ministered to the mind of a people, and thereby saved its mental and moral life? Happy, oh! happy is the nation that can claim one of these apostles of education as her own. Among these fortunate nations we may rank Ireland.

She can point with pride to one of her children, as a bright exemplar of Christian heroism.

In a small cemetery near Douglas street, in the city of Cork, may be seen a green grave. The sun shines on it with a calm and mellow light. The breeze toys with the flowers that bloom around. A memorial slab near by records the acts and virtues of a Christian heroine. It is the grave of Nano Nagle. Spirit of Nano Nagle! I call on thee for aid. Assist me in the task that I have undertaken. Grant that my words may not fade away as pyramids of summer clouds, driven along the face of heaven by the wind; or be forgotten like the withered leaves that fall unnoticed to the ground, but vouchsafe that they may descend upon my hearers' hearts, and be appreciated as are the refreshing dews by the thirsty and grateful fields of earth.

It has been said "the path of glory lead but to the grave." This, alas! is true of human glory; but the divine glory of a Christian heroine can never die. Time, which has buried in oblivion the deeds of others, has preserved Nano Nagle's for the admiration of posterity. She needs no statues to commemorate, with their "white eloquence," her career. Day by day, living monuments to her memory are continually erected in the hearts of every pupil of the Presentation Schools.

The Celtic cross near the grave of Nano Nagle, is a beautiful emblem of the destiny in her order. Its arms represent the faith of her children; its circle the diffusion of her ideas throughout the globe. That she merited the great title of Christian heroine is evident from a brief consideration of her life, character and works.

Born near Mallow, in Ireland, in the year of 1728, of wealthy parents, she received, in France, an education that made her an ornament to the highest classes of society. She entered with great zest into fashionable life, and quaffed with delight the cup of enjoyment, until an incident occurred, which, slight in itself, was fraught with great consequences to herself and to her country. Returning one morning from a scene of Parisian festivity, she beheld at that early hour a number of poor peo-

ple standing on the steps of a church waiting for the doors to be opened. This sight made a deep impression upon her sensitive nature. The gay thoughts of fashion disappeared as, in the beautiful words of my gifted friend, "Marie,"

"She saw the lowly band that knelt beside the Temple's gate—
She saw the meek and humble ones 'their matin feast await;'
And lo! the Master seemed amid His chosen flock to stand,
With dust upon His battered robe, and blood drops on His hand.
'Behold!' He cried, 'the picture pure, the lesson traced for thee!'
Thus only seek thou Wisdom's gate, thus early wait for Me!"

The misery of her unfortunate country vividly presented itself. Stripped of nationality and of education, she beheld the noble Celtic race clinging with desperation to faith and fatherland. She perceived that unless a Deborah or a Judith, or a Joan of Arc, drew the consecrated sword and defended the honor of her native land, the people would sink beneath the weight of their sorrows. Knowing that it was a crime to teach a Catholic child his duty to God and man; understanding that an attempt to educate the Irish people would expose her to the full penalty of English law, she nevertheless decided to become the Mother of Irish education. Her heroic determination is clearly shown by considering that two paths lay before her. The first would lead to fashionable ease and all the enjoyments of the world. The second would bring her face to face with despotism, with penal laws, and with the horrid forms of poverty, ignorance and disease. Casting off all thoughts of comfort, she made choice of the latter, which conducted her into the midst of the sufferings of the most patient and oppressed of all peoples—the Irish race. What grandeur and breadth of soul! The world was abandoned by her to its gaiety, its deceit, and its delusive glory, for the thorny path that leads to Paradise. She in truth realized that;

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—,
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flush, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way,
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

Having chosen her mode of life, she entered zealously into all its duties. The education of the poor was her dearest wish. To gather their little children together, to instruct them, and to watch the budding of their intellectual growth, became her daily avocation. The anger and interference of friends, and the threats of a hostile government, did not deter her from this great work. To the accomplishment of her Christian undertaking she devoted her brilliant intellect, her physical energy, and her great wealth.

Let us pause again to admire this heroine's unflinching zeal for the education of the poor and lowly. She first established and endowed the Ursuline Order in Ireland. Finding that the crying want of her country still remained, she, in the year 1776, in honor of the Presentation of the Saviour in the Temple, founded the Presentation Order, the object of which is to educate the poor. She consecrated herself and her disciples to the noblest of all the works of charity. Nobly have her daughters performed their task. Starting in the obscurity of a small city of Ireland, the Presentation Nun has become known wherever the language of man is heard. Her very name is synonymous with charity. Oh, charity! friend of the fatherless, comforter of the afflicted! On thy starry brow is stamped the sign-manual of the Omnipotent; on thy cheek is the smile of Heaven; in thy hand is the balsam of life. Child of Christianity! in the quivering light that gleams in thy glowing features are seen the emblems of Peace, Joy and Hope! Thy softening and refining influence is divinely sweeter on the great ocean of life, as it ebbs and flows and beats upon the shores of time, than the silvery notes of music which, rippling o'er the moonlight waves, ravish the delighted soul

of man. Angelic Charity! What pleasant memories dost thou not bring with thee! What delicate flowers dost thou not plant in our hearts! What poems, filled with jeweled thoughts, dost thou not whisper in our ears! Alas! how can I do thee justice? To speak of thee I should possess the tongue of a seraph! To paint thy beauties, my pencils should be tipped with the unfading hues of Heaven!

The character of Nano Nagle explains the wonderful success that attended her efforts. Among her noble qualities she possessed a perseverance unexampled, and an enthusiasm unconquerable, a humility and self-denial equalled by few. The light of wisdom dawned upon her path and every obstacle was overcome. The pen of the poet, alone can truly depict her traits of character. In her we behold—

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect, woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Her character seems to have been inherited by her daughters. Who has not observed the unspeakable charm of their manner? Who has not contrasted the cares and anxieties of the people of the world with the calmness and sweetness of the nun? Her presence is sunlight; her absence gloom; when she speaks the buds of refined sentiment spring forth and blossom in our heart; as she departs from our sight, a twilight of noble aspirations lingers round, and kisses, with its golden lips, the hills and valleys of our souls. Delighted with the good, the true, and the beautiful, we exclaim:

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light?
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly
feeling,
Religion's softened glances shine,
Like light through summer foliage steal-
ing;

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere."

The labors of Nano Nagle to-day excite our surprise and admiration. Her work in the cause of education will scarcely be appreciated unless we recall the peculiar circumstances in which the Irish people were placed. Catholic emancipation was not granted until the 13th of April, 1829. Prior to that great event, education could only be purchased by apostasy. The Irish race, loving their faith before all things, rejected this vile condition. The result was that the people grew up ignorant of popular learning. Nano Nagle delivered them out of this house of bondage by her educational system. What was the education she taught? It was the development of all the faculties of the mind—intellectual, effective and moral. The intellect received knowledge, the heart and will religion and grace. Each faculty was polished to the brilliancy of a gem. No moral Frankenstein threw a dark shadow on her schools. For thirty years had she devoted herself to her great task. At length, wearied by her burthen, she laid down by the wayside of life, and her pure spirit winged its way to heaven. Her cloak fell on worthy successors; her daughters have made her name co-extensive with the world.

It may be asked why was such a revolution created by her teaching? Why did the Irish people grasp so easily the truths she indicated? 'Tis true the Irish nation was plunged in the depths of enforced misery and ignorance, but it still possessed, as its redeeming virtue, a civilization that is repudiated to-day—the civilization of principle, of unbending honor, and inflexible integrity. Immortal civilization! How often hast thou been spat upon; thy noble brow crowned with thorns; thy glorious form scourged at the pillar, crucified on Calvary, and finally laid in the tomb of ignominy; but, thank God! thou type of the Almighty Power! amid the trembling of tyrants, again and again has thou cast off the cerements of the grave and flashed forth in all the splendors of a magnificent resurrection!

Her labors were not exclusively confined to education. She ministered to the wants of old age; the sick and the hunger-stricken were soothed in their distress. Neither the inclemency of the weather, nor the lateness of the hour, deterred her from the path of duty. Profanity and impurity fled at her approach. Her fallen sister, however, received from her sweet words of consolation. The last hours of the dying were cheered by her tender and hopeful expressions. No frightful malady, no danger checked this Christian heroine in her heroic undertaking. Her religious life was, in belief, one continuous act of charity. Perchance to many "a mute, inglorious" Dante she was a Beatrice, whose vision lifted his soul from the abyss of hell, along the terraces of purgatory, even unto the jasper pavements of Paradise.

Finally, when we reflect on the time in which she lived, the obstacles she encountered, and the great results of her labors, it must be conceded that her praises will forever be sounded in the litany of Christian heroines.

Thus lived a Christian Heroine. Oh! may her spirit inspire us to follow in the same noble path of philanthropy; may the undimmed glory of her career shine brightly from age to age, until time shall be no more.

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN ON THE IRISH FAMINE.

At a meeting held in Australia to raise money for the relief of the suffering in Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, said:—

We are all made of the same paste—human nature is much the same all the world over. Such being the case, it crosses my mind that those thoughts which had the effect of urging me to double my subscription, might not be without their influence with others, and that, possibly, I might speak effectually to my resolution by simply, and with all simplicity, bringing out before you as briefly as I can, what those thoughts were. The first image that presented itself before my mind in thinking of Ireland was that of the great Daniel O'Connell. Those two thoughts are in-

separable. I saw before me that king of men and tribune of the people standing in all the majesty of his manly strength and beauty; his very physique bearing witness to the vigor of his brain and the power of his large and tender heart. I could see him standing before me, strong as a tower that "stands four square to every wind that blows." I asked myself, How did that strong man come to die? I found that he died of a broken heart. He was struck down by the great Irish famine of 1846-47.

"His enpierced breast

Sharp sorrows did in thousand pieces rive"

at the sight of the people he loved with such fierce tenderness wasting away in thousands through starvation and disease. I thought it a wonderful thing to contemplate so sturdy a man, one so fearless, being prostrated, and wholly broken down by the sorrows of his people. Then I asked myself how came it that O'Connell was so overcome by the great calamity of the famine of 1846-7? And I answered myself: because he had an intimate knowledge of the peasantry of Ireland, and therefore he loved them passionately; and because he had witnessed with his eyes the appalling sufferings of those he loved. Could I, I thought, only get some knowledge of that people, something like what he had, could I but fix my eyes on their distress, then I should be able to weep with him, and love them and assist them all I could. I then thought over in my mind all I knew of that wonderful people, especially of the peasantry. I remember their singular generosity of character, their courage, their humanity. I remember what Curran said: "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convenience—in savage nations of the first, in polished of the latter—but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of the posted and ledgered courtesies as in other countries; it springs like all his qualities, his faults, his virtues directly from the heart. The heart of the Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable." So much for Irishmen in general, and from long personal experience I can vouch for its truth. But what about the peasant class in particular? I remember a pas-

sage from Giles, who had an intimate knowledge of this remarkable class. He says: "The peasant in Ireland exercises a peculiar and sacred order of hospitality strange to the nobility and wealthy. Such hospitality is mentioned in the Gospel—hospitality, which recounts amongst its guests, the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and which has its reward in heaven. These classes in Ireland had not merely a share in the humble man's feast; they had also their pittance out of his scarcity. Daily he divided with some of them his food, and nightly he shared with some of them his roof. None more than the humble Irish seemed to keep constantly in mind that Christ was supplicant in each person of the destitute; and well did their treatment of the destitute anticipate that last address: 'I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.'" How beautiful, how surpassingly touching, I thought within myself is not all this! And then I remembered reading in some speech of John Bright's that the Irish in America alone, during the space of sixteen short years, I think it was 1848 and 1864, sent back over the waters to their friends and relatives at home thirteen million pounds sterling! Their bravery and humanity are equal to their generosity. I am speaking still principally of the peasant class. I chanced, only two days ago, to look into the history of the Siege of Limerick; and I came across one fact of gallantry, humanity, and daring which I do not think could be equalled in the annals of military warfare. A breach had been burst in the walls of the city. An attack was made. But the garrison repulsed the attack with such impetuosity that the enemy retreated and were followed to their camp. In the melee the English hospital was set on fire. What did these Irish soldiers do, these soldiers who had been drawn from the peasant class of their country? They forgot the enemy; they rushed in among the flames, and did not desist till every wounded Englishman and Brandenburger had been carried away from danger, and had been put in a place of safety until they had effectually extinguished the flames which were raging in the

building. Having done that, they fought their way back into their stronghold. When I had thought over all these I began to realize how it was that O'Connell loved his people with such passionate attachment. Their generosity, self-forgetfulness, courage, humanity, their love of poetry, of song; the dark shadow thrown across their history, the beauty of their fatherland, brought to my mind the words of the poet:

"What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great or pastoral Ban?
Or who a friend or foe could meet
So generous as an Irishman?"

Now, surely, it is but natural to feel very keenly when such a race as this is suffering acutely for no fault of their own. One's very love and admiration makes one feel all the more vehemently for them. I will not weary or sadden you, ladies and gentlemen, by a long account of the sorrows of the Irish people, but the effect would not be complete if I did not ask you to bear with me whilst I tell you some other thoughts that passed through my mind. I will select three of them. I remembered then, in studying the poet Spencer one passage in his prose works which I have never forgotten. He had been presented with 3000 acres of land, part of the Desmond property, which had been confiscated. This was in the sixteenth century. Spencer, who himself, if we may believe Ben Jonson, died from lack of bread, visited his estate, and describes the peasants thus: "Out of every corner of the woods and glynnis they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death—they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves—they ate the dead carrion; happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after; insomuch the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves." What could possibly be more frightful than that picture? I turned from it. I remembered the famine of 1739, 1741 and 1742, of which history says little. In 1744, 400,000 Irishmen are said to have perished from want. One small village buried 500. For a time they subsisted on grass, docks and nettles. "I have seen," says an eyewitness, "the laborer endeavoring to work at his spade, but fainting for want

of food, and forced to quit it. I have seen the aged father eating grass like a beast, and in the anguish of his soul wishing for his dissolution. I have seen the helpless orphan exposed on the dunghill, and none to take him in for fear of infection; and I have seen the hungry infant sucking at the breast of the already expired parent. The famine of 1847 afforded me similar pictures of heart-rending distress. I recalled the efforts of the people in 1846 to make good the losses of the previous year. I remembered the fierce energy with which they worked. I recollect the blasting of their hopes, when in one single night the green crop over hill and in the fertile valley was shrivelled and blackened by the universal blight. The population were literally driven into their graves. Their former energy had turned to a stolid, silent despair. It was a common sight to see the cottier and his family sitting on the fence of their little holding, looking silently and with a vacant stare upon the black crop of blighted promise, which they had worked hard to plant, but which was rotten in the earth. You might address them, and they would not speak to you. You might try to cheer them, but it was too late. They felt their hour had come, and that they had to follow others to the grave. One might crawl away at night, and rest in some doorway out of the moonlight; on opening the door in the morning the servant, or master of the house, found a corpse. The spirit had departed to its everlasting rest. Others would lie down to a dream of feasting and fulness, and wake up to starve and to die. It seemed as if the peasant world of Ireland, that noble race was absolutely coming to an end." These were some of the thoughts which passed through my mind, some of the pictures which presented themselves. But what have they to do with the present distress? I found they had much to do with it. For I remembered, first, that all famines are much the same in their aspects of distress, and that, when I thought how much the Irish people had suffered in the past, I feel all the more moved to assist them in their present necessity. Secondly I could in some way measure the present exigency by the exigencies of former times;

and I came to the conclusion that the present position of the Irish people at home calls more loudly than ever for our prompt assistance. Thank God, we do not know what famine is here; but we do know what flood is. Add our own floods to that of Irish famine—to starvation from hunger and starvation from cold, wet and exposure, and you have a picture of the present distress. Add what you know yourselves to what I have described, and you will then be able, in part at least, to grasp the necessities, the crying wants of the present case. Your worship, ladies and gentlemen, let not a great peasantry perish; no one can replace them; or, in the sweet words of one of Ireland's sweetest poets:—

“ Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

ONCE, not many years ago, two officers of the army were travelling through the beautiful valley of the Colville River among the Spokans and Cour D'Alenes, some two days journey from the mission of St. Ignatius.

One of these officers was a Protestant and a Mason, the other a Catholic.

The ties of a common profession and service had long since, spite the diversity of faith, made them friends, and often the Protestant had dwelt upon the beauties of masonry, the great social power of the order, and the usefulness of being able in any moment of danger to call, by an unseen sign, a friend to your aid.

One day, after travelling till nearly the day's journey was completed, it was discovered by the Protestant officer that he had left his coat behind at the house at which they stopped the night before, and his loss annoyed him greatly.

Particularly did he inveigh against the wild and uncivilized country through which they were passing, where no man could understand English, and by whom a message could be sent back for the lost garment.

At this junction our Catholic friend

remarked that any Indian we might meet could do, as they were mostly Christians. But, though the Mason laid but little stress upon their Christianity, his puzzle was how to know the Christian from the pagan.

To this the Catholic replied, that if the Mason had a grip and pass-word so did he, the Catholic, have an infallible sign by which, even in this wild land, he could detect the Christian, and in fine, he would take upon himself the task of recovering the coat.

In a short time there came to the stream where the party were resting three or four mounted Indians, who, with the stolidity of their character, surveyed them without emotion.

Our Catholic friend, at length, in a loud tone, called one of the Indians to him, who approached slowly and with evident reluctance. Asking his friend to watch the countenance of the Indian, the Catholic made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast. At once the impassibility of the Indian vanished and, with a cry of surprise to his companions, he advanced rapidly, signing himself also with the sign of the crucified One.

Extending his hand, he assumed a seat by the side of his friends, and then, opening his buckskin shirt, exposed the scapular and miraculous medal he wore. Our Catholic did the same, and, without knowing a word of each other's language these two Catholics were able, by signs and the universal brotherhood of the Church, to know and feel each other friends.

To write a note to the man at whose house the travellers had stopped the night before was short work. To explain by signs what was wanted was not so easy, but finally the Indian understood and accepted the errand.

It was then past noon, the distance thirty miles, yet this Catholic Indian reached again the party before setting out the next morning, and with the coat.

This incident, trifling as it is, is the index of all such meetings in these Western wilds, wherever a Catholic may be travelling. If he desires to find a friend even among those who are not converted the sign of the cross is the surest passport.

(Written for THE HARP.)

A SAILOR'S YARN.

You may tell me what you like
 Never man with marlinspike
 Ever did a braver thing for dear old France
 Than that Croisic sailor lad
 Who no sounding title had
 Though he saved the Frenchman's fleet upon
 the Rance.

You've seen oft upon the blue
 A shoal of sharks pursue
 A'frighted school of porpoise—*c'est sa vogue*,
 So 'twas with the ships of France
 Off St. Malo on the Rance
 When the English beat the Frenchmen at
 La Hogue.

The Frenchmen fled apace,
 With the victors in full chase,
 First and foremost in his flag-ship Damfre-
 ville,
 Then came both great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all,
 And they followed helter-skelter with a
 will.

'Twas a brave and even race
 As each good ship kept its place
 A-shaking out each stern-sail to the breeze:
 He that fights and runs away;
 Lives to fight another day
 You may call it a defeat, mate! if you please.

Then from off his highest stick
 The brave Damfre' signal'd quick
 Send us pilots—save the honor of old France,
 Send us pilots skilled—and quick,
 Men who know to play the trick
 Of guiding ships amidst the shallows of the
 Rance.

Then the pilots of the place
 No braver hardier race!
 Put them out from off the shore and leapt
 aboard
 "The shoals can scace be past
 When the tide is running fast
 At the ebb tide every shoal becomes a ford."

Damfre' heard; and spake he low;
 "This will be a heavy blow
 To lose these brave old ships of gallant
 France,
 But France must meet her fate!
 Signal each man not to wait
 But to ground and burn his ship upon the
 Rance."

Then spake Hervé Riel,
 "I know the channel well
 What mockery and treason have we here?
 Talk to me of being shoaled?
 Are ye bought with English gold?
 I can lead you safe, my Masters, never fear.

"Morn and evening, night and day
 I have piloted your bay
 And tho' you're brave and stirring men, my
 Maloins!

I, a simple Croisickese
 Will lead you in with ease
 If I do not, cut me off then in my teens.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France!
 Why, you're speaking in a trance.
 That were worse by far than fifty hapless
 Hogues
 I will lead you safe and sound
 Not a keel shall touch the ground
 If I fail you, call Les Riels arrant rogues—

"Only let me lead the line,
 Make the others follow mine,
 No keel need touch the bottom as I said,
 Give the biggest ship to steer,
 Get that biggest one all clear,
 The others will have nothing then to dread."

"Not a minute then to wait
 Steer us in both small and great,
 Take the helm, lead the van," cries Damfre-
 ville,
 "Capt'ns give the sailor place,
 He is admiral for a space,
 Follow Capt'ns one and all with a will."

See that honest Breton face,
 As Hervé Riel takes his place
 Watching keenly every trembling of the
 sails,
 See the big ship gives a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Breton eye and hand at rudder never fails.

Safely through each shoal and rock
 The French vessels like a flock
 Of wild geese through the bracken of the
 brooks
 Follow every turn and twist
 Of the Bretons skilful wrist
 "You may let go now your sturdy anchor
 flukes.

The port is lost and won
 E'er the setting of the sun,
 Won so bravely for the vessels of old France,
 For though the English tars
 Are tough as Norway spars
 They dare not enter 'neath the guns upon the
 Rance.

H. B.

TRIALS.—The sorest trials and the
 severest ordeals may be borne with
 equanimity, and even beget a noble de-
 termination to triumph over obstacles
 that at the first blush appear insur-
 mountable. For, after all, man is greater
 than circumstances, and is able, if in-
 spired by right principles, and prompted
 to the exercise of zealous endeavours, to
 mould them at will.

THE POPE IN FICTION.

WHEN political fictions are going the round of the Press, and when hasty forecasts of the future are being hinted on all sides, it is quite natural that a large share of the fictions and the forecasts should centre round the most exalted and most important personage in Europe; and by all evidence that personage is no other than the Pontiff at the Vatican—the one man whose words and acts are watched by the unbelieving world, as if they were the words of an oracle and the acts of some superhuman power that can afford to appear weak while it is biding its time. Among all the crooked views and false reports with which the special correspondents are wont to create for their readers a fictional Leo XIII., there is one view, says the *London Register*, which deserves special notice because it is being put forward in our own daily Press in a most plausible manner; and by constant repetition, as we all know, the most glaringly false theory begins to insinuate itself as a truth. We are not going to dwell upon the fallacy—long ago acknowledged as such even by the enemies of the Church—that Leo the Thirteenth does not follow in the footsteps of Pius the Ninth. When the fury of the storm has exhausted itself in some of the countries of Europe, the present Pontiff makes use of diplomatic means to bring about peace, just as Pius the Ninth did before the persecution had risen to its height, rendering negotiation impossible; but had there been for one moment or in one word a change of front towards the Quirinal there would be no need to seek for the act of surrender; it would have been the byword of the world long ago. The friends of Italian Unity know but too well that "*Non Possumus*" was not the word of one man, but of an immortal dynasty. They may reason plausibly to prove that but for the ever meddling Intransigenti Cardinals, Rome would have ere now sought conciliation in every quarter at all costs; but in the same breath the truth leaks out, and they acknowledge that the Papacy is the most permanently important element to be reckoned with in forecasting the future of Italy, perhaps of Europe.

But the grand fiction of the day does not regard the policy of the Popes. It is the old fiction brought to light first in the Turin Parliament years before the taking of Rome—the fiction that the spiritual power of the Pope would be greater if his temporal power were swept away. Your himself made use of this false od; it was the argument of the men who wanted Rome for the capital of the new kingdom, and yet knew that Italy had a conscience that might rebel against the sacrilege. Again and again it is repeated, and in the English Press it is brought forward from time to time, and every possible change is rung upon the unsound theory. There was never any thing more obviously untrue, or more clearly framed to suit a purpose. But this constant reiteration may possibly at last imperil the common sense of some amongst us. A man may deceive himself, and, by persistent repetition, come to believe that his own fancies are facts, just as old George the Fourth came at last to believe that he had been at Waterloo and led a cavalry charge. Much more may the bold assertions of other men delude us unless we assume the attitude of perpetually being on our guard against believing because the multitude speak. It is our fate to be always told that the world knows more of the affairs of the Church than does the Church herself; yet the multitude are but the outside strangers, and we, the few, are of the household knowing alone its secrets and its needs.

We are told, then, that the spiritual power of the Pope was never so great, and that the reason is because his influence over souls is not hampered and debased by the cares of a temporal kingdom. There is some truth here as well as the falsehood. The fact is true; the reason given is false. Never, indeed, was the empire over souls so wide; never, perhaps, in all the history of the nineteen centuries was the loyalty to Rome so close, or, as one might say, so individual, an allegiance. The well-known prophecy regarding Pius the Ninth was undoubtedly fulfilled—he lived to see the exaltation of the Church. But, let it be remembered, it is the exaltation of suffering; it is the loyalty of martyrdom; it is the strength that has risen to endure persecution

When men say the influence of the Pope is greater, he is more revered, because he is not a temporal prince, we answer—the greatness and the influence are the result of the sufferings of the Church not of the work of those who have made her suffer. It is only a proof of her vitality that wholesale robbery of her temporal goods has enriched her spiritual kingdom; but who can tell how multiplied her strength and glory would have been if, from 1870 to 1879, Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth had been free to govern, and Eternal Rome, the centre of Christendom, free to dispense her treasures of wisdom and of blessing among the nations? This is a side of the picture that is forgotten. Both the last and the present Pontiff, however they may be represented in the fiction of the Protestant Press, have had but one voice to declare that the temporal power is necessary to the free government of the Church. Therefore, if the spiritual power has grown strong and fruitful under persecution, it does not palliate the crime of the persecutor; but it suggests what would have been the fruitfulness of those nine years had the Christian world been ruled with that safeguard of freedom which successive Popes have declared to be “necessary.”

IRELAND'S MILITARY GLORY.

SIR ROBERT STEWART in one of his lectures on Irish music, having stated that Ireland had “no military history,” Mr. James Burke, Barrister, in a letter to a Dublin newspaper, combats Sir Robert's assertion. We extract some passages of Mr. Burke's letter:

No military history? Does our distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir Robert Stewart, forget Clontarf, the “Marathon of Ireland,” where the Danes were gallantly repulsed by the army of Brian Boroihme, and received a blow from which, in Ireland, they never recovered, though about the same time the Danes held, by successful invasion, the throne of England? Does Sir Robert forget Beal-an-atha-Buie (the famous

“Yellow Ford”), where glorious Red Hugh O'Neill overthrew Elizabeth's best general? Does Sir Robert forget magnificent Benburb, where the truly historic Owen Roe O'Neill shivered to splinters the army of Munroe? Does Sir Robert forget the Boyne, where Irish valor was well proved on both sides, and Derry (for, like my political master, O'Connell, whose praises of George Walker often I heard, I write in no party or sectarian spirit), and Athlone, and Aughrim, and last (and greatest of all), Limerick, from whose historic walls the brave men of that famous city (and brave women, too), hurled the myrmidons of the Dutch usurper? Some of these battles were, I freely admit, Irish defeats. But even the defeat of a brave army is “military history.” Greece honored the memory of Leonidas, though Thermopylæ was, after a gallant struggle, a defeat; as much as she honored those who conquered at Marathon and Salamis. Rome paid public honors to the man who, after hard fighting, lost Cannæ, because “he did not despair of the Republic.” The Saxons of England treasured the memory of those who were beaten at Hastings. Scotland honors those who were defeated at Flodden, Killiecrankie and Culloden, as much as she does those who drove the “Sassenach” before them at Bannockburn and at Prestonpans; and she has erected a statue at Stirling to Wallace, who (though a prisoner of war) was brutally murdered in cold blood in London by an English king, whom Scott truly called a “felon.”

But Sir Robert Stewart was right in one thing. We ought to honor the memory of our great men more than we do. It is no excuse that England has not honored her greatest men. There is not in any street in all London a statue to Shakspare, Milton, Newton, Dryden, Pope or Byron. Scotland gives us a better example. Stand on the Calton Hill and you can survey memorials of Burns, Scott and a glorious array of intellectual giants. We have improved, it is true. Grattan, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore (in a sort of a way), O'Brien, O'Connell (Royal Exchange and Glasnevin) are before us. But where is that great Dublin man, the most brilliant genius that Ireland, or perhaps,

any other country, ever produced—
Richard Brinsley Sheridan—

The orator, dramatist, minstrel who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was
master of all?

I shall not occupy your space by dwelling on the military history of Irishmen abroad, though that is part of the military history of every nation. I shall not take you to Sarsfield at Landen, to Montgomery at Quebec, to Fontenoy, to Wellington at the Peninsula and Waterloo, or to the countless fields in every quarter of the globe where Ireland has written splendid chapters of military history.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

“IRELAND IS TO-DAY ENGLAND’S HUMILIATION, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN
THE SPHERE OF ENGLAND’S
GREATEST SINS.”

THE *London Freeman*, the principal organ of the Baptist denomination in England, says of the Irish question :

The land agitation, has once more brought Ireland to the front and reminds us that we have a Western question fully as complicated and difficult of solution as the Eastern, and pressing more urgently for settlement, because it touches matters nearer home and affects a people who for five centuries have been bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and married to us for better or worse—generally, alas! for worse.

Charles Dickens, in his story of “*Bleak House*,” has held up to ridicule the philanthropic women who spend all their time in collecting blankets and shoes for the aborigines of Africa while their own children are tumbling about half-clothed in gutters and squalling for bread; and a wiser man has satirized the same folly in the sententious proverb, “The fool’s eyes are in the ends of the earth.” Our rulers, during the last five years, have been furnishing a fresh illustration of the proverb. Their eyes have been wandering over the whole earth in search of adventures, while the exigencies of home have been forgotten.

It is well, perhaps, that something should happen to recall their scattered energies to the care of their own children. Continental nations are somewhat amused by our anxiety to reform corrupt governments and settle unruly peoples while we have Ireland on our hands quite as discontented, more disloyal, and almost as miserable as the Turks themselves. They forget that it is the natural tendency of nations, as well as individuals, to “see the mote in their brother’s eye, while they have no suspicion of the beam that is in their own eye.” When conscience is disturbed by our own ill-doings it finds relief in protesting against the ill-doings of others.

But it is not the present Government alone [this article was written immediately preceding the late elections in Great Britain] that is answerable for the neglect of Ireland. The whole English nation will sooner or later have to plead guilty to the charge. The truth is we have grown weary of the Irish question. For three hundred years it has been the nightmare of Parliaments, the anguish of philanthropists, and the despair of statesmen, and we have come to regard it as insoluble. “When you cannot solve a problem,” says Dr. Carpenter in his “*Mental Physiology*,” “the best thing is to sleep over it.” The English nation has obeyed this recipe, concerning Ireland, too literally. We have been too content to sleep over it, only now and then stirred to spasmodic action when some fiercer agitation or more piercing cries have compelled us to wakefulness. Physicists tell us that the same monotonous sound repeated in our ears for a certain length of time would produce no more effect upon us than silence. So it has happened with the story of the “wrongs of Ireland.” We have become familiarized with it that we have ceased to notice, or, if we notice, it is to regard it as a stale joke, or to stop our ears from it as from the cries of a contentious woman. We have come to the conclusion that we shall never be able to satisfy the Irish. We have disestablished the Irish Church *without disendowing it*, we have given them an infinitesimal instalment of land-law reform, and we are surprised that they are not overwhelmed with grati-

tude. We stand aghast like the well-fed Mr. Bumble when the half-starved Oliver Twist dared to ask for more. Ireland is a sort of Cerberus with fifty mouths, and when we have thrown a sop to one there are forty-nine still hissing and clamoring to be supplied. We are quite sure that the people are incorrigibly thankless, that their discontent is a chronic disease, that the grievances of Ireland are like the peat of its own bogs, rising to the surface again almost as fast as the upper layers are removed, that the Irish patriot is a rabid demagogue trading on imaginary wrongs, that priests and jesuits are the secret contrivers of disaffection, that the Celt is naturally an unruly and pugnacious animal which no reasonable Government can control, and that Ireland must be held down with a strong hand and the first sparks of sedition trampled out with iron heel. So we settle the difficulty, or rather dismiss it from our minds.

Has our reader gone through the terrible indictment of English misgovernment and English cruelty contained in Froude's history of "The English in Ireland?" Has he considered the effect which centuries of suffering are likely to have produced on a susceptible people's mind? Has he tried to make allowance for that inheritance of hatred which is the only possession that their English masters have never been able to wrest from the Irish peasantry? Has he tried to realize the feelings of a nation whose memory is laden with stories of intolerable wrong? Does he think that a few homœopathic doses of just dealing will suddenly heal this long accumulation of disease? *Ireland is to-day England's humiliation, because it has been the sphere of England's greatest sins.* And swift, spasmodic moods of repentance and partial acts of long delayed justice are not able suddenly to undo life long wrongs.

It is the one great moral lesson which George Eliot has set herself to teach this generation, that the worst consequence of wrong-doing is that it puts insuperable difficulties in the way of doing right, and that Nemesis follows on for years, though a changed heart has removed the ground of offence and bitter repentance has besought its favor with tears. We are proving this with regard

to the Irish, and, if we could keep it more constantly in mind, it would, perhaps, make us more lenient and charitable in our view of their discontent. But let us not flatter ourselves that we have at length done justice to Ireland, and that its present complaints arise only from the memory of ancient wrongs. Let our reader visit the western parts of the island, where the present agitation has its centre, and he will speedily be disabused of that fancy. He will find hundreds of square miles of fertile land lying almost barren, towns like Galway and Westport literally tumbling to pieces, able-bodied laborers standing idle all day with miserable rags on their backs and gaunt famine in their faces, crowds of women and children on the verge of starvation, unroofed cabins hardly fit for pigs, where human beings are cowering for shelter, with the rain and snow drifting and filtering down upon them, and general beggary and squalor and wretchedness the like of which no other country in Europe, not even excepting Turkey, can show—and my lords and gentlemen the natural protectors of these people, the owners of the land, the drainers of its produce, unseen for years on their estates, and spending all that they can squeeze out of the soil in the shape of rent on the luxurious and often riotous living of foreign cities. Is it surprising that the Irish peasantry should be a little sceptical about the rights of property, and should fail to understand the grace of meek submission? Is it surprising that they cannot realize the beneficence of the law which protects these gentlemen in the neglect of every duty, and can do nothing for the crowd except to keep a posse of armed constables in every village to overawe them?

We do not hint at any interference with the rights of property, for we know that in the long run such interference would produce more miseries than it would remove, but we demand that our statesmen shall take up the Irish land question, not with tender and gingerly hands as heretofore, but with a determination to make some radical change and to recognize tenants' rights as well as landlords' privileges. And we plead still more for the uprising of a moral sentiment which shall inflict its scorpion

lashes upon the dainty gentlemen who are draining the life-blood of Ireland to supply their own luxuries, who have retained all the privileges of the ancient feudalism and abandoned all its duties, whose only calling in life is to receive rent, whose only notion of law is that it shall protect them in their merciless exactions, who are aliens in race, in religion, and in sympathy from the people by whose toil they live, and who never try to compensate for these drawbacks by a single act of justice, beneficence, or charity.

We plead for a partial transfer of our indignation from misguided Irish agitators to the self-indulgent, God-forgetting men whose greed and ill-gained luxuries and heedlessness of human sufferings have made the agitation possible and almost necessary. We rejoice to think that the spirit of the age is protesting more and more loudly against the men who have inherited wealth and leisure, and yet do so little good to the world that the best service they could render it would be to relieve it of their presence as quickly as possible. This growing moral sentiment will eventually do more for Ireland than any change of laws. Let there go forth from Parliament and press and pulpit an indignant outcry against the aristocratic trees which simply consume the produce of the soil to deck themselves in ornamental leaves, and bring forth no fruit. They have cumbered the ground long enough. It were well if they could be shamed into fruit-bearing. We are willing to protect their rights, but we demand of them a remembrance of their duties. In the growing urgency of this demand, in the uprising of an indignant sentiment that will insist upon it, we find the hope of Ireland and also the hope of sufferers nearer home.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

DEDICATED TO THE FRENCH CANADIAN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THIS instrument of religious discord will soon be without the power of doing mischief. The "saints" have quarrelled among themselves; the cloven foot has not been sufficiently concealed under the role of external sanctity;

and though the deficiency in the annual subscription does not this year exceed a couple of thousand dollars, we shall have a much greater falling off by and by. Some of our city papers contained not long since, a pretty full exposé of the "holy humbug," and said enough, heaven knows, to fill Christians with horror at the monstrous blasphemies sanctioned by this society—by men who are perpetually railing at Popery, yet who prove, in their own case, that the very means resorted to in the Catholic Church, for preserving the fidelity of the sacred text, are absolutely necessary and essential. A writer in the *Quarterly* which has fallen into our hands said much about translations: As his sense of smell was keen, and that of hearing and seeing acute, I wonder how he could overlook the observations of the Abbé Dubois, who exposed the doings of the "holy ones" in the East. He has conclusively demonstrated that Protestant Missionaries have prevented the spread of Christianity in Asia, that they have rendered it problematical whether there be any chance of converting the natives under present circumstances; and this melancholy state of things is in a great measure owing to the mis-translations of the Bible circulated in Hindostan. In fact, the Bible Societies' versions serve (as will be shown hereafter,) the Bramans as jest-books, when they want literary amusement. Speaking of the Canada translation, the first chapter of which he translates, the Abbé says, "I have been so thoroughly disgusted in going through the translation of the first chapter, that I beg you will excuse me the trouble of translating the three others; for I cannot disguise to you, that, as a sincere believer in the divine origin of our Holy Scriptures, I cannot help experiencing the most distressing feelings of indignation, when I see those sublime books, the sacred voice of God himself, so basely, so shamefully, so sacrilegiously defaced, debased, and perverted, and held out, under such a shape, to the very enemies of our holy religion, as the pure word of God.

"If one of the many proofs of our holy books being of divine origin be derived from their intrinsic worth, from their noble, inimitable, and majestic

simplicity, there is, alas! on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the Hindoos will form a directly opposite judgment on the subject, when they behold the ludicrous, vulgar, and almost unintelligible style of the versions at present circulated among them; and that even the most reasonable and best disposed, in beholding our Holy Scriptures under such a contemptible shape, so far from looking upon them as the Word of God, will, on the contrary, be strongly impelled to consider them as forgeries of some obscure, ignorant, and illiterate individual, and of course a downright imposture."

THE CANADA TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

The above extract from the Abbé Dubois, respects this translation. I now subjoin a specimen, as given literally, by this Oriental Scholar, for the benefit and instruction of the distinguished pillars of the French Canadian Missionary Society, to whose members I have dedicated the following translation as a

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

I shall select a few verses from the Translation of the Book of Genesis:

"1. In the beginning God created the earth and the air.*

"2. But the earth was *uneven* and empty, and there was darkness *over water*; but God's soul† was roaming with delight‡ on water.

"3. Next God said, Let *brightness*§ be made! Then brightness was made.

4. God seeing that *brightness* was good, he separated *brightnsss* from obscurity.||

"5. God gave to *brightness* the name of day, and to *obscurity* the name of night; and *whereas* in this manner the evening and the morning came to pass, it was the first day.

"6. Next God said, Let the orb of space¶ be made in the midst of water, and let it be separated from this water, and from that water."**

* * * * *

"25. Next God said, Let us create a man similar to us, and having our form! Let him command the *aquatic insects* of the sea; the *birds* that fly in the air; the *beasts* having life; all earth and the *insects* that move on the earth.

"26. In this manner God created a man *having his form*. He created him *having the figure of God*.†† Moreover, he created him male and female."

"*Ex uno disce omnes*," says the Abbé. "The other chapters are equally incorrect, and abundant in errors. Besides that, the style is quite ludicrous; and there is no Hindoo scholar who can keep a serious countenance in perusing such a performance. The words in *italics* are those whose meaning materially differs from that of the text."

W. McK.

* "Air is the literal meaning of the word *accossa*, and conveys to the mind a quite different idea from that of the heaven (coelum) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *para-loca*."

† "This expression, *Dever-atma*, literally, God's soul, is different from the *spirit* (spiritus) of Scripture, and must convey to a man, unacquainted with the Scriptural style, the idea of a corporeal being, composed of a soul and a body."

‡ "Such is the literal meaning of the compound verb, *lol-ahdvovadoo*, to roam or wander with delight (as a spirited horse would when let loose.)"

§ "The literal meaning of the word *bilakoo* is *brightness*, in French *clarté*, different from the *light* (lux) of Scripture, which should be translated by the word *pracassaa*."

|| "Katilla literally means *obscurity*, and differs from the *darkness* (tenebrae) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *antacara*."

¶ "Such is the meaning of the word *vissalamandala*, different from the *firmament* of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *gagana*."

** "The meaning of the text is entirely changed in this phrase."

†† "Blasphemous expressions."

GOOD ACTIONS.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is a good action done as it ought to be, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.—One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes him to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him.—Zimmerman.

ANGELUS DOMINI.

BY LAVINIA BATHURST.

Author of "Forty Hours' Devotion," &c.

Wavelets of harmony,
 Circlets of sound,
 Vibrations of melody
 Liquid and round;
 Ripplets so holy,
 Beautiful chimes,
 Angelus Domini
 Matin bell rhymes.

Seraphic intonings,
 Breathing of prayer,
 Rustle of Angels' wings
 Filling the air,—
 Purer than lullaby
 Right from the sea,
 Angelus Domini
 Avé to Thee!

Avé Maria,
 Maiden so true!
 Listen, dear sinner,
 She's pleading for you!
 A sad Miserere,
 The bells seem to wail,
 Angelus Domini
Her prayers must avail.

"Gratia plena"
 Seems floating thro' space,
 Fit Alleluia
 To virginal grace;
 "Tower of Ivory,"
 "Mystical Rose,"
 Angelus Domini,
 Pray for our woes!

Back thro' dim ages
 The mem'ry sweeps,
 Sin and death rages,
 Mortality weeps;
 No Angel of beauty,
 No "mother most chaste,"
 Angelus Domini,
 The world was a waste!

No Gloria Patri,
 No star in the East,
 No Mother of pity
 For even the least;
 No stable so holy,
 No manger of straw,
 Angelus Domini
 Man an outlaw!

No Christ in agony,
 No cruel thorn
 No lone Gethsemani
 No Saviour born,
 No blood on Calvary,
 No crucified Lord,
 Angelus Domini
 Nor Incarnate Word.

No five sacred wounds
 So willing to bleed,
 Strict justice abounds,
 No Jesus to plead—
 No Mater Dei,
 No way of the Cross,
 Angelus Domini
 Think of the loss!

Then peal out your tragedy
 All the year round!
 Angelus Domini,
 A Redeemer is found!
 Ripplets so holy,
 Beautiful chimes
 Angelus Domini
 Vesper bell rhymes.

Richmond, Va.

SELF-PRAISE.

CONCEITED people may be divided into two classes—the offensive and the non-offensive. There are people who have a very good opinion of themselves, but they manifest it in such a way as is far from making them disagreeable. Perhaps they talk a little too much about themselves and their wonderful performances, and still the listener is interested and attracted rather than repelled. The man who has done nothing that is worth doing becomes tedious when he talks of himself, but if one has made a great invention, or discovered anything wonderful, or explored any rare line of study, or accomplished a grand success in the line of practical business, we like to hear all about the matter, and just how he did it, and what personal results it has brought to him.

What looks like self-conceit may be after all, only the overflow of animal spirits. One who is perfectly sound in mind and body may be expected to carry his head a little higher than other people, and walk with a somewhat more pretentious tread. Sidney Smith has said that he thought Christians in general were not as grateful as they ought to be for the gift of personal vanity. We presume that he had in mind the natural exuberance which makes a man satisfied with himself and everything about him. Who does not prefer the society of such persons rather than those who show their conceit by never seeming to be satisfied with anything?

There are forms of conceit of which we have nothing extenuating to say. The worst of these appears in the habit

of habitually depreciating others. In doing this the detractor is all the while proclaiming to the world, "I am not as other men are. Just look at me! I have never fallen as those people have." Perhaps not *outwardly*. Some people are never content to hear any allusion to the good deeds or the bright sayings of others without calling attention to some corresponding exploit of their own. Conceited people will also manage by a certain adroitness, to give such a twist to conversation as will enable them to bring in some reminder of their own prowess,—oblivious of the fact that they have told the same story to the same people a dozen times before.

One of the most trivial ways in which people show their conceit, is by constantly alluding to the high and mighty people they have met, and repeating what "My Lord" this and "My Lord" that said on the occasion. This trying to shine by reflected light is poor business. Nobody whose opinion is of any consequence thinks any the more highly of a man because he happens to be acquainted with men higher up in the social ladder than himself. The conceit of office is something very annoying to the friends of the official. If you forget to address the man by his title, he is offended. His feelings are also liable to be wounded if you fail at proper intervals to indicate your consciousness of being in the presence of an official. A small man in a big place makes a great deal of noise because he rattles about awfully, and if he tries to fill the big place by inflating himself, the consequence may be disastrous.

We have already alluded to that form of conceit which shows itself in the habit of depreciating others. The same weakness is sometimes manifested amongst professional men, and authors, who fall into the habit of speaking slightly of others in the same line as themselves. As a general rule the very ablest thinkers and writers are most lenient to their inferiors. If they know themselves to be superior, they make no show of it. It is not likely that Shakspeare lorded it over his fellow players, or that Newton ever set himself up as an object of adoration.

Conceit does not always exhibit itself in the form of garrulity,—a vain person

may be very reticent, and expect a corresponding reserve on the part of others, on the ground that he is too sacred a person to be talked about like the man who always lifted his hat when he heard his own name mentioned. This to be sure, is rather the conceit of pride than of vanity; the French monarch who once said "I am the State," probably cared very little for the good opinion of his subjects.

The conceit of humility is always repulsive and disgusting. When a man ostentatiously proclaims himself to be a worm, you may be very sure that he will turn if he happens to be trodden upon; and when one depreciates himself it is usually with the expectation of being praised in return. This is what is called "fishing for a compliment." It is not well for a man to affect to be any better than he is, neither is it well for him to pretend to be any worse than he is.

"And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility."

We are likely to be judged according to our merit, and not according to our pretensions, whether they assume the form of self-praise or self-blame.

Let us all try to be as good and as great as we can, and then forget all about ourselves in helping others to be good and great.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SELF-ASSERTING GENIUS.—A great writer has said that "a child should be treated as a live tree, and helped to grow, not as dry, dead timber, which is to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain molding grooved upon it." This is true enough, but the difficulty is to find out what is the kind of tree. It is said that when Dr. Watts was a child he was exceedingly fond of verse-making. His father, a stern and rather straight-laced schoolmaster, was very much annoyed at this, and did all in his power to keep the boy from indulging his taste. According to the well-known story, on one occasion he threatened to flog him severely next time he found him making rhymes, upon which little Isaac fell upon his knees exclaiming:

"O, father, do some pity take,
And I will no verses make."

Yet the son followed his bent, and has come to be regarded now as one of the first of English hymn-writers. Numberless instances might be given of the same sort of thing—fathers and mothers failing utterly to discover their children's peculiar bent. Kepler, the astronomer, was brought up as a waiter in a German public house; Shakspeare is supposed to have been a wool-comber or a scrivener's clerk; Ben Jonson was a mason and worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn; Lord Clive, one of the greatest warriors and statesmen that England can boast, was a clerk; Inigo Jones, the architect, was a carpenter; Turner, the greatest of English landscape painters, was a barber; Hugh Miller, the geologist, was a bricklayer; Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, was apprenticed to a haberdasher; Bewick, the father of wood-engraving, was a coal miner; Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was educated especially for a musician; Faraday, the philosopher, was apprenticed to a bookbinder; Jeremy Taylor, the poetical divine, was a barber, as was also Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and Cowper, the poet, was brought up to the law, but hated the profession with a perfect hatred, and never, when he could help it, opened a book that bore upon it.

THE WEALTH OF JOB.—"This man was greatest of all the men of the East." Job 1: 2. At this distance of time, supposed to be 3,000 years since he existed, it is difficult to estimate Job's wealth; as some items are given it may be attempted, although the relative value of money at the extremes of 3,000 years leaves us at a loss to calculate the precise amount.

1. The extent of land he owned may be found from the support his stock needed: 7,000 sheep would require a range of as many acres; 3,000 camels would need five acres each; 1,000 yoke of oxen an equal range of five acres with the camels; 500 asses about two acres each; and his household, which was "very great," 2,000; in all 30,000 acres. The value of this amount, at \$5 per acre, \$150,000.

2. The cost of Job's cattle—7,000 sheep at \$2 each; 3,000 camels at probably \$50; 1,000 oxen at \$10 each, and

500 asses at the same price. This would equal about \$175,000.

3. To tend such vast herds, according to the customs of the East, the numbers must have been large. Abraham, contemporary with Job, could muster in his own family retinue 318 trained men in arms. As many more must have remained at home to attend his flocks, etc., when the patriarch went in pursuit of the invaders of Lot's territory. Job may have had 300; the pay and support, \$20,000.

4. The necessary houses for living and shelter and the fold could not be less than \$25,000.

The whole value of the above would be \$370,000.

THE MISSION OF SHAKSPEARE.—Most surely Shakspeare is the poet of humanity! The value of his influence rests on the entireness of his power; on the enlargement of soul to be gained from his aptitude; on the judgment to be learned from the diversities of experience into which he carries us; on the candor of opinion to be drawn from his equity; on the tolerance of thought to be cultivated in his calmness; on the charity of heart to be imbibed from the fullness of his humanity.

We are told that there are those who read Shakspeare, who are yet small of soul, rash in judgment and poor in all the charities—those who laugh at his comedy, and weep at his tragedy, who are, notwithstanding, grim in their families and insensible to the misery which they cause. We can only observe, that Shakspeare did not make these people so, that it is a power greater than Shakspeare's which can make them otherwise.

For all such, we will not wish a little more taste; but simply "a little more grace."

BILLIONS AND TRILLIONS.—The ocean (say the Cyclopædia Britannica) contains 290,000,000 cubic miles of water. Each cubic mile contains 5,431,776,000 cubic yards. Therefore, in round numbers, the ocean contains 5,400x300 billion or 1,620,000 billion cubic yards. Therefore 1,620,000 cubic yards is one-billionth part of the ocean. Now, 162,000x10 yards represents a pond 30 feet deep and about 33 acres in superficial area, or to put it another way,

a pond 1,629 yards long and 100 yards wide. Roughly, if the Serpentine, were 30 feet deep, it would be about a billionth part of the ocean. The *Cyclopædia Britannica* also tells me that a millimetre cube contains 5,000,000 blood-corpuscles. If so, a square metre of the thickness of one millimetre must contain $5,000,000 \times 1,000,000$ or five billion blood corpuscles; and a cubic metre would contain 5,000 billions of them. Neglecting the difference between metres and yards, the ocean would contain $1,620,000 \text{ billion} \times 5,000 \text{ billion}$, or $8,100,000,000 \text{ billion billion}$, or eight thousand one hundred million trillions of blood corpuscles. How much blood there is in an average man I do not know, but certainly much more than would cover a square metre to the depth of a millimetre, so there must be in each of our veins a good many billions of blood corpuscles.

THE SIZE OF THE GLOBE.—Its size has been determined within a very few miles, in what appears to us now a very simple manner. In the first place, every section of the earth bounded approximately by a circle, and mathematicians divide all circles into 360 degrees. Hence, if we can measure accurately the 1.360th part of this great circle, and if, when we have got measure out into miles, we multiply it by 360, we get the circumference of the earth, that is to say, the whole distance around it. Then by dividing this result by something a little over 3 (3.1416, the ratio of the circumference of the circle to its diameter), we find out how far it is from one side of the earth to the other. This gives us the diameter of the earth. As a result of a long series of observations, it has been found that a degree measures as near as possible on the average $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It can be stated in inches, but it is near enough for me to give as a first statement of result that it is about $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles: and if you take the trouble to multiply $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the average length of one degree, by 360 degrees, the number of degrees that there are all around the earth, you will find that the circumference is something like 25,000 miles, and therefore that the diameter of the earth is something like 8,000 miles. Mark well the words "on the average." In truth, the earth is

flattened at the poles, so that the length of the degree varies from the pole to the equator; and hence the diameter in the equatorial plane is in excess of the diameter from pole to pole. These two diameters, expressed in feet, are as follows: Equatorial, 41,848,380; solar, 41,708,710.

EMERALD ISLE.—When, and by whom, was the epithet first applied to Ireland? It was long since applied to the isle of St. Helena. ALPHA.

This epithet, as applied to Ireland, was used first by Dr William Drennan author of *Glendalloch and other poems*, who was born in Belfast on the 23rd of May, 1754, and died in the same town on the 5th of February, 1820. It occurs in his delightful poem, entitled "Erin" commencing

"When Erin first rose from the dark-swell-
ing flood,
God bless'd the green island, He saw it was
good;

The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,
In the ring of this world the most precious
stone?

"In her sun, in her soil, in her station,
thrice blest

With back turn'd to Britain, her face to the
West,

Erin proudly stands insular, on the steep
shore,

And strikes her high harp to the ocean's
deep roar.

* * * * *

"Arm of Erin! prove strong; be as gentle as
brave,

And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save:
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to
defile

The cause of the men of the Emerald Isle.

"Their bosoms heave high for the worthy
and brave,

But no coward shall rest on that soft-swell-
ing wave;

Men of Erin! awake, make haste to be blest!
Rise, Arch of the ocean, rise, Queen of the
West!"

To the words, the Emerald Isle, Dr. Drennan has added the following note:

"It may appear puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet, but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of propriety, and both are of that irritable kind as to be extremely jealous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem of the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age ('his thunder clasp-
ing

hands'), would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the *Paradise Lost*. And Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the hand that would presume to break into his orchard and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written "The breezy-call of incense breathing morn!"

On such authority, a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet—The Emerald Isle—is a party song written without the rancour of party, in the year 179—. From the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it would gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its natural beauty and its inestimable value.

William Drennan was a member of the Speculating Society of Edinburgh, and Dr. Drummond furnished the following biographical notice of him for *The History of the Society*, 4to. 1845, p. 128: "Drennan was one of the first and most zealous promoters of the Society of United Irishmen, and author of the well-known Test of the Union. His music also poured forth strains which extorted for their poetry the praises even of those who dissented from their political sentiments. The song of "Erin to Her Own Tune" was on its first publication sung and resung in every corner of the land, and it still continues to enjoy the admiration of its readers. He had the glory of first designating his country as the Emerald Isle—an appellation which will be permanent as it is beautiful and appropriate! He wrote some hymns of such excellence as to cause a regret that they are not more numerous; and in some lighter kinds of poetry showed much of the playful wit and ingenuity of Goldsmith. Though deeply engaged in the political transactions of Ireland, he did not neglect the more tranquil and elegant studies of polite literature. He took a prominent part in the establishment of the Belfast Academical Institution, and published a volume of *Fugitive Pieces* in 1815, and in 1817 a translation of the *Elections* of Sophocles.

Dr. Drennan's epithet will probably remind some of our readers of the clever lines in the *Rejected Address*, in imitation of Tom Moore's gallant verses.

"Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate
blushes
Of beauty illumined by a love breathing
smile
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the
rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald
Isle!

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the
wave,
Whose sons *unaccustom'd to rebel commotion*,
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are
brave."

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF THE
GLOBE.—There are on the globe 1,288,000,000 souls, of which 360,000,000 are the Caucasian race, 552,000,000 are of the Mongolian race, 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race, 176,000,000 are of the Malay race, and 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race. There are 2,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute. So each pulsation of the heart marks the decrease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of seven years. One-half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years; one in 500 attains the age of 90; and one in 100 lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons 98 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December, than in any other month of the year. One-eighth of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 4,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 43 are priests, orators or public speakers, 30 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employes, 29 are advocates or engineers, 27 are professors, and 24 are doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest.

Most persons who write ill, do so because they aim of writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style. Whereas to write well, we must write easily and naturally.

IRISH KATHLEEN ;

OR,

TRUSTED AND TRUE.

KATHLEEN, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimpering any more?"

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and she stood before an exquisite painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes set in gold-green shores—with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed, "but it puts me in mind of home.

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely you ever saw such a spot as that."

"Deed did I, then ma'am," answered Kathleen, "and many a time. For we lived beyant them same green shores when—"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott, coldly; "I don't care to hear about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five-syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the sarcastic tone. The tears were dried in their fount—the scarlet spot glowed on her cheek.

"She looks down on me as if I was a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "An' sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given us both. How would she like it, I wonder, to be in a strange land, and niver a kind word spoken to? Oh, but if I could see mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet; but it's the blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone that I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then as she stood before the sweet Irish lake, with wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great pity to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears as she paused on the top step for breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Arnott sympathetically, "they are bad, thoroughly bad, the whole lot of them. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we would have a chance to employ Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice-water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary homesick feeling that thrilled thro' her pulse can hardly be described.

"If I was at home again, she thought, 'where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate here; and sure, I have tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen.'"

And the lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought it was good enough for Kathleen! The bed was hard, insufficiently provided with clothing, but as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, 'twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping her drawing room windows with lace and brocatelle—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mama?" little Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much and looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout built, good natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia?" he asked. "I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do," she said, sharply. "Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants the place."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge

her then. It would be rather hard, unless she is guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," she said tartly. "These girls have not our sensitive natures, either. They are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning; little Clarence is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I always like to take these things in time."

Dr. Hart leaned over Clarence's little crib. He involuntarily uttered the name of some malignant type of fever, just then raging in the city.

"I wish that you had sent for me before. I fear that it is too late to secure the exemption of your other little ones. But with constant care we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had scarcely closed the door, when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam, will you pay me my wages, and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick,—"

"One's first duty is to one's own; I would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming to the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

The cook was next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress, took herself off without any preliminary ceremony.

"I am going too," said the seamstress. "Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd been dying, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering baby. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street like the priests and levites of old; friends contented themselves by sending in to inquire: even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. "Have all pity and womanly sympathy died out of the world?"

A slight noise caused her to turn, and Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busy arranging the table.

"I thought you, too, had gone, Kath'een!" she said.

"Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for!" asked Kathleen, simply, "and the bits of children sick, and you in sore trouble? I nursed the little brothers and sisters at home, and know just what needs to be done."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid Kathleen?"

"What should I be afraid of, madam? Isn't God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland or the church steeple of this great confusing city? Oh, madam, He'll not take that bonny baby from us."

All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever—last of all she was prostrated by it—and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true and tender.

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said the first day she sat up, the Irish girl arranging the pillows about her wasted form, "oh, Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I'm thinking, laughed Kathleen."

"But, Kathleen, I was cruel to you—so perfectly heartless!"

"We won't talk of it, ma'am, dear," said Kathleen evasively.

"But, say just once that you forgive me?" pleaded the lady once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am, as free as the sunshine," Kathleen answered softly.

"And you'll stay with me always, and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God wills it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Arnott put her lips to kiss the fresh, cool cheeks of Irish Kathleen.

The years that passed since then, have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever, and strangers who visit Mrs. Arnott scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman

who moves about the house apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself—who is consulted about everything, that is trusted with all secrets.

"Is she housekeeper, or a relation?" some one once asked.

Mrs. Arnott replied, "She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neil."

THE LAWYER AND THE THIEF.

SOME time ago, while a lawyer was attending court in an interior county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing 150 dollars in bills, and got him indicted.

"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say that makes no difference with you; whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out in some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" says the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over; give K——(the complainant) fits on the cross-examination, and that other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The District Attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two fifty-dollar bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in ten dollar bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil-silk. The jury after listening to the counsel in the case and receiving the charge of the judge, retired, and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. The accused who was greatly elevated over the result of the trial and the efforts of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone, he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when

you're around? Now I suppose you want your pay?"

"Yes, have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife and we'll see about that."

The lawyer slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.

The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waist band of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil-silk described by the witness for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed:

"There, take your pay out of that; I guess there is enough there to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men upstairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of your trying to raise a question of conscience, after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that, and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

The chap didn't have much left after the lawyer had satisfied his "conscience" in the premises.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LIGHT AND DISTANCE.

CHAPTER II.

ILLUMINATION OF THE PLANETS BY THE SUN.

It was demonstrated above, that it is impossible to illuminate large distances by a single light. Yet we must acknowledge that nature herself does this, and that the sun is the only light which shines throughout the solar system; for the light which is seen in the planets is but received and reflected from the sun.

This is sufficient reason for us to believe, that there are not on every planet

creatures as we see them on our earth; but that, on the contrary, each celestial body may be inhabited by creatures organized according to the distance of the planet from the sun; that is, adapted to the degree of light produced there by the sun.

For the natural sciences teach us, that solar light is subject to the same laws as our artificial light: it decreases as the distance increases. The planets more remote from the sun are illuminated less than those nearer to it. The ratio in which this light decreases, is precisely the same as that of the terrestrial light illustrated above, viz., according to the square of the distance. In other words, when the distance is double, the intensity of the light is one-fourth as great; when three times, one-ninth as great; when four times more remote, one-sixteenth as strong, etc.; in short, at every distance as much weaker as the distance multiplied by itself.

Presently we shall see that the planets are illuminated in inverse proportion to their distance from the sun. From this alone we come to the conclusion, that on every planet the living beings must necessarily be differently constituted.

The name of the planet nearest to the sun is Mercury. It is about two and a half times nearer to the sun than our earth, therefore it receives nearly seven times as much light, we can scarcely conceive such an intensity of light and all the consequences resulting from it. If instead of one sun we should happen to have three, there is no doubt that we should go blind; but seven suns, that is seven times the light of our brightest days, we could not endure, even if our eyes were closed; the more so, as our eye-lids, when firmly closed, do not protect us from the sun's light entirely. This is a proof of our assertion, that the living beings on the planet Mercury must be differently organised from us.

Venus, the third planet, is one and a third times nearer to the sun than we are. The light of that planet, therefore, is nearly twice as bright as ours. But inasmuch as even this would be unbearable for us, the creatures on this planet must likewise be different from us.

The fourth planet is the earth we inhabit. The intensity of the sunlight in

bright summer days is well known to us from experience, although no one has as yet been successful in measuring its degree as precisely as has been done with heat by the thermometer. It is true that in modern times a certain Mr. Schell, in Berlin, proposed to measure light accurately, in a way that elicited the approbation of naturalists, especially of Alexander von Humboldt. However, the experiments proposed by Schell, and other scientists following in his wake have not yet been properly carried out, though they are useful to photographers. Therefore we do not know, up to the present time, whether there is any difference in the light of two cloudless summer days; just as little are we able to determine how much the moon's light is weaker than the sun's.

The fourth planet's name is Mars; its distance from the sun is one and a half times our distance from the sun. There the sun's light is about half as strong as with us. Now, although we often have days which are half as bright as others, it is yet very doubtful whether we could live on Mars; for light does not act upon our eyes only, but on our whole body and its health. It is likely that the very want of light there, would prove fatal to us.

The twenty-four newly discovered planets have days that are nearly six times darker than ours. The daylight on these planets is probably as it was with the inhabitants of Europe during the great eclipse of the sun in July, 1851. This light was very interesting for a few minutes, when contrasted with the ordinary every day light, but if it were to continue it would certainly make us melancholy.

Far worse yet fare the remoter planets. On the planet of Jupiter it is as much as thirty times darker than with us. On Saturn, eighty times. On Uranus, even three hundred times; and upon the last of the planets, Neptune, discovered in 1845, light is nine hundred times more feeble than upon our globe.

Although it is true that all of the remoter planets have many moons or satellites, yet it must not be forgotten that the moons themselves are but very feebly illuminated; that their light benefits during the night only, and even

then only lovers and night revellers. Such is the plain but incontrovertible statement of the light and heat affecting the universe and our existence; laid down by philosophers, for our acceptance, and for the instruction and guidance of future scientists.

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. Explain what is meant by a Roland for an Oliver?
2. Give the derivation of the word Cabal?
3. How much nearer are we to the sun in winter than in summer?
4. Does the earth travel faster in summer or in winter? Explain.
5. What do you mean by the hydrostatic paradox?
6. How am I to know whether a suspected \$5.00 gold piece; be a counterfeit or not?
7. Who wrote under the following *nom de plume*? Miles O'Reilly; Father Prout; Dr. Syntax; Tom Brown; Fanny Fern?
8. Whence came the original inhabitants of Ireland?
9. By whom and in what year was the Council of Kells convened?
10. What was the ancient form of government in Ireland?
11. Who was the first Ard-ri of Ireland?
12. What great Irishman was surnamed *Solivagus*, and for what was he distinguished?

MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the enquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer. "I only thought that I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in

the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said "it would be useless to try without friends." Then recollecting himself, he made an apology for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not stay at school for another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply, "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said the president. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," replied the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter."

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied.

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success everywhere! The sank into the heart of the listener, recalling to his memory the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in this bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your evidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes, as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

ONLY A BABY.

TO A LITTLE ONE JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby,
'Thout any hair,
'Cept just a little
Fuz here and there.

Only a baby,
Name you have none,
Barefooted and dimpled,
Sweet little one.

Only a baby,
Teeth none at all;
What are you good for,
Only to squall?

Only a baby,
Just a week old—
What are you here for,
You little scold?

BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby!
What should I be?
Lots o' big folks
Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair!
'Es, I have, too;
S'pos'n I hadn't,
Dess it tood drow.

Not any teeth—
Wouldn't have one;
Don't dit my dinner
Gnawin' a bone.

What am I here for?
'At's pretty mean;
Who's dot a better right
'Tever you've seen?

What am I dood for,
Did you say?
Eber so many sings
Ebery day.

'Tourse I squall sometimes,
Sometimes I bawl;
Zey dassn't spant me,
'Taus I'm so small.

Only a baby!
'Es, sir, 'at's so;
'N if you only tood,
You'd be one, too.

'At's all I've to say;
You're mos' too old;
Dess I'll det into bed,
Toes dittin' told.

WONDERFUL CALCULATING BOY.

WHEN Bidder was 11 years old he answered in two minutes the following question: What is the interest of £4,444 for 4,444 days at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum? The answer is £2,434 16s $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. A few months later, when he was not

11 years old, he was asked, how long would a cistern 1 mile cube be filling if receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute without intermission? In two minutes he gave the correct answer, 14,300 years, 285 days, 12 hours, and 46 minutes. A year later he divided correctly, in less than a minute, 468,502,413,563 by 6,076. This has been tried with pen and paper, and, after getting an incorrect result in one and a quarter minutes, the mathematician went through the sum again, with correct result (51,629,838 and 5,875 over), in about the same time. At 12 years of age he answered, in less than a minute, the question, If a distance of $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches is passed over in 1 second of time, how many inches will be passed over in 365 days 5 hours, 48 minutes, 55 seconds? Much more surprising, however, was his success, when 13 years old, in solving the question, What is the cube root of 897,339,273,974,002,153? He obtained the answer in two and one-half minutes, viz., 964,537. It is thought that not one arithmetician in a thousand would get out this answer correctly, at a first trial, in less than a quarter of an hour. No date is given to the following case: "The question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes, and, the sun being 98,000,000 of miles off (of course this is quite wrong, but sixty years ago it was near enough to the accepted value), if light would take 6 years and 4 months, travelling at the same rate, from the nearest fixed star, how far is that star from the earth, reckoning 365 days and 6 hours to each year, and 28 days to each month?" The correct answer was quickly given to this pleasing question, viz., 40,633,740,000,000 miles. On one occasion, we learn, the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation Bidder said he felt certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way, and before the proposer found that he was wrong and Bidder right the boy told the company that he had calculated the question by a third method.

F A C E T I Æ .

Never blow down a lamp chimney to extinguish the flame, for it is quite liable to return the compliment and blow you up.

Never tell a secret to a woman. Why? Because if you can't keep it to yourself, why expect that she will be able to keep it to herself?

Some one says you must always climb stairs while inspiring or drawing in the air; never while respiring. In summer one may sometimes be allowed to go up perspiring.

A lady writes an indignant note to a contemporary in which she expresses a belief that editors never go to Heaven. We thought that everybody knew that journalists never went anywhere. They don't get the chance. They just sit up nights thinking how to do good, until the tops of their heads wear holes through their hair.

A company of scapegraces meeting a pious old man named Samson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe. We'll take Samson along with us, and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that, I should have to borrow your jaw-bone!"

In a discussion about the discovery of the North and South Poles, a man who had become disgusted with public tight-rope performances burst in with the exclamation, "When they do discover the long sought poles some lunatic will be slinging a rope from one of them to the other and trundling a wheelbarrow over it."

The other day a young man from the rural districts came to town with a load of wood and a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wanderings he came across a fire hydrant that had been opened to clear out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking "Gosh all hemlock! Here's a hitching-post sprung a leak worse than a sugar-maple."

Jones fears that the lexicographers, Johnson and Walker, owe the excellence of their dictionary to the use of stimulants. Jones is so literal. These views came from seeing in the title page of that work: "Johnson and Walker. Improved by Todd."

Southern Lord (staying at Highland castle) — "Thank you so much. I—aw—really enjoy your music. I think of having a piper at my own place."

Sandy the piper—"An' fat kin' o' a piper would your lordship be needin'?"

Lord—"Oh, certainly, a good piper like yourself, Sandy." Sandy (sniffing) — "Och! Intee! Ye micht easily fin' a lord like your lordship, but it's nae sae easy to fin' a piper like me whatever!"

And now eggs are being counterfeited and the manufacture of the bogus fruit carried on extensively. In appearance it resembles the natural egg, and defies detection. The only way by which the hens can protect themselves against this infringement of their patent is for each one to have a private trade mark, and label every egg, "None genuine unless bearing our stamp and signature."

"Pa," observed a boy to his father, "what does Mr. Pitkins and Julia find to talk about in the parlor by themselves, four hours a night every night in the week?" The old gentleman pulled a splint out of the broom, and slowly prodding his teeth with it, replied: "I got a hunk of meat yesterday, an' we had it boiled for dinner, didn't we?"

"Yes," "An' had it cold for supper?"

"Yes." "An' your ma hashed it up for breakfast this morning, didn't she?"

"Yes." "An' to-day I got another hunk which is on the same road, ain't it?"

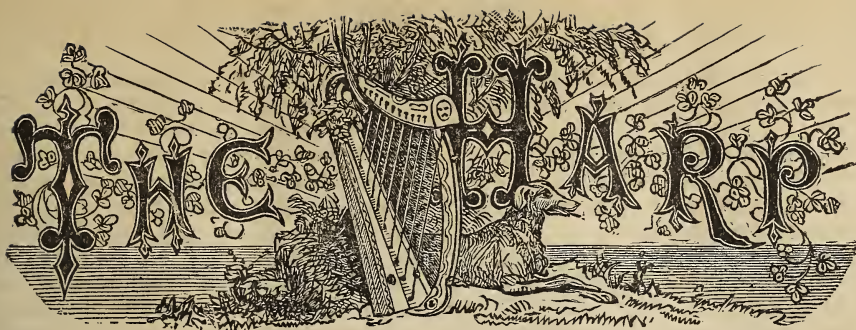
"Yes." "Well, that is the way with Pitkins an' your sister Julia,"

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in June.
1	Tues	Bank of Ireland established, 1783. Newtownbarry taken by the insurgents, 1798. Electric telegraph laid down between Holyhead and Dublin, 1852.
2	Wed	Battle of Ridgeway: rout of the "Queen's Own" Canadian Volunteers by the American "Fenians," 1866.
3	Thurs	ST. KEVIN. Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in Prison of his Wounds, 1798.
4	Fri	The battle of Castle Lyons, 1643. English under Colonel Walpole defeated, and the Colonel slain, by the Wexford Insurgents, 1798. Monster Meeting at Drogheda, 1843.
5	Sat	Battle of New Ross, 1798. Act for the endowment of Maynooth College passed, 1795.
6	Sun	ST. JARLATH, Patron of Tuam. Battle of Benburb; glorious victory of the Irish, 1646.
7	Mon	ST. COLMAN, Patron of Dromore. The Battle of Antrim; United Irish led by Henry Joy McCracken, 1798.
8	Tues	Rev. James Quigly executed, 1798. Monster meeting at Kilkenny, 300,000 persons present, 1843.
9	Wed	ST. COLUMBKILLE died at Iona, 597. Battle of Arklow and death of Father Murphy, 1798.
10	Thurs	Return of the "Fenian" expedition from Canada, 1866.
11	Fri	A Synod of Irish Bishops opened in Dublin, 1660. Monster meeting at Mallow, O'Connell's "Defiance," 1843.
12	Sat	Gerald Griffin, died, 1840.
13	Sun	Battle of Clones, 1643. Dr. Esmonde hung on Carlisle Bridge, 1798.
14	Mon	King William III. landed at Carrickfergus, 1690. Battle of Ballinahinch, 1798.
15	Tues	Right Rev. Dr. Doyle ("J.K.L.") died, 1854. Monster meeting at Clare, 1843.
16	Wed	Twenty persons killed in the Four Courts, Dublin, by the falling of a chimney which had taken fire, 1721.
17	Thurs	William Smith O'Brien, the illustrious Irish patriot, died at Bangor, in Wales, 1864.
18	Fri	The O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy, in Bearhaven, after a gallant defence, taken by the English and the garrison executed, 1602. Battle of Athlone, 1690.
19	Sat	The City of Dublin Proclaimed under Crime and Outrage Act, 1848. Second reading of Church Bill carried in House of Lords; majority 33. 1869.
20	Sun	Baltimore sacked by Corsairs, 1631. Wolfe Tone born, 1763. Battle of Fook's Mill. United Irish victories, 1798.
21	Mon	Defeat of the Irish forces near Lough Swilly, under Heber MacMahon, 1650. Williamites beaten at Donegal, 1689. Battle of Vinegar Hill, 1798.
22	Tues	Molyneux's "Case of Ireland" ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, 1698.
23	Wed	ST. RUMOLD martyred, 775. Smith O'Brien's funeral procession in Dublin, 1864.
24	Thurs	NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Henry VIII. assumes the title "Lord of Ireland," 1540.
25	Fri	Synod at Dublin dispersed by government, 1660. Monster meeting at Galway, 1843.
26	Sat	Massacre of the United Irishmen at Carnew, 1798.
27	Sun	Bagenal Harvey, leader of the "United Irishmen," hanged, 1798. Banquet in Dublin to welcome the Hon. C. G. Duffy, 1865.
28	Mon	Bridge of Athlone valiantly defended by the Irish against an overwhelming force of Williamites, 1691. John H. Coleclough hanged, 1798.
29	Tues	The Most Rev. Doctor Cullen enthroned Archbishop of Dublin, 1852.
30	Wed	Rev. Mr. Morgan hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, for being a priest, and having come into England, 1640. Athlone taken, 1691.

HAPPINESS OF MARRIAGE.—The happiness of the married life depends upon a power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness. Few persons are ever called upon to make great sacrifices or to confer great favours; but affection is kept alive and happiness secured by keeping up a constant warfare against little selfishness.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.—A strong love to the world and to the things of the world may be called the basest and most sordid of passions. The minister, or even the man in whom you discover it, you may safely mark down as one who loves neither God nor man. Neither devotion nor humanity can reside in the same breast with avarice.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1880.

No. 9.

A LAUGH—AND A MOAN.

The brook that down the valley
So musically drips,
Flowed never half so brightly
As the light laugh from her lips.

Her face was like the lily,
Her heart was like the rose,
Her eyes were like a heaven
Where the sunlight always glows.

She trod the earth so lightly
Her feet touched not a thorn;
Her words were all the brightness
Of a young life's happy morn.

Along her laughter rippled
The melody of joy—
She drank from every chalice
And tasted no alloy.

Her life was all a laughter,
Her days were all a smile;
Her heart was pure and happy—
She knew not gloom nor guile.

She rested on the bosom
Of her mother, like a flower
That blossoms far in a valley
Where no storm-clouds ever lower.

And—"merry! merry! merry!"
Rang the bells of every hour;
And—"happy! happy! happy!"
In her valley laughed the flower.

There was not a sign of shadow,
There was not a tear nor thorn—
And the sweet voice of laughter
Filled with melody the morn.

* * * * *

Years passed—'twas long, long after,
And I saw a face of prayer;
There was not a sign of laughter—
There was every sign of care.

For the sunshine all had faded
From the valley and the flower,
And the once fair face was shaded
In life's lonely evening hour.

And the lips that smiled with laughter
In the valley of the morn—
In the valley of the evening
They were pale and sorrow-worn.

And I read the old, old lesson
In her face and in her tears,
While she sighed amid the shadows
Of the sunset of her years.

All the rippling streams of laughter
From our hearts and lips that flow
Shall be frozen cold, years after,
Into icicles of woe.

FATHER RYAN.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
DEAN OF LIMERICK,
Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

THE happiest man in England was Father John Hayes, when he learned that his sister had determined to embrace the life of a religieuse. Her mother in Ireland had already thanked God, that he had blessed her with a priest to pray for the family at the altar; and "now," she wrote, "I double my thanks that God has been good enough to inspire my daughter to become the spouse of His Son Jesus Christ."

Alas! alas! in the midst of life we are "in death," and care ever tracts the footsteps of joy.

A ring at the door. A cap, and a breast bag, and a blue coat, and a brown letter.

"Telegram for Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon read it aloud.

"Rev. Edward Power, to C. Meldon, Esq., Grosvenor Hotel, London."

"Thomas Hayes has been arrested for murder. Mr. Giffard D'Alton is extremely uneasy and anxious for his daughter's return!"

Such confusion as this missive produced among the little party has hardly been known unless in the Brussels ball-room, on the eve of the great battle of Waterloo. Father Hayes, although he knew the state of affairs, was afflicted by the imprisonment of his uncle—and dear Ally Hayes! well, her confidence in God was simply unbounded, and she could see nothing in a harm, or an evil which was not a sin! "God knows best!" was all her philosophy.

Mr. Meldon was quick in his decision—they should proceed to Ireland at once. They could not be ready for the evening train; but by the earliest train from Euston station they would proceed in the morning to Holyhead. This determination had not long been arrived at before a card was handed to Mr. Meldon, and evidently gave him pleasure; for he at once rose up and went to meet the new arrival and to bid him welcome.

"St. Laurence! a thousand welcomes!" he said. "But you are days after your time."

"A young lawyer, Mr. Meldon, must be eminently industrious, these times of competition. I took my holidays as soon as I was free."

"And just the evening before we leave for Tipperary. Old D'Alton of Crag is ill, and,——"

"Oh, I am quite up in that case. I have had ever so much information from old James Feehan and Thomas Hayes."

Who on yesterday was committed for the murder of Quirk."

"The rascals!" shouted Mr. St. Laurence. "The rascals! Mr. Meldon, I go over with you. I am Hayes's counsel—retained on the part of Mr. Giffard D'Alton of Crag."

"God's Providence is working!" remarked Mr. Meldon.

The two gentlemen soon joined the members of the company: and the joy

of all seemed full notwithstanding the sinister rumors from beyond the sea. Mr. Meldon and his party had called on the St. Laurences, passing through Dublin, so that old Sunday morning's acquaintances had not been allowed to die. From the first, Mr. St. Laurence, had no great inclination to leave any place where Clara Meldon was; and Clara was not more indifferent, though only now some fidgettings and blushes gave handles to Amy D'Alton, which, in fact, the poor child wanted much to resist the raillery of Clara Meldon.

Nearly all that night Mr. St. Laurence remained up with Mr. Meldon in the bed-room of the latter; and hundreds of papers were examined and interesting discussions raised which may engage the readers attention in the next chapter. The first train carried the whole party from London, on their way to Ireland, Count D'Alton and his grandchild accompanying them, as the old man had expressed his desire to visit the Crag and exchange condolences with one whose sad story so nearly resembled his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Spring Assizes of 1849 brought busy scenes and busy-bodies to Clonmel. Clonmel at any time is an active, crowded, bustling thoroughfare; so that even on an ordinary market-day the streams of people that flow in through the great archway to the Main street in the morning and out again in the afternoon appear large enough to fill twice as many streets as Clonmel can boast. Yet that great concourse is only half the multitude, because from the Slieve-na-mon side just as many come to gain money or to spend it or enjoy the recreations, which to the honest farmer or farm laborer are such a boon.

We mean to say from all this what we have indicated above, that Clonmel at an assize time looks as nothing we have ever seen looks but Clonmel, a town packed to repletion, with all kinds of stands and merchandize—and all kinds of people and all kinds of merriment and frolic begotten of the excitement of numbers and the happiest dispositions and temperaments in the world. But at assize times we need not say

that there are sad souls and gloomy apprehensions and deep suffering, of which the crowd does not dream; and that fathers, mothers and friends feel the darkness deeper from the joyousness which surrounds them; nay it is a singular thing enough that in our sorrows we wonder how any others can be glad, and feel almost jealous of the enjoyments of others when our hearts cannot share them. So it was in Clonmel to-day.

Every thing must have an end; and poor Crichawn's suspense, and the suspense of his many friends, must have its termination. One way or another, an honest acquittal or an unmerited sentence must, on this very day, or on to-day or part of to-morrow, justify innocence or give a triumph to murderous malignity.

There has been great training of witnesses. Crown lawyers and crown solicitors examining, harmonising and arranging things hard enough to be fitted together; and the counsel for the defense of course engaged in the same laudable occupation and solicitous to the last degree that no part of their secret armoury should be manifested until the proper time for bringing forth their weapons and striking the blow for justice and their client. Alas! how often zeal, ability, and a good cause are no matches for the conspiracy of black hearts or the avarice of corrupt ones.

The court is quite filled to-day and all our male acquaintances are there. Seats have been provided near the bench and Count D'Alton and Mr. Meldon have been invited to seats at either side of the judge. The crown lawyers are in great force and so are the magistracy and the police; while Mr. St. Laurence has a junior counsel and is well instructed by Mr. Callopy the celebrated solicitor from Waterford. Every one was glad to see Father Aylmer in the court-house and our friend Father Ned Power; because the genial looks of the old man, and the frank free glance and bearing of the young man, imparted a kind of happiness as well as confidence to the flock that was devoted to them.

We ought to say that Mr. Baring and his friends are some in a corner—and some in the passages about the dock, and all of them, nearly in exuberant

spirits at the aspect of success which their bad cause seems to assume.

And Crichawn?

Crichawn stood with his hands quietly resting between the bars of the dock. He was a little paler than was his wont but he was "as firm as the rock of Cashel." We have long known that Crichawn had mastered the true philosophy of faith, and whilst guarding himself by foresight, he is always prepared for issues—confident that such issues have been regulated by "weight and measure" and that inevitably what *is* when it is not our *own* doing must always be what *is best*.

What a world of sorrow the true philosophy would spare mankind; and how independent it would render him among the casualties that so often crush peace!

The case was opened by the counsel for the Crown—and opened in a spirit of marked moderation. He detailed all the incidents of the awful night of the murder—at least all the incidents with which he had been made acquainted. He told the jury their responsibilities and the subject's rights. "Society should be protected," he said, "but not by a spirit of vengeance that sought victims only to satisfy hatred and allay apprehension. The case against the prisoner was an extremely strong one; but he should have the benefit of an honest doubt if it arose. Nay, I will add," he continued, "that the evidence of the approver in this case must be received with all due regard to his antecedents; and that, if not perfectly confirmed by that of Mary Wilson, commonly called *Maureen Bour*, a conviction would not be justifiable." The counsel sat down leaving a feeling of satisfaction in the mind of the court, the bar, and the public.

We need not stop to say that the finding of the body was proved by the police and by old Mr. D'Alton. The Doctor proved the mortal nature of the wound; and the ball which had done the deadly work was placed in the hands of the jury. The ball was rifled and small and evidently satisfied the jury that the piece from which it had been discharged ought to be easily discoverable, as the bore was so unusual.

As the reader will anticipate, Mr. Charles Baring was the next witness

called. He swore he had met the prisoner going armed in the direction of the Crag one hour before the time named as the time of committing the murder. In his cross-examination he swore he had no hatred to the prisoner; but admitted that, for the sake of peace and justice, he would like him to be removed from the locality. He admitted that the prisoner had knocked him down and bound his hands behind him, most improperly interfering between himself and his cousin. But when Mr. St. Laurence began to develop Mr. Baring's manner of paying his addresses and how much paying his debts depended upon the addresses being successful; and how Crichawn had been "always crossing and worrying him," Mr. Seymour, cold as he seemed to be, could hardly be restrained from going over to the dock to shake Crichawn by the hand. It was quite clear from the laugh that accompanied Mr. Baring, as he left the witness box, and the cheer that accompanied Mr. St. Laurence as he bowed to the Judge and sat down, that at least popular judgment had discovered reasons for private hatred enough; and that a good deal besides Mr. Charles Baring's evidence would be required to "hang by the neck" the poor prisoner at the bar. *Maureen Bour*, Mr. Baring's female servant, was the next link in the chain. She had positively seen the prisoner immediately after the report of the second gun, and he was running away from the back gate of the Crag bearing in his right hand what seemed to her a gun. In cross-examination she admitted a great regard and love for her young master; but she would be far from swearing away the life of his enemy to please him. She would leave things of that kind to "*Furriers from Dublin*;" and *Maureen* tossed her head with the pride of all Tipperary.

Now came the first and very awful direct evidence. It was one of the companions of Quirk. He swore plainly that himself and Crichawn had conspired to murder Quirk, in consequence of a wrong that Quirk had done to the prisoner's family. They had known for certain that Quirk was coming on that errand to the Crag that night, and they made up their minds to do for him. They waited till he was on the ladder

and as the prisoner hated the murdered man, and did not hate Mr. Giffard D'Alton, he knocked him over.

In the cross-examination there was a good deal of confusion on collateral things; such as how he had known of the intended murder of Mr. D'Alton; why he should conspire against Quirk and help the prisoner at the bar, &c., but the main evidence, though clouded, was there in all its original dimensions.

Mr. St. Laurence now rose. All felt that Mr. St. Laurence had an arduous duty; but all felt he was equal to the burthen. He ridiculed the motives, not at all proved, by which the prisoner was supposed to be influenced. He dilated on the character of Mr. Charles Baring, who would find more and more astounding effects coming from this trial than he had ever divined or calculated. He, the counsel, would prove that the ball could not have been fired from the gun belonging to Mr. Meldon and found at Mr. Meldon's residence. He would prove the prisoner to have been at home, at the hour the servant-maid swore he had been at the Crag. He would even find the gun which had been employed on the occasion of the murder; and he would bring an eye-witness who had seen a man fire the shot; and that man was not the prisoner.

It was really found that the ball did not answer the rifle of Mr. Meldon's piece. Two servants swore that the prisoner had come home by eleven o'clock, and had no gun with him at all, and that *Maureen Bour* must have been mistaken when she thought she saw him on early morning at the Crag. So far, the cause of Crichawn seemed to improve and the power of the conspiracy to be relaxing.

But when, by order of Mr. St. Laurence, the crier called "Patrick Kearney" the interest became intense; because Kearney was a distant relative and a companion of the approver, whose direct evidence was of so much importance.

Kearney stepped on the table with a bold, determined tread. He looked around at the judge, jury and court. He then said to the judge "my lord the judge, I am come to tell the court all about this."

Mr. St. Laurence saw that Kearney

was making an impression and gave him his own way.

"Go on then, Kearney, and tell your story," said Mr. St. Laurence.

"Well, my lord the judge, Crichawn was not at the Crag that night; and I was."

"Who is Crichawn?" demanded his lordship.

"'Tis a nickname of Thomas Hayes, my lord," answered Mr. St. Laurence.

"The prisoner was *not* there, and I was."

"That is your answer?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, my lord the judge."

"Well?"

"Well, my lord the judge, I was in the meetin' at the foot o' the mountain, whin eight men sentenced old Mr. D'Alton to death."

"Sentenced him to death!"

"Yes, my lord the judge; but I tell you, my lord the judge, I wint to the meetin', an' I was sint there by Crichawn to watch over th' ould man's life; an' I said not a word to anywan; but as I knew the road, an' the hour, an' all, I borrowed a revolver from a friend, an' I stood behind the pier at the gate: and I saw Quirk shot down—I did."

"Who shot him?" demanded the judge with an appearance of great interest.

"The man that swore Crichawn shot him!" Quirk had wronged that man's sister."

"And what brought you armed to the place?"

"Oh, my lord, I'll tell you. If his enemy did'nt shoot Quirk, I would shoot him to protect ould Giffard D'Alton; an' neither God or man would blame me; because the old man is turned round to God an' the people."

"Why did you not give information to the police?"

"Och! none o' the Kearney's ever staggered; an' besides the fellows know every stir o' the police, an' would shoot me or dhrown me, or somethin'."

"And now?" the Judge demanded.

"Well, now, my lord the judge, I don't care what happens. "I'm not afraid a bit; but, my lord the judge, that boy at the bar, fed my little sister an' my mother, an' myself when we wur bad; an' he had only his own two hands! yis, my lord the judge, if I save

the innocent man and the *fear chroidhe*."

"What is that?" said the judge.

"That's 'the man of the good heart,' my lord the judge. If I save him I'm satisfied to die."

Kearney on cross-examination admitted he had joined the "patriots" a good while ago; but *that* time they talked of nothing but a "rising." His oath was to be "thru'e," and "I was," said Kearney firmly; "but my lord the judge, there was no robbin' or murderin', then, at all; only sense the Captain——"

"Ah, Kearney," interfered Mr. St. Laurence, you are not to talk of anything outside the trial. Do not mind the Captain!"

A policeman laughed slyly and looked askant at Mr. Baring, who was pale as death. He remembered what Mr. St. Laurence had said—that more important things than he had dreamed of would come out of this trial; and of all people he knew that some of the "important things" might seriously affect Mr. Charles Baring himself.

An extremely important witness came forward after Kearney. He was a man of wonderful physique and quite decisive in action and mode of expression.

Mr. St. Laurence asked him if he knew two pieces which were presented to him for examination.

"Yes," was the decided answer.

"You have had them in your possession?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get them?"

The witness smiled a meaning smile. "I took 'em by force from the *badach* that was swearing agin Crichawn, an' I kicked him away home in the bargain. I'd bate tin like 'im—the villain."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Mr. St. Laurence said, "both of these guns belong to the same gentleman—Mr. D'Alton's nephew; and one of them perfectly corresponds with the fatal ball. I am not going to explain the correspondence."

Mr. St. Laurence sat down.

The crown counsel asked only one question—and he looked at the jury a humorous look.

"Who sent you to seize the arms—the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"That will do," said the crown counsel as if the case had been settled.

The judge on the occasion, took copious notes of the evidence, and his lordship's charge was a masterpiece of combining and arranging in such a manner as to leave hardly anything to conjecture or to doubt. Few have preceded him who have so impressed his generation, and few will follow him who will sway all souls as he has, by the consciousness of intellectual power and inflexible justice. He was able to see the beauty of a moral sentiment, even where he discovered what might be called legal guilt; and even when he was inflicting penalties, the sufferers felt the genial sympathy that yielded to stern necessity and that the sentence pained the man whilst it was pronounced by the judge. Crichawn himself declared that no man could listen to the judge without "praying for him and thinking of him like a brother."

The judge was evidently impressed by the evidence of Kearney; and yet taking Kearney as a man present at the conspiracy to murder Mr. D'Alton, some of the character of an approver attached to him, also, and his evidence should be supported by independent testimony. Nealon's evidence was important if they believed that the two guns were taken from the approver by force; but unfortunately for the prisoner, the witness and himself were identified, for it was he who sent Nealon to seize them. The first witness in the case, Mr. Baring, would be awfully compromised because, as sworn, the ball exactly fitted the rifle which was admittedly his, and did not fit the gun from which the prisoner was supposed to have fired. If they believed Mr. Meldons's servants, and thought them sufficiently exact about the hour of the prisoner's return home that morning, the case was ended. His lordship placed the case in their hands, quite sure that it would receive patient investigation enough; for the jurors after three or four hours' absence, found it "impossible to agree;" and one of them insisted on calling the doctor or surgeon who examined the wound to ascertain from him the "incidence of the ball, as the wound would be more oblique if the person was near, and more sharp if fired from the gate. The doctor seemed

to go strongly against the theory of the "sharp incidents," and so far the prisoner's case improved; but still in the jury room the "weight of evidence" seemed to be against him. Finally they were locked up for the night and sentinels placed over them to prevent all communication with the outer world.

The court adjourned; the people went to their homes, and hundreds who firmly believed in the innocence of Crichawn concluded that the conspiracy would destroy him. The judge himself believed that a kind of mystery hung around the case which time alone would be able to solve.

At the sitting of the court next day, the judge having made all preparations and inquiries, was about commanding the presence of the jurors, and the court was packed to a degree that defied patience, when a policeman outside the door cried with a stentorian voice, "Make way, my men! make way! Let in the magistrate! Let Mr. Briscoe in!"

And sure enough the crowd did open; and in came a well-known country magistrate; and of all people on earth, who came with him? Father Ned Power, Catholic curate of the prisoner's parish!

The sideways of access to the bench soon opened an approach, and the two new comers came and bowed to the judge. His lordship the judge pointed to a place behind himself for the magistrate; and Mr. St. Laurence obtained accommodation for Father Ned in close proximity.

Every one felt that something important was being enacted, and the multitude became as still as the churchyard.

Two more—a respectable farmer and a woman—came in and proceeded to join Mr. Briscoe. What can it be?

At length the judge, who was deeply moved—indeed, every one saw two big tears on his lordship's cheek—turning towards the jury and speaking in a voice of deep solemnity, said: "Gentlemen, the grave has solved your doubts and relieved you from responsibility!"

Of course the sensation was awful.

"The girl, Mary Wilson—the witness who swore to the prisoner's presence at the scene of the murder—is dead! Mr. Briscoe has taken her dying depositions, and two witnesses are here to attest them. She swears that her oaths

on that table were all perjuries; that she was not present at the place at all; and she had been suborned by a certain person whose name she gives, but whose name I do not intend to reveal; in fact she had been purchased to "swear away the life of Thomas Hayes, commonly called Crichawn." She will not go before God without striving to do justice. And these depositions, gentlemen, were her last act in life."*

The jury were in extacies. The crowd first swayed to and fro and then cheered again and again, and the judge sympathized too much with the people to appear angry.

"Much is due to you, Mr. Power, for your energy and prudence. You could have done nothing better than bring such a magistrate as Mr. Briscoe to the girl's bedside."

Immense cheers hailed this observation, particularly because Mr. Briscoe was a staunch Protestant.

The jury's verdict has been anticipated by our readers; and we may suppose the wonderful excitement of the crowd. Crichawn was not only a public favorite, but really, in his own way, he was a public benefactor. "Gentle and simple" rejoiced in the proclamation "Not Guilty;" and Clonmel went stark mad on the evening of poor Crichawn's manumission.

How Father Ned Power escaped with his life no philosopher could explain. He was claimed on one side and claimed on another side, and he should be "chaired;" and he should be entertained; and in fact, as gentlemen and traders and farmers and laborers were all laying violent hands on Father Aylmer's curate, he had hard lines to choose in

order to escape. But Father Ned, though he seldom tried the hard lines, was quite equal to the duty of adopting hem; and hence nearly always contrived to have "his own way." At any rate Father Ned got home with whole bones, even though he carried with him part of the way the acquitted prisoner Crichawn.

We suppose the reader feels badly treated at our apparent forgetfulness of the Crag, and the name of Mr. Meldon. But in truth we wished to leave the readers mind free for the pleasant scenes that so wonderfully changed the Crag and its venerable master, and did justice to patience and contrition. Mr. Meldon was not easily moved; but every one saw that he shook hands with Crichawn as if Crichawn had saved the life of the nearest and dearest Meldon in the world, and considering the extremely exactly views of etiquette entertained by Mr. Meldon, it was astonishing that he took Crichawn from Father Ned and brought him home with him in the same carriage with Mr. St. Laurence. There were bonfires to meet them on many a spot between Clonmel and Kilsheelan; but the two largest of all the bonfires were those before Mr. D'Alton's of Crag and before the house of Mr. Charles Meldon.

Strong a man as was Crichawn, he yielded to the kindly manifestations which he beheld; and told Mr. Meldon, three or four times, they were "too much for him;" but Mr. Meldon answered, "Thomas, they are all for justice and the victory of right. God bless our dear Irish people."

"May I go now, sir?" said Crichawn, just when they arrived at Mr. Meldon's door.

"Where?" asked the master.

"Wisha, sir, in to see the poor widow—to see Ally Hayes's mother."

And Crichawn followed his good heart "into the widow's."

In the evening of this beautiful day, we accompany Mr. Meldon and Crichawn to the Crag. Not only Amy and Clara awaited them there: but they found Mr. St. Laurence and Mr. Leyton Seymour and Father Aylmer and Father Ned Power gathered round the old gentleman, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, who wept at the scene, because it brought to his

* It will interest the reader to state that the case of Mary Wilson is no imaginary conversation at the death hour. The author one day, in the year 1849 or 1850, was working his way through a cholera hospital, when, after preparing a woman for death, she called for the doctor in charge of the institution. The doctor shortly after called two witnesses and at the close of the interview with the dying woman, the doctor held her depositions declaring that the day before her death she had sworn away and falsely sworn away, a man's life, who at the moment of her conversion was within four or five days of execution. It is unnecessary to say that the man was not hanged; on the contrary, he was liberated by the Crown.

mind old times which he had made sad ones. Father Aylmer had been just reminding him of God's goodness and justice, and how grateful we all ought to be, for His protection, when Mr. Meldon entered the drawing-room and shed an influence around him which made itself always felt.

And that drawing-room—what a change poor Mr. D'Alton's new phase of mind and heart had wrought! The whole house looked under the spell of fairy transformation; but the drawing-room competed with that of Meldon Hall, in a blaze of splendor regulated by perfect taste. Amy D'Alton felt happy and maybe a little proud. When first she entered she was struck with surprise but Amy spoke not a word. She merely rushed across the room and embraced her father, weeping on his bosom, weeping for very joy.

About half-past eight o'clock, the servant John, holding the door open in his hand, announced "Count D'Alton!"

The Count bowed with his usual grace and made his way to Amy D'Alton. In a moment Clara was by his side to inquire about Miss D'Alton, and to complain of her absence. The Count promised to bring Euphrasia another evening soon; but this evening she felt excited and indisposed. Her maid was devoted to her; and he was on the way, in fact, or he should not of thought of leaving her.

At length the Count was seated, and Clara became his interpreter with Mr. D'Alton. The Count expressed great delight with the scenery and people, and complimented Mr. St. Laurence on his "splendid defence of Hayes, because, although he had lost much of his imperfect knowledge of the language, he was able to gather the substance of the address for the defence."

Mr. St. Laurence, who spoke French perfectly, adroitly changed the topic of conversation by remarking that he supposed the Irish and French and Austrian D'Alton's were the same family.

"I have been speaking of that to Mr. D'Alton," replied the Count; "and there is little doubt on my mind or his."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton remarked that the sur-names in the families and the traditions of their migration were quite the same.

"And most wonderful, M. le Conte, that you and Mr. D'Alton should have two sons named Henry," remarked Mr. St. Laurence.

"And born about the same time remarked Father Ned.

"You touch a sad chord, *mon pere*," replied the Count; "but really the fate of the two 'Henrys' has been the cause of my coming to this country."

"Your son is certainly dead?" remarked Mr. St. Laurence, addressing himself to the Count.

"Alas! I have seen all the proofs even to my own letters of doom and hard-heartedness which drove him from my side."

Clara translated only the portion about the letters. She would not give more pain.

Old Giffard D'Alton hung down his head.

"Reverend John Hayes!" cried John the butler—and in came Reverend John Hayes. Father Aylmer rose and went to meet his "little altar boy" and embraced him heartily.

Father John had an album under his arm; and Amy saw at a glance it was the same which contained Mr. Seymour's sketch of the charming mansion beyond the Atlantic. Amy D'Alton's heart beat fast, and she was just beginning to guess why.

"You come like a boy to school, smiling," said Mr. Meldon.

"Or a tutor to teach young ladies," answered Father Hayes.

"You are welcome!" cried old Mr. D'Alton.

"We have been talking," said Mr. Seymour, "of the two 'Henrys.'"

"I have heard of that story."

"What is your belief?"

"Why, I believe the D'Alton, of Crag, is alive!"

"You!" cried the old man, "Oh, you! You, Father Hayes?"

"That is my belief, Mr. D'Alton."

"My God! *Why* do you believe it?"

"Because I have seen Mr. Henry D'Alton. I have spoken to him. I have eaten of his bread and drunk of his cup."

"Heavens!" cried the old man.

"I suppose, Miss D'Alton," Father John continued, "you would like to see a sketch of where Mr. Henry D'Alton

resides, and where I have enjoyed his society and fine hospitality."

Father Hayes shook his head warningly, and she understood his meaning perfectly.

Father Hayes opened the album at the place where the sketch had been made; and Amy received it from his hand now bearing at the foot the words—

"Meldon Hall, the seat of Henry D'Alton, Esq."

Amy did not faint. The whole evening had been a shadow of some coming event.

Clara next moved in the sweet domestic drama.

She rose up and deliberately went across to where Mr. D'Alton was, and sat upon his knee, placing her little white right hand upon his.

"Why Clara," he said.

"Tell me, sir, had I a grandfather?"

"Why, child, what a question!"

"I wish, sir, it were—were you!"

"Well, darling, I, too, wish it were!"

"And would you wish little Clara were your granddaughter?"

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, and he sighed.

"Yes, indeed, my child."

"Well, you are, sir! you are! I am Clara D'Alton, and Amy is my aunt, and my papa is your son."

The old man looked bewildered. The news wisely told—and not a bit too wisely.

"Father Hayes, you knew Henry?"

"There he is, sir," answered Father Hayes, jubilantly. "There he is, and there's your little granddaughter on your knee. Mr. Leyton Seymour and I have known Mr. Henry D'Alton for years and loved him. It was partly by my opportunities, Mr. Henry came home to be near you in time of trial."

Henry D'Alton is at his father's feet. Amy is kneeling beside him. Clara has come from the old man's knee and takes her place beside her father, and everyone has a blessing and a prayer.

"Send in Thomas!" cried Mr. Henry D'Alton to John, for whom he had rung.

Thomas Hayes, poor faithful Crichawn, presented himself; and with him Nelly Nurse, and old John the butler, and every one in the house.

"The lost is found!" cried Crichawn,

"The lost is found, thank God!"

* * * * *

Unfortunately Baring had been brought into his presence, by Mr. St. Laurence, Shivaun and her sister, Kearney, Nelly Nurse and all who could prove his conspiracy and attempt to murder, and accepted a settlement in New Zealand. Henry lives with his father at the Crag. Crichawn and the widow are the owners of Mr. Meldon's house near Kilsheelan. Clara is to be the owner of the beautiful dwelling beyond the sea, and Mr. Leyton Seymour is about to retire from the army. The reader can easily guess the coming combinations; and the author may assure him that he, the said author, writes with great reluctance at the foot of this chapter—

—THE END—

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ALREADY we have said and repeated that the first thing we should study is the history of our own land, and then let us study that of the other nations. But it would never do to forget those by whom we are surrounded and those who have passed away, while we would be striving to glean a more perfect knowledge of our own people and our own country. One of the greatest and surest means whereby we may learn to know our own age, and our own people and country, is the study of the past. In studying the past we see the good and evil examples given us, by those who are now no more, and we can learn how to accept and profit by the one, while avoiding and taking warning from the other. The great Fénelon tells us, in his letters, that "the study of the past is ever and always most important:—it shews us great examples, which force the very vices of the wicked to serve instruction to the good, that unravels the origins, and explains by what roads the peoples have passed from success to success, or from misfortune to misfortune."

Therefore, the study of the past is a

most useful and important branch of instruction, and even education. But the question that, at first, presents itself to the mind is this: how are we to study the past? What are the means at our disposal? A truthful, but vague answer would be—these means are numberless. The question will, however, be better answered by naming a few of those avenues which lead the people of one age back along the centuries, even to the beginning of all things created.

Of course, the first and greatest and most indispensable of all is *History*. But what is history? Cicero styled it "the witness of ages, the light of truth, the master of life, the life of memory, the announcer of oracles." But in this definition, if it can be called a definition, we scarcely find what history really is. Charles Phillips tells us in four words, more faithfully and more exactly, what this strange creature, called history is. He says it is "the chronicler of the game." However, it matters little how we define the word or in what grand phrases we express our conception of its meaning, it is ever the same thing—the highway of ages. We are tempted to believe that in books alone we can find the story of the past. This is an error. We can study the manners, the customs, the laws, age—the very languages of nations long since lost to the world, through means other than the medium of books.

History is a golden chain, the first link of which was struck at the dawn of creation; and each successive generation forged a new link. And this lengthy chain has many branches. One of these—the most useful and most powerful one is composed of written documents, books, manuscripts, etc. Another, scarcely less important one, is formed of *monuments*. A third branch is made up of *coins*. A fourth branch is found in the *music* and *songs* of the nations. And numberless other such off-shoots exist.

On the four principal branches we will pass a few remarks. The past may be studied in books. Yes, but how many thousand volumes have been written upon this endless subject, and how few of these volumes we can procure! Before studying the history of nations in particular, it would be well to com-

mence by having a general knowledge of the advancement of civilization, of the rise and flourish and fall of nations—the causes of their successes and misfortunes. To illustrate our idea, let us take a glance at the history of the world, (as studied in books) and if we have no space, in another essay we will refer to the history of ages, illustrated by monuments; by coins, and by songs.

Let us ascend, for a moment, the great pyramid of Time, and from its summit contemplate, in one rapid glance the cycles of the generations revolving beneath us. In a glimpse we have the division of men, when having attempted the construction of Babel, that monument of their impiety and of their punishment, they were separated in the confusion of tongues, and scattered over the face of the earth. Separated they were, but such was not to last forever. A pagan prince had a dream. He saw four great empires arise, and flourish, and fall,—they became three in number. He saw the three succeeded by two, and these two swallowed up in one—the great Roman Empire. Then a stone detached itself from the mountain, increased as it descended, and striking the foundations of the mighty fabric, hurled it to the ground.

As the rays of light, coming from a luminous body, converge towards their source, so these nations, as so many rays converged towards the great *focus of time*. Not towards the glory of a Roman Empire, but towards the *event of ages*, the coming of the Redeemer of mankind. As it was necessary that all should be united, when He would send forth his apostles to tell the Truths of the Gospel to the world, so was it necessary that these nations should unite in this grand focus.

But again, as the rays in one direction converge, so in the opposite do they diverge. Once this great event over, once the old law destroyed, once the mission of Christ fulfilled, the nations were free to separate again. For a short time the old Roman Empire lasted. Soon the signs of its fall began to appear on the horizon. The Capital was changed to Constantinople. A double Empire was formed. The Empire of the East began to sub-divide.

The Empire of the West, torn by the ravages of the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, the Visigoths, shattered by the rebellions of its numberless provinces, soon tottered to its fall. The day came! And on that morning, when the golden cross appeared to the hesitating Constantine, the breezes that were shaken by the war cries of conflicting thousands, carried on their wings, to the four quarters of the globe the echoes of that dreadful shock which proclaimed the fall of paganism, and the end of the great Roman Empire.

Nation after nation sprung up on the ruins of that monster nation. The feudal system, with its train of tyrannic satellites revolved through Europe's political sphere, wars, and numberless heresies devastated the continent. Such is the *resume* of the history of Europe for many centuries.

We have said that to study the history of our own land with profit, we should connect it with the study of other nations. Then, what of Canada all this time? Where was she—what was her part in the grand drama?

Canada, all this time, was quietly sleeping in the arms of nature. She was awaiting with patience the time when the old world should have interred all its follies and misfortunes—awaiting the hour when it should please the Almighty to call her forth, and send her amongst the nations to fulfil her glorious mission. Such was Europe and such was Canada in the past. We have traced in this short and imperfect way, the history of the nations of the old world, and the story of our own country, through a few centuries, in order to show by an example how the study of the past could be made of use to us. Of course in that long period of time which we have so spanned Canada had no *role* to play. But the reader can see what our object is. Let us study the history of the past connected with the history of the present—let us study the history of other countries while studying that of our own, and the profit we shall therefrom derive must be great. Our object in thus tracing out in rough lines a sketch of the career of the divers nations, is to show, in a very feeble way if you will, the manner in which the

history of other countries, and of the past should be studied.

Firstly, get a general view or knowledge of history; be able to grasp at a moment the whole story of ages. It is not right to begin by particular events and minor facts. Commence by having a general knowledge of this great branch and once that general knowledge is acquired, then descend into particulars. Then take up each nation in its own particular history, and you will always be able to trace its connection with those by which it is surrounded or those which have gone before it.

What is a true History? We want to-day a real history of our country; what kind must it be? There is a difficult question to answer. But the answer is to be found in the words of our favorite author—Thomas Davis—and they apply not only to a history of our land, but of any country in the world.

What we want to study is A HISTORY. "One of the most absurd pieces of cant going, is that, against history, because it is full of wars, and kings, and usurpers, and mobs. History describes, and is meant to describe, *forces*, not proprieties,—the mights, the acted realities of men, bad and good—their historical importance depending on their mightiness not their holiness. Let us have then a "graphic" narrative of what was, not a set of moral disquisitions on what ought to have been.

Yet, the man who would keep chronicleing the dry events would miss writing a history. He must fathom the social condition of the peasantry, the clergy (Christian or Pagan) in each period—the townsmen, the middle-classes, the nobles,—he must tell how they are fed, armed, dressed and housed. He must let us see the *decay and rise* of great principles and conditions—till we look on a tottering sovereignty, a rising creed, an incipient war, as distinctly as by turning to the highway, we can see the old man, the vigorous youth, or the infant child. He must paint—the council robed in its hall—the priest in his temple—the conspirator—the outlaw—the judge—the general—the martyr. The arms must clash and shine with genuine, not romantic, likeness;

and the brigades or clans join in battle, or divide in flight, before the reader's thought. Above all a historian should be able to seize on character, not vaguely eulogising nor cursing; but feeling and expressing the pressure of a great mind on his time, and on after-times.

Such a work would have no passing influence, though its first political effects would be enormous; it would be read by every class and side; it would people our streets, and glens, and castles, and abbeys, and coasts with a hundred generations, besides our own; it would clear up the grounds of our quarrels, and prepare reconciliation; it would *unconsciously* make us recognise the cause of our weakness; it would give us great examples of men and of events, and materially influence our destiny.

Here is a long quotation—telling us what a history should be, and consequently indirectly telling us how a history should be studied. If such a history, as the one spoken of by Davis, could be had for each country, it would be glorious to devote one's time to such a study. It would be difficult to find so perfect a book in every nation. But if we take the history that we have, there is much and many things to be gleaned from its pages.

Yes, one of the best ways to learn the history of our own country is by studying those of other countries, and above all of those of the past. The study of the past is the surest and safest guide we can have along the difficult road of the present, which leads to the still unexplored regions of the *yet to be*. And the first and greatest branch of that chain which so unites us with the past is History—History studied in books.

But the ages gone by, may be reached through other channels, by other avenues, and with other chains than through, and by the means of written history.

We have *monuments*, which are as faithful indexes of the past as all the volumes in our best filled libraries. We have *coins* still more faithful than monuments, and we have *ballads* or *songs* which serve as a beautiful and charming connection between the present and the past.

Of these we will speak in a future

essay. But we would now merely desire to draw the attention of the public to *the study of the past* as one of the best means of education. We will terminate these few disjointed remarks by the words of the famous French author Charles Kallin. Speaking of history and the utility of such a study, he says: "It is not without good reason that history has been ever looked upon as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful witness of truth, the source of good counsels and of prudence, the ruler of morals. Without her, confined within the small circle of the age, and the country wherein we live, circumscribed by the narrow limit of our experience and reflections, we ever live in a species of childhood, strangers to the rest of the world, and ignorant of all that has gone before us and all that surrounds us." Yes, history is the common school of humanity. It pictures vice, it unmasks false virtue, it destroys prejudices, and gives a thousand and one noble examples which if followed by the people of our age, would surely result in the happiness, the prosperity and the glory of the land of our affections and our hope.

HON. JOHN O'CONNOR, Q.C.,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

UNDER the régime that governs the people of the new Dominion it has become an acknowledged right that the Irish Catholics, who form so large an element of our population, shall have at least one representative in the Government of the country. As a rule, the honorable gentleman filling that position has deserved well, not only of the Irish Canadian element, but has figured conspicuously in the great political struggles of the land. Men of other creeds or origins, with nothing special to commend them, mediocre in ability, not unfrequently the creatures of fortune, have been pitchforked into the cabinet councils of Her Majesty's Government in Canada; but as history conclusively establishes, the Irish Catholic selected for that position must, of necessity, be possessed of more than ordinary talent, his only passport to political preferment be-



HON. JOHN O'CONNOR, Q. C.

ing that he is indispensable to the ruling powers. Without going back more than a few years we can point with a just pride to a glorious array of names identified in this connection with every great movement in the country's progress. The Drummonds, Alleyns, McGees, Kenneys, Scotts and Anglins are striking examples of what we have just stated; and it gives us pleasure to add, that the subject of this biography is a worthy successor of the great statesmen who have gone before him in the position of Irish Catholic Minister in Her Majesty's Canadian Government and leader of the people he represents throughout the Dominion.

The Hon. John O'Connor was born in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1824, and came with his family to this country in 1828. His father and mother, both O'Connors, were natives of the County Kerry, Ireland, and when they left their native home it was with the intention of fixing their residence in the Province of Ontario. Landing late in the fall at the City of

Boston, O'Connor senior was induced by his friends to remain and try his luck in that city, where he resided for about four years; but preferring Canadian institutions to those of the United States, he carried out his original intention and settled in the County of Essex, in the then Province of Upper Canada, where other members of the family had already located. Young O'Connor having been educated at the public school of the county, entered as a law student, and was admitted to practice as an attorney in the year 1852, when he immediately entered into partnership with the late Charles Baby, a barrister of long standing at Sandwich, who was also Clerk of the Peace. In February, 1854, he was called to the Bar, and fell rapidly into a large and lucrative practice. In 1855 he severed his connection with Mr. Baby and became the leading practitioner in that section of the country in Chancery as well as at Common Law. As early as 1857 he had completely monopolized the criminal defences, and with such marked success

that he acquired the sobriquet of "general gaol deliverer." For jury cases he had no superior, whilst to-day his reputation as a constitutional lawyer places him next to Sir John A. Macdonald. Politics had always been a ruling passion with Mr. O'Connor, and to his love of that career and his devotion to his party, he sacrificed his professional practice and the greater part of his private fortune. His first appearance in politics was during the exciting time of Lord Elgin's administration, when he gave a strong support to the Government on the memorable Rebellion Losses Bill in 1849. From that date until 1852 he edited, with marked ability, the *Essex Advertiser*. At that time the late Colonel Prince exercised a sort of dictatorship in the County of Essex and its neighborhood. Mr. O'Connor resolved to put an end to the terrorism he exercised, and was mainly instrumental, at the general election of 1851, in bringing forward a candidate named Caron, a French Canadian, in opposition to the Colonel. The latter was elected nevertheless, but by a very narrow majority. This *quasi* defeat and a stinging article that appeared in the *Advertiser* from the pen of Mr. O'Connor, so incensed Col. Prince that he "called him out." The answer to the challenge was the motto of the Irish Brigade *Semper et ubique paratus*, and things had every prospect of a sanguinary *denouement*, when, at the last moment, the Colonel acknowledged himself in the wrong and withdrew the challenge with an apology. In 1854, Mr. O'Connor was again prime mover in bringing forward Colonel Rankin in opposition to Colonel Prince. The latter shrank from the contest and gave place to his son Albert, a barrister of high standing and great popularity. Mr. Prince was ignominiously defeated by a large majority—much to the astonishment of his friends and admirers, and to the utmost chagrin of his father and family. Shortly after the election Col. Prince and Mr. O'Connor met at a large dinner party at Windsor, given by Mr. Perry, then an engineer on the works of the Great Western Railway and afterwards City Engineer at Ottawa. The Colonel had the bad taste, in replying to a toast, to speak of Col.

Rankin, who was not present, in terms grossly derogatory. Mr. O'Connor interrupted and attributed falsehood and cowardice to him. The Colonel left the table, and again sent a challenge to Mr. O'Connor, who met him with a prompt reply of acceptance. Strange to say, however, as in the former instance, Prince, thinking discretion the better part of valor, again withdrew the challenge. The Colonel had been regarded as a "fire eater;" he had several years before wounded a gentleman named Wood in an "affair of honor" at Sandwich. On the other hand O'Connor had the reputation of being "a dead shot." During this time Mr. O'Connor filled several important trusts in which he displayed great administrative ability. He was several times Reeve of the town of Windsor, where he resided, and for twelve years acted there as Chairman of the Board of Education. Another mark of the high esteem in which he was held was his election, during three consecutive years, as Warden of the County of Essex. At the general election of 1867 he entered the Commons for the Dominion, having successfully contested the election for the last mentioned county. He had not been long in Parliament when his marked abilities attracted the keen eye of the great Conservative leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, who offered him a seat in his Cabinet, in July 1872, as President of the Council, which office he filled until March of the following year, when he took the portfolio of Minister of Inland Revenue. In the month of July, 1873, he exchanged offices for that of Postmaster-General, which he held until the resignation of the Conservative Cabinet in November of the same year. In the general rout that followed the advent of the new party to power Mr. O'Connor was one of the slaughtered innocents and was forced into private life. During the five years that followed, Mr. O'Connor practised his profession in the city of Ottawa, in the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, and soon again took front rank amongst his confrères, until the general election of 1878, when victory having again perched on the banner of the Conservative Chieftain, the County of Russell sent Mr. O'Connor back to Parliament. On the

formation of the Cabinet the office of President of the Council was again tendered to him, he being the most prominent Irish Catholic representative on the Conservative side of the house. His fellow-countrymen were very much dissatisfied that a more responsible position was not assigned to him—one more worthy of his ability—and they were not slow in giving expression to their feelings of disapprobation at the course of the leader of the Government in thus relegating their champion to a post of comparative insignificance in the councils of the nation. But Mr. O'Connor had not long to await the proper recognition of his merit, and to-day he again fills the distinguished position of Postmaster-General of Canada. His advent to his old office, was hailed with delight by his fellow-countrymen in particular and by the whole Conservative party. In disposition he is kind, genial and retiring, and although a powerful speaker when aroused, he addresses the house only when necessity compels him. Endowed with fine literary tastes, he enjoys his favorite authors in the quiet solitude of his study, even more than the exciting scenes of political warfare. His affability has won for him hosts of friends, and the most humble citizen knocks at the door of his office, seeking an interview, with the same feeling of confidence as the most powerful man in the community. Several times Mr. O'Connor's name has been mentioned in connection with positions of prominence on the Bench, where his acute legal mind would win for him new laurels, but he has always declined to leave the arena of public life. Like the great Irish Canadians who have preceded him in the eminent position he now occupies, he is honored throughout the land, and his name will live in the history of the country.

J. J. C.

CHIT-CHAT.

—Protestant writers often try to make a point against the Catholic Church on account of the harsh treatment received by the Jews, previous to the Reformation. The accusation is unjust as against the Church, and is not without certain palliative circumstances as against the nations. The Jews were the money lenders of the day—they were usurers, and usurers of the worst kind. The Church then could not but be opposed to them as such. She would have been recreant to the whole tendency of Christianity had she been otherwise. But the ill-treatment which the Jews received, did not come from the Church; neither did it arise from religious motives. It came from the people as such, and arose from economical motives. In the fourteenth century the Jews in France were allowed by law *six deniers per week on the liere!* so that in forty weeks the interest amounted to the principal. We may judge from this of the oppressive character of usury in the Middle Ages; and why the money lenders in general, and more especially the Jews, were the object of so much popular hatred.

—It is true that in our days, we have exactions of an equally oppressive nature, which are borne with equanimity. But then we are a long suffering, if not a *pusillanimous* people. Our lawyers stand to modern society in the same relation, as did the Jew to medieval society. We have known in these our days of enlightenment and religious revival! the *small* sum of *seventeen hundred dollars* charged by the lawyers, and paid by the heirs for the settlement of an estate of \$16,000! Such exactions as these, unless society has completely lost its manhood, can only lead in the long run to similar treatment, as that meted to the Jews. Was it in view of such exactions that our divine Saviour advised the whole future Christian world, in those remarkable words: "And if any man shall sue thee at the law, and (seek to) take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." (Mat. v., 40.)

If you employ your time in study, you will avoid every disgust in life. You will not wish for night, nor be weary of the day. You will be neither a burden to yourself, nor unwelcome to others.

—We have one amongst a thousand instances of the thoroughly economic character of this ill-treatment of the Jews on the part of the populace, in events which happened in Paris, in the year 1380. Under that John of France, who had been held captive by King Edward, of England, the Jews had been re-admitted into France, and allowed to live there on a guarantee for twenty years with great privileges, for which each was to pay 20 florins on his entry into France, and seven florins a year afterwards. In return a prince of the blood,—the Count of Etampes was appointed the guardian of their privileges and the judge of all questions concerning them, and he was especially charged to enforce the payment of all debts due them. A Jew named Manasses farmed this tax on the Jews, and was allowed two florins out of each twenty paid as entrance money, and one out of each seven of the annual tax. Now these taxes, and taxes on taxes, it is easily to be seen were heavy; and in order to pay heavy taxes, one must make heavy profits; in order to make heavy profits at money lending, one must charge heavy interest; heavy interest means usury; usury means hatred of the usurer, and in the long run revolt, perhaps ill-treatment, and death. Under these circumstances it is a work of supererogation to search for a religious motive for this ill-treatment.

When on the accession of Charles VI., the populace of Paris, rose up in rebellion against the regal exactions they would have been appeased by the promises of the young king, and would have settled quietly back again to their several trades, had not a number of nobles and gentlemen, who were eager to profit by the popular victory mixed with the crowd and suggested to them to demand the expulsion of the Jews, who they said had received under former reigns not only protection but exorbitant privileges. An insurrection against the Jews was always a subject of rejoicing to the gentry, because it often ended in the destruction of the writings which were the only proof of their debt, and thus relieved them from their liabilities. On this occasion the people forgot the promises of the king,

and whilst one part turned their fury against the Jews, another attacked the offices of the collectors of taxes. Those whose animosity was directed against the Jews, proceeded to a street, in which under the king's protection they occupied forty houses, which they broke open and plundered of all their riches, and under the direction of the nobles and gentlemen, who were the leaders of this part of the riot, they carefully sought out and collected together the bonds of all those nobles, or others who were the Jews' debtors. In the height of their fury the populace began to kill all the Jews they met, and many perished; but it was *economic* motives not *religious* one's that prompted the slaughter.

In England the attitude of the Jew almost to the very end, was an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance. He knew that the royal policy, and indeed the royal needs exempted him from the common taxation, the common justice and the common obligations of Englishmen. Usurer, extortioner as the realm held him to be, the royal justice would secure him the re-payment of his bond. A royal commission visited with heavy penalties any outbreak of violence against "the king's chattels" as he was held to be. The Red King actually forbade the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith. "It was a poor exchange" he argued "that would rid him of a *chattel*, and give him a *subject*." Under these circumstances is it any wonder, that the people when exasperated against the king for his exactions turned also on those Jews, who added to the exactions?

Is not the lawyer of to-day an exact counterpart of the Jew of yesterday?

(H. B.)

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.—It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring.

HARPER'S FESTIVE SONG.

(AFTER THE BATTLE OF KILLUCHIN.)*

Come knight and come noble, as guests lay
aside,
The sword that has cut in war's turbulent
tide,
From red fields of combat the Saxon has
fled,
The pride of his kindred is captive or dead.

Come chiefs of Ophaley in manhood and
grace,
Mid trophies of battle and spoils of the
chase,
The spear and chain-armour hang up in
your halls,
And let the tired chargers recruit in their
stalls.

Come lord and come lady, the brave and
the fair
From banks of the Shannon to woody Kil-
dare,
O'Connor, O'Carroll—the friends of the Gael,
O'Cullen, O'Kelly—the foes of the Pale.

Gillpatrick, O'Gorman, O'Lawlor of Leix,
O'Dempsey of Geashill, O'Moore, Dunamase,
O'Regan, O'Ryan, the valiant Molloy,
Delaney the fierce and the proud MacEvoy.

Come Toparch and Tanist of ancestral fame,
The falcon let loose from the hood on its
game,
And hunt with the beagle, the wolf-dog, and
then
With stag-horn pursue the red deer of the
glen.

Come Calvagh and Chieftain the banquet is
spread
And ladies await to the dance to be led;
The harp is attuned to the minstrel's sweet
voice,
The wine cup is circling and clansmen re-
joice.

Come brehon and bard, but your strains
should not be
The laws and the legends of old Ossorie;
Let face, heart and soul, light and sparkling
with mirth,
Be pleasant and bright as the blaze on the
hearth.

Come Palmer and pilgrim, your scrip and
your staff,
And fasting exchange for the feast and the
laugh,
Long prayer and psalm put aside for the
joke,
As cleric, this evening, his beads and his
book.

Come harper and rhymers that wander along,
But tell us no tales of attainder and wrong,
While here social pleasure its essence distills
As bon-fires are burning around on the
hills.

Come Norman, Milesian, the gallant and gay,
Your heart's fond allegiance and homage to
pay,
The soft tones of love and affection to share,
The mild and the bright eye of beauty is
there.

Then come knight and noble, the sword lay
aside
In welcome the portals are open and wide,
The halls echo gladness—the banquet is
spread,
The foe is defeated, is captive or dead.

PHILANDER OPHEALEY.

Montreal.

THE MISERERE.

A SPANISH LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH
OF G. BECQUER.

A short time ago I left the city of Seville to visit the celebrated monastery of Caserta. I was reading in the old library, when my attention was drawn to a number of sheets of music that lay in a corner of the room. Evidently the manuscript was exceedingly old, for it was covered with dust and discolored and worn by the effects of dampness. On looking at it I discovered it was a *Miserere*. I am passionately fond of music, and, therefore, I examined the pages with great care. What especially struck me was the last page and the Latin word *Finis* written thereon, although the *Miserere* was not finished. My curiosity was still more excited from the strange fact that the Italian words which are always used to describe the manner in which a piece ought to be played, such as *maestoso*, *allegro*, *forte*, *ritardando*, etc., were not to be found, but in their annotations were placed reading thus: "The bones rattled;" "cries of distress seemed to come out of the air;" "the strings shrieked without discord;" "brass trumpets sounded without deafening me;" "the instruments all played without confounding each other;" "it was humanity weeping." And stranger still were the following lines: "The spectres were bones covered with flesh—terrible

* Fought in 1413 by the Calvagh Murrough O'Connor, against the English of the Pale, in which the latter were beaten.

flames—the harmony of heaven—strength and sweetness.”

“What does this mean?” I asked a small old man who was accompanying me, as I finished reading the lines which had evidently been written by a madman. The old man then told me the following story:

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a pilgrim came to this monastery, asking to be allowed to dry his clothes by the fire and for a piece of bread to still his hunger, and some place of shelter where he might await the dawn then continue his way. A monk gave his poor bed and modest repast to the traveller, and then asked him whither he was bound and who he was.

“I am a musician,” replied the pilgrim. “I was born far from here, and I have enjoyed a great renown. In my youth I made of my art a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to passions which finally led me to crime. I now wish in my old age, to consecrate to good things the talents I have hitherto used for evil, and thus obtain pardon.”

The monk, having his curiosity excited, asked him several questions, and the musician continued thus:

“I wept in the bottom of my heart over the crime I had committed. I could find no words worthy to express my repentance or in which to implore God’s mercy, when one day as I was turning over a holy book, my eyes were held by that sublime cry of contrition—the psalm of David beginning ‘*Miserere mei Deus!*’ From that moment my sole thought was to discover a musical composition which I desired should be so magnificent and sublime that it alone would be able rightly to interpret the grand and majestic hymn, the sorrow of the prophet king. I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I ever succeed in expressing the feelings in my heart, the ideas that consume my brain, I am sure I will write so marvelous a *Miserere*, so heart-breaking a grief that its like has never been heard since the world began, and that the archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled with tears, ‘Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy!’”

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some moments, then heaving a profound sigh, continued his story. The

old man and two or three shepherds belonging to the monks’ farm listened silently, gathered around the firelight.

“After having traveled,” continued he, “through Germany and Italy and a great part of this country of classical religious music, I have never yet heard a *Miserere* capable of inspiring me, and I am almost sure that I have heard all that exist.”

“All!” interrupted a shepherd: “that is impossible, for you have never heard the *Miserere* of the mountain.”

“The *Miserere* of the mountain,” exclaimed the astonished musician; “what is that?”

“The *Miserere*,” continued the shepherd, with an air of mystery, “that is only heard by shepherds who wander day and night on the mountains and valleys with their flocks and which has a history as true as it is astonishing. At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon is bound by a chain of mountains, may still be seen the ruins of a monastery that was very celebrated many long years ago. A great seigneur disinherited his son on account of his crimes, and had the edifice built from the proceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, was as wicked as the archfiend, if, indeed, he was not the demon himself, seeing his fortune in the hands of monks, and his castle transformed into a church, placed himself at the head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thursday night, at that very hour when the monks were chanting the *Miserere*, the bandits penetrated into the church, pillaged the monastery and set it on fire. The monks were all massacred or thrown from the rocky height. After this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared. The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow of the rock where the waterfall has its source, which falling from rock to rock, finally forms the little river that runs beneath the monastery.”

“But tell me about the *Miserere*,” interrupted the impatient musician.

“Listen, I will soon have finished,” the shepherd said, and he continued thus: “The crime terrified all the people about, they repeated the tale of the tragedy, which has come down to us by tradition. Old men tell the story over the long winter nights. But what pre-

serves its souvenir more vividly, is that every year on the night of the anniversary of the crime, lights are seen glimmering through the broken windows of the church; and a strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like dreadful funeral chants mingling with the winds moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy, and they sing the *Miserere*.

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy Thursday night, and 9 o'clock has just struck on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"A mile and a half from here. But what are you about? Where are you going on such a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pilgrim rise, take his staff and go towards the door.

"Where am I going?" To hear the mysterious and marvelous music, the grand, the true *Miserere* of those who return to earth after death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this he disappeared, to the great surprise of the monk and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as though a strong hand was trying to wrench them from their hinges. The rain fell in torrents, beating against the windows, and from time to time a streak of lightning illuminating the darkness. The first moment of surprise passed, the monk exclaimed: "He is mad!" "He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds, drawing nearer to the fire.

* * * * *

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious pilgrim, following the river's course, reached the spot where rose the imposing and sombre ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased, clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and trembling light shone; the wind beating against the massive pillars moaned sadly as it lost itself in the deserted cloisters. However, nothing superhuman or unnatural troubled the mind of him, who, having laid many a night for shelter in the ruins of

some deserted tower or solitary castle, was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell on the large square stones beneath, sounding like the ticking of a clock. An owl that had taken refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot, and reptiles whom the tempest had awakened from their lethargy, thrust their hideous heads out of the rocks or glided amid the stunted shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar, and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pilgrim listened to all the mysterious and strange murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the confused and mingled murmurs of the night which repeated themselves, though in a different manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician asked himself. But just then he heard a new noise, an inexplicable one for the place. It was like that which a large clock makes a few seconds before it strikes the hour—a noise of wheels turning, of ropes lengthening of a machine beginning to work slowly. A bell rang one, twice, thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor clock, nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter and fainter, had not died away, its ultimate vibrations could still be heard, when the granite dias, covered with carvings, the marble steps of the altar, the sculptured stones, the black columns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire church was suddenly illuminated without a torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange light. Everything became animated, but with a sudden movement, like the muscular contractions which electricity applied to a dead body produces—movements which imitate life, but which are far more horrible than the stillness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to other stones; the altars arose intact from their broken fragments strewn around, and at the same time the demolished chapels and the immense number of arches interlaced themselves,

forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant harmony, which might have been taken for the moaning of the wind, was heard, but it was in reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the earth, and which became more and more distinct little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed, but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose from the tomb on which he had been resting and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence the torrent leaping from rock to rock fell at length with a noise of continuous and dreadful thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with horror. . . . He saw the skeletons of the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments of their gowns. Under the folds of their cowls the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their white teeth. The skeletons clambered with the aid of their long hands up to the fissures of the rocks, till they reached the summit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a low and sepulchral voice, but with an expression of heartrending grief, the first verse of David's psalm:

*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum
misericordium tuum.*

(Have mercy on me, my God, according to Thy great mercy).

When the monks reached the peristyle of the church they formed themselves into a procession and knelt in the choir, continuing in a louder and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant rumble of thunder that rolled as it passed away; the voice of the night wind that moaned in the hollows of the mountains; the monotonous sound of the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl, and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome reptiles. All this produced the strange music, and something more besides, which one could not explain or even imagine, a something which seemed like the echo of a whirlwind, that ac-

companied the repentant hymn of the psalmist king, with notes and harmonies as tremendous as its words.

The ceremony continued. The musician who was witnessing it believed in his terror that he had been transported far from this real world into that fantastic one of dreams, where all things have strange and phenomenal forms.

A terrible shock aroused him from the stupor of a lethargy, which had possessed all the faculties of his mind. His nerves were strongly agitated, his teeth chattered and he shivered with cold in the marrow of his bones. The monks chanted just at the moment, in a thundering voice, these terrible words of the *Miserere*:

*In iniquitatibus conceptus sum et in
peccatis concepit me mater mea.*

(I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me).

When the echoes of this verse had resounded from archway to ceiling, a tremendous cry burst forth, a cry that seemed torn from all mankind in the consciousness of its crimes—a heart-breaking cry composed of all the lamentations of distress, all the groans of despair, all the blasphemies of impiety—the monstrous cry of those who live in sin and were conceived in iniquity.

The chant continued. Sometimes sad and deep, sometimes like a ray of sunlight piercing the solemn darkness of the storm. The church by a sudden transformation became illumined with a celestial light. The bones of the skeletons clothed themselves again with flesh. A luminous aureole shown around their brows. The cupola of the church was rent asunder, and heaven appeared like an ocean of light spread out before the eyes of the just. Then the seraphs, the angels and the archangels, all the heavenly hierarchy sang this verse in a hymn of glory, which arose to the Lord's throne like a wave of harmony—like a gigantic spiral of sonorous incense:

*Auditu me dabis gaudium et lætitiā, et
exultabunt ossa humilita.*

(Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice).

The shining light suddenly blinded the eyes of the unhappy mortal. His

temples throbbed violently. His ears rang, and he fell like one struck down by lightning.

The next day at sunrise the monks of this monastery received the mysterious stranger, who came pale trembling and with haggard eyes.

"And the *Miserere*, did you hear it?" an old monk asked, smiling ironically.

"Yes," replied the musician.

"How did you like it?"

"I am going to write it. Give me," said he addressing the superior, "shelter and bread for a few months, and I will leave you an immortal *chef d'œuvre* of my art—a *Miserere* that will efface my crimes before God's eyes, and which will render my name and that of this monastery immortal.

The superior, thinking him mad, consented, and the musician was installed in a cell and began his task.

He worked night and day with an extraordinary anxiety. He would stop sometimes as though he were listening to sounds coming from invisible objects. His eyes would dilate and he would cry out: "That is it . . . thus . . . no longer any doubt . . . this, this is well;" and he would continue writing musical notes with a feverish rapidity. He wrote the first verses and the following ones, but when he came to the last verse he had heard he could go no further. He wrote for two, three, perhaps a hundred minutes; but all was useless. He could not repeat the marvelous, heavenly music; and so sleep fled from his eyes, he lost appetite, fever took possession of his brain, and he became mad.

At last expired without being able to finish the *Miserere*, which the monks kept after his death, and which still exists in the archives of the monastery, as you have seen to-day.

WHAT EVICTION MEANS.

To the American reader the simple word "eviction" has so mild and harmless a meaning that he may not find it easy to realize its terrors for the Irish tenant. To the latter it means the loss of the home in which he and his children and his ancestors for generations

were born; it means beggary and starvation, or the workhouse. The following incident, related by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, occurred some time ago in the County Meath: "Seven hundred human beings," says Dr. Nulty, "were driven from their homes on this one day. The sheriff's assistants employed on this occasion to extinguish the hearths and demolish the homes of these honest, industrious men, worked away with a will at their awful calling until evening fell. At length an incident occurred that varied the monotony of the grim and ghastly ruin which they were spreading around. They stopped suddenly and recoiled, panic-stricken with terror, from two dwellings which they were to destroy with the rest. They had just learned that typhus fever held these houses in its grasp, and had already brought death to some of their inmates. They therefore supplicated the agent to spare these houses a little longer, but he was inexorable, and insisted that they should be torn down. He ordered a large winnowing-sheet to bespread over the beds in which the fever-victims lay, and then directed the house to be unroofed cautiously and slowly. . . . The wailing of women, the screams, the terror, the consternation of children, the speechless agony of men, wrung tears of grief from all who saw them. I saw the officers and men of a large police force, who were obliged to be present on the occasion, cry like children. The heavy rains that usually attend the autumnal equinoxes descended in cold, copious torrents throughout the awful night, and at once revealed to the houseless sufferers the awful realities of their condition. I visited them next morning, and rode from place to place, administering to them all the comfort and consolation I could. The landed proprietors in a circle all around, and for many miles in every direction, warned their tenants against admitting them to even a single night's shelter. Many of these poor people were too poor to emigrate. After battling in vain with privation and pestilence, they at last graduated from the workhouse to the tomb, and little more than three years nearly a fourth of them lay quietly in their graves."

THE IRISH PRIEST.

THE following tribute to the fidelity of the Irish priests to their flocks, was the conclusion of the speech delivered by Mr. James Redpath at the farewell dinner given to Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., in Boston :

"* * * I discovered a new character in Ireland—not new to Ireland, for he has been a thousand years there—but new to me; for, although I have heard enough, or had read enough about him, I found that I had never known him. It was the Irish priest.

My father was a Scotch Presbyterian, and I was reared in the strictest traditions of that faith. No undue influence was ever brought to bear on my youthful mind to prejudice me in favor of the Catholic Church—(laughter). I can recall that I once heard read, with a somewhat tempered approval, certain kind and conciliatory remarks about the devil—written by a famous Scotchman by the name of Robert Burns—but I cannot remember a single genuine or brotherly expression of regard for the Roman Catholics or for their Faith. They were never called Catholics. They were Papists always. The Catholic Church was commonly referred to, in my boyhood, under the symbolic figure of a famous lady—and not an estimable lady—who had a peculiar fancy to fondness for scarlet garments, and who lived and sinned in the ancient city of Babylon (laughter).

"I believe that I had put away these uncomely prejudices of my early education—but the roots of them, I found, must still have remained in my mind—for how else could I explain the surprise I felt, even the gratified surprise, that these Irish priests were generous and hospitable and warm-hearted and cultivated gentlemen? For so I found them always, and I met them often and everywhere. I believe that I have no more cordial friends anywhere in Ireland than among the Irish priests; and I am sure that in America there is no man—the words of whose creed do not keep time to the solemn music of the centuries-crowned anthem of the Ancient Church—who has for them a more fraternal feeling or a sincerer admiration.

"The Irish priest is the tongue of the

Blind Samson of Ireland. But for the Irish priest thousands of Irish peasants would have been dead, to-day, even after ample stores of food had been sent from America to save them. Many a lonely village, hidden among the bleak mountains of the West, would have been decimated by famine if the priest had not been there to tell of the distress and to plead for the peasant.

"The Irish priest justifies his title of Father by his fatherly care of his people. He toils for them from dawn till midnight.

"It is a vulgar and cowardly slander to represent the Irish priests as living in idle luxury when Irish peasants are famished around them. I have entered too many of their lowly homes—as a stranger unexpected, but as a stranger from America never unwelcomed. I have been too often and too near their humble surroundings to listen with indifference or without indignation to aspersions so unworthy and untrue. I can hardly conceive of a severer test to which sincerity and self-sacrifice can be put than those Irish priests endure without seeming to be conscious that they are exhibiting uncommon courage or proving that they have renounced the world and its ambitions, for educated men, with cultivated tastes, they live in an intellectual isolation among illiterate peasants, in poverty and obscurity, and they neither repine nor indulge in the subtle pride of self-conscious self-conversation.

"For one and all but one of this world only, I profoundly know self-sacrifice and self-renunciation whatever banner they carry, whatever emblem they cherish, or whatever tongue they speak (applause).

"I saw one scene in Ireland that lingers lovingly in my memory. It was at a meeting, in the West, of a local Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's fund. An Irish lord was the chairman; not a bad man either—for a lord; but every lord has the spirit of an upstart, and this lord at times, was insolent to his betters,—the toilers,—and a little arrogant to his equals,—the tradesmen—of the district.

"There was a deputation in the room of dejected peasants from one of the islands in the bay near by.

"It had been reported to this committee at a sub-committee meeting, where the orders for Indian meal were distributed, the tattered and hungry crowd had been somewhat disorderly—that is to say, they were starving, and had clamored impatiently for food, instead of waiting with patience for their petty allocations. My lord rebuked their ragged representatives, harshly and in a domineering tone; and, without asking leave of his associates on the committee, he told them that if such a scene should occur again their supply of food would be stopped. I was astonished that he should presume to talk in such tones before any American citizen—he who ought to have his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, in presence of the damnatory facts that he lived on an estate from which peasants, now exiles in America, had been evicted by the hundreds, and that neither he, nor his brother, a marquis whom he represented, had given a shilling for the relief of the Irish tenants on his wide domain, nor reduced his Shylock rental, although thousands of these tenants were, at that very hour, living on provisions bought by the bounty of the citizens of the United States, and of other foreign lands.

"One of the ragged committee proved the claims of his famishing countrymen with an eloquence that was poor in words but rich in pathos. My Lord said that he would try to do something for them, but he added, and again in a dictatorial tone, 'that although her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, might expect it; that the funds were hers, not theirs; that the noble lady was under no obligation to relieve them.'

"The poor man, hat in hand, was going away sorrowful.

"I sat, a heretic beside a priest, a republican beside a lord; and I thought, with no little inward indignation, that I was the only person in the room, and I a stranger, whose heart throbbed with pity for the stricken man. For my hands were gnawing with hunger—just famishing—for a taste of his lordship's throat (laughter).

"But as I looked around the room I saw a sudden flash in the priest's eye that told of a power before which the

pride of ancestral rank is but as grass before prairie fire.

"I beg your lordship's pardon, said the priest, with a sublime haughtiness. 'I do not agree with you. The money does *not* belong to her Grace. She holds the money in trust only. We *have* a right to it. It belongs to the poor!' (applause).

"The lord was cowed; the peasant won. No man but a priest at that table would have dared to talk in that style to a lord.

"More than eighteen centuries have passed since a Roman Judge said to a missionary of the cross—'Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' I do not believe that there has lived a man since then who felt more profoundly than I did at that moment the spirit that prompted that immortal declaration. As long as that priest was in that room, I think I was a loyal son of the Church (applause).

"I started as if I had been in a dream. Was this the nineteenth century or the fifteenth? For again I saw the arm of the lordling raised to smite the poor man; again I saw rise between them the august Mother Church, and again I saw the weapon of the oppressor broken into fragments against the bosses of her invincible shield (applause). And as I looked at these fragments I saw among these the shattered relics of the pharisaical conceit that I had been the solitary sympathiser with the poor man. I did not pick them up. I shall have no use for them in this world again. I had thrown down an invisible gage of battle; the priest had taken it up, and I had been defeated. The cross had conquered me. (Applause.) And henceforth, under what flag soever I may fight, whenever I see the white banner of the Irish priest pass by, I shall dip my own colors in salutation to it, in memory and in honor of his beneficent devotion to the famishing Irish peasant during the famine of 1880. Applause.)

SPEAKING AND LISTENING.—He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap.

GOLDEN MAXIMS.—Do not all that you can, spend not all that you have, believe not all that you hear, and tell not all that you know.

GENERAL PATRICK CLEBURNE.

BY COL. AVERY.

THE alchemy of battle brought into shining lustre many a character that would otherwise have stayed in the obscurest mediocrity. Characters in the quiet of civil life, ordinary, unambitious, and unnoticed; in the turbulence of war, aspiring, valiant, commanding. They seem to need the fiery crucible of revolution to burn their genius out of its shell. That grim Irish Confederate soldier, Patrick Cleburne, was one of these characters. A person observably unprominent in peace, he was a marked influence in war, distinguished for merit in every rank he held, and rising rapidly until a brilliant death at once closed and capped a career of rare glory.

General Cleburne was born in Ireland. He enlisted as a private in the English army, serving several years and rising to the rank of corporal. It was in the severe discipline of the English service that Cleburne received that training in the practical details of soldiering that made him so valuable in high command in the Confederate army. He knew from this invaluable experience the minutiae of army management, and it was one of the habitual characteristics of this superior officer that he constantly gave his personal attention to these essential details of the service. He was a thorough soldier, and the writer has often heard Lieutenant-General Hardee, under whom he so long served, say that Cleburne was the best major-general in the Southern army.

Cleburne emigrated from his own country to America, settled in Helena, Arkansas, and entered upon the practice of law. At the beginning of the war he raised a company of infantry, was immediately elected colonel of his regiment, and by the display of his striking efficiency won his brigadier's commendation with swift rapidity.

When the writer's company of horse was at Corinth, before the memorable field of Shiloh, we had a camp, some four miles from the place, and, morning and afternoon, as I rode back and forth, a certain brigade of infantry regularly and industriously drilled. The leader was a plain-looking officer, dressed in

faded grey, topped with a weather-beaten slouched hat, riding an ungainly grey steed, strong and fast, but with that peculiarly ragged figure of low neck, high shoulders, reaching back and ugly sloping haunches, typical of a certain sort of rapid pacers—a style of horse homely but useful, and of exhaustless bottom. The rider and steed were singularly matched, and gave an impression of rugged strength.

That uncouth and indefatigable driller was Pat Cleburne.

On the Friday afternoon before the battle of Shiloh, my company arrived near the field. General Johnson expected to have opened the battle Saturday morning, but his troops did not all arrive on the ground. I shall not forget that Friday night. It was wild and black, with shivering accompaniments of rain and lightning. About nine o'clock, when the troopers were huddling around the feeble camp fires, an order came from General Hindman, to whom I was temporarily reporting, to go out a half mile beyond the outer picket line and establish a new chain of pickets. The order informed me that Captain Phillips, of General Cleburne's staff, would give all necessary information.

With difficulty, in the storm and darkness, I found General Cleburne's quarters. All had retired. A sentinel directed me to a tent, and I called among the sleepers for Captain Phillips. A gruff voice from the darkness asked what was wanted. I told my purpose. The gruff talker told me that Captain Phillips had work to do to-morrow and needed rest, and General Hindman must furnish his own guide. Just then Captain Phillips awoke from his sleep, and kindly offered his services, remarking, "General, it won't hurt me." The gruff voice still indulged in some muttered objections, and then invited me in while Captain Phillips was getting ready. The speaker was Cleburne; this was our introduction, and it is needless to say I was not pleasantly impressed. The adventures of my company that wild night were romantic, but they have nothing to do with Cleburne, so I pass them over.

During the second day's battle of Shiloh the fighting was terrific, with

occasional lulls. It seemed as if both sides spent themselves at intervals, and rested from their fury in absolute exhaustion. With straining desperation our line held its own under fierce and repeated attacks. The pressure at times of overwhelming numbers upon our decimated columns was literally awful. Thousands of demoralized soldiers ignominiously straggled back deaf to entreaty or menace. The order was issued to the cavalry to be dispersed into squads and bring the straggling infantry to the front. The shame of that day, glorious in the tremendous audacity and heroism of the few who stood immovable against every assault, was this distressing desertion. It did not often happen to the Southern soldier, but the contamination of unusual camp luxuries, captured from the enemy, had spread a devilish timidity or something else, unwonted with generally every reliable soldier.

The writer was pushing the stragglers to the front, when a familiar voice hailed and asked what I was doing. It was Cleburne alone, without even a staff officer, his brigade scattered to the four winds, not a man to follow him. In the horrible carnage of the two day's fight his command had dwindled to nothing, and he was a leader without men.

He joined me in my duty. Sometimes we found ten or fifteen men, with an officer, buried in the bushes, shirking the danger. I would that I could pass over the facts, but history demands the truth. Spots they are upon an admitted and magnificent chronicle of gallantry. I can recall Cleburne, with pistol in hand, ordering such fellows to the front in his harsh, loud voice—a voice dissonant in its high notes, but sweet in its low tones.

Later in the afternoon we met Col. Carney, a volunteer, and on Hardee's staff, who told us that General Beauregard had ordered a retreat, and still later we met General Breckenridge, who had charge of the rear-guard, who confirmed the intelligence, and still later we met General Hardee, sitting at the foot of a tree, unblanched and cool as he always was amid the worst disaster. We spent an hour or two destroying ammunition and preparing for the retro-

grade, Cleburne doing a private's part.

We heard groans in the wood off from the road, and proceeding there, discovered a poor fellow lying in a sitting position against a log, pallid, faint, dying, bowels torn out, suffering unutterable agony, and begging God for merciful death. There was nothing in which to remove him; he could not bear touching if we had had a thousand ambulances; there was no hope for him but speedy death—the quicker the better; and we had to leave him in the falling night to faintly whine for the dissolution of body and soul that alone offered relief from his measureless misery. It was a cruel and suggestive case of war's horrors. With a "Poor fellow," as tenderly uttered as a mother could speak to a sick babe, and a tear in eyes that in the battle blazed like fire, Cleburne left him.

As we passed through a camp we saw some immense hard tack, a bucket of butter, and a half sack of corn. The writer lifted the corn to the front of Cleburne's saddle by his direction. I then buttered each one of us one of the huge blankets of biscuit, and swinging the bucket on my own arm for further use, on we rode eagerly munching the tough provender. I often afterwards joked the General upon his comical appearance holding with one hand the bulky sack of grain on his saddle pommel, and with the other grasping a sheet of cracker as broad as the map of the United States, and cramming it in heavy relays down his throat. The rain began to fall, adding to the gloom of disaster. It got heavier until it became a steady pour, and the ground was converted into a deep slop, and the way impenetrably dark as we could go only by the occasional flash athwart the cimmerian darkness. We fed our horses about nine o'clock, and then resumed our weary ride for Corinth. Men and animals were worn down. We rode sleeping, and would be awakened by jostling against some one, or by a deep oath from some startled trooper. The horses would stop to drink in crossing branches, and fall asleep, and I would frequently awake to find my horse stark still, and a blinding flash of lightning would reveal the general's gray hugging closely to my mare, the general snooz-

ing away as if he had taken a contract to sleep.

At length, far into the night, we arrived at a broad creek, and let our stock drink, and, of course, the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called and shouted for my companion, but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. It matters not about my own further adventure that night. Cleburne told me afterwards that he found me missing, and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm-house. The roads forked beyond the creek, and we took different routes.

This experience was the beginning of a warm intimacy that never knew change or had a shade. And upon one occasion General Cleburne expressed the wish, unsolicited, to add his indorsement in recommending the writer's promotion.

Cleburne went into Kentucky with Bragg, and achieved a rising fame for brilliant usefulness in every place where a soldier could show merit. He showed growing capacity for command. He was wounded, and won his baton of major-general. He led his division in the Middle Tennessee campaign of 1862, when General Grant pushed Bragg back to Chattanooga and clutched the beautiful and smiling country lying between Nashville and Chattanooga to Federal rule.

In the spring of 1862, before this important campaign, when the writer had risen to the command of a fine regiment of horsemen, I met Cleburne at War Trace, Tennessee. Our cavalry of Martin's division had been ordered from the right, near M'Minnville, to the left, before Shelbyville. Cleburne had his head-quarters at War Trace, and made me spend the day with him. He had donned better toggery than he used to wear, and I thought that in his laced bravery he looked actually handsome. The gray, with its Hungarian tracery of braid on the arm, became him well. Smoothly shaven, with his lithe and rather slender form, his blue eye, sweet and soft in its mild moments, but flashing in battle with lurid fire, and the mouth, so rigid amid the fight, wreathed in friendly smiles, he was an attractive warrior. After dinner, while

chatting in his office, I noticed a small book in blue and gold on the mantle-piece, that contrasted strangely with the accoutrements of battle lying around. I took it up, and found it to be a volume of poetry, and jocularly inquired what love-sick youngster he had on his staff, who mingled the Muses with Moloch, and thought of rhyme while he drilled grim battalions. To my supreme astonishment, he replied that the book was his own, and that he loved good poetry as well as anybody. And I thought more of him. It revealed a tender side of his stern nature of which I had not dreamed.

The South had no more practical, sturdy, iron-willed soldier than Pat Cleburne, unsparing in duty, sleepless in vigilance, wearing himself and others out in marching and fighting, harsh to wrong-doers, attending little to carpet-knight graces, blunt and out-spoken, springing from a rough origin, and not altogether without the traces of its rudeness. Yet this bold brusque warrior had a deep tinge of romance and a gentle side of his nature, and could spout you with pathos of touching sentiment of rhyme, and smile as winsomely as a woman, thus exemplifying that o'er-true couplet of Bayard Taylor:—

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

This unexpected revealing of poesy gave the rough soldier a charm to me that he had never had before.

When I met him again, Bragg was falling back from Middle Tennessee. With my own regiment and one of Wharton's Texas regiments, I had covered the rear and crossed Duck River. The enemy was pushing vigorously. Slowly retiring, we had repeated skirmishes. The horses were in the rear, and our dismounted horsemen were fighting infantry fashion, when an order was received to fall back, mount, and go to the flank.

Drawing back under hot fire, we slowly and sullenly retrograded through the infantry skirmishers, with Cleburne, in person, commanding. A quick grasp of the hand, a hasty but cordial salutation, a hurried inquiry as to the troops in front, a swiftly-spoken good-bye, and we parted, the gallant Irishman push-

ing his deployed line rapidly to the front, amid the whizzing bullets and occasional shell.

But I cannot dwell upon these reminiscences. My entire relations with him were warmly friendly, and my recollections of him are pleasant and touching.

He rose to be a military authority in our army. He knew the very rudiments of fighting, and had genius to use his knowledge. Always ready, always watchful, never depressed, beloved by his good men, feared by his bad ones, trusted and respected by all, indomitable in courage, skillfully headlong in attack, coolly strategic in retreat, thorough master of details, yet with broad generalship, obedient to the letter, capable in any responsibility, modest as a woman, a resolute disciplinarian and dauntless fighter, personally as brave as a lion, Cleburne was a gem of a soldier—a shining jewel in the bright coronet of Confederate soldiery—a noble specimen of a genuine hero.

As an illustration of his unfailing candor and invincible truthfulness I can mention the following characteristic and historical incident. When General Bragg, some time in the Chickamauga campaign, called together his lieutenants who had petitioned President Davis for his removal, to catechise them personally and in questionable taste as to their views about him, I have been informed, and tell it as hearsay that has not been denied, that, while a number tergiversated, Cleburne, upon the plain question being put to him by Bragg as to whether he had confidence in Bragg's leadership, replied with manly frankness that he had not.

Cleburne made a characteristic charge in the first day's battle of Chickamauga. He was selected late in the afternoon to drive the enemy from an important position that had been held in spite of every assault the entire day. It was a little before sunset. The whole line was quiet. Cleburne gave the order to his peerless division to advance. Perhaps never in the same briefspace of a quarter of an hour was there a deadlier struggle. A continuous and deafening roar of cannon and musketry marked the bloody work. Cleburne led his veterans straight to victory with the

resistless momentum of a tornado. It was a marvel of deliberate but fiery valor, this dauntless onset of fifteen fateful minutes. The intrepid division bivouacked upon the gory ground they had so swiftly but bloodily won, and the next day's work saw one of the brightest victories of the war reward Southern soldierhood at this well-named River of Death.

That was a frightful blow that Grant struck the Southern cause at Missionary Ridge. The shattered fragments of Bragg's army fell back in appalling demoralization. Cleburne fortunately brought up the rear with his wonderful division, that some discerning critic said would have "made the reputation of any man commanding it," and whose pride it was to say that it was "first in every fight and last in every retreat." Our army was in a disorderly retreat, and Grant pushing his advantage with his wonted vigor. It seemed as if nothing could save the broken Confederate force from complete defeat and destruction. It was here that Cleburne achieved the brightest fame of his lustrous career, and earned the proud praise of saving our army. Holding his thoroughly organized division in firm hand, manœuvring it as if on prade, he opposed its steady front to every assaulting force, rolling back the swarming fourteen onsets of fierce foemen as an immovable rock hurls off the rushing waves of the sea. At Tunnel Hill, Sherman threw 10,000 enthusiastic soldiers against this unconquerable division in three successive charges. Cleburne was told that the safety of our army depended upon his checking the enemy. That was enough. Assault was futile. Cleburne and his gallant men stood there, and, though heroic efforts were made by a fearless foe, he successfully resisted every blow, and finally administered so bitter a punishment to the attacking columns that they withdrew, leaving a thousand dead in his front, and two hundred and fifty prisoners in his hands. The army was saved, and Cleburne's name filled the public heart.

When the writer heard of Cleburne's death he was in bed, hovering on the verge of the grave from a desperate wound. I had anxiously followed Hood

on that perilous movement into Tennessee, foreboding the worst results. The first reports were gladdening, the enemy in hot retreat, Hood hurtling after them in pursuit, brushing them back deftly whenever he could get at them.

The vague report of a heavy engagement drifted dimly out, good and bad fortune mingled—a great triumph, but an awful cost in valued officers, Cleburne among them. Then came the depressing confirmation. It was a sad time in the Confederacy, a gloomy, dark period. One by one the best props seemed going—Jackson, Stewart, Polk—and now a sweeping holocaust of nearly all the brave leaders of an army, and among them my friend Cleburne. My heart shrank within me.

I pictured the death of Cleburne in my fancy, according to my knowledge of him—in the front, cool, composed as a statue, hurling with cool skill but fiery fervor his disciplined columns upon the enemy, handling the maddened mass with deliberate precision, playing amid the terrible melee the role of the perfect warrior, unblenching in the whirlwind, equipoised in the storm, using the skilful general's mastery of death's weapons in that craziest, deadliest, most useless carnival of the war.

I found afterwards I had perfectly imagined his conduct on that fatal day, when the best blood in the army was spent in assaulting a position that could have been bloodlessly flanked. Ordered to carry the heights fronting Franklin, Cleburne formed his division into columns of brigades, and, with bayonets fixed, charged to speedy, heroic death. And when he fell—when the envious bullets struck him, and his dauntless blood poured out—we knew that no purer libation was offered upon the cause of Southern liberty than the life of this spotless, noble Irish soldier—Patrick Cleburne.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Work of every kind is honorable. Brain-work or manual labor is the general condition of our existence. To fulfil such a duty faithfully and well, to be a true worker in every condition of life, entitles a man to respect, no matter what

his allotted task may be. It is not the calling makes the man, but his conduct which gives dignity to his calling. In feudal times the bearing of arms was regarded as the only occupation worthy of a gentleman. Even down to a much later date, commercial pursuits were spoken of as derogatory to men of good position, who would rather sue for sinecures and pensions, or live a burden to themselves and friends, than embark in commerce. These false notions and vulgar prejudices are happily exploded. Connections even of the Royal family do not think it beneath them to pass east of Temple Bar to win for themselves an honorable position in commerce. The learned professions are already overstocked, and as the progress of education is continually raising men in the social sphere, or at least is stirring in them the ambition to rise in the world, the rewards offered by an ever extending commerce are daily inducing men of mental activity and good education to try their fortunes in business. Not everyone anxious to earn a fortune in the city has, however, the means of starting in business on his own account, consequently, subordinate positions in commercial houses are gladly accepted by men who, in former days, would have been qualified to enter the learned professions. This widening of the circle of pursuits and callings for educated men was not, as it ought to have been, a matter of choice, but it is the result of necessity, arising from an overstocked market. Not the intrinsic worth, indeed, but the social value of commercial pursuits and appointments, is raised by the introduction into city houses of men of higher education and standing. The effect of this change, however, as it works out its natural course, will be to add to the efficiency of the service and to increase its rewards. Trained and capable men are always of value, and it is but reasonable to infer that the great commercial community, whose profits and interests their skilled labor and active energy do much to promote, will not forget or overlook such services.

In every calling there is a certain amount of discontent; failure is often attributed to the wrong cause, and men impute their want of success, not to their own inefficiency or unreadiness,

but to the nature of the service in which they are engaged. Such men are apt to to believe, had they followed any other calling, they would have risen to the top of the tree, whereas, in reality, had they been tried, they would still have been found at the bottom. We are always, it is true, inclined to believe that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are greater than those of any other person or class. The worldly wise Horace makes the old soldier, broken with the fatigues of war, exclaim—"How happy the merchant!" whilst the merchant racked by fears for the fate of his cargo caught in a storm, envies the quick death or joyful victory of the soldier. Addison, in the *Spectator*, enlarges on this delusion, and quotes the celebrated saying of a greater sage, "that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division."

But these wise saws do not apply to the condition of a man or a class exposed to exceptional burdens, as must be the case with any class, in these jostling days, whose labor is unprotected and whose interests are not specially guarded. Neither is the want of success common to some in all pursuits, a sufficient explanation for the widespread inability of those engaged in commercial services to maintain their position in life. Whilst the dignity of labor is justly upheld, it should also not be forgotten that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

THE MODERN YOUNG CATHOLIC.

WHAT an excellent class of young Catholics we are bringing up in this country! "Smart" is the appropriate word to designate these young gentlemen. Educated! Yes, indeed! What is it they do not know? Have they not been trained in our public schools; perhaps they have attended a normal or some other state institution, and learned wisdom from well-paid pedagogues. Some few of them have spent a year or two in some Catholic college. But, of course, they learned nothing there. How could they? The

professors were good enough in their own way, but they were not quite up to the times. The catechism is dull and prosaic. They would learn science (?) as it is taught to-day. They are smart talkers and can dazzle the crowd; perhaps floor pa or ma when she speaks of church or prayers.

Do they go to church? Yes, if convenient, and the priest says nothing to hurt their feelings. They know grammar in their own estimation—have studied physiology and a great many other things with long names. Why, they would not dare defend those dark Middle Ages when men thought for themselves. What splendid excuses, too, they can make for all the mistakes of Catholics in present and by-gone times. They know history especially that history, which tells all the cruel things Catholics did. Nobody ever defends those heroes of old; at least, they never heard any defense. Why, they can tell every bad Pope, priest or king that ever ruled here below. It would be a loss of time to look up the proof. Historians (?) have said these things, so they must be true. If they dared contradict some of the vile aspersions thrown upon their ancestors, their Protestant friends might consider them ignorant.

O no, they do not take Catholic papers or read Catholic books. Why, they never heard anybody deny or saw any written contradiction of the great errors propagated to-day. They have no doubt but such men as niggersoll, even, frighten the most learned among Catholics. They could not afford to lose time reading Catholic books, and money spent in supporting Catholic literature is thrown away. Bah! you know all this cry of indifference is old priest's tales. He may be a good man in his way, but then he has had no experience in the world. If he had, perhaps he would not have been a priest. He has been shut up in a college or a university all his life, where he could not read a daily newspaper, and how could you expect such a man to know the world? Yes, he has read history, and says there are as many lies as truths told; but how can he know that, when he has not heard of the latest divorce or suicide? He is opposed to modern progress and does not part his

hair in the middle, therefore his words cannot have much weight.

Our modern young man goes to mass too, actually goes to mass, when it is convenient. But he does not need a prayer-book. Humph! he can make better use of his eyes. Yes, he goes on his knee, actually goes on his knee, at the elevation, more especially if there be a suitable resting-place for the rest of his body. Do they hear the sermons? Well, hardly ever. There is nothing new in them. O yes, they are God's truths, but they want to hear something new, something about science. Moreover the priest is a very troublesome fellow. He troubles a man about confession, the sacraments, hearing mass. Why, they never commit any sins. They are immaculate, in their own opinion, or very near it. It is preposterous for the priest to think they need such helps. Pa and ma do those things, but they, poor simple souls, came across the sea from the Isle of Saints, and cannot forget how the heroes of old, and themselves too, for that matter, suffered hunger, imprisonment, and perhaps blood, for the faith that was in them.—*Bedouin, in Catholic Columbian.*

FAMOUS ULSTERMEN.

It was an Ulsterman of Donegal, Francis Mackemie, who founded American Presbyterianism, in the early part of the last century, just as it was an Ulsterman of the same district, St. Columbkille, who converted the Picts of Scotland in the sixth century. Four of the Presidents of the United States and one Vice-President have been of Ulster extraction. James Monroe, James Knox Polk, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan. General Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Ulster emigrant who settled in North Carolina towards the close of the last century. "I was born somewhere," he said, between Carrickfergus and the United States." Bancroft and other historians recognize the value of the Scottish-Irish element in forming the society of the Middle and Southern States. It has been the boast of Ulstermen that the first General who fell in the American war of the revolution was an Ulsterman. Richard Mont-

gomery, who fought at the siege of Quebec; that Samuel Findley, President of Princeton College, and Francis Allison, pronounced by Stiles, the President of Yale, to be the greatest classical scholar in the United States, had a conspicuous place in educating the American mind to independence; that the first publisher of a daily paper in America was a Tyroneman named Dunlop; that the marble palace of New York, where the greatest business in the world is done by a single firm, was the property of the late Alexander T. Stewart, a native of Lisburn, County Down; that the foremost merchants, such as the Browns and Stewarts, are Ulstermen; and that the inventors of steam navigation, telegraphy, and the reaping-machine—Fulton, Morse and McCormick—are either Ulstermen or the sons of Ulstermen. Ulster can also point with pride to the distinguished career of her sons in India. The Lawrences, Henry and John—the two men by whom, regarding merely the human instrument employed, India has been preserved, rescued from anarchy, and restored to the position of a peaceful and progressive dependency—were natives of County Derry. Sir Robert Montgomery was born in the City of Derry; Sir James Emerson Tennant was a native of Belfast; Sir Francis Hincks is a member of an Ulster family remarkable for great variety of talent. While Ulster has given one Viceroy to India, it has given two to Canada in the persons of Lord Lisgar and Lord Dufferin. Sir Henry Pottinger, who attained celebrity as a diplomatist, and was afterwards appointed Governor-General of Hong Kong, was a native of Belfast. Besides the gallant Gen. Nicholson, Ulster has given a whole gazetteful of heroes to India. It has always taken a distinguished place in the annals of war. An Ulsterman was with Nelson at Trafalgar, another with Wellington at Waterloo. Gen. Rollo Gillespie, Sir Robert Kane, Lord Moira, and the Chesneys were all from County Down. Ulstermen have left their mark on the world's geography as explorers, for they furnished Sir John Franklin with the brave Crozier, from Banbridge, his second in command, and then sent an Ulsterman, McClintock, to find his

bones, and another Ulsterman, McClure, to discover the passage Franklin had sought in vain. Mention may now be made of at least one statesman at home—Lord Castlereagh—who was a native of county Down, and a son of the first Marquis of Londonderry, who was a Presbyterian elder till the day of his death. The name of Castlereagh may not be popular in any part of Ireland, on account of the bloody recollections of the rebellion of 1798; but his reputation as a statesman has undoubtedly risen of late years, for it is now known that he was not such an absolutist or ultraist as has been generally imagined. He possessed in perfection the art of managing men, and excelled as a diplomatist, while he had an enormous capacity for work as an administrator. For most of his career he had a very remarkable man for his private secretary, Alexander Knox, a native of Derry, whose literary remains have been edited by Bishop Jebb, and whose conversational powers are said to have recalled those of Dr. Johnson himself. Lord Macaulay calls him "an altogether remarkable man." George Canning, the statesman who detached England from the influences of Continental despotism and restored her to her proper place in Europe, who was the first Minister to perceive the genius and abilities of Wellington, and who opened that "Spanish ulcer" which Napoleon at St. Helena declared to be the main cause of his ruin, was the son of a Derry gentleman of ancient and respectable family. Lord Plunket, who was equally celebrated in politics, law, and oratory, was a native of Enniskillen, where his father, Rev. Thomas Plunket, was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. To come down nearer to our own times, three men who have made their mark on the national politics of Ireland—John Mitchel, Charles Gavan Duffy, and Isaac Butt—belong to Ulster. The first was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born in the county Derry; the second is the son of a county Monaghan farmer; the third is the son of the late Rector of Stranorlar parish, in the county Donegal. An Ulsterman—Lord Cairns—was Lord Chancellor of England in the late Tory Administration.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

REPLY TO THE LORD MAYOR'S APPEAL.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

I find in the European news of this morning, (June 11th), a cable message from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, "addressed to the mayor of every town in the United States and Canada." The Lord Mayor says:—

"I regret to say that more funds are still needed for the relief of distress in Ireland. In many districts the pinch is now equal to any previous time. The distress is much felt by the small farmers, who dread work-house relief, but can get nothing else till the crops come in. While deeply grateful for the generous contributions already received, I can not help asking further assistance for the Mansion House Fund committee during this trying period."

Not a single dollar should be sent from America to the lord mayor of Dublin in response to this appeal;—not because the Irish peasantry do not need further aid, but because the Mansion House committee of Dublin, and the lord mayor himself, deserve American condemnation instead of American contributions. I refer to the real committee not to the ornamental members of it. For the active members of the Mansion House committee represent a class of Irishmen who never hesitate to disgrace their country before the world rather than to relieve their suffering countrymen by their own individual contributions. America has given more than all the rest of mankind to relieve the distress of the Irish tenantry—a distress created for the most part by the exactions of the Irish landlords—and yet, instead of appealing to these rich landed proprietors to have pity on the victims of their avarice, and holding them up to the scorn of Christendom if they refuse assistance, the lord mayor of Dublin uses the Atlantic cable as a beggarman's dog to catch a few more pennies for the paupers whom these merciless and mercenary miscreants have created!

I never saw men so bankrupted in

self-respect, so nationally degraded as the wealthier class of Irishmen in Dublin. Their spirit of caste is so strong that they do not seem to suspect that in the eyes of the world, outside of their own social circles, whatever degrades the Irish peasants degrades the Irish gentry; that to the world at large Ireland is a unit, and that their petty Lilliputian factions are of no greater interest to it than the fights of kites and crows in the county Donegal.

In the last report of the Mansion House committee, I find that Australia and New Zealand contributed £55,570 to relieve Irish distress; the United States, £5,658; Canada, £2,348; India, £3,750; the *people* (not the Government) of England and Scotland, £10,046; but I can find no account of the contributions of Irish landlords or of the Irish gentry.

Neither could I find any record of the contributions of the Irish landlords and Irish gentry in the reports of the Duchess of Marlborough's fund.

Now, I don't know a single Irish girl in America who has not given one dollar, at least to the relief of Irish distress: and thousands of them have supported their parents in Ireland since the present distress began. After I lectured in Boston, the other week, a poor seamstress who refused to tell her name—saying only "God knows my name"—contributed \$50 to relieve the Irish distress: a sum that represented the savings of at least six months incessant toil. The dollar subscription represented two days' wages. How much did the queen of England give? *One day's wages!* How much did the Prince of Wales give? One thousand dollars. How much did the lord mayor of Dublin give? £50, I heard—but I also heard that he spent £700 for the ball given to the officers of the "Constellation": not to honor America, but to procure a knighthood! £50 for famine: \$3,500 for a feast.

The Duke of Edinburgh, the other day, was invested with the Order of St. Patrick by his thrifty mother, in "recognition of his services" in distributing the food—sent from America—among the starving peasants of the west of Ireland. Now, what did this stripling do. He has a large income, as one of the

queen's son's, besides his pay as an officer in the British navy. How much did *he* give for the relief of Irish distress? Not one penny. But it was *heralded* by "reverend" and other parasites of royalty that the duke put certain gunboats at the disposal of the American committee. He did not do so, originally: for two of the gunboats, to my personal knowledge, had been employed in that service for several weeks before the Duke came to Ireland, one of them "Goshawk" to my personal knowledge had *also* been put at the disposal of absentee landlords to send over the constabulary to evict starving peasants on Clare island, in the county of Mayo. The Duke of Edinburgh did *not* go to Ireland to help distribute the American supplies. He was there, when I was in Queenstown, in the line of his regular duty, as a naval-officer, and spent most of his time fishing and sporting, and dining out.

Why do I recall these facts?

Because it is time for an indignant out-cry from America against the shameless and heartless indifference of the wealthy classes of England and Scotland to the sufferings of the Irish peasantry. The queen, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the lord mayor of Dublin deserve no thanks from America. They deserve reproaches for their miserly contributions for the relief of the Irish distress.

The husband of the Duchess of Marlborough, for example, received \$100,000 as salary for the practically sinecure office of lord lieutenant of Ireland. He inherited the enormous wealth of the Churchills. He married and his son married into wealthy families. Yet his duchess, rich in her own right, gave \$250 to head her own relief fund. A Cork paper, before I left Ireland, begged for the honor of Ireland, that the wealth of Ireland should add an *Irish* Fund to the American, the English, the French, the Australian, and the Canadian funds for the relief of the poor of Ireland!

I have not published this disgraceful fact so fully before, lest I might injure, not the Irish rich, but the Irish poor. But now that the lord mayor is a persistent beggar from America it is fitting that Americans should tell what we

thing of his class. Pass the hat to your merciless landlords, Mr. Mayor, and your close-fitted gentry, before *you* shout across the Atlantic to us.

There is another phase of English responsibility for Irish distress on which America's voice should be heard in emphatic tones of rebuke. Let it be replied by America to the lord mayor's begging message that the *distress in Ireland can be abolished in a single day by a single vote in the House of Commons*. The lord mayor of Dublin is a member of parliament. Why does he not beg or demand relief *there*? Is he afraid that it might interfere with his ambition for a title? Let us of America speak then, for we grant favors—never ask them. The day for soft words has passed by. Gladstone and John Bright can get a grant of a million dollars voted by parliament for the prevention of deaths by starvation in Ireland quite as easily as the government of the Dominion of Canada got \$100,000 voted *there*. Public men who *can* relieve public distress from the public treasury, and yet refuse or neglect to do so, are justly to be held responsible for it. If there are deaths from starvation between now and harvest, let Gladstone and John Bright be held accountable, and hounded with the curses of Christendom.

Thus far the administration of Mr. Gladstone has shown no intention of doing justice to Ireland. His Irish secretary has only advised the landlords to *POSTPONE* the serving of processes of ejectment until autumn. *Then* he promises to execute the laws as they stand on the statute books—infamous laws that Gladstone *can repeal* and therefore his plea that the government is bound to execute the laws as it *finds* them is a dishonest effort to evade its duty to *abolish* them.

Translated into the American tongue—the language of truth unadorned—what does the plea of Forster mean? Just this: "Landlords, let the Americans feed your tenants till September, and *then* go in and seize the crops (that foreign bounty enabled them to raise) for your rack rents are due now!"

America has earned the right to criticise English dealings with Ireland, and therefore I protest against a single dol-

lar being sent to the lord mayor of Dublin.

American contributions should be sent to Mr. Prince, the mayor of Boston, Massachusetts. For the distress in Ireland is great, and it is increasing, and it cannot diminish till the last of August, when the crops will be ready for digging. The fact that "the crops promise splendidly" will not feed the people in the meantime.

As every dollar of the money sent to the mayor of Boston will be expended in relieving distress—not one dollar of it in supporting sixteen clerks, such as the lord mayor of Dublin supports,—I recommend that an American mayor be made the almoner of American charity.

I know that the Mansion House has made itself the instrument of executing landlords' spite against honest priests who have spoken too freely of these, the real oppressors of the Irish poor. As long as such men as the nominally "noble" manufacturer of "Guinness's stout" are honoured in the Mansion House, and such men as Father Coyne, the really noble priest of Roscahill are punished by it, America cannot afford to contribute to its funds.

HOW TO FIND LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

ONE of the errors of this age is believing that liberty and equality can be decreed. To declare in a charter or in a constitution that all men are free and equal is about as reasonable as to declare them all noble and holy. Liberty and equality are no more to be decreed than holiness and honor; they are to be won. To be won they must be deserved. But the men of these days are thus constituted—they demand that prize be awarded to them without having gained it.

Equality has been presented to men by God Himself as the culminating fact and point of human destiny. And what is equality? Equality is perfection: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." This is not to be attained by a decree.

Where is the man who can flatter himself that he can attain perfection? The best can only draw nigh to it. As

they do not draw nigh to it neither do they draw nigh to equality. For them at the same time, the expanse of liberty enlarges, since, as man becomes more perfect, constraint upon him becomes less necessary.

Liberty, in fact, is naught else than the absence of all constraint. So considered, it is not the beginning of wisdom; on the contrary, it is its crowning glory. He who avoids evil and does good only through fear of chastisement is only in the rudiments of virtue: "*initium sapientiæ timor*;" if he rises no higher, he will never be anything but a being of inferior nature; neither liberty nor equality was made for him. Nations are not to be deceived; and know how to distinguish between the man who sets about his duty through fear of punishment and him who fulfills it through motives of conscience and zeal.

To burn with passion for the attainment of the good, the beautiful, the true, whereof God is the eternal and infinite Type, to measure with the soul's eye the greatness of the immolations which this victory demands, and nevertheless, to press steadfastly to that goal, to advance thus with all the strength of intellect and heart, in the fullness of liberty, towards those lustrous heights where supreme equality abides—equality even in perfection—this is a spectacle which men have ever judged worthy of their admiration.

Grossly do they deceive themselves who think that the human soul can be borne aloft by the power of the law.

Whoso says law lays constraint, that is the opposite of liberty. And yet how many pretended liberators day by day proclaim that they will make laws to establish the reign of liberty! They do not seem to doubt but that liberty reigns in proportion as laws go on. Every law is a bond, as its name indicates—"lex," from "*ligare*." Liberty is the absence of all bond. They, therefore, alone are worthy of liberty who have not need of law to constrain them to shun evil and do good.

For such men, laws can be abolished and its full perfection be given to liberty; with such men universal suffrage would only be an imposing manifestation of truth and justice—universal

suffrage! that murderous instrument in the blind and ignorant hands of men whose will obeys only their appetite.

The path of perfection, is therefore, the only one that leads to absolute liberty and equality. But in the road to perfection how many stages? How many lukewarm, how many cowards, how many deserters? On that endless ladder of progress and failures where shall we find equality? And how many who, instead of pressing forward, turn back from the goal? How many leave the way of light and salvation to descend into the byways where darkness abounds, where the very idea of good and evil is lost, where the yoke and bridle await them.

The unfortunate wretches still do not cease to thirst for liberty and equality; they are in hot pursuit of them. But in vain it is for them to invoke, to decree, to impose them; liberty and equality but wing their further flight away. All liberty which is such by decree is only nonsense or a disguised tyranny; all equality which is such by command can be equality only in servitude and might.

IRISH HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

THE SLAYING OF HUGO DE LACY.

WHEN, in 1172, King Henry was summoned from Ireland by the Papal Delegates to answer for his participation in the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, he appointed Hugo de Lacy his chief representative in Ireland, at the same time creating him Lord Palatine of Meath. This De Lacy was certainly the most rapacious, treacherous and blood-thirsty adventurer who entered Ireland at the time of the English invasion. De Lacy's character and personal appearance is thus depicted by Cambrensis, the English historian:

"He was a man of small size, short neck and deformed shape, with dark and deepset eyes and repulsive features. Careful of his private interests, avaricious, ambitious and lustful."

No sooner had this fitting representative of a sacrilegious murderer become installed as a ruler of Meath, than he signalized his advent by an indiscriminate massacre of all the native

chiefs whom, by force or guile, he could lay hands on, and by a wholesale plunder of the churches and other religious institutions with which the piety of the Irish princes had studded the land. The brave Tighernan Ua Ruairc, prince of Brefni, was one of the first victims of his treachery; for, in the year 1172, he was slain at Tlactga by Hugo, aided by a degenerate member of his own tribe. He was then beheaded and carried to Dublin, where his head was placed over the town-gate, and his body gibbeted, with the feet upward, on the north side of the city, "a woful spectacle to the Irish."

For the space of fourteen years, Hugo de Lacy continued his deeds of murder and rapine. Meath, from the Shannon to the sea, was full of his castles and English followers. But his career of blood was drawing to a close; for, as the God of vengeance inspired the maiden Judith to slay the tyrant Holofernes in his tent, so he selected a brave and noble Irish youth as His instrument in executing justice on the English murderer of his people, and the despoiler of their temples. The following is the manner in which he met his death, as recorded in the ancient annals of Ireland, A. D. 1186:

"Hugo de Lacy had just finished the building of a castle at Durrow, and had gone with some of his English friends to inspect the work. While thus engaged, one of the young men of the noble tribe of Tebtha, in Westmeath, named Gilla-gan-Inathar O'Maidhaigh, a scion of the noble stock of the Irish monarch, Nial of the Nine Hostages, approached him, and drawing out a battle-ax which he had kept concealed, he, with one blow, severed his head from his body, and trunk and head fell into the ditch of the castle, so that 'his short neck' was made shorter, and his 'repulsive features' and 'deformed shape' were not much improved by the operation. By this one vigorous blow the murder of O'Ruairc, and the indignities offered his lifeless body, were appropriately avenged. The brave young noble who had so gallantly struck down the enemy of his race and nation, in the fair light of day, surrounded by his followers, effected his escape in a manner equally daring. Pro-

tected by the power which had inspired him to the heroic deed, he sprang over the ramparts, and by his fleetness of foot, he distanced all his pursuers, and gained the friendly fastnesses of the wood of Killelare, and from thence he made his way to his noble kinsman O'Caherny (styled the Sinnach), the chief of his tribe."

SANITARY LESSONS IN SCHOOLS.

OUR usual system of teaching may be called absurd, not alone for what it omits as for what it drums into the ears of boys and girls, who spend years at grammar, geography, geology, astronomy, chemistry, French, Latin or Greek; things which only one in ten of them puts to any sort of use in life. Meantime, the one thing needful is completely ignored—the instruction which would show them how to regulate their own bodily functions so as to avoid disease or sickness, in a great degree, and keep the great blessing of health. In this respect, our style of schooling is about as barbarous as was that of our ancestors a thousand years ago.

Classes might be formed in schools for learning something of the laws of life, and the consequences of breathing the foul air of cellars, sewers, and, close and crowded rooms, and something also of the disinfectants which may be employed in such places. Boys should also learn how alcohol injures the bodies and brains of those who use it, the necessity of a clean skin, and the injury of wearing wet garments. They should be taught the nature of the victuals they eat—how some are better and more wholesome than others, and better fitted to sustain a man at his work. They could easily learn how stale vegetables or meat can bring on sickness, and they could also understand the proper way of treating sickness whenever it visited them.

As for girls—all the worthless make-believes called "ologies" should as a general thing be swept away from their desks at school. When they have learned "the three Rs," they should be taught things which will most concern them as housekeepers. Like the boys, they should learn something of the human

system, the nature of the various foods, and that happiest and most comfortable of all sciences—the household chemistry which we call “cookery.” They may also learn something about the cures which may be employed in many cases of sickness, or injury from accident. Women are by nature nurses, and they should be nurses with some degree of knowledge and skill.

This innovation might be easily carried out. Young folks would like the “sanitary lesson,” which would be such a relief from “fractions” and “those stupid old maps,” and they would learn a hundred familiar things which they would never forget, from the questions or conversations of their teachers. They would come naturally and easily, and almost without knowing it, to understand things which the physiologists treat of in their learned books, and which are so puzzling to those who have not been trained to think in a proper way. An education founded on the simplest or most familiar facts of science would be one of the best means of improving the intellects and physical condition of the people.

We offer these observations by way of making a beginning in a new direction; hoping to see the question taken up by the friends of sanitary science, and believing the day will come when this—the most humane of all the sciences—will be taught in every school and college in the nation.—*Illustrated Catholic American.*

AN IRISH PATRIOT.

BY ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

AMONGST the many, who, by the sacrifice of their lives, have shown their devotion for poor Ireland, there was one—an humble peasant—whose memory we should cherish with a deep reverence. The name of this Irish martyr was Edmund Wallis, and it was during our struggle for liberty in 1798, that he fell into the merciless clutches of English law.

In the south-east of the county Limerick, there is a magnificent tract of undulating country—fair and fertile—which is called the Barony of Coshlea or *Cus na Sleibh*. Its chief town is Kilfi-

nane, which is pleasantly situated on the side of one of those beautiful, picturesque hills, that form the southern boundary of the plain. For a few years immediately preceding '98, this was a very stirring spot. The Irish there, were pitch-capped, flogged and hanged by the dozen; and the squire who had the satisfaction of reigning over this district, was (as *Irish squires* generally are) a most energetic and unscrupulous *vagabond*. One day the people to resent this gentleman's injustice and cruelties, set fire to the town; some of the supporters of “law and order” sought a refuge in the market house which however the people set on fire, and it was only by breaking through the roof in the midst of smoke and confusion that they escaped with their lives.

Immediately after this event a corps of yeomanry was raised, which, together with a company of militia, was quartered in the town. In the July of '98 a small detachment of these troops rode out for a trot on the plain, and while descending the slope, one of the soldiers noticed a man running through the fields; the Captain ordered pursuit, and this unfortunate fugitive was captured, brought back in triumph and lodged in jail. Nothing could exceed the joy of the gallant captain as he had been secretly informed that this man was an energetic organizer of the United Irishmen and was sure of his victim.

Next day Wallis was brought before a court-martial, when—after justice had been outraged by a mock trial—he was condemned to be flogged for three successive market days, then hanged and finally beheaded. It is needless to observe that the flogging was inflicted with the most merciless brutality. During those three days he never flinched. On the first day of the flogging the Captain offered him a *free* pardon if he would inform on his brother conspirators. He looked at the Captain with a look of contempt, not deigning to speak his reply. On the third day when his back presented a ghastly appearance the captain said, “I bet a guinea he informs to-day.” The flogging proceeded, the flesh was again torn off; and when he was taken from the cart, the only remark he made was, “Well, Captain you lost your bet,” these were the only

words uttered by this brave man for the three days.

Next day he was hanged and beheaded, and his head was fixed on the Market House as a Salutary warning to bad and seditious people—as they pleased to term us. Such was the fate of Edmund Wallis—a poor, unlettered peasant, but the love of Ireland was deeply planted in his breast. He bore the scourge and the torture, with an undaunted fortitude—and all for love of country. Through the Barony of Coshlea, and in the neighboring counties, the name of Edmund Wallis is fondly cherished by the peasantry. Let the Irish all the world over, cherish it likewise and learn one lesson at least from his history—a lesson of love and devotion to the Isle of their birth. We cannot despair of our country's freedom when such examples of genuine patriotism are to be found among her sons. Our terrible passion must soon pass away, for—

“Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Tho' baffled oft is ever won.”

and let us hope that our dear Mother land shall again soon flourish 'neath the golden sunshine of a National Independence.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing,

Ever made by the hand above—

A woman's heart and a woman's life,
A woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,

As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,

Your socks and your shirts shall be whole:

I require your heart to be true as God's stars,

As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;

I require a far better thing;

A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—

I look for a man and a king—

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
A man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, It is very good.

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade

From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,

As you did 'mid the blooming May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,

All things that a man should be;

If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook

You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

TRIAL BY JURY IN IRELAND.

FEARFUL TRAGEDIES BY LAW IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

LORD Claude Hamilton, in bitterly opposing a suffrage bill that would invest the Irish peasantry with a little more liberty in that line than heretofore possessed, after pronouncing them poisoned by a pernicious and seditious press, and reiterating Disraeli's expression that Ireland is in a state of “veiled rebellion,” and that those words are even more applicable to-day than when first uttered, said “trial by jury is little better than a farce there.”

For this expression the Dublin *Irishman* thanks him and says:

The blow he intended for the Irish people falls hard and heavy on its Government.

What was “trial by jury” when O'Connell was arraigned? An eminent English law-lord aptly described it, with emphatic indignation, as “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

What was “trial by jury” when John Mitchell was arraigned? A hideous farce, acted by “a packed jury, a perjured sheriff, and a prejudiced judge.”

What else was “trial by jury,” when the State prisoners of Sixty-five were

arraigned; when the jurors were carefully classified into "black sheep and white sheep," and the judge, a man who had risen to place through perjury, and who since has committed the crime of self-slaughter, after attempting that of murder.

What else but a fearful farce was it in the case of the Cormacks, when the same judge played the part of a furious prosecutor, and consigned to death men whom the whole country believed to be innocent?

What was it but a farce at Dungarvan, when a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against the Lancers who killed their victims, but of whom not one was brought to justice.

What else but a farce was the trial, the verdict of which was in favor of the plaintiffs brutally injured by the police in the Phoenix Park, and the result of which was promotion to the culprits, whose expenses were paid out of the people's taxes?

But, turn from Ireland to England, and see what "trial by jury" in England too often has been. There the jurors are free from all influences save those of their own stupidity and prejudice.

What was trial by jury in England in Hebron's case? He had, it appears, the misfortune to be an Irishman, he was charged with murder, condemned, and sentenced; now the confession of the real English murderer, Perce, comes to clear him, and prove that trial by jury there may be a terrible tragedy.

The Criminal Law Amendment Association of England has published a list of several persons, who, it asserts, have been condemned to death—and whom circumstances afterwards proved to be equally innocent. This is an extract:

1831. Richard Lewis (executed). Murder of Donald Black. "I suffer unjustly. God, who knows all things, knows it is so."

1865. Polizziona.—After sentence proved innocent. Free pardon.

1865. Giardinieri.—After sentence proved innocent. Free pardon.

1867. Smith.—After sentence proved alibi. Free pardon.

1867. J. Wiggins (executed). "I am innocent, innocent, innocent!"

1873. Hayes and Slane (executed). Murder at Spennymoor. Afterwards found guilt impossible.

What was trial by jury in England in those cases? Frightful tragedies.

But there are other cases besides. Five Irishmen were indicated at Manchester, in the year 1867, for the shooting of a man, whom none of them could have seen or aimed at—since he was enclosed in a prison van.

Five Irishmen were, on the same evidence, found guilty and condemned to death.

Before the deed was consummated the innocence of one of them, Maguire, became so plainly manifested that he was set free at once.

Before the deed was consummated another of them, O'Meara Condon, was reprieved, and has since been liberated.

The remaining three, charged, tried, convicted on the same evidence, were executed.

What was trial by jury in England, in the case of these five Irishmen, but a terrible tragedy?

CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

IN the dullest part of the dullest country in England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of T.

Once there happened to the said little town a very dull season. Every town on the coast besides was full of company—bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers, and peddle gatherers; yet the luckless town of T. was comparatively empty. Huge placards with "Lodgings to let" stared everybody in the face, from every window in every direction.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at T. when one hot day, in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that town-corporate. This stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castles in T. stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shop-keepers matuna-makers and waiters at the taverns felt their noses turn up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers, collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the fashion-

able that were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, and waistcoat, and in short, a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt-coloured, with a black silk-handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style. He wore sea-boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

"I'll warrant me, Jack, that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his shipmates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a single look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

"He's a rum sort of fish, howsomever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore. He don't look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him Jack."

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; but I haven't sailed so many years in the King's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, and another's too, on occasion; and I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savoured of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The act of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle and trudged along showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders was a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one. People who would not own to themselves that they thought him worthy of notice nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

A sovereign procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshments, at a small public-

house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers, "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading-room of the town.

"It is no use entering your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the superintendent of this fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir; we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description!" retorted the stranger, most emphatically, grasping his trusty cudgel; "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied:—

"Can't exactly say, sir; but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?" said the stranger becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about that I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in everybody's mouth before breakfast!"

"And what does everybody say?"

"That you are a broken-down miller hiding from creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the threadbare pepper-and-salts of the stranger, who regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two

or three of those important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance but with an air as if they dreaded infection they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distastes of the great men of little T. evinced for his society, the stranger drew from his pocket a box, lighted a cigar, and smoked for sometime with great relish.

At length, perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and, approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who, rose alarmed at the liberty the man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he laboured under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavours to find some liberal minded person therein. From the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception.

The habitual good temper and light-hearted gayety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip-shop, the post-office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters, having been assorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter which had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to the invariable diurnal custom, all the town-people who had

nothing to do were assembled in or near the post-office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbours.

The unclaimed letter was of a tempting appearance, surmounted with a coronet, addressed to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A——B——, and franked by the Duke of A. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rankment to honour them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter; there were plenty disengaged. Lord A——B—— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season, to be able to announce such an arrival in the county papers. The presence of my Lord was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the Duke and the mighty Duchess.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavour of forestalling Lord A——B—— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round reading.

The stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle,) now stepped into their midst, and, making a low bow, said:

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you!" exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a single breath, "this letter which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A——, and addressed to Admiral Lord A——B——?"

"I am he, gentlemen," said the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all around. "I see you do not think that the son of a Duke can wear such a coat and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your Honour! No, no,

my Lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble Lordship the moment I seen you; but I remembered your Honour's humour too well to spoil your sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colours."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A——B——, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket-book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The Postmaster immediately handed him the letter, and began a string of elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stop to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of T. mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A——B—— to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honour the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

He was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle, and took up my quarters at a paltry ale-house, the only place where you would give me admittance. Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality here. And I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend an-

other night in your town if you would give it to me; and so good-morning."

As his Lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he had trudged in.—*Belgravia*.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

VELOCITIES.

VELOCITIES OF THE FORCES OF NATURE.

CHAPTER I.

IN former times, when a man would speak of the rapidity with which light traverses space, most of his hearers thought it to be a scientific exaggeration or a myth. At present, however, when daily opportunity is afforded to admire, for example, the velocity of the electric current in the electro-magnetic telegraph, every one is well convinced of the fact, that there are forces in nature which traverse space with almost inconceivable velocity.

A wire a mile in length, if electrified at one end, becomes in the very instant electrified at the other end. This and similar things every one may observe for himself; then, even the greatest sceptic among you will clearly see, that the change—or "electric force"—which an electrified wire undergoes at one end, is conveyed the length of a mile in a twinkling, verily as if a mile were but an inch.

But we learn more yet from this observation. The velocity with which the electric force travels is so great, that if a telegraphic wire, extending from Montreal to Washington and back again, is electrified at one end, the electric current will manifest itself at the other end in the same manner. From this it follows, that the electric force travels with such speed as to make a thousand miles in a space of time scarcely perceptible. Or, in other words, it travels a thousand miles in the same imperceptible fraction of a moment that it does a single mile.

And experience has taught us even

more yet. However, great the distance connected by a telegraphic wire may be, the result has always been, that the time which electricity needs to run that distance, is imperceptibly small; so that it may well be said, its passage occupies an indivisible moment of time.

One might even be led to believe that this is really no "running through"—in other words, that this transmission of effect from one end of the wire to the other end does not require any time at all, but that it happens, as if by enchantment, in one and the same instant. This, however, is not the case.

Ingenious experiments have been tried, to measure the velocity of the electric force. It is now undoubtedly proved, that it actually does require time for it to be transmitted from one place to another; that this certain amount of time is imperceptible to us for this reason, viz., that all distances which have ever been connected by telegraph, are yet too small, to make the time it takes for the current to go from one end to the other, perceptible to us.

Indeed, if our earth were surrounded by a wire, it would still be too short for common observation, because the electric force would run even through this space—twenty-five thousand miles nearly—in the tenth part of a second.

Ingenious experiments have shown that the electric current moves two hundred and fifty thousand miles in a second. But how could this have been ascertained? And are we certain that the result is trustworthy?

The measurements have been made with great exactitude. To those who are not afraid of a little thinking, we will try to represent the way in which this measurement was taken; although a perfect representation of it is very difficult to give in a few words.

A FEW DAYS SINCE—this is a fact—a little fellow in Clinton, Conn., anxious to find a home for a pet kitten where it would stand a right good chance of being well brought up, carried it to the residence of a clergyman, asking him, as he responded to the knock, if he would like a kitten? "Oh, I don't know," said he; "what kind of a kitten have you got?" "A Unitarian kit-

ten, sir." "No, I guess not of that sort." A few mornings after the little fellow appeared at the same door, rang the door-bell and again found himself face to face with the "man of the house." The boy repeated his offer of the juvenile feline. "But arn't you the same boy that called the other day; and isn't this the same little Unitarian kitten you had then?" "I know it," the little man responded, it's the same kitten, but he's got his eyes open now, and he's an Episcopal kitten." It is fair to suppose that the "opening of his eyes" proved the salvation of pussy, and found for it an agreeable and congenial home.

INDUCEMENT.

WE propose to our young readers the following treat: Any boy or girl writing the best moral on, "BEING AND SEEMING," shall have it not only published in the "Children's Corner," of THE HARP for August, but a beautiful and useful book presented to such, as an inducement to continued literary exertions. Come boys and girls! betake yourselves to the task, and success will crown some of your endeavors.

We have omitted the usual quota of select questions for this month; in order to attest the literary abilities of our young correspondents, and to induce a taste for original composition.

EDITOR.

BEING AND SEEMING.

"Do be quiet," said a young dove one day to his fellow nestlings. "Keep your quarrel till those people have passed by. Don't you know you have got a character to keep up? Men have a way of saying, 'As gentle as a Dove,' and 'Birds in their nests agree.'"

And Pearlie, the speaker, gave a satirical coo, which sounded rather like a laugh.

"I don't mind what they say," said Duskie, hotly. "I don't see why Ruffie should take up so much room; I can't stir a claw, and all my feathers which I smoothed so beautifully this morning are turned up the wrong way."

And Duskie gave Ruffie a peck, which Ruffie returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlle, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls who had passed before came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"Do hear those sweet creatures," said one.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jenny, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlie, who had been pleased with the flattery of the first speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffie to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft, and graceful birds fighting, with ruffled feathers and angry glances.

At last the parent bird came back, and administered sharp correction to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "it ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And Ruffie, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful, and not to deserve it."

"Yes indeed!" said Pearlle, indignantly. "And if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something which I did not understand about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we seem to be, or what we have the character of being."

"Ruffie, go outside the nest and smooth yourself, you naughty bird!" said the mother. "You look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea-field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourself by being

angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' 'How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling.'"

"Did she say that," said Duskie, in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm, too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

"Ah, Duskie! you can never be naughty without hurting others, and you never know how much harm you do. Besides, you cannot undo what you have done. That little girl will always remember the sad picture of two doves fighting and tearing each others feathers in rage. But now go to sleep; I am tired and sorry."

"Coo, coo, coo!" came from the tree, and those who could recognize the slight modulation of the coos, and who could understand what they expressed, would have discovered affection and penitence in Duskie and Ruffie's coos," and tenderness and forgiveness in those of the parent birds.

CURIOUS LETTER OF NAPOLEON I.

A curious letter, said to have been written by Napoleon I., to his father when the future Emperor was a mere child and a pupil at the military school at Brienne, has just been published in France. It is dated April 5, 1781, and runs thus: "Father if you or my protectors cannot afford me the means of living more honorably in this house, bring me back home at once. I am tired of proclaiming my indigence, and of seeing the sneers of insolent scholars whom nothing but their fortune elevates above me, but there is not one who is not a hundred 'pikes' below the noble sentiments which animate me. Is your

son to remain the laughing stock of a few *paltoquets*, who, vain of their own means of enjoyment, insult me by smiling at my privations? If you are unable to afford me any improvement in my position here, take me away from Brienne, and put me into some mechanical position. From this offer you may judge at my despair. Please believe that my letter has not been dictated by the vain desire of indulging in expensive amusements, which I have no taste for. I only want to be able to show that I have the means of procuring them like my companions.

Your respectful and affectionate son,
BONAPARTE."

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE following beautiful little "gem," entitled "The Shipwreck," is from the pen and poetical brain of an esteemed friend, long since called to his reward:—and as the contributor has no knowledge of it ever appearing in print up to the present, he asks and solicits space for it in the "Young Folks Corner," of THE HARP.—W. MCK.

From the climes of the east, o'er the calm ocean waves,

The vessel is gallantly sweeping;

When far far—below, in their red coral graves,

The hearts of the shipwrecked are sleeping;
From the climes of the east to their own lovely isle,

The mariners gladly are steering,

And bright are their prospects, and sweet is their toil,

For no storm on their path is appearing.

They think of the homes where their parents reside,

That shall greet them with tear-drops of gladness;

Where the wives of their love, each as gay as a bride,

Shall lighten the heart of their sadness;

Where their children shall meet them with bright eyes of blue,

And cheeks like the summer-tide blossoms;

Where their sweethearts await, like the lilies in dew,

To drop overpower'd in their bosoms.

From slumber to tempest the ocean awakes,
Like the lions in hunger that waken,

And the canvass is scatter'd like winter-snow flakes,

And the masts like a willow are shaken,

And down goes the ship, like a star from the sky,

When the storm on the night-wind is dying—

And now the green sea waves all quietly lie,
Like the turf on the graves that are lying.

SCIENTIFIC RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL GEMS OR PASTES.—As this species of *jewelry* and *gew-gaws*, is so common on this Continent, it may prove interesting and instructive to our young readers, to give a few receipts for their composition and manufacture.

In making artificial gems or paste jewels, the first consideration is to procure a kind of glass which shall be of as great a specific gravity, and as clear as possible, in order that it may reflect the rays of light, and occasion that particular play of light which renders paste so much more brilliant than common glass. Some glass, however, is of greater specific gravity than the gem to be indicated; were this used for the purpose the mock gem would have an unnatural glare of light, and consequently be immediately detected. Very numerous are the receipts to make the colorless *foundation paste* or *strass*, as it is called, everything used in the making of which should be perfectly pure.

1. COMPOSITION OF PASTE FOR DIAMONDS.—Rock crystals 4056 grains; red lead 6300; pure potass 2154; borax 276; arsenic 12; or 2nd. Rock crystal 3600 grains; pure carbonate of lead 8508; potash 1260; borax 360. 3rd. White sand, purified by being washed first in hydrochloric and then in water till the whole of the acid is removed, 100 parts; red lead 150; calcined potass 30 to 35; calcined borax 10; oxide of arsenic 1 part. It is necessary to keep the whole of these compounds in a state of fusion for three or four days before they will have attained their greatest perfection.

TO IMITATE THE YELLOW DIAMOND.—To one ounce of paste, as above, add 24 grains of the chloride of silver, or 10 grains of the glass of antimony.

TO IMITATE THE SAPPHIRE.—To 24 ounces of paste add 2 drams 26 grains of the oxide of cobalt.

"I found the original of my hell, in the world which we inhabit," said Dante, and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend.

F A C E T I Æ.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

"The devil is said to be the father of tobacco," said a minister to the local punster, who was smoking too vigorously. "And that accounts for it containing so much Nic-otine," was the punster's reply.

Customer—"Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster: it's as hard as flint."

Waiter—"Beg pardon, Sir; a slight mistake. That's the imitation lobster out of the show-case. Shall I change it."

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughter, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

TONALT (who has just been reading the newspaper): Asia Minor! Asia Minor! "Whaur's the Major whan they kick up sic a dust about the Minor?" Tugalt (not over well versed in the subject): "In the Army, nae doubt." Tonal't (who has gained his point): "Hout aye, to be surely."

"CAPERS" CUT.—Scene—Poop of an American liner. The Captain is pacing up and down; to him enter second engineer. Engineer: "I've tae complean, Captain, about the cook. He dis ony thing he likes wi' us. I noticed yesterday that the cabin folk got soor peas tae their biled mutton; noo he gies me nae soor peas tae mine."

It is not always a safe matter to hazard remarks upon the personal appearance of those with whom we come in contact. The writer once saw a specimen of the travelling Englishman completely sat upon for venturing on an impertinence of this kind. It was at a table d'hôte at Boulogne. The Englishman in question, a very bumptious individual, was accompanied by a lady, and sitting opposite to them was a young German, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gaz-

ing in a most persistent manner at him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone, said—

"I hate to see a man with rings on his fingers!"

The German replied to this with a supercilious sort of sneer; so the Englishman "went for" him again, and said, in a still louder tone—

"Do you know what I would do with a ring if I had one?"

Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German, in a sulky growl, broke in—

"Vare it in your nose!"

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, madam," said he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' 'That would be funny for you.'"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Cultivate self-control until it becomes natural to you. Self-repression isn't self-control. One time I knew one of these men who are accustomed to self-repression. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, with the most ungovernable temper that ever tore a human passion into rags. But he rarely showed it. One day, in the Autumn he was trying to make a joint of six-inch stove-pipe fit into the end of a five and one-half inch length. And during the struggle he smote his thumb, about midway between the nail and the joint, with a round backed hammer. He arose with a sad, sweet smile, laid the hammer down softly on the carpet, changed the lengths of pipe, fitted them and put the pipe up, and never said a word. But he was pale, and there was a glowing light in his eyes. And the next day about three o'clock in the afternoon, that man walked out of town up the B. and M. grade, and stood in the woods and foamed at the mouth and howled and raved about stove-pipes and people who make them until he frightened a thirty-ton engine off the track. Self-repression isn't self-control, my son—*Burlington Hawkeye*,

D ^a	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in July.
1	Thurs	Archbishop Plunkett executed by the English, 1681. Battle of the Boyne, 1690
2	Fri	General T. F. Meagher accidentally drowned in the Missouri River, 1867.
3	Sat	VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. First stone of the Jesuits' Church, Dublin, laid, 1829.
4	Sun	Grattan, born in Dublin, 1746.
5	Mon	Anti-Popery declaration of James I., 1605.
6	Tues	Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, died, 1605. R. D. Williams, "Sham rock" of the NATION, died in Louisiana, United States, 1862.
7	Wed	Seizure of letters, papers, etc., in the office of the <i>Irish Felon</i> , National newspaper, by the police, 1848.
8	Thurs	Richard Brinsley Sheridan, died, 1816.
9	Fri	O'Connell declared elected for Clare, 1828.
10	Sat	Edmund Burke, died, 1798.
11	Sun	John O'Donovan, the Irish scholar, born at Atateemore, county Kilkenny, 1809.
12	Mon	T. F. Meagher arrested, 1848.
13	Tues	Battle of Aughrim, 1691. Henry and John Sheares tried for high treason, 1798.
14	Wed	First steam vessel arrived at Cork from America, on this day, 1819.
15	Thurs	Henry and John Sheares executed, 1798. Charles Gavan Duffy elected member for New Ross, 1852. Banquet, in Belfast, to celebrate the French Revolution, 1791.
16	Fri	Henry Joy M'Cracken, United Irish leader, and commander at the battle of Antrim, executed, 1798.
17	Sat	Thomas Parnell, poet, died, 1717.
18	Sun	Athlone besieged by Lieutenant-General Douglas, 1690.
19	Mon	Sir Cahur O'Dogherty, beheaded, 1680. Donal O'Sullivan, the hero of Dunboy, assassinated by an Englishman in Spain, 1608.
20	Tues	Ecclesiastical Titles Bill passed, 1851.
21	Wed	Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, died at Rome, 1616. Procession in Dublin, to lay the Foundation Stone of the Catholic University, 1862.
22	Thurs	Arrival of Father P. Scaranpi, Commissioner from the Holy See to the Irish Confederation, 1643.
23	Fri	The Six-mile bridge (Co. Clare) massacre, 1852.
24	Sat	Emmet's Insurrection, 1803.
25	Sun	John Philpot Curran born, 1750.
26	Mon	Peace made by the Irish Confederates with the English, 1646. City of Limerick besieged, 1690. Siege of Athlone raised, 1690. The "transplanting" of Irish families of the Pale to Connaught, 1654; "all must be gone before March next."
27	Tues	Habeas Corpus Suspension Act arrived in the City of Dublin, 1848. Church Disestablishment Bill received the Royal Assent, 1869.
28	Wed	W. S. O'Brien, Meagher, and others withdrew from Conciliation Hall, 1846.
29	Thurs	William Michael Byrne executed, 1798. Rewards offered for the arrest of W. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Doheny, and others, 1848.
30	Fri	Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, fatally wounded at the battle of Landen, 1693. Attempted insurrection under the leadership of William Smith O'Brien, at Ballingarry, in the County of Tipperary, 1848.
31	Sat	Professor Eugene O'Curry, the Irish scholar, died in the year 1862, aged sixty eight years.
		Siege of Limerick raised, 1690.

Small is the distance between the prisons and graves of Princes.

Facts are more convincing than arguments.

It a mark of virtue to avoid vice; and true wisdom to lack nonsense.

The man of desire is a man of fear; and he that lives in fear lives in slavery.

A nation is never so powerless against a foreign enemy, as when she is agitated by intestine commotions.

Exile and death, are terrible, but to the wicked.

The people are seldom wrong-woe to those who despise their remonstrance.

As virtue is the great highway of the mind, so is vice the narrow alley that serpentines.

Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove a ruinous tenant to its landlord.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1880.

NO. 10.

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

BY UNA.

Oh! thou great and mighty angel,
Whom the nations seldom see,
View the lands in fetters pining,
Lifting up their hands to thee;
'Neath the burden of oppression
See them struggle, hear them groan,
While their tyrants shout exulting:
"Liberty from earth has flown!"

Sweep the world with wings of power,
In thy passage hurling down
From above the trampled millions,
King and purple, throne and crown;
Dash to earth the world's destroyers,
Glorious angel, strong and just;
Worms may crawl, but bid the people
Look aloft and spurn the dust.

Let the rushing of thy pinions
Rouse the dreaming lands to life;
Break their hopeless, death-like stupor,
Even with the sounds of strife;
If their manacles can only
By the sword be cut in twain—
Better hear the clash of sabres
Than the clanking of a chain.

Why must bloated pomp and power
Fatten when they scorn to toil?
He who digs from earth her treasures
Should be monarch of the soil.
Kings are not of God, though blinded
Israel's wish of foolish pride—
Patriarch for regal ruler
To exchange—was not denied.

At her prayer, the great Jehovah,
Let her bow to kingly sway;
Now the world, grown wiser, fancies
Royal heads have had their day.
God of right! behold thy children
Bowed in bondage, loathed, abhorred,
'Neath those monsters of injustice.
Called, "Anointed of the Lord."

Sternly, bravely, yet how weakly,
Do they war with force and wrong;
Smile upon their stormy present,
Let them with thy strength be strong;
From the dust their faces lifting,
Lo! they deem thy coming nigh;
Hasten, hasten, mighty angel,
Lest the nations shriek and die.

MCENEIRY THE COVETOUS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of the "Collegians," &c.

—O—

—What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoc Fierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon, for many miles around, and awful and wonderful and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neighbourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom McEneiry, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of

some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such cases feel it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas McEneiry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to the fertile imagination of the reader.

Tom McEneiry, then, was Tom McEneiry; once a *comfortable* farmer, as any in Knoc Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Thomas McEneiry became Tom McEneiry, and at last, "poor Tom McEneiry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs

When I had bacon,
They called me Mrs. Akon,

But now that I have none, 'tis "How goes it Molly?" They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier until both in fortune and appearance they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length, they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. McEneiry," he said, politely handing her a laughing *white-eye* across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm

sorely afeered, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of aibles."

"'Tis your own fau't if you don't," said his wife.

"How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago."

"Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the husband.

"You're not so ould as that," replied Mrs. McEneiry, "you could play very well if you like it, and, you know yourself the great pay harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and *genologists*, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this counthry."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, "The less chance I has of pleasing 'em when they hears me."

"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an' 'twill pass."

"Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get *idays*, a poor fellow o' my kind that never had any reecoore to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothing of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."

"Many's the songs and pothery I hard myself," said Mrs. McEneiry, "and there wasn't much sense nor *idays* in 'em, an' they be well liked for all. Begin praising their ancesthors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse runs."

"But when I do'n' know one o' the ancestors, woman?"

What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?"

"But sure I should have their names any way."

"You need'nt, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. Do my

biddin an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full of money."

Tom McEneiry was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music, as could be nearly expected from such a musician, and such an instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom's presumption, and of the nature of the competition, which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland, was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered man independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the genealogical narrative, according to the mode in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains, and petty princes, about the isle, comprising in their number a poet, or filea, a crotarie or harper, a seanachie or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports all of whom, when the time allotted had expired, having received their several fees shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honor shown them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed to them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number or quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to the profession, gave rise to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventh century they are said to have comprised no less than a third of the male population of the kingdom; insomuch, that the monarch of that day, was obliged to restrict their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs, is a mere

by-gone legend. The practise continued to a period long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings and their compositions, though now limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief returning weary from the pleasures of the chase. But to return, Tom McEneiry set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with

"his wild harp slung behind him,"

after bidding Mrs. McEneiry an affectionate farewell. The morning was fine though frosty, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rung upon the hard and lone high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favorite of fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career. He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.

"Good morning, Mr. McEneiry," said the voice.

Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour which revived Tom's attention in spite of himself.

"Good morning, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you come to know my name, for I never saw you before in my life as I can call to my mind."

"Oh, I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"

"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom with a mournful look.

"But is it hard times that makes you carry that old harp on your back?"

"The very same raison. I have nothin' to get at home an' I'm goin' about to see what would I make by playin' a

dharrass of an evenin' at the quollity's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play, then?" enquired the stranger.

"Wisha, middlin'," said Tom, "indifferent enough, dear knows."

"And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?"

"Wisha, I do'n' know—what else am I to do?"

"Let me hear you play a little."

Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more.

"Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be at Christmas when the pigs do be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"

"Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure 'tis aisly known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish."

"Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands."

He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbing them a little, after which he said:

"Now try what hand you can make of it."

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch no drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in ecstasy.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phoenix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Moile? I never heard sich music in all my days! I'm a made man—you're a jewel of a taicher to me this morning."

"I could taich you more than that," said the stranger.

"Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin.

"I could so."

"What is it av you plaze?"

"I could taich you how to make ugly men handsome."

"In airnest?"

"Not a word of a lie. Take me into

your service and I'll show you how 'tis done."

"Me take you!" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant."

"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make."

"If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?"

"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger.

"Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the county of Limerick, for there's nobody in want of us."

"That's not the case with other parts said the stranger—"I now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman named Shaun an Fhiona, *i. e.* John of the Wine, who, lives at Carrigfoile down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they find fault with your music you can offer to alter his lineaments, and leave the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."

They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom, as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do, when they should arrive at Carrigfoyle. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigfoile Castle.

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day, surely," said Tom McEncairy, "there's sich a fine smell o' *griskins*."

"There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a betther warrant in the counthry to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he being so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities

of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However, he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place amongst the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an intruder of whose pretensions none of their number had any knowledge. After a little time, John of the Wine (who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom McEneiry.

"Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do you come from?"

"From a place convenient to Knoc Fierna, please your honour."

"Well, you are welcome. And tell me now, can you do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gentlemen and ladies?"

"I'll do my endeavour to play a dhrass for 'em upon the harp, if they wishes it," said Tom.

"I'm sure they'll be all very happy to hear you," said John of the Wine, "music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a pleasant evening."

Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen fixed upon him, and above all, the eyes of the great harpers and poets, and the place as bright as noonday, with the blaze of the huge rushlights, some of which were twisted to the thickness of a man's arm and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? McEneiry replied that he was from Knoc Fierna in the county of Limerick.

"And who is the best harper in your country?" asked Shaun.

"They say I am, when I'm at home?" said McEneiry, "but I don't believe 'em."

"Upon my word, then, I believe you," replied his host. "You might as well stop," he added, and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place without you."

"Please your lordship," said Tom, "I

hardly got well into the tune before you began to cross-hackle me. If you let me try another dhrass, may be, I'd knock something out of it that 'ud be more plaisin'."

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving on the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumult in the hall of the castle, that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter,—others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room while a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord, from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "turn him out!" one or two of the most determined were about to rough handle him when the stranger bustled through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, "let him alone—have patience—I often told you, masther, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little and then see what you can do. 'Tis a very sharp evening gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now master, and see whether you can satisfy them better."

Tom took the harp and played such ravishing strains that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

"Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it up to you and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch at the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."

"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. "I could do more than play a tune upon the harp."

"And what else could you do?"

"I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.

"Could you really?"

"I could by being reasonably considered for it."

"Why, then," said John of the Wine,

"there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be sorry for it."

"Poh," said Tom, "I could aasily do it."

"And when will you begin?"

"We may as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, "for my boy and myself will want to be gone before night."

CHAPTER II.

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom McEneiry enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business after having locked the door. The Boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on the table in the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitish powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to lie down on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised.

"To cut off your ugly head," replied the Boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it."

"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "do you think I'd allow you to out off my head?"

"Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish, said the Boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."

"And could'nt you perform the cure without cutting off my head?"

"No—nor the most skilful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the flower."

"Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face as I have at present."

He lay down, and the Boy cut off his head, washed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once

more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and I wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."

Shaun started up from the table, and Mr. McEneiry handed him over to the looking glass.

"Now, sir," said he, do you rejoice at your change of features?"

"Upon my honour," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that any would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house so long as you like."

McEneiry looked at his man.

"We can't stop long master," said the Man, "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill."

"That's true," said McEneiry, "twould never do for us to make any delay here."

"Well, I am sorry for it," said Shaun, "but let me know when you are going in the morning, an' I'll be prepared for ye."

Early next day McEneiry and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsman, ordered him to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.

"Here," said he, "Mr. McEneiry is a small token of my gratitude for the favour I have received at your hands. There a score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying he handed the two boots to McEneiry, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard, for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they

took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on their journey homeward, when the Man turned around to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said :

"Well, what are ye my good men?"

The four men all took off their hats before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Plaze your honour's reverence and glory," said they, we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an Fhiona."

"I dare say now," said the Man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves."

"Plaze your majesty," said the four men "it is true for you; we have so."

"What time," asked the Man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?"

"He gave us one week, my lord?"

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.

"Come here, my good men," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.

"There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, McEneiry remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length, he said to his man :

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had."

"Why so?" asked the Man.

"To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their days hire to get when they'd go back."

"Don't speak so uncharitable," said the Man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours, without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."

"What do you call plenty?" said McEneiry.

"If you had the one tenth of it when

I first met you," replied the Man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides all the fat cattle we have on the road before us."

McEneiry said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as if he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoe Fierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

"Well, I suppose we must be parting now," said the Man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."

"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEneiry.

"I'll tell you," replied the Man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also."

At this proposal McEneiry looked as if treated in a very unreasonable manner.

"Well," said the Man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?"

"No," said McEneiry, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze, that in all this business I was the Masther an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of what we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."

"Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said McEneiry, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow

you so much," replied the Man, and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied McEneiry.

Saying this, he looked about in the direction pointed out by his man, but could see nothing.

"What white horse do you speak of?" he said, "I can see no———Eh? what's this?" He looked round again—above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it two days back, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old harp.

Tom only recovered from his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The inutility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was however apparent, and he accordingly desisted. Sitting down on the road side, he endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

"Well, Tom McEneiry, what are you to do now?" If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving it again and parting with your family in the same manner as you did before, and where would be the use o' that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed I may say, almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get a welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things aisy, and I'll tell you. Start off with yourself, at the peep of the day for Carrigfoile, and come before John of the Wine, and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulster, statin' what an ugly face he had, an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letter which he will be most happy to give you, start away with yourself again for Ulster, an' when you get there you have only to put a purty face on the great O'Neil, the

same way as you seen your man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Seaghan an' Fhiona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an ungrateful, unnaythur'l, baste of a man, to squander the half of it away upon the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

CHAPTER III.

McEneiry like a great many people in the world had a great respect for his own advice, so he followed it without delay. He slept that night at the house of a neighbouring farmer, who was not so nice in music as John of the Wine, and in the morning early set off for Carrigfoile. It was near sunset when he beheld the majestic castle lifting its head between him and the west, and proudly towering above the waves that lashed the base of the lofty cliff on which it stood. When he arrived at the gate, he was surprised to find all in confusion before him. The court-yard was full of men and women running to and fro, and a large body of kerns and galloglass were under arms before the door. While he looked on all sides, perplexed to think what could be the cause of all this tumult, he saw a man approach, whom he recognized as one of those who had been sent to drive the cows home with him and his man. The poor man saluted him with great respect and seemed overjoyed to see him. In answer to his enquiry respecting the cause of the confusion which he beheld, the countryman told him that there was confined in the castle, a young boy, a servant of John of the Wine, whose name was Cluas o' Failbhe or Falvey of the Ear, (so-called because he had one ear of unusual size).

"Every body is sure," said he, "that he will be hanged this evening or tomorrow morning airly, an' that's the reason they're gatherin' to see the execution."

"An' what is it he done out o' the way?" asked McEneiry.

"I don't know that, indeed," replied the man, "but they say there's no doubt but he'll be hanged. If the master

plazes to hang him, sure that's no business of ours to ax the raison."

"Surely, surely," assented McEneiry. "The quollity an' us is different."

At this moment, casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O'Connor coming forth with his handsome new countenance looking very mournful. He went towards him, and John of the Wine brightened up a little on seeing him, and received him very cordially.

"I am very glad to see you," said O'Connor, "whatever brought you here but I have not time to say much to you, now, for I am in great trouble of mind. There is a servant of my own, for whom I have a great regard, in prison in my castle for some offence he gave my brother, O'Connor of Connaught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the morning. I can't tell you how sorry I am for it; for he was one of the wittiest men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself what respect I have for poets and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However, I'll tell you what you'll do. Go into the castle and stop there to-night. I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

McEneiry did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could and coming down to the court yard found the two brothers, John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglass, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won't go any farther with the business now. He got punishment enough for what he did, in the fright you gave him without carrying it any further."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, "but if you

refuse me satisfaction for the affront I have received you must be content to incur my displeasure."

"Oh, well, sooner than that," said John of the Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay."

He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mr. McEneiry having heard what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers.

"Pray, my lords," said he, "might I make so free as to ask what the fellow did, that he is going to be hanged for?"

O'Connor of Connaught started at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother:

"What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?"

"He is a man of a very singular profession," replied John of the Wine.

"And what profession is it?"

"Why," answered Seaghan an Fhiona, "he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the ugliest features Nature ever carved out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you ever looked upon. I have reason to know it," he added, for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to my liking."

"Indeed," said O'Connor of Connaught, "you may well say it is a singular profession, and since you speak of yourself, sure enough, I remarked the great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises me is, that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the great alteration."

"Yes," said John, "everybody says I am a handsome likeness of what I was."

"Please your lordship," McEneiry said, addressing O'Connor of Connaught, "might I make so bould as to ax again, what is it he done amiss, an' if it be left to my decision," he added with a tone half jesting, and half serious, "I'll do my endayvours to get at the rights of it."

O'Connor of Connaught commanded

one of his attendants to tell McEneiry what Falvey of the Ear had done.

"Some time since," said the attendant coming forward, "my master came down here on a visit to his brother, and was so much diverted by the wit and sprightliness of the prisoner, that he asked John of the Wine to let him go with him to Connaught for a while. When they were about going, John of the Wine called the prisoner aside and addressed him in these words. 'Now, you Falvey of the Ear, listen to me and remember what I am going to tell you, for if you don't, it will be worse for yourself. My brother is a man of a hasty turbulent temper, and I strongly recommend to you, to keep your wit under check, and take care never to play on his words, or to make him a smart answer, or take him short in what he may say, for that is what nobody relishes, and what he cannot bear. A satirical tongue, or a mouthful of repartees, Claus,' said he, 'are more dangerous to the owner of them, than to anybody else. You may remember what the Latin poet says :

—Mitte jocos ; non est jocus esse malignum,
Nun quam sunt grati qui noctuere salas.

and moreover :

Omnibus minatur qui facit uni injuriam.

meaning, that the honey of wit cannot sweeten the sting of satire, and that the jester is a common enemy, for he who cracks a joke upon one, threatens all. But enough said—remember what I tell you. Falvey promised him to be careful, and came with us to Connaught. He went on very well for some time, and my master liked him ever day more and more. One morning, however, my master and some gentlemen went out fowling in the wood of Landers, belonging to his wife's father, and they took Falvey with them. One of them shot a bird which fell into the top of a very straight and lofty tree. When my master saw that, he said, he would be very glad to have the bird down by some means or another. 'I'll go up for it, O'Connor,' said Falvey of the Ear, and accordingly he did so. When he was coming down again with the bird in his hand, my master looked up, and said : '*Ni rian suas an gerann ar mo*

capul.* On hearing this, Claus looked at him, and said : '*Bo dheachair domhsa dul suas gancuran capul do bleith oram*.'† At this there was a laugh amongst those who stood by. When my master heard his words played upon in that manner, he got furious. 'Take him some of ye,' said he, 'until I hang him this instant out of the tree.' They made a run at him, but Claus hopped away from them, and run homewards. My master and his people followed him a long way, but he had an advantage of them, for he could go all the short cuts across the country, while they being mounted were obliged to take the road round. They pursued him to Limerick and beyond, and got sight of him just as he drew nigh the river Maig, where it flows between Adare and Court. There being no bridge, he had no other way of escape than to leap across the river, and he did so, cleverly ; and I'll leave it to anybody that ever saw the Maig whether it wasn't a noble leap. Well, when my master saw that, he forget all his anger in admiring such a spring. 'Claus,' said he, 'that was a good leap.'—'It wasn't better than the run I had to it,' replied Claus, taking him short again. At that, my master got twice as furious as ever, though he was on the point of forgiving him the moment before. The whole party dashed into the river on horseback and swam across, but with all the haste they could make, Claus was at Carrigfoile before them and told John of the Wine all that happened, begging of him to save him from his brother. 'Well,' says Seaghan an Fhiona, 'I told you how it would be, and I don't see any chance of protecting you, for I'm sure I have no notion of getting into a dispute with my brother on account of a trifle, such as the hanging of a fellow of your kind. Claus hearing my master at the gate, went up into a turret of the Castle where he is now confined, and waiting the order for his execution.'"

When the attendant had concluded

* I would not go up there for my horse.

† It was hard for me to go up without my horse !

The wit of Claus o' Failbhe's answer turns on the double meaning attached to the *ar* in Irish, which signifies either *for* or *upon*, according to its context. Claus affected to take it in the latter sense.

his narrative, O'Connor of Connaught turned to McEneiry, and said with a jesting air :

"And now that you have heard the case, my good fellow, what is your opinion of it?"

"My opinion is, plaze your lordship," replied McEneiry, "that I declare to my heart I'd give the poor crathur a chance for his life."

"Well said, McEneiry," cried John of the Wine. "He is right, brother, and you ought to give the poor fellow a chance."

"And what chance do you ask for him," said O'Connor of Connaught a little softened.

John of the Wine was well aware of Claus's abilities in verse making, and had no objection to let the company witness a specimen of them.

"The conditions I propose," said he, "are these. You see that sea-gull swimming abroad upon the sea. Let him, before that sea-gull rises from the wave, compose, extempore, six stanzas, which must not contain a lie from beginning to end, and every stanza ending with the word 'West.'"

"That's a chance in airnest," exclaimed McEneiry.

"If he does that," said O'Connor of Connaught, "upon my honor as a gentleman, I'll give him his life and never say a word more of what is passed."

Accordingly, Claus came forward to the window of the turret in which he was confined, and without rolling his eyes this way or that, or starting or brushing up his hair, or indulging in any other of the customary tricks of improvisation, recited in a clear and loud tone the following :

VERSES,—made by Claus o' Failbhe in order to save himself from hanging.

I.

Full many a rose in Limerick spreads its bloom.

With root embedded deep in earth's soft breast;
So many miles from hence to lordly Rome,
And many a white sail seeks the watery West

II.

Full many a maid in ancient Cashel dwells;
In Carrigfoile feasts many a weary guest;

Full many a tree in Lander's shady dells,
Shook by each breeze that leaves the stormy West.

III.

Far east a field of barley meets my gaze
Farther the sun in Morning splendour drest,
When Lander's daughter's views his sinking rays,
Two gentle eyes behold the purple West.

IV.

Rock of the Candle! * it is well for thee—
Fresh blows the wind around thy lofty breast,
From thy bold height thy chieftain's eye may see,
Each freighted bark that seeks the billowy West.

V.

Rock of the Basin, † it is well for thee!
Bright shines the sun, against thy lordly crest;
While shivering Fear and Darkness wait on me,
Thy gallant brow looks proudly tow'rd the West.

VI.

Bird of the Ocean, it is well for thee!
High swells the wave beneath thy snowy breast,
Fast bound in chains, I view yon foaming sea,
While thou at freedom, seek'st the pathless West.

All present agreed that the poet had fulfilled the conditions agreed upon, after which O'Connor of Connaught gave orders that he should be brought down and set at liberty, and the chains were hardly struck from his limbs when the sea-gull rose from the wave, and flew away amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

* Carrigoguniel Castle, which overlooks the Shannon, near Limerick.

† Carrigfoile, so named from the deep pool which the sea forms close to the base.

(To be continued.)

WORK OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.

THE London *Times* has summarized some very important statistics concerning Catholic education in France, and its progress from 1865 to 1877. The figures are eloquent in favor of the devotion of Catholic France to Catholic education, and it will be found useful to preserve them.

At the present moment a short summary of the official returns concerning the establishment for middle-class edu-

cation, which have been laid before the French Chambers, will be interesting as defining the ground of the impending struggle. A comparison between the condition of things in 1865, when the Imperial system was in full vigor, and in 1877, when the Republic was definitely established, will be instructive.

On Jan. 1, 1875, there were in France 81 *lycees*, or colleges, which belonged to the State, and 252 which belonged to the municipalities. These 333 establishments had between them 79,231 scholars, of whom 40,905 belonged to the State institutions, and 38,236 to those of the municipalities. The scholars in the State colleges were made up 20,920 boarders and 20,075 externs or day pupils. In the year 1865 there were 77 State *lycees*, with 32,630 pupils, namely, 18,135 boarders and 14,495 day scholars. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine reduced the number of *lycees* to 74, and diminished the number of pupils by 1,389. But these 74 *lycees* which remained after the loss of territory could still show 31,231 scholars, of whom 17,514 were boarders and 13,711 externs. On Jan. 1, 1877, they reckoned 38,135 scholars, namely, 19,415 boarders and 18,720 externs, so that the 74 *lycees* can show for the time from 1865 to 1877 an increase of 6,604 scholars. During this time seven new establishments were founded, which add 2,850 scholars, thus bringing up the total number of pupils in the State *lycees* on Jan. 1, 1877, to 40,995.

The 252 Municipal colleges had on Jan. 1, 1877, as already stated, 38,236 scholars of whom 15,552 are boarders, and 22,684 day scholars. In 1865 these colleges had 33,038 scholars, viz.: 12,593 boarders, and 20,455 externs. Therefore, during the period from 1865 to 1877 these municipal establishments had gained 5,198 scholars.

Besides the State municipal institutions, there are also "free" (*libres*) colleges or *lycees*. These may be classified into secular and ecclesiastical. On Jan. 1, 1877, there were 494 such secular colleges, and 309 ecclesiastical colleges; whereas in 1865 there were 657 secular and 278 ecclesiastical colleges. Therefore, during the eleven years, 1865-77, 155 secular colleges have disappeared, while the clericals have increased by

31. The result will appear still more noteworthy if we carry our observations eleven years further back. During the period from 1854 to 1865, 168 secular colleges vanished and 22 new clerical ones came into existence.

The 494 secular institutions had in 1877 31,249 scholars, of whom 16,870 were boarders and 14,379 day scholars. The 309 ecclesiastical establishments had 33,092 boarders and 13,724 day scholars, or altogether 46,816 pupils. In 1865, the secular colleges could show 22,900 boarders and 20,100 externs, altogether 34,897. Thus, during the eleven years, the number of pupils in the secular colleges had fallen off to the extent of 11,760, while the number in the ecclesiastical establishments had increased by 11,919. In the year 1865 the number of ecclesiastical colleges was to the number of secular colleges in the proportion of two to five, while the number of pupils in the former was about four-fifths of those in the latter. But by Jan. 1, 1877, these proportions have been radically altered. The clerical establishments have risen to three-fifths the number of the secular colleges; while the number of their scholars exceeds by 15,567 the number of the scholars in these latter. This excess is chiefly among the boarders. While the secular colleges can show only 16,870 boarders, the clericals have 33,092, or nearly double.

The ecclesiastical middle schools are of various classes. There are, first, the *petits seminaires*, in which the future divinity students make their preparatory studies of classics, etc., and which are directly subject to the authority of the respective diocesan bishops. In 1865 there were 70 of them; there are now 91. At that time they had 9,107 pupils, viz.: 6,044 boarders and 2,063 day scholars. Now they have 12,200 pupils, of whom 8,600 are boarders and 2,600 day scholars. It will be observed that in this, as in other cases, the increase is chiefly in the number of boarders. The other clerical educational establishments are conducted by other members of the religious "congregations."

In 1865 the Jesuits had fourteen colleges, with 5,074 pupils, 3,991 of whom were boarders, and 1,083 day scholars.

On Jan. 1, 1877, they had 27 colleges, with 9,132 pupils, viz.: 3,022 boarders and 6,100 day scholars. Here, contrary to the usual course, the increase is altogether among the day scholars.

In 1865 the Marists had 15 educational establishments, with 2,255 pupils, viz.: 1,490 boarders and 765 day scholars. In 1877 the number of their houses had risen to 22, with 4,476 pupils, of whom 3,349 were boarders and 1,127 day scholars.

The other orders and congregations, as the Dominicans, Lazarists, etc., had in 1865, 14 teaching establishments, which in 1877 had increased to 40. In 1865 they had 3,931 boarders, and 545 day scholars; altogether 4,476.

The religious bodies had altogether 43 educational institutions in 1867, and 89 in 1877. The number of pupils had risen from 9,465 in the former year to 19,951 in the latter. Thus, in the interval between 1865 and 1877 both the number of institutions and the number of pupils had been more than doubled.

To complete this summary view, we may take note of some other figures which are closely connected with the foregoing. In 1865 there were 165 educational institutions conducted either by Catholic secular priests or by clergymen of other persuasions; 152 of them belonged to Catholic clergymen, and 13 to clergymen of other religious beliefs. In 1877 there were 129 such institutions, 122 of them belonging to Catholic clergymen, and 7 to those of other forms of worship. Thus, during the eleven years the schools in the hands of the secular priests have been diminished by 30, or one-fifth. The above figures tell us that this decrease happened in order to swell the numbers of the establishments in the hands of the religious "congregations."

MIRACLES AND NATURAL LAW.

Two men were talking once in England.

"Well you may say what you please," said one; "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature and then go on to violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them if they were so easily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir, what God may or what he winna do," said the Scot very reverently. "But I don't regard a miracle as a violation o' the laws o' nature; there is nae violation o' the laws o' nature, or rather the laws o' God that I ken, save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what, then," said he, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it merely to be such an interference wi' the established order o' things as infallibly shows us the presence and action o' supernatural power. What o'clock is wi' you sir, if you please?"

"It is half-past twelve, exactly, Greenwhich time," replied he.

"Weel, sir," said the Scot, pulling a huge old timepiece from his pocket, "It is one o'clock wi' me. I generally keep my watch a little forward, but I have a special reason this noon, for setting my watch by the railways, and so you see I'm turning the hands of it around. Noo, wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' the watch. True, I have done what watchdom wi' all its laws, could not hae done for itself, but I hae done violence to none of its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end. But I hae suspended nae law, violated nae law. Weel, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' the moving o' the hands, say God acting worthily o' Himself, and ye hae all I contended for in a miracle—that is, the unquestionable presence o' a mighty hand working the Divine Will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, who can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already, and who dares say that He'll not get leave to do it again?"

Is there a better illustration of a miracle than this of the old Scotchman? Looked at rightly there need be no more difference about this matter of miracles which so many rationalizing people so coolly assert is so beyond belief as to be unworthy of a thought.

What did the ancients write for? Fame — *mouumentum are perennius*? What do the moderns write for? "Tis hard to say.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

In our last essay we spoke of History, as taught by documents, records, books—and we proposed to speak in our present essay of the same branch of education, illustrated by monuments.

Every nation has its relics, its antiquities, its monumental piles, which stand forth as evidences of its past power, success and glory. It is upon those stones, those slabs, those tombs or those towers that we find written the true history of the nation. They have withstood the crash and the tempest of ages, and appear to-day, before the children of our generation, as they were when carved or built by the sons of ages long lost in the misty past.

Whether those characters, cut into the cold stone, be in the form of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in the more easily deciphered letters of the Arabic, still they are there,—telling us, in a language which we must admire, the story of those who have gone before us. Those monuments, whether in the form of Eastern pyramids or in that of the Gubere towers of the West, loom forth in their grandeur, encircled with a halo of glorious memories, clothed in a mantle that, mist-like, begirdles them. They have lived despite the workings of Time, and, as landmarks along the desert of antiquity, they guide the traveller along from age to age, from generation to generation. These are the

“Monuments and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.”

In Canada, few are the monuments of this species. But in this country there exists another kind of monument, not so ancient, not so imposing, not so powerful (so to speak), but which, when compared to the age of the nation, is equally as interesting and instructive;—many of the better kind exist in and around the old war-walls of Stadacona. Let us, however, speak of the history of the past, as told by the monuments of antiquity, and let our glance be as rapid as possible.

The story of the city of the hundred gates is found in her mighty ruins—formerly the home of the powerful and warlike, now the resort of the wild beast and the serpent. Troy is no more; scarce a stone is left to tell that such a city once existed. But not so for Athens, for Corinth, for Sparta. In Greece, where the arts were brought to the greatest degree of ancient perfection, in Greece, where a hundred thousand memories clung to the soil, and to every wall and tower, in Greece of the heroes and of the sages, we find the story of the nation told in a language more powerful than that of Demosthenes or Sophocles—in the great *monumental* language of the land. What more illustrative and positive than those indexes of the past!

And the history of Egypt would be little known were it not that by the banks of the Nile there stand those everlasting pyramids. Records are too few, and history too young, to tell of their origin and of their founders. “Proudly they rise over the ages,” like the last mountain of the deluge, majestic not less in their proportions than in their solitude—immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin. When the hero of Austrelitz stood beneath their shadows and addressed his legions, he found—in the depths of his fertile and master mind—no grander expression for his feelings, no more powerful appeal to his men, than in pointing to the grey pillars of the past, and exclaiming: “Men, from the summit of yonder pyramid forty centuries look down upon you!”

The monuments of Rome! A life time could be spent in Rome, grand old Rome, studying its monuments, admiring its works of art, plunging into its catacombs, and standing in wonderment 'neath the domes of its temples. There the history of the Eternal City, from the days of the wolf-guarded twins on down through ages of sorrow, of cruelty and vice, succeeded by eras of advancing civilization, is brought home to the mind by the eloquent ruins of its former glory, and the now majestic proportions of its religious fanes, chiseled by Michael Angelo and adorned by Raphael. The Pantheon of the city of the seven hills, although now a Catholic

temple, is a glorious record of those former days when man bowed to a thousand gods and worshipped a hundred demons beneath its dome. It tells us of the time spoken of by Bossuet, when he said "everything was God except God Himself."

And the mighty Coliseum—which must be seen and studied in order to form an idea of its greatness, of its power, of its majesty—the

"Type of the antique Rome! rich reliquary
of lofty contemplation left to Time,
By buried centuries of pomp and power!"

It tells us of—

"Vastness! and age! and memories of old!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim
Night!"

It is described by Edgar Allan Poe in his own glowing language and poetic style—

"Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in
gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their
gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and
thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch
loll'd,
Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones."

But Rome's modern history is likewise found in her monuments. Towards the centre of the ages a light flashed upon Golgotha's top—its rays lit up the world; they penetrated into the deep winding corridors of the catacombs, and there remained pure and brilliant until the time came for those beams to gild the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's. They transformed everything, and under their fructifying influences we find the Vicar of Christ sending forth his mandates from the throne of the Cæsars.

It would be impossible for us to mention any more of the numberless piles which tell so powerfully of the past—likewise would it be impossible to touch on the different nations and their monuments. Space will permit of neither one nor the other. But we will merely speak of one particular country where in more ancient relics are to be found

than, perhaps, in any other land in the world. We refer to the "sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled Isle" known as Erin. The history of Ireland may be found in her songs, in her records, in her fairy tales, but above all, in the olden monuments of Erin can we read of her former days, her days of glory and of freedom.

To tell us of her early Paganism, of her sacred Druidism in every barony, in every county, in every grove, by the banks of nearly every stream, by the side of nearly every hill, in the depths of nearly every vale—there stands some Druid altar, perfect as when the last bloody sacrifice was offered upon it.

It tells of her ancient laws, and of how justice was dealt out to the tribes; we still meet with the Brehon's chairs, where sat the prophet-judges of whom blind Carolan, and still earlier, Ossian, sang. Then the Ogham stones and the mats and the fairy hills.

But above all, the historical monuments *par excellence* are the Gubere towers. Built by the fabled man known as the Gobhan Saer, they are supposed by some to have been sun-towers, and this supposition gives rise to the study of the fire-worship of the day. Others call them temples of Druid worship, and thus cause us to study the rites of the Druid faith. Again, they were styled bell-towers, and every title they get, every line found in them, every object about them, gives rise to the study of Ireland's past. What they were it is hard to say, but what they are we know. They are the mile-stones along the way of Irish history.

Denis Florence McCarthy thus speaks of them—

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how glorious—
ly they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the
valleys of the land,
In mystic file throughout the Isle they lift
their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquer-
ors of time.

Beside these gray old pillars how perishing
and weak
Is the Roman's arch of triumph and the
temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium and the
painted Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of
our sires.

How many different rites have these gray
old temples known,
What wonders of the past in their chronicles
of stone,
What terror and what error, what gleams of
love and truth—
Have flashed from these walls since the
world was in its youth."

The poet goes on to tell, in this same beautiful style, how the land changed from paganism to Christianity, and how where sang the monk in after years the warm blood of the victim flowed in days long since.

It is almost useless to multiply the examples; the few we have given should suffice to show how very connected with history and its study is the study of the nations' monuments. In some cases the monument may be still more truthful and more trustworthy than even the record. For documents may be changed, may be lost, may be injured or effaced—while a good monument remains in spite of all changes and all dangers. The study of monuments is, however, far more difficult than that of books. Space, distance, time, and, above all, money, is wanting, and now-a-days nearly every person can complain of a lack of the last mentioned and most necessary of those requisites. But for those who have the chance, and who can afford it, they should not lose the occasion of studying the great and most famous monuments of whatever land they may chance to visit. Many people there are who can travel through a country, and although surrounded on all sides by relics, antiquities, monuments, yet, by some strange means, manage never to remember any of them, while they can tell you every vulgar jest or insignificant act that they may have performed.

In Canada, as we have said, our *monumental history* is very limited, yet we have some. We have been told that the city of Quebec, the Athens of this land, the gateway of Canada, has no really and truly grand monuments. Persons say, it is true Quebec has its little pillar raised to the memory of Wolfe, its other tower to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, and its *monument des braves*, but these tell us nothing. What, they ask, can we learn from these few pillars? We answer that the city of Quebec is itself a monu-

ment. It is a gigantic one. It is a monument that will forever stand upon its ancient rock, and nothing will ever destroy it. Every great event in Canadian history may be found recorded and preserved in some shape or other in the city of Quebec. In the walls, in the citadel, in the guns that line her ramparts, in the very antique gabled houses, in the convents, in the churches—in and on every inch of ground belonging to the ancient capital.

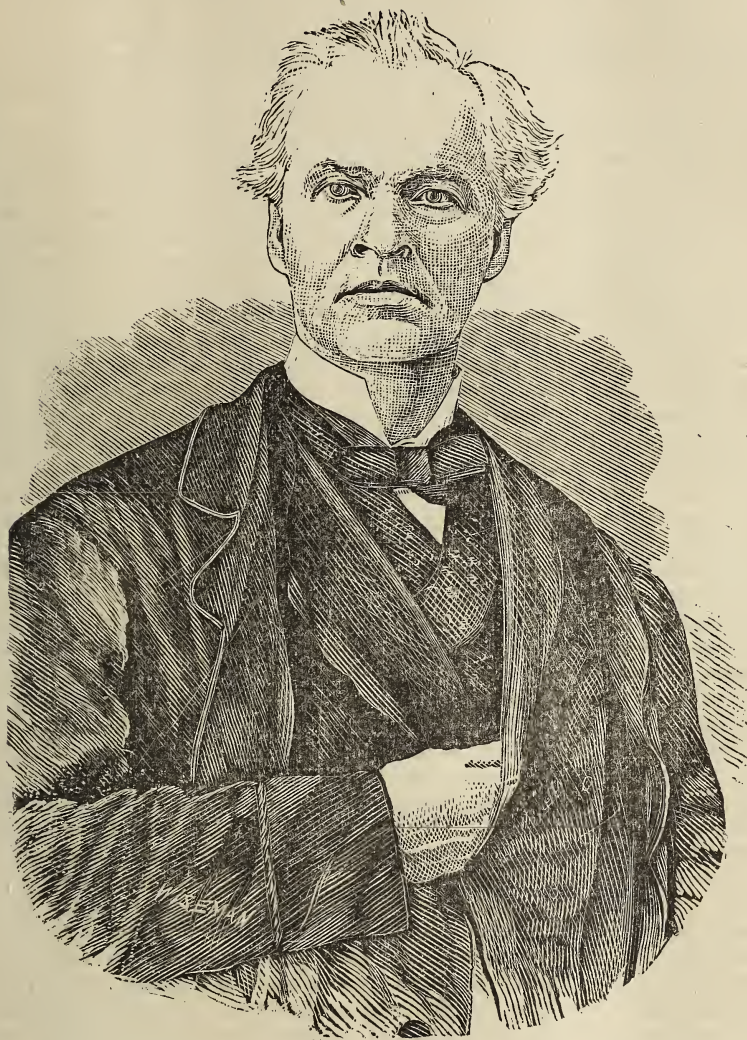
Yes, even in this country we can study our history by means of that second great chain—our monuments. The preservation, therefore, of everything olden, of everything grand, of everything sacred to the memories of men or deeds or great events, should be a self-imposed duty for every person, and above all, for our public men.

Let us conclude by hoping that the study of the past, as illustrated and helped by monuments, may not be confined alone to the old world, but may soon be found in this new and rising country. Canada, preserve thy monuments, they may serve thee yet!

MICHAEL PATRICK RYAN, M.P.

THE stranger who drops into the Speaker's gallery, in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and casts a sweeping glance around the deliberative chamber, having satisfied his natural curiosity in the study of the marked features of the prominent leaders of both political parties, will most certainly have his attention riveted for a moment, by the handsome manly open countenance, the bald unruffled brow, and prematurely venerable head of the present member for Montreal Centre, seated a few rows back on the right hand of the Speaker and evidently following up the proceedings of the House with the air of a man bent on attending to his business.

To represent Montreal Centre in the House of Commons of Canada is, perhaps, the crowning ambition of the career of an Irish Catholic in the Province of Quebec. Any higher he can scarcely expect to attain politically, whatever may be his aspirations. Three French Canadians and an English-speaking Protestant form the Lower



MICHAEL PATRICK RYAN, M. P.

Canadian representation in the Dominion Cabinet, and "No Irish need apply" is the rule with both political parties in the formation of cabinets from the Quebec section, not if the aspirant combined the genius and talent requisite to place Canada at the head of the nations. That cast-iron rule crushed out D'Arcy McGee himself from official life, and the day that dawned on Canadian confederation, as effectively wiped out the

Irish Catholic and his descendants in the Province of Quebec, from the race for position in the Cabinet Councils of the Dominion, as they were debarred from all offices of honor and emolument under the penal laws of Ireland. Time that cures all evils or more likely political complications may remove this serious impediment, but for the time being there seems to be no help for this glaring ostracism, and the Irish Catholic

in the Province of Quebec stands in that respect in a position of inferiority to those of his own origin and creed in the sister provinces and to men of all other religious persuasions throughout the Dominion. In this fair city of Montreal, where in former times religious and political rancor were not unknown, things have gradually toned down amongst its inhabitants to the condition of a happy family. Amongst other things the question of parliamentary representation has by tacit understanding been definitely settled. A great cosmopolitan abode, embracing men of all origins and creeds, the three important sections of the community divide between them the honors of popular representation. Montreal East is represented by a French Canadian, Montreal West by an English-speaking Protestant, and Montreal Centre is recognized as the special preserve of an Irish Catholic. That the maintenance of this equitable arrangement has been due, in a great measure, to the self-sacrificing spirit of Mr. M. P. Ryan we shall demonstrate in the course of the following sketch, and is one of the claims he holds to the everlasting gratitude of his people in this city and Province. The career of Mr. Ryan is one calculated to awaken the energy and stimulate the ambition of every young Irish Catholic in the community. The proud position he occupies to-day he owes to no special smiles of Dame Fortune, but to his indefatigable perseverance, high sentiment of honor, and unswerving fidelity to the principles that have guided his career through life. Born at Pallis, Donohill, Mr. Ryan is no degenerate son of the bold, frank and fiery race that claims gallant Tipperary as its home. Having received, as he humorously says himself, the education that was furnished in the academy, where the youths marched proudly to their scholastic exercises, with slate and books beneath one arm and a sod of turf under the other; his father and family thinking that there were good times and broad fields beyond the deep blue sea, bid a fond adieu to the land of their forefathers, and settled in this Province, in the County of Chambly, in the year 1840. The dull routine of country life was not calculated to satisfy

the ambitious cravings of a bouyant heart, and the City of Montreal with its bustling activity soon attracted Mr. Ryan. Here he opened business in the well-known establishment, the "Franklin House," which he managed successfully from 1849 until 1858. Shortly after his arrival in the city he married Miss Margaret Brennan, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Brennan, one of the pioneer Irishmen of the City of Montreal, well known and respected throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. Mrs. Ryan is a lady of more than ordinary mental powers, and to her great tact, genial disposition, and manifold but unostentatious charities her husband is indebted for a considerable share of his prestige and popularity. In 1862, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. Ryan allowed himself to be placed in nomination for the representation of St. Ann's Ward in the City Council. He was elected by a considerable majority over Mr. William Rodden, one of the most popular manufacturers then in the city. Mr. Ryan now launched into commerce as a provision merchant with such marked success that he was several times elected president of the Corn Exchange; he became a member of the Council of the Board of Trade of Montreal and ranked amongst the merchant princes of the great Canadian metropolis. In 1868 Canada lost her noblest adopted child, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The election that preceded that statesman's last return to Parliament, had been conducted with a bitterness unprecedented in the annals of electioneering warfare. The passion of the multitude had not subsided when the tragic event occurred that sent poor McGee to an untimely end. Many of the Protestant population, with whom he was a great favorite, had registered a vow that no Irish Catholic should be his successor. Political wire-pullers were not wanting who sought to profit by the popular excitement for promoting their own personal ends, and there is good reason to believe that the Government of the day favored the selection of a candidate outside the pale of the Irish Catholic community. The moment was a trying one, had the tacit understanding as to the representation of Montreal in the House of Parliament been then

broken through it is impossible to say what might have been the result politically, but in any case it must have proved disastrous to the interest of the Irish Catholics. Meeting after meeting was held to bring forward a candidate; the names of many prominent citizens were mentioned, amongst others the present Mr. Justice Doherty, but the Protestant section refused to hear of any unless Mr. M. P. Ryan, who had most emphatically refused to offer himself, should be the candidate. No doubt those who desired to see the Irish people deprived of their representation, never dreamt that Mr. Ryan would consent to sacrifice his business, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, for the profitless task to him of sitting in Parliament, and the late Mr. Morland, a gentleman of high standing, was ready in the background to step forward, with the whole support of the Government, to snatch the coveted prize. Mr. Ryan's patriotism had now to stand a severe test. His fellow-countrymen, those who had, with himself, followed the fortunes of the late lamented McGee, and those who had fought hardest on the other side, were clustered around him, and responsive to the solicitations of clergy and laity he consented to accept the candidature that he in no way desired, and which, whilst it preserved the seat to his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, was destined to be one of the causes of the great commercial misfortunes that overtook him later on. Thus, however, was finally settled the question of Irish-Catholic representation in the city of Montreal, and so effectually that no political party, without courting inevitable defeat, can afford to trample upon that acknowledged right. It is only just here to observe that amongst the Protestant minority in the electoral division several gentlemen distinguished themselves by their efforts to maintain the *entente cordiale* by every means in their power. Mr. Peter Redpath, whose name had been mentioned as a prospective candidate, cast his powerful influence in favor of Mr. Ryan, and expressed himself delighted to withdraw in his favor, whilst too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. Alfred Perry,

Henry Bulmer, G. W. Weaver, Colonel A. A. Stevenson and others for the manly stand they adopted in the electoral committees for securing to their Irish Catholic fellow citizens their fair share of popular representation. Mr. Ryan was, therefore, elected by acclamation in 1868, and again in 1872. In the memorable campaign of 1874, the late Mr. Devlin opposed Mr. Ryan, in the interest of the Reform party, but was defeated by 383 votes. On a subsequent occasion, the seat having been declared vacant, Mr. Devlin succeeded in carrying the election by a majority of 73, but at the last general election, when the Liberal-Conservative party appealed to the people with the "National Policy" as their main plank, Mr. Ryan defeated his opponent by the sweeping majority of 802.

In Parliament, Mr. Ryan occupies positions on most of the important committees of the House. He seldom speaks, except on questions affecting the interest of the people he more especially represents, and on subjects affecting the fiscal policy of the country, when he commands universal attention and respect. His devotion to his party is well known, but it has never led him so far as to swerve for one moment from the strict path of duty. On the New Brunswick school question, in the exciting and bitter controversy on the Manitoban difficulty, in a word, on every occasion where manly independence was necessary, Mr. Ryan showed that by voice and vote he was prepared to stand by the good cause, let the consequence to governments or political parties be what they might. When the Northern Colonization Railway enterprise was first brought before the people for their consideration, Mr. Ryan was appointed one of the Directors, and took an active part in popularizing a scheme that was to do so much good to the Province and country at large. Unfortunately, amid his multitudinous occupations, the great financial crisis of 1875 burst upon the commercial community, and he, like many others, was forced to succumb to the inevitable. He had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of seeing his integrity vouched for by every pub-

lic journal in the community, and expression of the greatest regret were not wanting from all sides at the misfortune that had overtaken him. Subsequently, Mr. Ryan filled the position of Commissioner of Licenses and Stamp Commissioner, under the DeBoucherville Government, both of which offices were abolished by the Joly Administration. During his long and useful career, Mr. Ryan connected himself with many organizations for the moral and social improvement of his people, but with none more actively than the St. Patrick's Temperance Society, of which he was President for several years. Many is the weak and erring man his kind word has comforted, and his noble example strengthened, in his resolve to turn over a new leaf, and adhere to that total abstinence which has effected so much good everywhere, but in no instance more markedly than amongst the Irish people. On many occasions since his entry into public life Mr. Ryan's name has been mentioned in connection with a seat in the Cabinet and his claims urged by the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen and his many friends of other nationalities, but the barrier we have already alluded to has prevented his promotion and deprived the Government of the country of the advantages of his energy and administrative ability.

CHIT-CHAT.

THE tobacco crave is an expensive luxury. New York and Montreal pay more for tobacco than for bread. Would any one believe it? more money goes into smoke than into those thews and sinews which constitute the motive power of a nation. And yet this world calls itself a sane world! Well; so does the Lunatic Asylum.

—The Scotchmen are stealing our saints. A Scotch periodical claims St. Patrick as a good Presbyterian Protestant. This is too bad, but Scotch. Stealing even under the scientific name of Kleptomania is not a very reputable proceeding, but then it is canny and canny-ness is a Scotch virtue, and with Scotch virtue as with Scotch marriages,

there is very little in them. But it is hard to blame the Scotchman for his stealing. Having no saints of his own and no likelihood of ever having any, unless he take John Knox as a dummy substitute, he seeks to fill up the vacancy by stealing them. We have seen childless mothers do the same thing with children. Nor ought we to feel offended with these poor saintless people. Their thievery is a high compliment paid by error to Catholic truth. Scotland is surely returning fast towards the one fold of the One Shepherd, when she feels such a deep yearning for saints as to descend to stealing them. Time was when she would not so much as look at them.

—Our Scotch periodical thinks St. Patrick never preached anything else but the pure gospel. Well! who ever said he did anything else? It is precisely because he preached the pure gospel and practised it, that he is a canonised Popish Saint, and it was from the Pope of Rome that he got his mission to preach, and from a Popish Bishop, that he became Bishop; and it was very popish doctrines that he preached and it was a very popish nation, which he begat. If our Presbyterian friends will only pray to St. Patrick and pray long and strong enough, we will guarantee, that it will be to the bettering of their faith and morals. We do not begrudge a saint or two for a while, if they will only pray to them.

—What a senseless thing that "cursing and swearing" is! How common is this horrid habit of using the holy name of God without the least respect, and without the slightest necessity! Is there one single moment of the day in which this grave crime is not committed? is there one single moment of the day, or far into the night, when some poor miserable worm of the earth does not presume to insult God by this deeply sinful habit? nay, is there a single moment of the day in which thousands (ought I not say millions?) of men are not guilty of it? Could you but stand for a few moments at the gates of heaven—could you there but school your ear to listen to all the prayers and all

the imprecations that pass (for both undoubtedly do pass) on towards the throne of God through that dread gate coming up from this world of ours, which think you would be the more numerous? which the more continuous? the prayers or the imprecations of the world? Is it not greatly to be feared, that the imprecations would far outnumber the prayers? "Why then does not God destroy the world?" you ask. Do you not remember that God promised Abraham he would spare Sodom, if only *ten* just men could be found therein? Ah! what a senseless habit is this! God made man, that man might praise and bless Him. Man uses all this life thus given him in insulting God. This world was made for prayer; man has made it a perpetual curse. Some few there are *who pray*; but how many more that curse? Nay; even of those who pray, how many whose curses outnumber their prayers? There was an ancient conceit of the old pagan world, that the sun and moon and this earth of ours, and all the stars as they revolved through space, produced a most heavenly sound. And doubtless this "music of the spheres" as they called it, does exist. But whether this music does exist or not, there is undoubtedly a music which does fill the whole vault of heaven—the voice of man raised in prayer to God. 'Tis a mighty and a holy sound. But what shall we say of that *other sound*; which as a mighty whirlwind rushes against the gates of heaven striving with impious tury to enter in—the whirlwind of imprecation, the whirlwind of adjuration, the whirlwind of God's holy name taken in vain? Is it any wonder that the prayers of men are so often unheard? How can God hear them through this roar and whirlwind and thunder of imprecation which ascends together with them? Why should God hear them when they come to Him together with such a sound? Christian parents! perhaps your children taught by you are adding to this horrid din—perhaps their young voices are part of this whirlwind of imprecation which daily, hourly, every moment of the day beats against the gates of heaven! If so, how can you ever hope to enter there? Nay; how could you ever bear to enter there whilst

this whirlwind of your children's imprecations beats against its gates? Truly 'tis a senseless world.

H. B.

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

DESCRIBED BY MR. JAMES REDPATH.

WHEN Mr. Parnell came to America to make a personal appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken people of Ireland, his description of the state of the country appeared to some people to be highly exaggerated; so much so, that the *N. Y. Tribune* despatched a "Special Commissioner" to Ireland to give a *true* statement of affairs. We have it on the authority of Mr. Redpath—the gentleman sent by the *Tribune*—that before going to Ireland he had no sympathy with Mr. Parnell or his friends or his policy. "I have been forced," he says, "to change my opinion by the black facts that have stared me in the face at every step. There can be no improvement in the condition of the Irish peasantry until the present system of land tenure is abolished. The Irish landlord is an absolute despot. There is no check on his tyranny. The Irish landlords exercise a power of taxation and confiscation that no Plantagenet dared to exert." After reading the following lecture recently delivered in New York by Mr. Redpath—upon his return from Ireland—on "Famine and the Landlords," we leave it to our readers to judge whether Mr. Parnell was not justified in his arraignment of the landlords of Ireland, and the government that upholds them in their iniquitous dealings with the unfortunate people under them.

After reciting an interview with Father O'Malley, of Islandaddy, Co. Mayo, whose parish which had 1,800 families some years ago, but which through "famine and landlordism," as Father O'Malley said, now numbers but 600, Mr. Redpath went on to give the number of authorities he had, besides his own experience. He described the workings of machinery of the different relief bodies, and went on to say:

I shall not call witnesses from the committees of the Land League, because they might be suspected of exaggerat-

ing the distress in order to demonstrate the evils of a Government by Landlords. I shall show the imperative need of the Irish Land League by the evidence of its enemies and the friends of the Landlords.

SUMMARY OF THE FAMINE STATISTICS.

From 690 districts 690 reports made to the Mansion House demonstrate the appalling fact that there are

In the Province of Leinster.....	28,000
In the Province of Ulster.....	180,000
In the Province of Munster.....	233,000
In the Province of Connaught.....	422,000

In all Ireland 863,000

persons at this very hour whose strongest hope of seeing the next harvest moon rise as they stand at their old cabin doors, rests, and almost solely rests, on the bounty of the stranger and of the exiles of Erin. This number represents a larger population than dwells, I think, in the great city of New York to-day. I have not a shadow of a shade of doubt that there are to-day in the land one million of people hungry and in rags, and by-and-bye I may show you why—but I can point out province by province, county by county, and parish by parish, where 863,000 of them are praying and begging, and clamoring for a chance to live in the land of their birth. 863,000! Do you grasp this number? If you were to sit twelve hours a day to see this gaunt army of hunger pass in review before you, in single file, and one person was to pass every minute, do you know how long it would take before you saw the last man pass? Three years and four months.

Remember and note well that these statistics are not *estimates*. They are the *returns*, carefully verified, of the actual numbers on the relief rolls, or of the numbers reported by the local committees as in real distress.

But I ought to say that I was not satisfied with the vast volume of documentary and vicarious evidence that I had accumulated. I personally visited several of the districts blighted by the Famine, and saw with my own eyes the destitution of the peasantry, and with my own ears heard the sighs of their unhappy wives and children. They were the saddest days I ever

passed on earth, for never before had I seen human misery so hopeless and undeserved and so profound. I went to Ireland because a crowd of calamities had overtaken me that made my own life a burden too heavy to be borne. But in the ghastly cabins of the Irish peasantry, without fuel, without blankets and without food—among half-naked and blue-lipped children, shivering from cold and crying from hunger—among women who were weeping because their little ones were starving—among men of a race to whom a fight is better than a feast, but whose faces now bore the Famine's fearful stamp of terror—In the West of Ireland I soon forgot every trouble of my own life in the dread presence of the great tidal wave of sorrow that had overwhelmed an unhappy and unfortunate and innocent people.

I must call witnesses less sensitive than I am to Irish sorrow to describe it to you—no, not to describe it, but to give you a faint and far-away outline of it. Or, rather, I shall call witnesses who feel, as keenly as I feel, the misery they depict, but who write of it, as they wept over it, alone and unseen.

But before I summon them, let us make a rapid review of the immediate or physical causes of the famine.

You will see when I come to describe the destitution by counties that the further we go West the denser becomes the misery. The Famine line follows neither the division lines of creeds nor the boundary lines of provinces. It runs from North to South—from a little East of the City of Cork in the South to Londonderry in the North—and it divides Ireland into two nearly equal parts. The nearer the coast the hungrier the people.

The Western half of Ireland—from Donegal to Cork—is mountainous and is beautiful. But its climate is inclement; it is scourged by the Atlantic storms; it is wet in summer and bleak in winter; and the larger part of the soil is either barren and spewy bogs or stony and sterile hills.

The best lands, in nearly every county, have been leased to Scotch and English graziers. For after the terrible Famine of '47, when the Irish people staggered and fainted with hunger

and fever into their graves—by tens of thousands—when the poor tenants, too far gone to have the strength to shout for food, faintly whispered for the dear Lord's sake for a little bread, the Landlords of the West answered these piteous moans by sending processes of ejectment to turn them out into the roadside or the poorhouse to die, and by hiring crow-bar brigades to pull down the roof that had sheltered the gasping people. As fast as the homeless peasants died or were driven into exile their little farms were rented out to British graziers. The people who could not escape were forced to take the wettest bogs and dryest hill-slopes. These swamps and slopes were absolutely worthless. They could not receive enough to feed a snipe. By the patient toil of the people they were redeemed. Seaweed was brought on the backs of the farmers for miles to reclaim these lands. The landlord did not spend one shilling to help the tenant. He did not build the cabin; he did not fence the holding; he did not drain the bog. In the West of Ireland the Landlord does nothing but take rent. I beg the Landlord's pardon: I want to be perfectly just. The Landlord does two things beside taking the rent. He makes the tenant pay the larger part of the taxes, and as fast as the farmer improves the land the Landlord raises the rent. And whenever, from any cause, the tenant fails to pay the rent, the Landlord turns him out and confiscates his improvements.

The writers who combat Communism say that Communism means taking the property of other people without paying for it. From this point of view Ireland is a shocking example of the evils of Communism, for the Irish Landlords of the West are Communists and the lineal descendants of a tribe of Communists.

The Landlords charge so high a rent for these lands that even in the best of seasons the tenants can save nothing. To hide their own exactions from the execrations of the human race, the Landlords and their parasites have added insult to injury by charging the woes of Ireland to the improvidence of the people. Stretched on the rack of the Landlord's avarice, one bad season brings serious distress; a second bad

season takes away the helping hand of credit at the merchants; and the third bad season beckons famine and fever to the cabin door.

Now the summer of 1879 was the third successive bad season. When it opened, it found the people deeply in debt. Credit was stopped. But for the confidence of the shopkeepers in the honesty of the peasant, the distress would have come a year ago. It was stayed by the kind heart of the humble merchant. Therefore, the Landlords have charged the distress to the system of credit. There was a heavy fall of rain all last summer. The turf was ruined. Two-thirds of the potato crop was lost, on an average, of the crop of all Ireland; but, in many large districts of the West, not a single sound potato was dug. One-half of the turnip crop perished. The cereal crop suffered, although* to not so great an extent. There was a rot in sheep, in some places, and in other places an epidemic among the pigs. The fisheries failed. The iron mines in the South were closed. Everything in Ireland seemed to have conspired to invite a famine.

But the British and American farmers were also the innocent causes of intensifying Irish distress.

In Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and the Western Islands the small holders for generations have never been able to raise enough from their little farms to pay their big rents. They go over every Spring, by tens of thousands, to England and Scotland, and hire out to the farmers for wages. They stay there till the crops are harvested. But the great American competition is lowering the price of farm produce in Great Britain and the price of farm stock; and, therefore, the English and Scotch farmers, for two or three years past, have not been able to pay the old wages to these Irish laborers. Last summer, instead of sending back wages to pay the rent, hosts of Irish farm hands had to send for money to get back again.

These complex combinations of misfortune resulted in universal distress. Everywhere, in the strictly agricultural regions of the West, the farmers, and especially—the small holders, suffered first, and then the distress spread out its ghoulish wings until they over-

shadowed the shopkeepers, the artisans, the fishermen, the miners, and more than all, the laborers who had no land but who had worked for the more comfortable class of farmers.

These malignant influences blighted every county in the West of Ireland, and these mournful facts are true of almost every parish in all that region.

Looking at the physical cause of the distress every honest and intelligent spectator will say that they are cowards and libellers who assert that the victims of the Famine are in any way responsible for it.

Looking at the exactions of the Landlords, none but a blasphemer will pretend that the distress is an act of Providence.

I shall not attempt to point out the locality and density of distress in the different districts of the counties of Ireland. I could talk for two hours on each province and never repeat a single figure of fact. I must content myself by summoning to my aid the stern and passionless eloquence of statistics, and by showing you the numbers of the distressed in each county enable you to judge, each of you for yourself, how widespread is the misery and how deep.

Let us run rapidly over Ireland. We will begin with the least distressful province—the beautiful province of Leinster. Although Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland it does not contain more than one-thirtieth part of the present distress. Leinster is the garden of Ireland. There is no finer country in the temperate zone. There is no natural reason why poverty should ever throw its blighting shadows athwart the green and fertile fields of Leinster.

There are resident Landlords in the rural districts of Leinster; and wherever in Ireland the owners of the soil live on their own estates, the peasantry, as a rule, are more justly dealt with than when they are left to the tiger mercy of the agent of the absentee. But it is not the fertile soil only, nor the presence of resident proprietors only, nor the proximity of markets only—nor is it these three causes jointly—that accounts for the absence of such a long

procession of distress as the other provinces present.

In some of the fairest counties of Leinster, eviction has done its perfect work. Instead of toiling peasants you find fat bullocks; instead of bright-eyed girls you find bleating sheep. After the Famine of 1847, the men were turned out and the beasts were turned in. The British Government cheered this infamy for Irishmen are rebels—sometimes; but heifers are loyal—always. There is less distress in the rural districts of Leinster because there are fewer people there.

In the 12 counties of Leinster, there are 38,000 persons in distress—in Dublin, 250; in Wexford, 870; in King's county, 1,047; in Meath and in Westmeath, 1,550 each; in Kildare, 1,567; in Kilkenny, 1,979; in Carlow, 2,000; in Louth, 3,050; in Queen's county, 4,743; in Wicklow, 5,450; in Longford, 9,557.

In Carlow, in Westmeath, in Louth, and in one district of the Queen's county, the distress is expected to increase. In Kildare and in King's county, it is not expected to increase. Now you see by this list how moderate the returns are—how strictly they are confined to famine or exceptional distress, as distinguished from chronic or ordinary poverty; because there are thousands of very poor persons in the city of Dublin, and yet there are only 250 reported as in distress in the entire county. They belong to the rural district of Glencullen.

Longford leads the list of distressed counties in Leinster. There are no resident proprietors in Longford. Up to the 1st of March not one of them had given a single shilling for the relief of the destitute on their estates. The same report comes from Kilkenny.

The distress in Leinster is among the fishermen and small farmers and laborers. In Wicklow the fishers are kept poor because the Government refuses to build harbors for their protection. In Westmeath “the laboring class and the small farmers are in great distress.” That is the report of the local committee, and I can confirm it by my personal observation.

The Province of Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland,

but it does not contain more than one-thirtieth part of the prevailing distress. So I shall take you to one parish only—to Stradbally in the Queen's county. It is not included in the reports of the Mansion House Committee. Mr. Redpath here read a letter from Dr. John Magee, P. P., Stradbally, and continued:

Father Magee is not only a good Irish priest but a profound student of Irish history. Will you let me read to you what he wrote to me about the causes of Irish famine?

"If I were asked," he wrote, "why is it that Ireland is so poor, with abundance of foreign grain and food in your ports, whence this Famine that alarms even the stranger, my answer would be"—

Now listen :

"Speak as we may of short and scanty harvests, the real cause is Landlords' exactions, which drain the land of money, and which leaves nothing to buy corn.

"Landlord absolutism and unrestrained rack rents have always *been* and *are* at present, the bane and the curse of Ireland. If the harvest be good, Landlordism luxuriates and abstracts all; if scanty or bad, Landlordism seizes on the rood and cattle for the rack rent."

This is the learned priest's accusation. Now let us listen to his speculations:

"I have in my own parish," he says "five or six Landlords—not the worst type of their class—two of them of *Cromwellian* descent, a *third* an *Elizabethan*, all enjoying the confiscated estates of the *O'Moores*, *O'Lalors*, and *O'Kelly's*, whose *sons* are now the miserable tenants of these estates—*tenants* who are paying or trying to pay 40, 80, and in some cases 120 per cent. over the Government valuation of the land. Tenants who are *treated* as *slaves* and *starved* as *beggars*. If these tenants dare gainsay the will of the lord—"

Father Magee don't mean the will of Heaven but the caprice of the *landlord*.

"If they gainsay the will of the landlord, or even complain, they are victimized on the spot."

"This land system pays over, from the sweat and toil of our inhabitants, \$90,000,000 yearly to six or seven thousand landlords—who do nothing but hunt a fox or hunt the *Tenantry*."

These good Landlords, you know, have a "wicked partner;" and I want you to hear what Father Magee knows about the "wicked partner."

"The (British) Government that upholds this cruel system abstracts thirty-five millions more from the land in Imperial taxation, whilst there is left for the *food, clothing and subsistence* of five millions of people not more than \$50,000,000, or about \$10 per head yearly.

Isn't that just damnable?

"This is the system," says Father Magee, "that produces our periodical famines; which *shames* and degrades us before Europe; which presents us, periodically, before the world as mendicants, and beggars before the nations.

And will anyone blame *us*, cost what it may, if we are resolved to get rid of a system that has so long enslaved our people?"

Blame you! Blame you! Faith no matter *what* you do to get rid of such a system, devil a bit will I blame you, Father Magee.

(To be Continued.)

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

ONE of the most curious points of the social organization in the Diocese of Coire, Switzerland, is, says the correspondent of *La Civilisation*, the privilege accorded by the Holy See to the people of naming their own pastors, and in reality electing them, for it rarely happens that the Bishop refuses to ratify the popular choice. On the day of the election, the inhabitants of the commune, who have lived in the district for long years, and are attached to it by their interests, assemble in the church, under the presidency of the Administrator, who discharges the functions of mayor. The electors range themselves at each side of the church, and after a short debate form into groups. The election then takes place, and the president proclaims *Curé* him in whose favor the greatest number of hands are raised. The name of the elect is then communicated to the Bishop by the priest who was deputed to look after the election. There are grave objections to this mode of nomination, and the inconvenience which it formerly produced justified the wise decision of the Church in generally condemning it; but the Holy See has in this case rightly judged that such a privilege placed in the hands of a people so profoundly Catholic would not call forth any conflicts between the

episcopal authorities and the communes. For, nearly all the selections, freely made by the electors, are worthy of being ratified, and no manœuvres or menaces are introduced into the elections.

The parishes are served by double the number of priests that they possess in France, but still the secular clergy, notwithstanding the devotion of which they give proof, are not numerous enough to satisfy the religious wants of these pious people; for, besides the churches which are to be found in each village, there are scattered over the country chapels erected by ancient families in expiation of their sins or as souvenirs of their deceased ancestors; whilst many chapels are also raised up by the zeal of the inhabitants. These chapels are to be found in the most elevated parts of the country, even at the height of fifteen hundred metres, in places whither the peasants send their flocks during the summer season. Here the religious orders find a field for their zeal, their spirit of sacrifice, and their practical intelligence. I have never better understood their zeal than when I met the Capuchins, with their poor costumes, braving the rigors of the season, and going to serve the most distant chapels, winning for themselves the utmost popularity and affection.

Each month, two Fathers preach a sermon in a village, and nearly all the population approach the holy table. Practical and able speakers, the Fathers preach sermons which are greatly liked, and which draw large crowds. Like the religious of the middle ages, if the church is too small to hold the mass of the faithful, they preach in the open air.

I know no finer spectacle than that of this people practicing their duties, and preserving the faith with the same fervor as their fathers centuries ago possessed; and when, accustomed to the French churches of certain regions, which are deserted by men, I saw a parish church filled with the male population, I could not prevent myself from feeling a lively emotion. Faithful to the prescriptions of the Church, the peasants of this country do not confine themselves to a weekly attendance at the religious ceremonies. They do

not fail each day to pray in the church, and they have preserved for several centuries the touching custom of repeating at their second meal a "Pater" and "Ave," and a prayer for friends and enemies, as well as for the souls in purgatory. On the walls of the houses are to be found pictures of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, together with that of the saints particularly venerated by the family or the village. Even the inns admit these religious prints, and I have not found one of these inns in which the principal room was not ornamented with a crucifix. Finally, at the door of the houses inhabited by the old peasant families there is usually a holy water font, and before the inmates retire, the priest, who visits them, gives them his blessing. The clergy are everywhere received with open arms, and no inhabitant, not even strangers, who perhaps nourish at the bottom of their hearts very little love for priests, will dare to utter a disrespectful word towards them. When a priest travels through the country, the little children run before him and catch his hand. This is the touching way in which they testify their respect.

Besides the Capuchins, are to be found in the canton of Schweitz the Benedictines, owners of the splendid Convent of Einsiedeln, the most frequent resort in Europe of pilgrims. Protector of the whole country, which it has filled with benefits, the convent is at once a house of instruction and a place where deep and learned studies are carried on. The college has a high renown for the ability with which the students are taught. It is necessary to inscribe one's name on the books several months in advance to obtain admission, so great is the number seeking for entrance.

The divine precept which ordains the sanctification of the Sunday is fully obeyed; on that day all work ceases. Never does a sick person die without the consolations of religion. And this people, who preserve the Catholic faith untarnished, possess a rich country. All the inhabitants know how to read and write, and the press counts many organs. Strangers arrive there who, to a certain extent, bring about the creation of a class generally disposed to become the instrument of social disorganization;

but still religion holds firmly her empire, in the midst of the general trouble caused in Europe by modern ideas. Protected by so solid a barrier, this race has had the happiness to remain firm.

INDIAN LYRICS.

VIII.

SHAWNEE ADDRESS TO THE OHIO.*

Flow wide and deep my native river
Between thy low, luxuriant banks,
Where arching forest trees for ever
Cast shadows from their ranks.
In mountains Blue thy source, where many
A pine-clad peak is capped with snow,
Monongahela—Alleghany—
And streams that to them flow,
My gentle Ohio.

As calm thy course—as moves the hunter
When chasing bison in his dreams,
Save when the storm—or rolling thunder
Rose o'er the eagle's screams,
Or bay of wolves or foxes prowling—
Till Whitemen's guns the silence broke
Upon the war-path or in fowling,
And when their hatchets stroke
The drowsy echoes woke.

In youth I've rambled near thy water—
Its surface dimpled into smiles,
To hunt the beaver and the otter,
Or paddle round the isles.
My carved and painted piroque glided
Where ruffled currents rippled slow,
Or else a practised oar would guide it
To fishing pools I know—
Across the Ohio.

When winds were high and days were sunny,
How long I mid those woods delayed
In quest of game or gum or honey—
Their shelter and their shade.
Within their leafy coverts wandered
To trap the marten and the mink,
Or through thy moss and meadows sauntered
To shoot upon thy brink
The deer that came to drink.

The summer heat alone can waste thee,
No cascades dash thee on with force,
Nor rocky ledge or rapids haste thee,
No ice impedes thy course.
The Redman's race thy region's leaving
Or melting like the April snow,
But while the Land-shark is deceiving,
In peace and freedom flow,
My charming Ohio.

* Ohio means beautiful in the Indian language—the river is nearly 1200 miles long and about half a mile wide.

The Shawnee's dusky sons and daughters
Would—bending o'er thy floods—adore
The Indian's Spirit of the waters,
In shadows of thy shore.
And with a fervour all the fonder—
The pipes and beads they valued most
Were offered on thy waves that wander
And goods from Trader's post,
Gifts for a father's ghost.

I've trodden oft—to meet the maiden
I wished my lodge and heart to share,
The winding trail, with presents laden,
Beside “La belle rivière;” †
The finest furs and feathers give her,
The sweetest fruit and flowers that grow,
My arrows in a beaded quiver
And in my hand a bow,
Along the Ohio.

Roll on thou dark majestic river,
And may thy bosom always be
As broad and beautiful as ever,
As undefiled and free.
The wily Pale-face will endeavour
Thy ceaseless currents to restrain,
Oh! may thy placid waters never
Be sullied for his gain,
But pure and sweet remain.

Flow onwards to the Mississippi
Through intervals where now are found
The Yankee's clearing and his city,
Though once our hunting ground.
I grieve to see thy borders burrowed
Beneath his spade and grubbing hoe,
Or e'en thy tranquil surface furrowed
By sail-boat and batteau,
My beauteous Ohio.

† “La belle rivière”—a name given by the French *Voyageurs* to the Ohio. It is so designated on an old Missionary map.

SELF-LOVE AND SELF-ESTEEM

It is an old saying, and a true one, that “of all mankind, each loves himself the best;” though no vice or virtue ever assumed so many different names. Most of our actions, either good or bad, may be resolved into this same love of self; in the statesman's anxiety for the welfare of his native country, the love of power usually goes at least hand in hand with patriotism. “I have learned,” says “Junius,” “that nothing will satisfy a patriot but place.” We laugh at our neighbours, and pity them from the same motive; their foibles and absurdities excite our amusement, because we consider ourselves superior to the like weaknesses. Their troubles cause us distress; but is not even divine compassion a form of self-love, or rather,

self-pity? Do we not grieve for others in proportion as we are able to put ourselves in their place, and picture what *we* should feel under the same circumstances? The reciprocal regard for one another's interests, the mutual esteem, the exchange of kind offices, which constitute friendship, find their chief source too in self-love. If we have been inclined to esteem anyone ever so highly, let it but be whispered in our ear that that same person does not think much of us, and we immediately find out that he is not nearly so charming as we had imagined, and that his good opinion is not after all worth having. On the other hand, among our acquaintances there may be an individual whom we consider both weak-minded and ignorant, and think in fact quite beneath our notice. Wait a little: it comes to our knowledge that this same creature whom we have been despising has an immense admiration for us. How all our ideas change! We discover at once hidden merit in our stupid friend; he has at least powers of discrimination, and is some judge of character. We all like our neighbours much more for the virtues they find in us than for any we discover in them, whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. But it is perhaps in the passion of love that the very alcohol of egotism is to be found; lovers never weary of each other's society so long as they can keep up the intensity of mutual admiration; their *tete-a-tetes* are always interesting, for they perpetually talk about themselves, and should their love be crossed, both would probably rather that the loved one should be miserable than indifferent. We recognise throughout the same leading principle:—

And by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.

There is still so much *terra incognita* in the regions over which self rules, that it is impossible to follow it through all its different tricks and aliases; if it cannot obtain footing as a vice, it comes often in the form of virtue, and as such it is generally to be found in the finest natures. Realising this, well-meaning people sometimes go to the other extreme, and cultivate a system of wholesale self-disparagement. They persuade themselves that it is a duty to

undervalue everything they are and have, and the result is even more disastrous than that which arises from inordinate self-esteem. Believing himself unworthy of great things, the falsely-humble man will never try to rise; from repeatedly impressing upon himself that he is mean, or low, or degraded, he will end probably by becoming so. "Self-love is not so great a sin as self-neglecting." We have, in fact, no more right to be unjust to ourselves than to others. The polite Chinese, when he is asked "What is your honorable name?" replies, "My ignoble name is 'So-and-so.'" On the further inquiry as to where his fine house is situated, he answers, "My miserable hovel is on the banks of a river." On being questioned respecting the number of his princely sons, he informs you that his "trifling puppies" are four in number; and when the health of his clever and beautiful wife becomes the object of solicitude, though he is really proud of her, he says, with an air of indifference, that his "stupid thorn-bush is as well as she deserves to be," or something to that effect. Now no one in his senses thinks all this a sign that our celestial friend is specially endowed with the virtue of humility; it is simply the idea that the vainest and most self-sufficient people in the world have, of high-breeding, to show their individual superiority, their freedom from conceit, by excessive self-depreciation, which is just self-love in a plausible disguise.

Though many practise, there are few who would advocate an incessant ringing of the changes on "I," "Me," "Mine," even in thought. The sarcasm is admirable in the story of a certain well known writer whose work was delayed in going through the press, the printers complaining that its capital I's were exhausted. Such egotism as this makes a man ridiculous, but it is only extremes that are bad; it is on the just combination of rational self-regard, with due consideration, sympathy, and deference for others, that wisdom and happiness depend. A moderate self-confidence is the foundation of true manliness of character, and the source from whence have issued most of the noblest enterprises in the world's history. Nothing great was ever done without a

proper self-esteem, a quality which becomes objectionable only so far as it is allowed to preponderate over better feelings. True merit, however great, is, when altogether unobtrusive, apt to be overlooked, for there is always a certain indifference in the world to the interests of individuals; but if a man keeps his best points to some extent in view, and does not pretend to ignore his claims to consideration, people will be forced to do him justice, and both the public and the individual will ultimately be the gainers. We each of us, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, have a sort of triune personality: what we think ourselves: what we appear to others; and what we are in reality. The truth in this matter is not always easy to discover; but whoever will honestly seek to follow the "*gnothi seauton*" of the ancient oracle is not likely to be guilty of either egotism or mock-humility.—*Rock*.

THE EXILES OF ERIN.

BY M. A. C.

"Hopeless! hurrah for the Irish race, that holds in its conquering hands
The nations' strength and the nations' fate,
and the fatness of the lands!
O seas, you worship us well, I know, with
the wonder of all your waves;
O shores, you are safe and sacred now with
the glory of Irish graves!
And all the echoes have heard your name—
will hear it, mother dear,
Chaunted by poets through all the earth
with the strength of a charging cheer;
And the lands are bright with the fiery light
that shoots from your soldiers' scars.
Hopeless! hurrah for the Southern Cross,
hurrah for the Stripes and Stars."

—FION BARRA.

The exiles of Erin! What a sad picture these four words call up before the mental vision—a picture of famine-stricken thousands flying from the Green Isle they loved so well, to find a home, or mayhap a grave, in the land of the stranger; of crowded railway stations and wild farewells—heartrending partings between parents and children, husbands and wives, maidens and their lovers; of the emigrant ship with its miserable freight of plague-stricken wretches; of fever-sheds on the far

distant shores of America; of Irish blood poured forth on the foreign fields; of prison cells and nameless graves.

But there is a bright side to the picture as well as a dark one. Though the story of Erin's exiles is a long and a sad it is not an inglorious one; for these outcasts from their own land have proved a blessing to the countries of their adoption. Many of them wrote their name on history's page, and their counsels or their swords changed the fate of other nations, though they could not save their own. To almost every land under Heaven have these exiles wandered, under many banners have they served, and their graves are scattered far and wide, "by mountain, stream, and sea."

In Spanish soil rests many a brave Celtic soldier, many a gallant scion of the chief houses of Ulster and Munster. In Rome sleeps Hugh O'Neil, the great earl himself—he who fought with Essex and Bagnal, conquering Elizabeth's armies on more than one bloody field; and who went nearer to freeing his country from the English yoke than any Irish leader that ever invoked the God of Battles. Like another famous Irishman, it was to Rome he turned in the decline of his days; and there, amid its churches and its ruins, this great chieftain of fair Tyrone closed his soldier's life—a life which reads more like a wild romance than the record of real events. The then Pope had him buried with royal honors. Near him rests Rory O'Donnell, another Northern chief; and few are the Irish travellers in Rome that do not visit the old church in which their tomb is to be seen. Father Meehan did so when he was a student of the Irish College in the Eternal City; and from that hour never lost the idea of tracing the history of the latter years of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. From his visit to their resting place sprang, after long years of patient research and inquiry, his great work "*The Flight of the Earls*."

Years later on, another and a greater flight of exiles took place, when, after the siege of Limerick, "the Wild Geese" left our shores. We read that from the arrival of the Irish troops in France in 1691 to 1745 (the year of Fontenoy) more than 450,000 Irishmen died in the

French service. Good service and true did these troops render to France during those years. She afforded them some opportunities of striking hard blows at England, and that alone was almost enough to bind them to her cause.

Not very long after the fall of Limerick, Sarsfield and William met again—first at the battle of Steinkirk, and afterwards at Landen, in the Netherlands. At both places the French were victorious over the allied forces. At Landen Sarsfield fell. Tradition says that his last words were, as the life blood gushed from his wound, "Would that it were for Ireland." Yet, in spite of his regret that his death-blow came on a foreign field and in a stranger's cause, his weakening heart must have throbbed with joy and pride at the sight of the English red flying before the fierce Irish shout of "Remember Limerick."

In the wars which took place in Queen Anne's time numbers of Irish served in each of the great French armies. There were four regiments of cavalry and at least seven of infantry constantly employed in these wars; and numerous were the engagements in which they distinguished themselves.

On one bleak day in February, 1702, was fought the celebrated battle of Cremona, at which they acted with such wonderful gallantry that after it they received the special thanks of King Louis. It was the same everywhere—under the blue skies of Italy, on the battle-fields by the Rhine—wherever these warrior exiles were, "they fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true," and whether on the side of victory or the reverse ever returned from the contest with honor. At Blenheim, at Almanza, their war-cry rang where the tide of battle was fiercest and blows were falling fastest.

But it was at Fontenoy that they best revenged "Limerick's violated treaty." The history of that famous battle is as well known in Ireland as the story of the siege of Derry or the battle of the Boyne. O'Brien commanded the Irish Brigade on that occasion, and, according to many historians,

"Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,

Were not those exiles ready there, fresh, vehement, and true."

They *were* ready, and won the battle for King Louis that day.

But it was not in France alone that Irish exiles sought renown. Spain had five Irish regiments in her service about that time, and Mitchel tells us in his History of Ireland that "for several generations a succession of Irish soldiers were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who were chiefs in their own land were always recognised as 'grandees,' the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the present century, found a Blake generalissimo of the Spanish armies; while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Arragon, and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as general officers."

In the present century not many Irish exiles seek Spain or "sunny France." It is towards the "Southern Cross" or the land of "the Stripes and Stars" they turn. During the famine years, and since, the emigration from Ireland has been something to wonder at. Probably nothing like it can be met with in the history of the world. "Thom's Almanac" tells that from the year 1841 to 1851, 1,589,133 emigrants left our coasts; and in 1852 no less than 368,764 souls fled from the land of their birth.

"A million a decade!—calmly and cold

The units are read by the statesmen sage;
Little they think of a nation old

Fading away from history's page;
Outcast weeds of a desolate sea—
Fallen leaves of humanity."

So wrote "Speranza," and, no doubt, the English statesmen *were* well pleased to see the Irish people flying from the old land to where (they then hoped) they would trouble them no more.

In '48 a gifted band, of which any country might be proud, were forced to become exiles from Erin. Soldiers, statesmen, poets, and orators were they. At home they were looked on as traitors, or visionary enthusiasts; abroad they proved themselves as practical as they were brilliant. Charles Gavan Duffy (he who wrote the "Mustering of the

North," one of the most powerful of Irish rebel poems, of which it was said that the author had "the heart of a demon, but the head of one too") was the ablest Prime Minister Australia ever had. In Canada D'Arcy M'Gee gave proof, if not of his consistency, at least of his ability as a statesman. Thomas Francis Meagher, at the head of his Irish Brigade, well earned his fame as a dashing soldier, and died Governor of Montana.

But the story of the Young Ireland leaders is too fresh in the minds of the present generation to be repeated here. They are now nearly all passed away. Not one threads his native soil; though some have found graves in Irish earth.

Of all the exiles of '48 the one whose end was most in keeping with his stormy life was poor Mitchel. It was such a one as he would probably have wished himself—to return from his long exile to breathe his last in a moment of triumph, with Tipperary's welcoming cheers ringing in his ears, and the proud satisfaction of knowing that with his dying breath he sped one parting shaft at the Power that during life he had hated with a deep and consistent hatred of which a less fiery nature would be incapable.

Perhaps the sight of our countrymen abroad is almost enough to keep alive bitter feelings in an exile's breast; for how can he doubt that there must be something very wrong with the land whose people he finds able to succeed everywhere but at home?

The Irish in the United States are now numerous and powerful. That they have proved themselves grateful for the hospitality with which they were received, America cannot deny; for during the long civil war they shed their blood as freely as if it were water in her cause. Well did the Irish Brigade at that time show that Irish soldiers still lacked nothing of the dash and "go" which distinguished their predecessors at Fontenoy. A race does not readily change or forget—at least the Irish do not forget; for wherever exiles of Erin are—in busy cities, or amid the dark forests or wild prairies of the New World—they remember the old friends, the old homes, and the old land. In some the love of mother-country burns

strong and bright, and leads (it may be) to deeds of wild enthusiasm; in others it is but an uncertain glimmer, which flashes out for a moment, and then disappears for a long while; in many the cares and strife of life have so dimmed it that it seems to have died out altogether; yet in almost every exile's heart, deep down under the ashes of other feelings, some spark of it still remains, and would blaze out if the opportunity occurred. A very practical proof of this is the readiness with which Irish emigrants, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, respond to any calls made upon them for money for Irish purposes. The money may have been hardly earned and badly wanted for other things, yet they will give it freely to the old land.

In Australia, as well as in America, Irish emigrants are to be found in posts of trust and honor; in Africa also they are well-to-do; even in England they are beginning to make their mark. Will they ever make it here, or restore their country to her rightful place among the nations? Like the Jews, our people are scattered over the face of the earth; but, unlike them, they never denied their God, and He will surely bless their future.

THE POPULAR PIETIST.

THE habits of the Popular Pietist are rather peculiar. He goes to church and with rare devotion joins in prayers. When he takes the collecting-box, or bag, round there is a sweetly, cherub-like, insinuating air about him which seems to say "now, you must give liberally or be for ever disgraced in my eyes, a thing which I am sure you would not like." As he stands up to sing he looks as if he found it the most difficult matter for him to keep his religious instincts within decent bounds. To cap all, he listens to the priest of sermons with an air of ecstasy, and would be shocked if it could be supposed that he had missed a word of the precious discourse. As he leaves the sacred building he relates to his neighbours how greatly he has been edified. Then he goes home with his wife and rebukes her for her extravagance, or talks of the great scheme for the making

of his own fortune which he intends to put into operation on the morrow, or describes the fine furniture which he has decided to buy for his drawing-room, meanwhile regarding with something like horror the little urchins who are playing leap-frog in the street and have not been to church. With the remembrance of his devotions fresh in his mind, he sits down to dinner. After he has murmured a grace in an affecting way, and looked as if he were about to shed tears into his plate, he loses his temper because, when the cover is raised, the mutton is found to have been done a little bit too much or a little bit too little. He does not swear at his servants, of course, but he talks to them in such a way that they imagine it would be almost a relief if he would but indulge in strong language at their expense. He does not appear to perceive that it is an anomalous state of things for the individual whose heart is given up to Heaven, and who is accustomed to become angry because other people are not so religious as himself, to lose his temper over the cooking of a leg of mutton. While in vigorous terms he condemns the bestial excesses to which the lower orders are addicted, he knows "what is what" in the gastronomic way, and acts in such a manner as to inspire in one the belief that he would not be at home and happy in a paradise if it did not contain a thoroughly good cook.

The Popular Pietist is an excellent hand at driving a bargain. He gets the better of you as neatly and as completely as he could if he were unaware that there was such a thing as a text and had never heard a psalm sung in his life. His clerks and *employees* fear him and, alas, that it should have to be written, dislike him. The parents and friends of juniors are in the habit of believing that in him the unhappy juniors will find a true guide, philosopher, and friend, who will at one and the same time teach them the way to become rich and the way to reach the higher life. But, the poor juniors themselves do not believe anything of the sort. They know that he is inexorable when holidays and increases of salary are asked for, and that he uses religion as if it had been a weapon specially designed for their humiliation.

When death carries off one of his friends the Popular Pietist mourns; but he comforts himself, and he comforts others, by unctuously remarking that there is another and a better world, and that, in point of fact, the departed one is to be envied, not pitied. The bereaved are often left practically penniless, but he, believing, we suppose, in the righteousness of a fair division of labor, rests content with applying balm to their wounded spirits, and leaves others to minister to their merely temporal wants.

The Popular Pietist sees in the success which he has himself achieved in life striking and gratifying proof of the beneficence of Providence. He holds it aloft as conclusive evidence that those who do their duty will not fail to reap their reward, and, reasoning from it, argues that people who have not done well have evidently not done their duty, and should not, therefore, be assisted by any conscientious person, lest they should be thereby encouraged to persevere in their malpractices. This belief not only conduces, in a marked degree, to the preservation of the serenity of his mind, but also to the protection of his pocket from gross inroads which might otherwise be made on it. So it is not, perhaps, astonishing that he tenderly cherishes it. He is accustomed to relate how he has achieved his many triumphs, and it would seem that these have been contributed to not merely by his cleverness, his perseverance, and his assiduity, but by his godliness, the latter quality having enabled him to stick to his work and perform great feats when other persons would weakly have deserted their posts. No doubt, by recording his own achievements—by trumpeting them forth on every occasion—he encourages people to follow his good example, and it is, therefore, gratifying that his worth is recognised by his compeers in a variety of ways, it being on record that monuments and statues have been erected to his honor.

Yet, in spite of his success, his goodness, and his religiousness, the Popular Pietist is not loved. It might not, indeed, be too much to say that he is not generally respected. The hardened children of darkness feel that he is cold, callous, selfish, and grasping;

while some audacious persons go so far as to say that he is hypocritical. They announce that he uses religion as a means to promote his own merely sordid ends. They declare that if his protestations were sincere he would become softened, refined, and pitying. Perhaps they are right to some extent. But it is a melancholy fact that even many undoubtedly sincerely religious persons are accustomed to display as much bad temper, unreasonableness, and selfishness as is displayed by those who do not pretend to love entering the temples of grace. We cannot pretend to be able to say why these sincerely religious persons have many of the small vices of irreligious persons with the addition of a spiritual priggishness peculiarly their own, which often renders their company scarcely bearable.—*Liberal Review*.

IRELAND IN '48.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, one of the most earnest and distinguished of that brilliant set of young Irishmen who constituted what was called "the Young Ireland Party," and many of whom died in exile, has been passing a few weeks in Paris on his way back from Australia. It will be remembered that he expatriated himself in despair of seeing his hopes of justice for his country realized. He went to Australia without any other idea than that of practising his profession of barrister, and had no purpose whatever of engaging again in public life. He had not been there more than a year, however, when he was persuaded to enter the Legislative Assembly. The experience acquired in the English House of Commons soon singled him out for grave responsibilities. After the habit of new countries, he held in succession, during twelve years, offices with the most varied duties. He was successively Minister of Public Works, Minister of Public Lands, Minister of Roads and Railways, and finally Prime Minister. His experience in the House of Commons, had made him thoroughly acquainted with Parliamentary precedents and practice, and at the commencement of a new colonial parliament (three or four years ago), he was elect-

ed speaker and held this office until the eve of his return to Europe, when he announced his intention not to hold it again. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald* had an interview with him in Paris from which we glean the following abstract of Sir Charles's views on Irish affairs:—

I enquired how it happened that, with his strong interest in Ireland, he had ever gone to Australia?

He replied that he had gone there because Ireland had laid down basely at the feet of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston. In 1850 the people were flying to America and the colonies at the rate of a thousand a day from the famine and the exterminating landlords. In conjunction with Frederick Lucas, George Henry Moore, and others, he had founded a Parliamentary party to obtain such a change in the laws affecting land as would save the Irish race from the extinction with which they seemed to be threatened. More than fifty members were elected, pledged to a sweeping reform, and pledged also not to accept office with any administration which would not make this reform a cabinet question. Sadleir and Keogh broke their pledges, took office, and carried off more than half the Irish members to the support of the Aberdeen Government, which did not adopt the proposed reform. The honest members fought the deserters at the hustings, in the press, and at public meetings; but the superior clergy, especially Archbishop Cullen, supported those that had fallen away from them, and a large mass of the people did the same. The bulk of the priests remained faithful and the Irish party would have succeeded in the end but that the clergy were ordered by certain bishops to refrain from political meetings, and thus the most substantial prop was struck under the popular platform. The Irish party appealed to Rome against the policy of Archbishop Cullen. Lucas, who carried the appeal, was supported at the Propaganda by several bishops and by one archbishop, but he was unsuccessful and died of disappointed hopes. He was an Englishman, but he loved the Irish people and served them with perfect fidelity according to his conviction. He (Sir Charles) had declared at the outset that

if the priests were withdrawn from politics he would throw up his seat in Parliament and leave the country, and he did so. He did so under the belief that you could no more sway the peasantry against the exterminating landlords in 1855 without the aid of the priests than you could have raised the Highland clans a century earlier without the help of their chiefs. In his farewell address he (Sir Charles) remembered he had used a phrase which had been misquoted a hundred time since. He said, "You might as well appeal to a corpse in a dissecting room to rise and walk as appeal to the Irish peasantry to combine and act without their clergy." This had been distorted and constantly cited as if he had said that "Ireland was as dead as a corpse on a dissecting table." Now he hated controversy and did not think it worth while contradicting the misstatement. Before he left the House of Commons the party of fifty had been reduced to five by desertion inside and outside Parliament.

I enquired if he had gone into politics at once in Australia.

He replied in the negative and said his intention originally was to practise as a barrister and refrain from colonial politics, and he did so for a time. But the new constitution was coming into force, he was offered a seat in the first Parliament under it, became a member of the first government created by the will of the people, and thus became committed to a public career. The system of government in Australia Sir Charles described as the freest in the world. When a reform commended itself to the people it was immediately carried into effect. All public offices were filled at the discretion of ministers enjoying the confidence of the community. The Government of England or even the Queen could not appoint or remove even a policeman in Australia. She appointed the governor as her immediate agent or representative, but no one else. Australia was one of the most prosperous countries in the world, and he rejoiced to say that nowhere, not even in the United States, was there so large a proportion of Irishmen who were landed proprietors or in good professional and industrial positions.

I enquired if it was because Irishmen

were a majority of the population that Irish statesmen were so successful in Australia.

He said that the Irish, so far from being a majority, only amounted to a fourth or fifth of the population, and there was actually a smaller proportion of Irish in the parliament there than in the British House of Commons. But men who emigrated generally got their prejudices rubbed off, and a population chiefly English and Scotch allowed Catholics to attain to office in Australia which no wisdom or virtue apparently would enable them to reach in England, where there had not been a Catholic prime minister or speaker since the time of the Tudors.

I asked him his opinion in regard to the existing division among the Home Rulers, but he said he had refrained from mixing in personal controversies in Ireland for more than twenty years, even when his own name or conduct was in dispute, and he intended to persevere in the same course.

I enquired whether he thought the Gladstone administration then in course of formation would be useful to Ireland.

His reply was that if a man of genius and courage like Mr. Gladstone could not carry practical reforms it was vain to hope that any one else could. But for the individual will of Mr. Gladstone the Irish Church establishment would be still in full operation, and the Irish tenantry in three provinces bare of all defence against unjust landlords.

I suggested that the Irish had not shown themselves overgrateful for these services.

He said there was some truth in that charge, but perhaps only a half truth. It was hopeless to expect men to be enthusiastic over imperfect justice, and the English people would not suffer Irish questions to be settled fairly. The disestablishment would have formed a temporary theme for a satirist like the author of "Gulliver's Travels." Religious equality was proclaimed, and it was established by giving one party all the churches, all the glebes, and the bulk of the fund by way of compensation, and when the other party asked a single ruined church, dear to them from historic associations, the House of Lords threw out the bill which granted the

concession. The bases of a liberal land code were certainly laid by the Gladstone Government, and the new administration might perfect it, but they found the principles of it ready to their hand in the speeches and writings of the Irish Land Reformers in 1852. Sir Robert Peel, when he carried Catholic emancipation, and again when he carried free trade, recognized the services of those who had made his path easy, and it would not, he thought, have misbecome Mr. Gladstone to have remembered men without whom he would have never heard of the Irish land question. When he took up Irish claims again there was a very simple method by which he could secure the gratitude of the country and of the world; let him insist on Parliament settling them in the same spirit in which he settled the Alabama claims, and not always proffer a pitiful composition of so many shillings in the pound to Ireland. One of the few generous lord lieutenants sent to Ireland told a great English minister a truth still worth remembering when he said "that an imperfect settlement of a national grievance leaves a splinter in the wound."

THE GEM OF CADIZ.

CHAPTER I.

IN the environs of that old Spanish city, "fair Cadiz, rising over the dark blue sea," sat Zoraida Hassan, the daughter of the Governor, who was famed far and near for the dowry of noble birth and magic beauty she inherited from her proud Moorish father, and lovely mother.

She now sat at the window of her chamber in the tower overlooking the blue waters of the bay. The smile that hovered around her brilliant, scarlet lips, lighted her soft, dark Moorish eyes, whose gaze was bent out on the distant water. In her *negligee* morning toilet, the lady looked more lovely than when riding on the Plaza, with the folds of her lace mantilla veiling half her beauty. She was clad in a loose-fitting morning robe of silk of a delicate pink hue, fastened at her slender throat by a diamond pin, and gathered around her slight waist by a silken girdle.

From beneath the folds of her dress, which swept away to the marble floor, peeped out one tiny, slippered foot, encased in a golden embroidered sandal. The waves of her dark hair were drawn back from her low forehead, and wound in graceful coils at the back of her shapely head, and secured by a golden barb set with brilliants.

The apartment in which the Lady Zoraida sat was a fitting place for its brilliant occupant. Rich, velvety matting, glowing with gorgeous colours, covered the centre of the marble floor; soft, luxurious couches invited to a dreamy repose; and vases, filled with rare-hued exotics breathed out fragrance upon the air. The morning sun streamed in at the deep embrasured windows; its rays slanting upon the floor, like golden threads—upon the tapestry-covered walls—over the brilliant furniture—and shedding a brilliant halo around the head of the young girl.

Following the gaze of the dark eyes bent out upon the sparkling waters of the bay, we discern the tapering masts of a vessel, like the white wings of a bird in the clear morning air.

"It is the young Christian's vessel," murmured the lady. "I know it by its slender masts; and he will enter Cadiz. The Prophet protect it from the guns of our forts!" and, shading her dark eyes with her slender, jewelled hand, she watched its approach towards the town.

The ship sped onward over the water; its white sails filled by the morning breeze, and bearing it swiftly nearer; while the watcher up in the tower breathed forth her prayers for the safety of the foreign craft.

Suddenly a heavy boom sounded out on the morning air. The guns of the fort had commenced their deathly threatenings; and the vessel stopped its onward progress—a white flag in a few moments appearing at its mast-head.

The guns of the fort ceased their firing; and soon a boat put out from the vessel, and approached the shore.

Zoraida saw that it contained two naval officers besides the men who rowed it; and her heart gave a bound of pleasure, as she noted one was the

handsome young Christian, whom she had met on the Plaza a month previous, and whose voice, for a week after, had sung beneath the latticed window of her apartment.

Now, with mingled joy and alarm, she beheld the boat approach the city. For, Alphonso—the Christian King, whose message the young stranger bore—was at declared enmity with the Moors. He had conquered province after province: from the northern boundary till he had reached Cadiz—which, sitting upon the threshold of the great ocean, alone remained a successful resister of the ambitious sovereign's attacks.

The strong mountains of Jaen had, thus far, opposed a firm barrier to the attack of the enemy; but the coast defences were incapable of any long siege, and the Christian invaders held the approach of the harbour, so that no reinforcements from abroad were allowed to arrive. The city was thus in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and it was greatly feared that the Christian King would be successful, and add its surrender to his already swollen list of triumphs.

As the officers came up the strand from the boat, one of them—the taller and more graceful of the two—halted a moment before entering the fort; and shading his eyes from the rays of the sun, looked towards the tower-window of the castle where Zoraida sat watching from the casement.

The lady smiled, and a half-blush stole up to her clear olive cheek.

"It is Raynard Gonsalvo, the young Christian officer!" she murmured, softly. "How daring to come hither into the very stronghold of the Moor! His life is in peril every moment. I wish he were safe upon the deck of his own vessel full many a league away," and, tremblingly, she watched, till, half an hour later, she saw the two strangers emerge from the fort, and retracing their steps to the boat, row back to their waiting vessel. Then turning to Alfreda—her pretty waiting-maid, who had just entered—Zoraida said, pointing to the boat: "Alfreda, I have seen the Christian stranger. Yonder vessel in the harbour is his; and the boat, now bearing him thither again, must have

brought him here with messages from King Alphonso. Allah grant that my Sire may accept them!"

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY half an hour had passed after the departure of the boat with its occupants, ere the loud clamour of the cathedral bells, calling the citizens to assemble in the Plaza, denoted that their errand was not one of peace or security to Cadiz.

Through the streets came heralds, crying:

"To arms!—to arms! The Governor summons all good citizens to make ready for the attack of King Alphonso, the Christian invader! Let the grand Plaza be their rendezvous an hour hence!"

The summons was obeyed; a surging multitude gathering at the appointed place, with eager, anxious faces, and restless movements, awaiting the approach of their ruler, Achmet Hassan, the Governor of Cadiz.

Towards the end of a quarter of an hour—when the swaying masses were becoming impatient, and their dark, swarthy faces were gathering a deeper glow—the sound of approaching riders came down the open street.

"Make way for Achmet Hassan, our good Governor!" cried the voice of the crowd; and the dense columns parted for his approach.

Preceded by his herald, Achmet Hassan, the proud Moorish ruler of fair Cadiz, now came onward. He was a man of noble mien, and in a loud, firm voice, he now addressed them:

"Good citizens of Cadiz! It is known to you for what purpose you have been summoned here to-day—it is to learn how to repel the enemy who are now almost at the very gates of our city. The mountains of Jaen, hitherto our greatest protection, have been scaled by the Christian invader. Our harbour we can protect for awhile; but the enemy have control of the outer coasts, and no reinforcements can arrive to our aid. We must depend upon the strong arms and stout hearts of our citizens for the defence of Cadiz. The good Allah give to us the victory over the Christian King! Every citizen will aid us in this defence."

"Ay, by the beard of the Prophet, it shall be our vow!" cried the crowd with one common accord, while loud acclamations went up from their midst.

"Then I leave you to the direction of the officers who have been selected to appoint the separate points of resistance," said the ruler; and, accompanied by his herald, he rode away.

Ere nightfall, the city was put in a complete state of defence against any advance of the enemy; and the citizens with one accord were firm in their decision of resistance to the end.

Leaving the crowd, Achmet Hassan rode homeward. Entering his castle, he sought his daughter's apartment. His pale, anxious face alarmed Zoraida.

"Dearest father, are you ill?" she cried, springing towards him, and twining her soft arms about his neck.

"Not in body, my child, but at heart; for there is great and imminent danger threatening our city. King Alphonso is rapidly advancing over the mountains, with his band of men; and his fleet now lies in our outer harbour. My heart tells me that Cadiz is doomed, that the Christian conqueror will force her to surrender; and Zoraida, my darling child, I cannot protect you from the scenes of war which it will be our lot to witness, even should our lives be spared to tell the tale of our degradation."

The girl drew her father to a seat; and kneeling down beside him, said, while her own heart sank in alarm:

"Let us not grow despondent, my sire! Our city is well protected, and we may repel the invader."

"The Prophet grant it, Zoraida!" said the Moor; tenderly placing his hand upon his daughter's head, and smoothing the black masses of hair away from her forehead. "Zoraida," he said, "Looking into your eyes, the face of your dead mother comes back to me at this moment, as she was at your age, the light of my eyes, and the star of my home. Know you, my daughter, that you are called the most beautiful of all the ladies in Cadiz, and your Sire's heart will, ere long, grow jealous at the approach of some noble suitor for your hand."

Zoraida's heart beat tumultuously at her father's words. What if he had read her secret? But, veiling her dark

eyes beneath their long lashes, she made answer:

"There is not much fear, my Sire, that you will part from me soon. None visit our castle who could find favour in my eyes. So you will have me to yourself this many a year," she added, smiling.

"My heart tells me otherwise, daughter!" said Achmet Hassan. "But I am gloomy to-night. I will not longer tolerate such saddening thoughts. In preparations for the defence of Cadiz, I will banish them; and now I must leave you. Did I tell thee, child, that two officers of the Christian vessel lying in our harbour bore thither to-day profers of amnesty if I would yield up the city? But that were impossible. The proud Moor can never lay his neck beneath the foot of his enemy; therefore we must prepare for the coming contest. Allah and the Prophet send us strength to drive the foe from Cadiz!"

CHAPTER III.

Upon the deck of his vessel, which had lain in sight of the city since morning, paced the young Christian officer, Raynard Gonsalvo. His step was quick and nervous; and upon his face rested a troubled, anxious look. It was no wonder that the heart of Zoraida, the Governor's daughter, was attracted towards the handsome young Christian, whom she had met while walking upon the Plaza one evening, scarce a month before. His figure was tall, well-proportioned, and firmly knit. His midnight hair, and the curling moustache of the same hue which curved the corners of his firmly-cut mouth, well became the deep, rich olive-hue of his face. Within his deep, black eyes now slumbered an anxious look; and upon his face rested a troubled expression. Pausing in his rapid walk, he exclaimed:

"I must see her to-night, and warn her of the coming danger! I can, and must, rescue from all harm, this beautiful, brilliant Zoraida—Gem of Cadiz—to whose charms my heart has been madly bowed in worship since the eve we met!"

Approaching an officer who stood at the further end of the deck, he said:

"I am going ashore for a few hours. I have business of importance in the city, and I must attend to it to-night."

"You had best not go. It is a dangerous step, and should you be recognized, your life is the forfeit," was the reply.

"I must risk it, at any rate, Pedro! Attend thou to the ship in my absence; and should I not return by morning, know that your words have proved true; but I fear no danger," said Gonsalvo.

At nightfall, a boat put off from the vessel's side—Raynard Gonsalvo, the Christian captain, being its only occupant—and pulled rapidly towards the shore.

An hour later, as Zoraida Hassan was sitting in her apartment, her faithful tiring-woman came in, and gave a note into her hand.

The lady opened it, and a flush of pleasure shot athwart her cheek.

"Whence came this?" she asked, eagerly.

"A messenger brought it to the castle gate, and bade old Gomez, the porter, summon Lady Zoraida's maid," said the girl; "then, giving it into my hands, he bade me hasten with it to my mistress."

"'Tis strange!" said the lady; "but listen, good Alfreda. You are discreet, and I need your aid. The letter comes from Raynard Gonsalvo, the handsome young Christian officer whom I met on the Plaza a month ago, and who afterwards sang beneath my window. His vessel lies in yonder bay, and he comes hither with messages to my father from King Alphonso for the surrender of Cadiz. But this appeal has been rejected. The Moor will never yield to the Christian without a deadly struggle. My father has given orders for the city to be put in a state of defence, and we shall resist to the last. But the young Christian emissary is noble and generous; he would save me from the fate of war. In this letter, he bids me meet him, an hour hence, in the castle courtyard, that he may decide upon a place for our safety. Were I to tell this to my sire, his proud heart would rebel, and he would forbid the meeting; for he would never accept his life at the hands of the Christian. What think you,

Alfreda? Would it be so very wrong for me to meet this noble stranger, and, at least, thank him for his interest in me?"

Alfreda understood all at once. She herself had a lover, and she read the cause of the lady's interest in this stranger.

"Nay, my lady," she said, "I cannot see the harm of your meeting; and if you have aught of fear, I will accompany you, dressed in the attire of a page. You remember, my lady, how I masqueraded it at the last festival."

The evening shadows lengthened over Cadiz. Above the beautiful city the white moon shone in loveliness, and silvered with splendour the scenes below. It shone upon the broad Plaza, now filled with crowds of anxious, excited men, their hearts gloomy with forebodings for the fate of the town—over lowly cottage, stately palace, and far out upon the dark blue waters of the sea.

In the castle court-yard of Achmet Hassan's stately abode, Raynard Gonsalvo, the young Christian, awaited the Lady Zoraida; and hither the lady and her maid hastened at the appointed time, Alfreda, attired as a page, and Zoraida in her usual evening dress.

"He is not here, Alfreda!" said the lady, as, glancing around, she saw the court-yard was deserted save by herself and her page.

"Mayhap the Christian's heart has failed him," said the girl, "and so he comes not to keep his word."

"Nay, but he will come!" said her mistress. "Ah, I hear his step even now!"

Here the young officer advanced from an angle of the wall, where he had been hidden by the deep shadows, and came towards them. Alfreda drew back, and leaned against the wall; while her mistress observed with a sly glance the approach of the young Christian.

Advancing towards Zoraida, and removing his hat, Gonsalvo raised her extended hand to his lips.

"Beautiful Zoraida, I thank you for this interview!" he said.

"And I will not fill it wholly by telling of the love with which you have inspired me. I come now to proffer my aid for your safety in the coming

danger. To-morrow night there will be an attack upon Cadiz. The forces of the King Alphonso are large and well organized; and the town must surrender. I would proffer to you protection. Upon my vessel you would find the safety which your father's strong castle cannot give. Will you seek this safety, with me as your protector, till the attack is over? then, if all is safe to return to the town, it shall be my greatest happiness to restore you to your home."

The lady listened, with drooping head and kindling cheeks. When the young officer ceased, she replied, in low, tremulous tones:

"Many thanks, brave stranger, for your kind interest; but I cannot accept the service! I cannot leave my sire, or Cadiz in her peril. In my own home must the news of our subjugation come to my ears. I honour you for the peril you have risked in coming hither to-night. Whatever the future brings, this will be remembered with gratitude. Now I must hasten within, or my absence will be discovered!" and she turned to leave him, motioning her page to follow.

"Most beautiful Zoraida!" exclaimed the young Christian, detaining her a moment by his words. "Your noble devotion and self-sacrifice have but deepened the feelings of adoration with which you have inspired me. I must save you and yours from coming harm, or my own life shall pay the forfeit. Now, farewell, till we meet again!" and, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, he turned away; and, while the lady and her page re-entered the castle, Raynard Gonsalvo sought his boat and quickly rowed back to the waiting vessel.

* * * * *

The ensuing day passed in quietness to the inhabitants of Cadiz, and night wrapped the city in her sable folds. In the silence and darkness—for the moon shielded herself behind the sombre clouds which had gathered in the west at nightfall, and overspread the sky—there came a sharp and fierce contest. Overpowering numbers from land and sea swept in upon the doomed city; and, after a short period, seeing that further resistance would be in vain, or-

ders were given by Achmet Hassan for the citizens to lay aside their arms, and surrender to the conqueror, King Alphonso, whose hordes were within their gates.

The proud Moorish ruler would freely have poured out his own life-blood if, thereby, he could have saved the fair city of his nativity from the foe; but he saw the utter futility of a further struggle, and, for the avoidance of further devastation, the order was given. To King Alphonso, who came at the head of his legions, in proud humiliation, Achmet Hassan rendered up his sword; and when the morning sun shone again upon fair Cadiz, its hitherto proud ruler looked forth from prison bars.

True to his word, the young Christian officer had protected the castle of the Governor from the hands of the rude soldiery. This had been a dangerous service; but it was no faint heart that undertook it, and the eagle eyes of Gonsalvo guarded securely the treasure its walls contained.

A week later, in his prison cell, Achmet Hassan was visited by the young Christian.

"I am come with an order from the King for your release," said Gonsalvo. "You are free to return to your castle, and to your daughter who awaits you there."

In astonishment, the Moor raised his head and gazed at the intruder who bore such strange tidings of pardon.

"What mean you, sir stranger? I am here because I am an enemy to your King. How, then, should he release me?"

"It is true, most excellent Achmet Hassan," said Gonsalvo. "By my entreaty your release is effected. I once rendered King Alphonso's son a signal service, even to the saving of his life; and the boon I have craved in recompense, is your and your daughter's safety."

"Ah, I see!" said the Moor, gazing at the young man with a piercing look. "You have seen my Zoraida. It is for her you would render this service to the Governor of Cadiz, an enemy to your king! I am powerless to repay you; yet, for the sake of my daughter, I accept the life and liberty now offered.

Lead on, I will follow you to my home!"

An hour later, Achmet Hassan sat beside Zoraida in his own castle; and, while relating the manner of his release, he added, with the impetuosity of his noble nature:

"By the beard of the Prophet, my child, I never before met so noble a deed as this! Be he Christian or Turk, this young Raynard Gonsalvo hath taught me that mercy is confined to no creed or race."

"Then let the most excellent Governor Achmet Hassan confirm his words, by bestowing mercy on his suppliant!" said the young Christian, coming forward from behind the silken arras on the wall, where he had retired at the entrance of the Governor. "I have dared to love your daughter, the priceless gem of Cadiz—wilt thou deny me the boon I crave?"

Achmet Hassan was greatly surprised. But his noble heart triumphed; and, turning to Zoraida, he met her blushing face, which told its own story.

"Thou returnest this young Christian's love, I see, my daughter. "Well, be it so! Thou shalt have no barrier put between thy hearts; and, henceforth, let the Moor and Christian dwell in peace together!" and he joined their hands.

And thus Raynard Gonsalvo won Zoraida, the beautiful Gem of Cadiz.

LITERARY MISCELLANY. ?

JOHNSON AND ADDISON.—Dr. Johnson attained the age of thirty before he was known. Was this misfortune? Byron was emblazoned by fame before twenty-six; and for what? Childe Harold, &c.....I do not depreciate these valuable productions; but what are they compared with the Moral, Classical and Philological writings of Dr. Johnson? Yet, the poor man was often without bread, and lived in a small garret. It is a singular truth, that penury has almost always been the satellite of genius. Indeed I am inclined to believe, that on the principle of universal sympathy, there is a connection between a hungry stomach and the

"organs" of intellect! These require some strong stimulants; and hunger for food, and hunger for fame, are among the strongest. Like "Art and Genius," they must go together, it seems, or not at all.

"Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice,"
HORACE.

Johnson may be considered the "great bear" of the constellation of literature, Addison (I speak it reverently) porcyon, or the dog star. Johnson, bear-like, tramples down and squeezes to death the bad, *virtutis verae custos, rigid usque satellitex*. Addison fawns about them, and licks them into good behavior, convinced, that *ridiculum acri plerumque sceat res*. With regard to their diction, Johnson is like the Amazon, thundering down, agitated by rugged rocks, and foaming beneath overhanging trees to merge itself in the immensity of ocean. Addison is like the canals of Egypt, whose banks are ornamented with gay and smiling cottages, uniformly beautiful.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND BONA-PARTE.—I have not read the history of the French revolution, or of Napoleon Bonaparte, with the scrupulous attention to details, which, perhaps, would be requisite, proposing to dispute at large on the one or the other; but, I believe, that the subject is resolvable into a pretty clear simple, did we bear two questions in view. 1st. Was the revolution necessary, and were the means employed in bringing it about and pursuing it, the best that might have been employed. 2nd. Could Bonaparte have acted, or have been expected to act, differently than he did.

To the first question, the answer seems to be, that revolutions generally, indeed always, lead men, or rather men are led by them. Of twenty proceedings, nineteen are the effect of chance (that is to say, an unforeseen incident). That a change was necessary in the French constitution, no man will deny: that the means adopted to effect this change were violent, is equally evident—but that more lenient measures would have done the thing better, or would have done it at all, is what none but a child, utterly ignorant of man, would assert. *The reign of triumphant passions*

was established! Let a man transport himself, for a moment, to the theatre of the French revolution; be present in spirit, at one of those tremendous scenes, in the great drama, where all "the passions stood personified."—

Black as night—fierce as ten furies—
Terrible as hell.

When anger, jealousy, despair, every passion that spreads desolation in the habitations of man, had each its countenance in the presence of a *Danton*, *Orleans*, *Robespierre*, and the National Assembly—with a rabble shouting imprecations without, and tumultuous *Frenchmen* wrangling within, at the trial of a prince supposed to be the cause of the calamities; in a country the seat of civil war, and invaded from without; and lastly, in the midst of a nation agitated by a sea of tempest, raging as the abyss of Tartarus is painted to us—place yourself in this situation, and I ask you, how would you act? You know not? But these men knew, for they did act, and pre-eminently Bonaparte; and though the subject was tragic, they acted the acts and scenes throughout, and like a good tragedy, however bloody the scene, the French revolution ended "happily," as the phrase is, in the *National Concordat*, effected by *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

There is a singular short sightedness, or narrowness of mind, in condemning a great man, thus inconsiderately. There are so many circumstances to be known, so many unapparent causes necessary to be unravelled to understand even their simplest action, that none but a fool-hardy pedant, would pronounce such opinions as these: *Napoleon* was a very bad man, no philanthropist—"the leaders of the French revolution were blood-thirsty vagabonds." In one sense, this may be true, but what is good for one man, will kill another; what would have done well in the English revolution might not, would not do in the French revolution. Circumstances change, and man is the child of circumstances.

With regard to Bonaparte this is certain; that there never was, and probably never will be his equal, *dans la science de guerre*; that there never can be his superior in point of good fortune, or misfortune. These two positions are

established by his virtues on the one hand, and the tale of his miseries on the other. What remains to complete the character of the great man? Nothing. Talk not of virtue. All talents derive their exercise from the propensities which we have in common with the brute creation, and these are, for the most, greater in proportion to the former. That Bonaparte *used* and *abused* the latter, in expanding the springs of his gigantic intellect, may be granted; but let him "That is not guilty, throw the first stone." Candidly speaking, there are many in "lower" situations, and with fewer temptations, surpassing Bonaparte in "wickedness," and in a goodly "whitened sepulchre," albeit. But we "*think we have a good conscience.*"

STOP AND THINK.

Thinking has much more to do with success in every department of life than we have ever imagined. No great work has ever been accomplished without thought, and we are safe in saying no great work will ever be done without it. One great reason of want of success is a hurried way of working without thought. Some farmers labor hard in the same way every year, still they do not seem to better themselves or their condition, while a neighbor without half the hard labor succeeds in everything he undertakes. They say he is lucky—all that he touches prospers. I wish I were as fortunate, etc. This great difference between men in their prosperity is often the result of thought. One thinks well before every action, and thus nothing is done in vain; nothing in a foolish manner. Every action is the result of thought.

But above all, in a Christian life thought and meditation are most essential. This has been the constant and continual teaching of the Church. Our Saviour tells us that if a man is to build a house he will first sit down and count the cost, to see if he is able to go on with it, lest after having commenced he shall not be able to finish. The Church recommends meditation daily as a sure means of an increase of grace. She also recommends retreats often—at least once a year—that we may, for the

time being, forget the world and consider our state in the spiritual life. If we can only impress this upon our minds in such a way that we shall often meditate upon our exact condition before God, we shall certainly progress in the spiritual life. What does it mean to make progress in a spiritual life? It means to fill the position which God himself has prepared for us here. It means to live for the end of our existence. It means to live a perfect life. It means to practice all the virtues in our power. It means to allow God to take possession of His own image and perfect us in a true growth. In a word, it means all that is good to be accomplished here on earth. This desirable object can be attained through the grace which God so lavishly bestows upon us. But it is very necessary that we intelligently and of our own free will accept this grace. We cannot do this intelligently without making it a work of the understanding, and consequently a subject of thoughtful meditation. A good meditation on any of the truths of our holy religion, or any of the mysteries of faith, be it only of a few minutes duration, in the morning, and a prayerful examination of conscience in the evening, are among the greatest works which, on our part, are to be done to live as good Christians. Next to the reception of the Sacraments and Mass comes meditation. But meditation comes with all these as well as our other duties. Stop and think.—*Catholic Citizen.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

VELOCITIES.

CHAPTER II.

HOW CAN THE VELOCITY OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT BE ASCERTAINED?

IN order to illustrate how the velocity of the electric current can be actually measured, we must first introduce the following:—

Whenever a wire is to be magnetized by an electric machine, at the moment it touches the machine a bright spark is seen at the end of the wire. The same spark is seen also at the other end of the wire if touching another appara-

tus. Let us call the first spark the "entrance spark," the other the "exit spark." If a wire, many miles in extent, is put up, and led back to where the beginning of the wire is, both sparks may be seen by the same observer.

Now it is evident that the exit spark appears after the entrance spark just as much later as the time it took the electric current to run from one end of the wire to the other end. But in spite of all efforts made to see whether the exit spark actually appears later, the human eye has not been able to detect the difference. The cause of this is partly owing to the long duration of the impression upon the retina, which leads us to the belief that we see objects much longer than we really do; partly, the immense rapidity with which the exit spark follows the entrance spark. From these two causes, we are tempted to believe both sparks to appear at the same moment.

By an ingenious and excellent means, however, this defect in our eye has been greatly diminished. It is well worth the trouble to read a description of the experiment attentively. The truly remarkable way in which it was tried will please all who read it.

In order to measure the velocity of the electric current, the ends of a very long wire are placed one above the other. If, now, one makes the observation with the naked eye, both sparks will be found to stand in a vertical line, one above the other, as the points of a colon, thus (:).

But he who wishes to measure the velocity of the electric current does not look upon the sparks with the naked eye, but into a small mirror, which, by a clock-work, is made to revolve upon an upright axis with exceedingly great rapidity. Thus he can see both sparks in the mirror. If the apparatus be a good one, it will be observed that the sparks, as seen by the aid of the mirror, do not stand in a vertical line one above another, but obliquely, thus (:).

Whence does this come?

The reason of it is, that after the appearance of the entrance spark it takes a short time before the exit spark appears. During this short time the mirror moves, though but little, and in it

the exit spark is seen as if it had moved aside from the entrance spark.

Hence it is through the movement of the mirror that the time, which is necessary for electricity to go through the circuit of the wire, is ascertained. A little reflection will readily convince the reader that the time may be precisely calculated, provided three things be known, viz: the length of the wire, the velocity of rotation of the mirror, and the angular distance of the two sparks as seen in the mirror. Thus: Suppose the wire to be 1,000 miles long, and suppose the mirror is made to revolve 100,000 times in a second. Now, if the electrical current traversed these 1,000 miles of wire during *one* revolution of the mirror, then it follows that the current must move 1,000 miles in the 100 part of a second, or, 100,000 miles in a second.

It is found, however, that the mirror does not revolve an entire circle, or 360 degrees, while the current is passing over 1,000 miles of wire, but we find that the mirror turns through 144 degrees very nearly; therefore, the electric current must travel more than 100,000 miles a second. How much more? Just as many times 100,000 miles, as 144 degrees are contained in 360 degrees (the entire circle), viz., two and a half times. Hence the current travels 250,000 miles in a second.

EDUCATION.

"A child is born.—Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life,—and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O, who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted."

JOHN BOWING.

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the literal meaning of the word "Composition?"
2. What are the materials we have to deal with in writing?
3. What is the first thing to be done before commencing to write?
4. Give an illustration from the necessity of collecting materials before beginning to construct.
5. State the reasons why many young people fail in their compositions.
6. How should you set about treating a composition, having the subject "a tree" given you to write on?
7. What do you mean by the word "style?"
8. Enumerate its four general qualities.
9. Enumerate the requisites of "Clearness."

THE BARON'S SON.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the groves of these trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall simply call Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show him a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Weil, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

HOW TO GROW.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun loving little fellow who was standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight; and when his mother said, "Willie, dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think he was a plant and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into their mouth, but to be real noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must eat facts.

"Oh! how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By thinking of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you get to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meat, vegetables and fruit you put into your mouth, makes the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

After all, genius gives most, if not all its energies, to the first success.

A philosopher was asked from whom he received his first lesson in wisdom. He replied, "From the blind who never take a step until they have first felt the ground in front of them."

F A C E T I Æ.

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered sleep."

A musician wants to know how to strike a bee flat, and at the same time avoid being stung by its demisemiquaver

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot into it.

An advocate of cremation urged as one great point in its favor "that it would save a dead person from being buried alive."

Wanted, a barber who will admit that he ever cut a man while shaving him, and a bachelor who is not looking for a rich widow.

A western editor says one hug is worth a dozen love-letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," said Mrs. Partington; "it seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejewelled firmament, "which is Venus and which is Adonis?"

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

Young farmer: "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton? Miss Gusherton: "Oh! really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma!

There is one thing which can always be found, and that is—fault.

A very brilliant piano player can work up "Home Sweet Home," so artistically that in the bang and confusion of the playing it cannot be distinguished from "Moses in Egypt."

A good joke is told at the expense of a Jamaica Plains (Mass.) sexton who procured the communion wine for his church. When he made his last purchase he also bought some whiskey for himself. The two demijohns got mixed and on the following Sunday the communicants received whiskey instead of wine, some of the sisters being considerably choked by the strong liquid.

When General Hancock takes up the Cincinnati *Commercial* and reads the following from the Rev. Joseph Cook, he will wish that he had never been born:—"He is one of those ungetable preponderosities of luminiferous political firmament that causes the homogeneity of infinitudinal bioplasticity to yield before the cachination of the imperishable portion of the palpable corporosity at its prototype."

There was once two rival storekeepers in Lincolnshire, England, one of whom had the store of the place and whose establishment was of earlier origin than that of his competitor. When the latter arrived on the scene, the first man put up a sign announcing his as the original store. Not to be outdone the other announced his as the old original store. Then a brisk competition sprung up in the way of signs addressed to passers-by. At length, weary of the constant warfare, which involved time and thought, the more reasonable man of the two returned to his old quiet ways, and, in explanation of the cessation of hostilities, inserted in his window a card bearing the latin words: "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of being right.) This was too much for his neighbor. He regarded it as another blow of the adversary, but said to himself, "I can beat that," and the next day in his window appeared a sign in bolder letters than those used by his competitor, bearing the announcement:—"Men's and women's conscia recti for sale." That was the last of the warfare.

Notable Anniversaries in August.

Date.	day of week.	
1	Sun	Midland Great Western Railway, Ireland, opened, 1851
2	Mon	Battle of Rathmines, 1648. Last Session of the Irish Parliament closed, 1800. Renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, 1866.
3	Tues	Hugh O'Neill married to the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, 1591. Thomas Francis Meagher born, 1823. Queen's visit to Ireland, 1849.
4	Wed	Arrest of Smith O'Brien at Thurles, 1848.
5	Thurs	O'Connell's remains entombed at Glasnevin, 1847. Committal of William Smith O'Brien to Kilmainham Jail, 1848.
6	Fri	Daniel O'Connell born, 1775. Edward Walsh, the poet, died, 1850. Monster Repeal Meeting at Baltinglass, upwards of 150,000 persons present.
7	Sat	Irish Reform Bill passed, 1832.
8	Sun	The first stone of Custom House, North Wall, Dublin, laid, 1781. First stone of the O'Connell Monument laid in Dublin; great public procession, 1864.
9	Mon	St. FEDLIMIDH, Patron of Kilmore. Battle of Ardnocker, 3,500 of the English slain. Prince of Orange appeared before Limerick, 1690.
10	Tues	Great battle and glorious victory of the Irish forces at Beal-an-ath-abuidhe, 1598. The Irish Tenant League Association formed, 1851.
11	Wed	William III. opens trenches before Limerick, 1690.
12	Thurs	St. MUREDACH, Patron of Kilala. Suicide of Lord Castlereagh, 1822. T. F. Meagher, Patrick O'Donohoe, and Maurice Leyne committed to Kilmainham for high treason, 1848.
13	Fri	Schomberg landed at Bangor, in the county Down, with 10,000 Dutch invaders to help the Protestant rebels in the north of Ireland, 1689.
14	Sat	St. FACHTNAN, Patron of Ross and Kilfenora. Oliver Cromwell landed near Dublin, 1649. English camp surprised and cannon blown up by Sarsfield, 1690.
15	Sun	ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. O'Donnell routed the English forces at Sligo, 1599. Oliver Cromwell reached Dublin, 1649. Monster Repeal meeting held at Tara, 1843.
16	Mon	The son and heir of Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, assassinated at Brussels, 1617.
17	Tues	Dr. Cane of Kilkenny, died, 1858. George IV. entered Dublin, 1821.
18	Wed	Reynolds, the '98 informer, died, 1836.
19	Thurs	Great meeting in the Rotundo, Dublin, to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1851.
20	Fri	Great public demonstration in honor of Cardinal Cullen, in Dublin, 1866.
21	Sat	The Castle of Ardmore, county Waterford, yielded, on condition of mercy, nevertheless one hundred and forty men were put to the sword, 1642.
22	Sun	The Danes routed at Clonmel by Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, 916.
23	Mon	St. EOGHAN, Patron of Derry. French landed at Kilala, 1798.
24	Tues	Most Rev. Dr. French died, 1618. Napper Tandy died, 1803.
25	Wed	Consecration of new church, Ballinasloe, by Archbishop of Tuam; Sermon by Cardinal Wiseman, 1858.
26	Thurs	Irish Parliament held at Castle Dermot, in the county Kildare, 1499.
27	Fri	The English driven from the walls of Limerick, the Irish women fighting in the breach, 1690. Carrickfergus surrendered on articles, 1689. "Races of Castlebar;" flight of the English, 1798.
28	Sat	St. AUGUSTINE.
29	Sun	Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Prince of Wales, arrived to see the Dublin exhibition, 1853.
30	Mon	St. FIACRE. Siege of Limerick, under William III., raised, 1690.
31	Tues	Henry Joy M'Cracken born, 1767.

Whatever a young man at first applies himself to, is commonly his delight afterwards.

What's the use of love in this world? The answer is "answerless." What's the use of heaven in the next?

Every man has his first success, but every man has not the first success—of genius.

A SCHOOL'S EPITAPH.

"Ci-git ma femme! oh? qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!"

TRANSLATION.

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie,
Her tongue's at rest—and so am I.

In walking down a fashionable street,
how many men *lie* without speaking—
and women too.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. v.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

NO. II.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

I stood on the hill-top and I gazed on the plain,
I had come back to see my old home once again.

But I knew not the mansion that stood by the rill,
And I knew not the cottage that clung to the hill,
And I knew not the stream that was dancing along,
And I knew not the peasant there singing his song.

But I knew the old tower that is mouldering away,
It would seem when I left it, 'twas but yesterday,
And I knew the brown moat that arose in the vale,—
And I knew the old pathway that led thro' the dale,
And I knew the old abbey, all ruined and hoar,
For it stands as it stood when I saw it before.

With a throb in my heart and a tear in my eye,
I called a good peasant who was passing me by,
"Say, friend," did I ask him, "could you tell me the one,
Who now lives in yon mansion so stately and lone?"

"'Tis the lord"—was his answer, "what lord?" queried I,—
"Tis the lord of the poor man;" was his answering sigh.

"And, oh! who in yon cottage, perchance, might abide—
I mean the white cot on the distant hill-side?"
"Tis the one," was his answer, "who owned every spot—
Of a land that's now destined to waste and to rot,
He was poor—and God help him!—this lord came the way,
And he chok'd in his answer—no more could he say!

"And what is yon tower that is crowning the hill—
'Tis strange how it stands thro' the centuries still?"

"Oh! yon tower where our father's defended the land—
E'er it fell 'neath the grasp of this lord and his band—
Ah! yon tower is a relic—God bless it I say!"
And he seemed to recall some more fortunate day.

"And tell me, I pray thee, yon abbey I see—
What relic is that of the glorious and free?"
"Yon abbey," he said was the home of the blest,
That now, 'neath its ruins in quiet may rest;
Yon abbey that stands on our green native sod—
The shrine where our fathers did pray to our God!"

I asked him no more and he went on his way
'Twas then nigh the close of a fair autumn day,
I strode towards the mansion and I knocked at the door—
And was answered, "No alms sir, for idlers and poor—
Go on sir! go on! we are sick of your kind—
For here's not a place where the people are blind!"

Then I turned from the door-way and entered the cot,
Oh! that night with the poor man can ne'er be forgot.
I had bed, I had food, I had blessings and prayers—
And I thought if there's virtue 'tis certainly theirs.
And I thought of the time e'er a mansion was seen—
How thrice blest was a home in the Island of Green!

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Green Park, Aylmer.

MCENEIRY THE COVETOUS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of the "Collegians," &c.

—What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN all were reconciled, John of the Wine took McEneiry apart and asked what he could do for him? McEneiry told him his business, and obtained the letter without difficulty.

"Here," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "although I wrote to him before about you, recommending him to send for you, as I understand there is not a man from here to himself, stands more in need of a cast of your office."

McEneiry thanked him, and set off for Ulster, playing his harp at the houses on the way-side, and staying no more than a night in any one place 'till he arrived within sight of the Castle of the great O'Neil. When he drew near the house he hid his old harp among some furze bushes on the side of a hill, for his success as musician on the journey was not such as to render him willing to make any display of the kind before the great chieftain of the north. On reaching the gate of the Castle, he demanded to see O'Neil, and was admitted by the chieftain's orders. He wondered much as he passed the court-yard, at the prodigious number of galloglass and kernes that crowded all parts of the building, besides poets, harpers, antiquarians, genealogists, petty chieftains, and officers of every rank. When he entered the presence of O'Neil, he could hardly avoid springing back at the sight of his countenance. However, he restrained his astonishment, and laid aside his bonnet and girdle with a respectful air, after which he delivered his letter.

"Are you the man," asked O'Neil, when he had read it, "that was with my friend O'Connor of Carrigfoile?"

"I am, please your lordship."

"Well," said O'Neil, "and when will you begin the operation?"

"In the morning airly, I think would be the best time if your honor was agreeable to it."

O'Neil ordered that he should be hospitably entertained that night. In the morning, about daybreak, McEneiry got up and asked whether the great O'Neil was risen yet?

"He is," replied the servant, "and waiting your directions."

"Very good," said Tom, "let one o' ye go now, and put down a big pot of wather to bile, and when 'tis bilin' come an' let me know it, an' do ye take it into a big spare room, an' let there be a table put in the middle of it, an' a grain o' flour upon it, and a sharp carvin' knife, an' when all is ready let the great O'Neil come in, an' let us not be disturbed till the operation is over."

All was done according to his directions, and when both were in the room together, and the door made fast on the inside McEneiry addressed the chieftain as follows:

"Now, you great O'Neil, listen to me. Mind, when once we begin you must not offer to say a word, or make any objection to what I please to do with you if you have any taste for beauty."

"Certainly not," said O'Neil, "but will you tell me in the first place, what you are going to do with that carving knife?"

"You'll know that by and by," said McEneiry, so lie down an' do as I bid you."

O'Neil lay down. Tom whipped the carving knife across his throat, and after more cutting and mangling than could have been agreeable, he succeeded in severing the head from the body. He then took the head and washed it carefully, after which he shook a little flour upon the wound, and placed it on the body as it lay lifeless on the table.

"Rise up, Great O'Neil," said he, slapping the chieftain smartly on the shoulder, "and I wish you joy of your fine poll of hair."

It was in vain, however, that he exhorted the great O'Neil to arise and admire himself. The body still lay stiff upon the table, and the head rolled upon the floor as ugly as ever and not half as useful. Tom now began to suspect that he had got himself into a quandary, and did not very clearly see how he was to get out of it. Repeated experiments convinced him that the great O'Neil was come to the end of his career, he

was as dead as a herring, and he had little doubt if the family should lay hold of him, that his own was not much farther from its close. After much perplexity and several cold fits of terror during which the gallows danced many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily bethought him of the window! The height was considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty of a dislocated neck so he let himself drop on the ground. Finding his limbs whole, he ran across the country with all the speed of which he was master, towards a forest on which the window looked. After some hard running, he reached the hill where he had hid his harp, and judging that the hue and cry would be quickly raised after him through the country, he determined to lie concealed till night-fall, and then continue his journey homeward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to discover him.

In the mean time, the family of the chieftain were perplexed to think what could be the cause of the long delay made by their lord and the professor of beauty in the room which they had locked themselves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the door, but of course received no answer. At length, their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensations may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neil weltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dispersed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.

McEneiry heard, from his place of concealment the hue and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ankles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plunged with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words:

"Well, tell me, what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted?"

At this question Tom ventured to look up, when to his great relief and joy, he beheld his Man standing before him.

"What do you deserve, I ask you?" said the Man.

"I desearves to be pulled asundher between four wild horses," answered Tom, with a look of humility.

"Very well," said the Man, "since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now, boldly, and come with me to the Castle."

"To the Castle!" cried Tom in terror, "is it to be torn in pieces you want me?"

"Do not fear that," replied the Man, "tell then when you meet them, that you could not finish the operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me."

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld McEneiry they rushed towards him with horrible outeries, demanding his immediate death.

"Stop! stop! hear me!" cried Tom.

"We won't hear you," they exclaimed with one voice, "you murderer, what made you kill the great O'Neil? We'll make small bits o' you."

"Don't," said Tom, "if you do, the great O'Neil will never rise again."

"No wondher, when you cut the head off him."

"Be quiet," said Tom, "an' I tell ye he'll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn't half done yet, for I couldn't finish it rightly without my man, as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn't do without."

"'Tis true for my master," said the Man, "let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O'Neil again."

The people were appeased, and McEneiry, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast, a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on

the shoulders, and slapping him smartly on the back, said :—

“Rise up, now, Great O’Neil, and I wish you joy of your fine features and your fine poll of hair.”

O’Neil jumped upon the floor, and they led him to the looking glass, but on seeing the beautiful countenance which he now possessed, his transports were so great that he had well nigh broken his bones leaping over tables and chairs, and cutting all kinds of capers in his ecstasy. When the vehemence of his glee had somewhat abated, he unlocked the door and summoned his lady and all the household to witness the change which had been effected. All congratulated him upon it, and all lavished praises and caresses on McEneiry and his Man as plentifully as they had done abuse and menaces before. A grand banquet was made, to which all the chieftains in the neighborhood were invited. The feasting lasted several days, during which McEneiry and his Man were treated with all the respect and attention due to noblemen of the highest rank. At length they signified to him their intention of departing, as the duties of their profession would not suffer them to continue longer at his Castle. O’Neil pressed them much to stay longer, but finding them determined, he commanded his herdsman to fetch forty of the fattest bullocks in his paddock, and while he was doing so, he ordered his groom to bring forward two noble horses, ready bridled and saddled, for the journey. When all was ready he went into one of his own secret apartments, and brought out two pair of boots, one pair full of gold, and the other of silver. Ten men were summoned to drive home the cattle.

“Allow me, Mr. McEneiry,” said the great O’Neil, “to present you with this trifling mark of my esteem. Those horses, and this gold and silver and the cattle which you behold, I request you to accept as a very inadequate compensation for the important service you have rendered me.”

They took leave of all in the Castle and departed. When they were passing the furze hill in which McEneiry had concealed his harp, he got down off his horse and went to look for it. Finding it safe where he laid it, he brought it out

and placed it on the saddle before him, when all resumed their journey. When they had had gone two or three miles on the road homeward, the Man called aloud to the cattle drivers and asked them who they were? They answered that they were labourers belonging to the great O’Neil.

“What time,” said he, “did he allow you to go and come?”

“He allowed us a fortnight, or a month if necessary,” replied one of the men.

“Ah!” said the Man, “go home, my poor fellows, and till your gardens during that time, and we will drive these cattle home ourselves.”

Saying this he put his hand into one of the boots and gave each of them a handful of gold, and another of silver, and sent them away filled with gratitude, and leaving abundance of praise and blessings behind them.

When they were out of sight, McEneiry said, after proceeding for some time in silence:

“How very liberal you made yourself in sharing my gold and silver!”

“Make yourself easy now,” said the Man, “I did not, I am sure, altogether, give one bootful out of the four, and we shall have more in the remainder than we can spend for the rest of our lives.”

“That won’t do,” said McEneiry, “you should have borne in mind that I was the master, and that the whole was given to me.”

“Remember,” said the Man, “that what we have was very easily acquired, and, therefore, we ought to share with the poor; for what we have ourselves does not belong to us altogether, especially when we have obtained it without much trouble. And as to your part, I am sure if I was to leave you where you were hid in the bush the other morning, you would be thinking of something else besides bootfuls of gold and silver before now.”

McEneiry said nothing, and they continued their journey in silence, until they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna.

“Now,” said the Man, “we are on the spot where we first met, and as I suppose we must part, let me see how you’ll behave yourself, and I hope not as you did on a former occasion.”

"Very well," replied Tom, "I am here now, at home and among my own neighbors, and those that know me, and will you let me have the sharing of what we got?"

"Let us hear what division you intend to make of it, first," said the Man.

"There are forty bullocks here," said McEneiry, "and if you are willing to take five of them I'll be content with the remainder. There are also four bootfuls of gold and silver, with the exception of what you made away with on the road, and I am satisfied you should take a proportionable share of them as of the cattle."

"And do you imagine," said the Man, "that any one would be satisfied with such division? I'll leave it to that woman behind you with the can in her hand, whether I ought to consent to it."

"What woman?" asked McEneiry looking around. He saw no woman, and turning again, neither cattle, nor man, nor boots nor horses were visible. At this second disappointment, McEneiry began to roar and bawl at such a rate, that it was a wonder he had not the whole neighborhood in commotion. His lamentations were interrupted by the approach of a horseman very genteely dressed, and with rather a simple expression of countenance, who accosted him civilly and inquired the occasion of his grief. Tom evaded the question, not feeling very proud of what had taken place, and the stranger, observing a harp in his hand, requested him to play a little, and that if he liked his music he would give him a piece of money. Tom complied, but did not produce altogether such ravishing strains as when at the Castle of Seaghan an Fhiona.

"Indeed," said the stranger, "I can't flatter you on your proficiency in music; but, however, as I know something of the art myself, I will give you this horse, bridle and saddle, as he stands for your harp."

"Never say it again," said Tom, "it is a bargain," thinking in his own mind that he could make something of the horse by selling it.

The stranger alighted and Tom got up in his place, but he soon found cause

to repent of his bargain. He was no sooner fixed on the saddle, than the horse stretched himself at full length, and shot like an arrow along the hill side, and, taking the direction of the Cove of Cork, flew over hedges and ditches, walls, houses, churches, towns, and villages with such rapidity, that Tom felt as if his life had been left half a mile behind him. When he reached the Cove, the horse suddenly turned, and keeping his off shoulder to the sea, galloped or rather glided, all around Ireland, and never stopped until he returned to Knoc Fierna, where the stranger was still standing with the harp.

"Well, how do you like your purchase?" he asked with a smile, as McEneiry gasping for breath sat clinging to the saddle bow, his features pale, his eyes almost starting from his head and his hair blown backwards in such a manner that he looked more like a maniac than a rational being.

"Oh, take me down, an' the heavens bless you," said Tom, with difficulty. "I'm stuck to the saddle myself, an' I can't stir. Make haste, or I'm in dhread he'll be for the road again."

The stranger complied, and Tom alighted from the horse.

"You may take your horse, now," said Tom, "and much good may it do you."

"No," said the stranger, "I can't do that, for what I once give I never take back again. But I'll buy him from you, if you are willing to sell him."

"What will you give me for him?" asked Tom.

"I have a razor here," said he, "and it is endowed with a property, so that let a man's clothes be ever so bad, if you give them the least scar with it, he will have a perfectly new suit in an instant."

"I declare then," said Tom, "a little touch of that razor would be very much wanting to myself at this moment, for my own are nothing the better for the wear."

The bargain was struck again, and Tom was so eager to be well dressed that he opened the razor on the instant, and cut a small piece off the tail of his coat. No sooner had he done so than he found himself attired from head to foot

in the pie-bald uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but boasting a greater number of colours than he cared for.

"Well," said the stranger, "are you satisfied with your new suit?"

"I'm made a real fool of at last," replied Tom, "but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?"

"You may well ask that," said the stranger. "All you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compassion."

"I own it," said Tom, with a sorrowful look, "I blame myself now very much that I didn't take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of the same."

"Still," said the stranger, "it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a due sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am?"

"I would, indeed, be glad to hear it," said Tom.

"I am Don Firine," replied the stranger, "of whom I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain."

At the sound of this famous name, McEneiry started back in astonishment.

"I heard of your distress," continued Don Firine "and came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fool's coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase."

Saying these words, he disappeared, and McEneiry returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he fared since they parted, and the cause of his re-appearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and

though they shared his disappointment, could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.

THE END.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

STILL do we seek the past. Having tried two different ways, both of which lead us back along the ages; having succeeded to a certain extent in shewing how useful are documents, records, books, and other monuments when taken in connection with men and things and facts, that without their aid would be lost in oblivion; having connected these two branches or chains as closely as we could possibly do, in the space of two short essays, we now turn to a third and perhaps not less important means whereby the fields of antiquity may be explored. We now come to a third chain which binds us to the past. We refer to COINS.

In the days when Abraham lived, when Jacob and the numberless patriarchs of Israel reigned in the East, men lived not so much by the produce of the soil as by the produce and increase of their flocks. From reign to reign, from country to country, the great families wandered seeking ever for food pasturages and fertile lands. And they had a species of trade—a kind of exchange. The one gave his sheep, and in return received oxen or corn or clothing. This was well enough in a time when men were few and all were united. But as years rolled on and the human family grew larger, other means had to be devised in order to establish some kind of equality between the traders and peoples of the divers countries. A medium had to be found whereby all could join in this commerce. And thus originated the idea of money.

Called by different names in different countries and at the different epochs, it was the same still—a medium or a means whereby all goods and all objects had their own special value, and whereby one man could place himself

in a position of equality with his neighbor, even though that neighbor were possessed of goods which he never had or made or cultivated.

Amongst some people this medium—or we will call it money, as that is the expression best known in our day—was formed of sea shells more or less adorned and carved according to the value each shell was supposed to represent. In other lands, as amongst the Indians in the primeval forests of the New World, the money consisted in pieces of wood cut into divers fantastic shapes or little stones of different colors. Each and all of these kinds of money may serve as illustrations and guides in the history of those people. But many years before the founding of the great Roman Empire, far off in the East a new method was discovered whereby the money and its value could be rendered more positive. And we then find *coins*. Metal of different species cut into a multitude of rude forms and, at times, bearing some letters of hieroglyphics, was the origin of our present almost perfect system of coinage.

No sooner was this novel means devised than it was adopted by each of the nations of antiquity. Some of their coins being more rude than others—some of them being formed of more precious metals or of more beautiful ore than others, soon led to distinctions between the coins of the divers nations or tribes, and even to the distinctions in the values of the many species of coins in each particular country.

Later on we find the names of the kings and rulers of the people stamped upon the money. And still later we see the heads of monarchs, of emperors, of generals, adorned with helmets or crowns or laurels, carved or stamped upon the coinage of the countries. Soon after we meet with dates and emblems, and a few words in the language of the people to whom the money belonged. Thus as years rolled past and as times changed this mode of unity and this powerful support of commerce became more and more indispensable. And in our day it has reached such a degree of universality that “without money man is of little consequence in the world.”

This being a subject that can scarcely be properly treated in the space of one

short essay, we will merely confine ourselves to a few remarks upon the utility of coins as an auxiliary of history, and leave for another essay the consideration of the union between the monuments and coins of different nations of antiquity and of modern times.

The study of coins might be considered a life study, yet it is much more easy to place one's self in a position to study coins than it is to study monuments. So much travelling, so much labor, so much exertion, is not required. But to study coins with a real profit they must be connected with the history—the true history—of the people to whom they belonged.

You find on the face of an old silver or copper coin the head of an emperor with figures or letters or other marks surrounding it—take up the history of the nation and you will therein find by whom and when and how such a token was struck. You learn under what circumstances it came into existence, what battle it commemorates, what city it was made for. To illustrate more clearly our idea of the union between coins and history in general—not yet to speak of the history of any nation in particular—we will cite the following extract from the *Episcopal Recorder*:—

“In citing the historical information derivable from coins, the geographical facts we acquire from them are of equal importance. A case was stated some time ago how an island of the *Ægean*, which had been lost, was discovered by means of a *coin* (the piece not bigger than a halfdime,) and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he over-ran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger upon Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, but what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Bruttium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography, its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia,

was worth to the British Museum \$1,000, the price they paid for it."

This paragraph, taken from the pages of a species of universal journal, should suffice to show how great a connection there really exists between history and coins. But not only have ancient and forgotten places been recovered from oblivion through the medium of coins, not only have doubtful points of history been made clear through the same means, but even the well-known events of ages and well-known characters of each particular epoch have been brought forward, more faithfully and more positively, by means of these relics.

Take up a series of coins in a good collection and place them in the order of their respective dates, and then follow them back with the history of the country in one hand and the history of the coins in the other, and you will find no difficulty in tracing the advance and progress of civilization amongst the peoples. Their first coins you will find to be rude pieces of metal—by degrees they become more perfect and to contain more information. Dates, names, figures, words, phrases, &c., all serve to indicate the changes which the nation underwent.

We are told in history that when the Roman Empire was divided and when an Empire was formed in the East and another in the West, that an emperor arose in the West and threw off the mantle of paganism and declared himself a Christian. We are told that this emperor was called Constantine the Great, and that on the morning before he became a Christian he was marching to battle at the head of his immense army, and that a golden cross appeared to him in the heavens, and upon that cross were written the words "*in hoc signo vinces*," (in this sign shalt thou conquer), and that Constantine vowed that, if victory would be his, that the Christian's God would be his God. And again we are told that he caused a banner to be made and placed upon it the picture of the cross he had seen, and caused that standard to be carried before the army.

Now history tells us all this, but many might be led to believe that the story was an over-draw upon the imagination of the historian. But when

we find that money of that day, the very coin made use of by the Romans in the latter part of the reign of Constantine, bearing the emblem of the self-same cross and inscription and the name of Constantine and his head, we cannot but say that the coinage of the day is a powerful exponent of the truths of history.

And not only mere questions of profane history are to be found proven and illustrated by this means, but even many and many events in sacred history, many and many facts set forth by the "book of books," are placed beyond the contradiction of even the most infidel, and most incredulous by the mere fact of a simple piece of silver or copper or other metal explaining them.

There is a story told of a man who came to call upon a French mechanic in the city of Paris. It seems the mechanic was at work in his back shop when the stranger arrived at the house. While the stranger was speaking to the mechanic's wife they heard the report of a gun. Surprised at hearing the sound coming in the direction of the shop the stranger asked what it might be. The woman very quietly made answer: "It is only my husband, who has been making a Gothic cabinet, and is firing small shot into it in order to give it the appearance of being worm-eaten and consequently very ancient."

This story may be true or not, but we know that such things take place. That on fields where famous battles were once fought the traveller generally can dig up remains of coins and other such things, and that these objects have merely been placed there by the country people, in order to attract the public towards the place. It is also true that coins are often open to the same objection. But if here and there a few coins may be found, which are not the "real thing," yet the number of coins ancient and modern which are true, *bona fide* relics of the past, is something wonderful. Collection after collection has been made, by states, by cities, by private persons. These coins may be counted by the million, and if they could be all gathered into one grand collection, it would seem to us that the history of the world and of each particular country, from our day back to the days long

lost in the mist of antiquity, could be read or studied.

Generally the person who collects these objects is laughed at by the people and considered as one who has little to do. But the person who, like a famous character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, can enjoy and profit by such a pastime, is doing good both to himself and to the public at large. Every institution wherein education and instruction are given to the young, should be provided with a collection, more or less extensive, of coins and medals. And this collection should not be locked up in a room and guarded from the eyes of man as though it were a heap of gold; but it should be made use of to instruct the students in history and in several other branches. It would be an interesting as well as a highly useful mode of instruction.

In another essay we will continue the consideration of this subject, and this rapid glance, we hope, will suffice to shew how strong the bond is that unites history with coins and coins with history. History explains to coins, while the coin proves the truth of history.

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

DESCRIBED BY MR. JAMES REDPATH.

(Continued.)

THE PROVINCE OF ULSTER.

ENGLISH writers and their American echoers have so persistently asserted that Ulster is always prosperous—and they have so unanimously attributed this prosperity to the superior fertilizing qualities of the Presbyterian faith that some of you will be surprised, perhaps, when I assert, as my belief, that there are probably 200,000 persons in distress at the present moment in this “prosperous” province.

Thrusting aside for a moment the Presbyterian political pretences, it is of vital importance, on entering this province, to emphasize the fact that the system of land tenure in Ulster, or rather in the more prosperous parts of Ulster, was and still is as different from the system of Land Tenure in the

Catholic provinces as the American freedom of to-day is different from the Southern slave of the past. I weigh my words. And it should be stated, with an equal emphasis, that the tenant-at-will system that blights the Catholic counties of Ireland to-day is one of the sad legacies of that long reign of terror known in Irish history as the era of “Protestant Ascendancy.”

Ever since the days when the old Irish were driven by English conquest—to use a famous phrase—into “Hell or Connaught,” the tillers of the soil in the Ulster Plantation have been protected—by an unwritten law called the “Ulster Custom”—in the rights that they earned by their labor on their farms.

The English and Scotch emigrants brought over with them their English and Scotch theories and usages. It was not usual for the landlords to give formal leases, but the Ulster Custom gave the tenant not only a legal right to the value of his improvements, not only substantial perpetuity of tenure, but also the good will of his farm—that is to say, a prior right to his tenantry from which he could not be arbitrarily evicted without compensation. This tenant right was justly regarded as a valuable property. It was marketable. The good-will of a farm was often more valuable than the tenant's improvements on it.

In the Catholic provinces of Connaught and Munster there was no such custom as the Ulster custom. There was no such stability of tenure. There was no such right to the good-will of the farm. There was no such recognition of the tenant's rights of property in improvements that had been made by his own labor and capital. The tenants in the Catholic provinces have always been tenants-at-will—and a tenant-at-will is merely a serf of the soil.

But it is not everywhere in Ulster that Tenants' Rights are respected. It is only in the strictly Protestant parts of Ulster, and even there the small farmers are beginning to see and to feel that they have no *adequate* protection against the pitiless exactions of the landlords as exhibited in an excessive increase of rent.

And now allow me to expose the

hypocritical pretext that it is owing to Protestantism that Ulster is prosperous. The face of oppression is so hideous even to its own eyes that it always wears the mask of some power that the human race respects. Legree posed as Moses. The auction block of the slave trader was built behind the altar of the Christian church. In Ireland the pitiless persecutions of the Catholics have been palliated by the pretext that they were needed to maintain Protestant ascendancy, which was identified with Christian civilization.

One reason why the Protestant Province of Ulster is more prosperous in parts than the Catholic Provinces of Ireland is because Protestant estates were never confiscated there, for Protestants were the receivers of the stolen estates of Catholics; because *their* clergymen (unlike the Catholic priests) were never hunted and hanged or banished; because it was never a capital offence to teach *their* children to read—as it *was* a death penalty to teach the Catholic youth; because the Protestants of the North were protected by the English Government, while the Catholics of the South were persecuted by it.

It is true that these crimes belong to the past, but it is also true that the *results* of these crimes remain.

It is not a question of spiritual thesis, but of temporal leases; it is not what faith we hold about our home in the next world, but what hold we have on our home in this world.

In the Province of Ulster, on the first day of March last, the local committees of the Mansion House, 131 in number, reported that there were in distress, in eight counties, 160,880 persons; in Antrim, 220; in Down, 800; in Armagh, 10,455; in Monaghan, 7,477; in Cavan, 34,709; in Fermanagh, 12,768; in Tyrone, 7,447; in Donegal, 87,034. Fourteen of the Ulster committees report that the distress is likely or certain to increase. The most moderate estimate, therefore, of the army of hunger in the Province of Ulster—including the County of Londonderry—would put the figures at 180,000. It is more probably 200,000.

Yet this vast aggregation of human misery exists in a Province in which the Belfast manufactories employ large

numbers of boys and girls, and so to a considerable extent relieve the agricultural classes, both by sending back wages to the cabins in the country and by affording a home market for their produce. And, in justice to the Catholic Provinces let it be remembered that the reason why there are no manufactories in Connaught and Munster is because the English Parliament for several generations by positive legislation prevented their establishment, and because since these infamous laws were repealed their disastrous results have been conserved by combinations among the English manufacturers.

In Antrim, in Down, in Armagh, in Monaghan, in Cavan, in Tyrone, and in Donegal, the committees report that the distress is increasing or certain to increase.

The Catholic Bishop of Clogher wrote to me about the distress in his great diocese. Nearly all of his diocese is in Ulster. It comprises the county of Monaghan, most of the county Fermanagh, a large tract of Tyrone, with portions of Donegal and Louth. It has a population of 235,000 souls. The diocese is divided into 40 parishes. He writes that in 10 of these parishes there is considerable distress going much beyond the state of things in ordinary years, but nothing to excite grave alarm. But in the remaining 30 parishes there exists *grievous distress*, varying in amount and extending over 100 to 200 families in some parishes, 300 to 500 in others. Ten per cent of these families have no food at all—not a *mouthful*—except what they receive from charity, and all the rest are suffering more or less severely from want of food and clothing and seeds. The laborers everywhere who have no farms were suffering more than in ordinary times, because the farmers can no longer afford to pay them. His Lordship added that it is hard to see why our destitution in food and clothing must not continue, and even go on increasing, until the arrival of the next harvest.

Let us now, in spirit, take the shoes from off our feet as we draw nigh the holy ground of Connaught and Munster. There is nothing on this earth so sacred as human sorrow. Christianity itself has been called the Worship of Sorrow.

If this definition is a true one, the Holy Land of our day is the West of Ireland. Every sod there has been wet with human tears. The murmurs of every rippling brook there have been accompanied, from time out of mind, by an invisible chorus of sighs from breaking human hearts. Every breeze that has swept across its barren moors has carried with it to their bleak mountains' tops (and I trust far beyond them) the groans and the prayers of a brave but a despairing people. The sun has never set on its sorrows excepting to give place to the pitying stars that look down on human woes that exceed in number their own constellated hosts.

I have heard so much and I have seen so much of the sorrows of the West that when the memory of them rises up before me I stand appalled at the vision. Again and again, since I came back from Ireland, I have tried to paint a picture of Western misery; but again and again, and as often as I have tried, even in the solitude of my own chamber where no human eye could see me,—I have broken down and I have wept like a woman. If I could put the picture into words I could not utter the words. For I cannot look on human sorrow with the cold and aesthetic eye of an artist. To me a once stalwart peasant—shivering in rags, and gaunt, and hollow-voiced, and staggering with hunger—to me he is not a mere *genre* picture of Irish life. To me he is a brother to be helped; to me he is a Christian prisoner, to be rescued from the pitiless power of those infidel saracens of the nineteenth century—the Irish landlords and the British Government.

I know not where to begin nor what county to select in either of these unhappy provinces.

Let us first glance at

THE PROVINCE OF MUNSTER.

There are six counties in the Province of Munster. The Mansion House has two hundred and fifty local committees there. Their reports show that there are in distress 232,759 persons in this province—

In Waterford (in round numbers).... 8,100
In Tipperary.....17,000
In Limerick.....17,000

In Clare.....43,000
In Cork.....70,000
In Kerry.....75,000
Total.....230,100

In Waterford, in Limerick, and in Tipperary—with their aggregate of 42,000 persons on the relief lists—the distress is quite severe in some districts, but it is neither so general nor so extensive as on the coast. The miners, the mechanics, the laborers, the turf-makers, the fishermen, the cottiers, and the small farmers with long families are the chief sufferers in these counties.

In the County Cork there are less than one-eighth of the population in distress. Eastern Cork is a fertile country. It contains the great city and port of the South of Ireland. There is no unusual poverty in the east of it. But in Southwestern Cork and in Kerry the same scenes that I called local eye-witnesses to describe in Donegal, and that I shall summon other eye-witnesses to describe in Connaught are common in every barony and in every parish. I met several Catholic priests from Southwestern Cork, in Dublin, and I received more than a dozen letters from as many different districts of it. Their stories were all alike—only the scene differed—always the same cries of distress. I could talk an hour about the sufferings in these counties alone.

County Clare is not so destitute as Kerry or Southwestern Cork; for the Famine broods everywhere along the coast, and in some places it has called on Fever to assist her and the landlords to crush the spirit or to exterminate the Irish race; but even from Clare we hear of "little children and infants crying in vain for food;" of whole districts—I quote the words of the committee, "actually starving or threatened in the near future with starvation;" and at one parish, "Coolmeen, of "a crowd of a hundred people ready to fall from hunger." More than one-fourth of the people of the County Clare depend for their daily food on foreign benevolence. What need of words in presence of this one fact?

Out of every 100 persons in County Kerry 38 depend on charity to keep them from death by starvation. From every part of the county comes the

same sad message: "No work," "no food," "no fuel," "no clothing." In Valentia island, last winter, there were families of children literally naked—with not a rag to shield their little bodies from the cold Atlantic winds. Father Lawler wrote that out of 120 families he visited, 100 were without a blanket of any shape or description.

It is as bad on the coast. Father Maurice O'Flaherty wrote—

"No amount of word-painting at my command will be able to convey to you the impoverished and wretched state in which these poor creatures living along the sea coast are steeped. I know as a fact that many—very many—among them have been living on turnips once, and sometimes twice a day, for three weeks. I am aware that several especial heads of families have gone to bed fasting, in order to spare something for their starving children, who are crying for food. Some of these poor creatures have to do with one meal of stirabout for 24 hours. (Stirabout is Indian meal boiled with water and a little salt). In all or nearly all the cases we visited, 200, nor cow, nor pig, nor sheep, nor seed potatoes, nor credit, nor anything else they had, except the few stones of meal they have got from our Relief Committee."

I will just give one short extract from one report out of fifty reports to the Mansion House. It occurs in a letter from Ferriter Dingle:—

"The word distress very inadequately describes the situation and suffering of many and many a family here. They are suffering from that most brutalizing of feelings to which humanity is subject—the gnawing of hunger. Fancy fathers and mothers going to bed supperless that their children may have something left to stay the pangs of hunger, and after all this self-sacrifice these children without any food for twenty-four hours."

I said that in the three inland counties of Munster—Waterford, Limerick, and Tipperary,—the distress is not so extreme as in the coast counties, yet you will err if you think that the poverty there is of the same type as we find in our American cities. What we call distress in America, the Irish peasants would thank God for as comfort.

Dean Quirke, of Tipperary, for example, wrote to me that although in his vicinity nobody had actually died from hunger yet, he personally knew men in his own parish whose lives had been shortened by the Famine. And the committee at Clogher write to the Man-

sion House that "farmers holding 20 to 30 acres of mountain land, come down to the chairman under cover of night to get a little Indian meal to keep their families from starvation."

But now I must do my duty to the landlords and tell you what *they* are doing in this year of distress in Munster.

When I wrote to Dean Quirke, of Tipperary, and asked him the cause of the distress he promptly answered: "Rack rents, bad land laws, insecurity of tenure." After he described the poverty in his own neighborhood, he added:

"The farmers throughout the whole county of Tipperary, seeing they had no means of paying their rents and their debts, held public meetings—generally attended by the clergy—at which they showed the impossibility of paying the amount of rent that they had paid in prosperous years. I presided at one of these meetings. Not one disrespectful word was said of any landlord."

I hope you understand that it is Dean Quirke who is speaking and who was chairman. If I had been chairman I think there would have been disrespectful remarks made of the landlords.

"The farmers," continues Dean Quirke, "requested an abatement of rent for the present year of distress, on account of the failure of the crops and the low price of produce. * * * Only some six or seven paid any attention to this reasonable appeal. * * * While the bulk of the landlords treated the whole proceeding as—*Communism!*"

They seem to have the same breed of landlords in County Clare. Father Kenny, the parish priest of Scarif, wrote to me:—

"There are 210 families now in want in my parish. When I have appealed to the landlords to take into account the depression of the times their answer has been that political agitators has raised the cry for their own political purposes."

Of course; it is always the lamb that dirties the water away down the stream when the wolf is drinking at its source!

When I was in Dublin I had a long talk with Lord Randolph Churchill, the son of the Duchess of Marlboro.

Well I am going to tell you what Lord Churchill said in illustration of the folly of the reforms that are advocated by the Land League. I am violating no confidence in repeating his

conversation, because he knew that I would report them. I wrote down his remarks in stenographic notes, and submitted the manuscript for his correction before I printed it.

In talking about Cork, Lord Churchill said that there were 6,000 cases of "absolute want"—those were his own words—out of a population of 31,000 persons at Skibbereen, The Committee of the Mansion House at Skibbereen, at a later date, report that:—

"The poor people are coming to us, starvation depicted in their looks, with the bitterest tales of woe. We are hearing hourly enough to melt the hardest hearts."

Father Davis, the parish priest of Skibbereen, wrote to me:—

"Four-fifths of the entire population are at this moment destitute and begging for aid."

This is a very much larger estimate, you see, than Lord Churchill's. The lord said one-fifth—the priest said four-fifths.

"In Castletown," said Lord Churchill, "out of a population of 14,000, there are 1,000 cases of distress."

The Mansion House reports show that there are now 2,232 persons in distress in Castletown "in the most abject state of destitution," they say, "without food, without clothing, without seed."

"In Castletown" (continued Lord Churchill) "there are 600 occupiers of land rated under £4, and there are 700 more who rate at under £10. Here we have a union with 1,300 persons, the annual value of whose holdings does not exceed £10. This raises an interesting question of peasant proprietorship. There are politicians who want to convert these tenants into owners. These unfortunate people have not got—at the present moment—any available means of subsistence, any capital with which to cultivate the land, any stock, or any credit, and yet it is proposed to make them owners of the soil when they are in such distress."

"Even when they have landlords to rely on in some degree to alleviate it, for, of course, it is for the interest of the landlord to stand by his tenants."

"What would be their condition if they had no one to fall back on?"

Well, let us see how the landlords stand by their tenants in this very district that Lord Churchill selected when he made this challenge for them.

At Drumlogue, where there are 1,300 persons in distress, there is "not a single resident landlord in the district, and only one of them is giving work."

At Goleen, the Mansion House Committee say that exorbitant rents is the cause of the distress there.

At Kilcaskin the distress is attributed to bad land laws.

At King William's Town high rents are linked with bad crops as the causes of the poverty of the farmers.

At Cloyne "excessive rents" are named as the cause of the distress, and it is added, "the landlords of the farmers in distress are absentees."

Bear in mind that the Mansion House has no sympathy with the Land League, and that this is the evidence of their local committees.

Now, let me quote from my own correspondents.

Good old Canon Brosnan, in writing from his parish in Kerry, near by, after describing the homes of his people, adds:—

"These miserable holdings are let at double and treble the Government valuation—frequent instances not being wanted in which such crushing amounts are exceeded."

Father Davis, the parish priest of Skibbereen, writes to me:—

"This entire district is held under two landlords—Sir Henry Beecher, baronet, and the trustees of Lord Cranberry. These two proprietors have exacted the rents without the reduction of one cent—and they have not contributed one penny to the meagre funds of our committee."

This is the way, Lord Randolph Churchill, in which the tenants can rely on their landlords.

(To be continued.)

DIALOGUE.

PROTESTANT.—I must confess that we Protestants cannot understand your Catholic services.

CATHOLIC.—Perhaps not; and yet to us Catholics our services, and especially the holy Mass, is full of meaning. But pray, what is it you do not understand?

PROTESTANT.—In the first place the dress of your minister. To me it is outlandish and unmeaning.

CATHOLIC.—Exactly; if our priest were a *minister* as you call it, such a dress would be outlandish and unmeaning; nay more, it would be ridiculous. But he is more than a minister; he is a Priest and as such his dress ceases to be either outlandish or unmeaning or ridi-

culous. You have evidently not seized the central idea of our system; and therefore to you everything is unmeaning and in fact must appear ridiculous. Once seize the central idea and everything—dress, priest ceremonial,—all fall into place to make a great and harmonious whole. You would not pretend to say that the dress of the High Priest of the Jewish Temple was outlandish or ridiculous. And why? Because he was a Priest, that is, he had to sacrifice; and if to sacrifice he ought to be adorned for the sacrifice. Without the sacrifice of the Temple the dress of the High Priest of the Temple would be outlandish and ridiculous. Your minister is only a minister, and it would be as foolish to give him a distinctive dress, as it would be to put a cocked hat on a monkey. What is there that your minister does which could not as easily be done by any layman of his flock? Why then give him a distinctive dress? But with us the case is altogether different. Our minister is a Priest because he offers sacrifice. He is set aside out of numbers to sacrifice; hence he must be set aside by his dress also, so that all may know by his dress that he has been set aside to sacrifice. And even to himself that distinctive dress is necessary. He has to keep in mind the great duty of his office, to sacrifice, and hence when he goes to sacrifice he wears the dress of the sacrifice in order to keep his mind intent upon the sacrifice. And it is out of respect for the sacrifice that he is dressed for the sacrifice. To dress the sacrificer in any other dress than that of the sacrifice would be to dishonor the sacrifice.

PROTESTANT.—But why that particular dress?

CATHOLIC.—Why *not* that particular dress, I pray you? Granted a distinctive dress that particular dress is as appropriate as any other. You call it outlandish. Its very outlandishness makes it appropriate. You would not have expected the High Priest of the Jewish Temple to have offered sacrifice in the dress of a butcher or of a stone mason or even in the ordinary Jewish dress. He had a perfectly distinctive dress. The sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated all over the world; if then the dress of the Priest whilst celebrating was not out-

landish to the whole world; if in any section of the world it were the ordinary dress of the people, it would not be appropriate, because not distinctive.

And there is another reason why this particular dress is appropriate. It speaks to us trumpet-tongued of the days of the Apostles. It can easily be shown that the dress of the Priest when sacrificing is but slightly modified from the ordinary dress of the Apostles. If then the vestments of the Mass are a distinctive dress are derived from the Apostles, when on account of the persecutions they dare not use a distinctive dress, are they not doubly appropriate; appropriate as a distinctive dress and appropriate as coming from the Apostles. Look at that great fact—"coming from the Apostles;" and consider what it implies. 1850 years ago these same vestments were used; during every year of those 1850 years they have been used in the Mass. Is not that a great fact? Where is the church can point to such a fact? May we not well then be proud of them? May we not well cherish them as the apple of our eye? Every time the Priest appears in them whether in Cathedral city or obscure village, they cry out with an authority of 1850 years, and they cry out with the voice of all the Apostles, nay; of Christ Himself. Yes; our vestments of the Mass are very old, and very venerable, and very trumpet-tongued, and therefore we love and venerate them.

H. B.

FATHER FABER'S HYMNS.

It is an accusation as trite as it is illogical that we Catholics have nothing attractive to read. That our newspapers are as dry as an Arabian desert, as insipid as over-kept milk and as unwide-awake as a farmer of the twelfth century.

If the ordinary accuser means that our papers and magazines contain none of the sensational trash that deluges the daily press, we agree that our Catholic Editors have not a keen sense of the day's doings. If by insipidity our young people mean the absence of prurient effusions that are the disgrace of our weeklies, *a la* "Puck," and others of that ilk, these young folk have the better of the argument. But, if they mean that Catholic publishers are behind the age

because they are not *so fast* as their less scrupulous neighbors, then we hold that so far from deserving blame, our editors and publishers deserve the lasting gratitude of every lover of his kind, every well-wisher of humanity.

But, is it true, after all, that Catholics must go outside the zone of their own publications to find family reading? We think not. The Catholic press is better, abler, to-day, than at any other previous period in this country's history. Catholic publishers show an enterprise that is but half stimulated by proper encouragement. The *American Catholic Review*, the *Catholic World*, *THE HARP*, *Ave Maria*, *Donahoe's Monthly*, and similar publications furnish more than sufficient reading matter for the keenest of pure literary appetites—while the *Illustrated Catholic American* will furnish material with which to regale the eyes of the young and to appease the curiosity of the old.

In the ordinary run of publications, Catholics are also well provided. Among the latest of those issues from the press we notice with pleasure, and hail with delight, the republication in this country of that gem among the many gems contributed by the pearl of the Oratorians, the late Rev. F. Faber,—nature's poet, Christianity's pride, and Catholics prize,—we mean his Hymns.

We propose simply to glance at a few lines snatched here and there at random. To prove that the work is worthy of attention were to insult Catholic intelligence, but to call attention to a possibly unknown treasure, for many, will certainly be doing a service. If he who contributes one good thought, in a new form, to the common stock of christianity's literary stores is a benefactor, then he who helps to spread abroad the good thoughts that more gifted writers have contributed, may safely hope to be classed at least among the lesser benefactors of humanity. In the latter section the contributor begs to find himself.

"All Father Faber's works are struck in the same key," says the gifted Brother Azarias, in his *critique* on these hymns. "A unity of thought and feeling pervades everything this gifted soul penned," continues the same author. Is it not proper then that *THE HARP* should attune its chords to the music of him who,

"has thus raised up the popular intelligence a degree nearer the theological manner of looking at things; who has placed the material and spiritual world under a new aspect," who, "sees sunshine everywhere, through whose soul the music of nature and the musings of love reverberate?"

We must cease quoting, however, for we are sure our readers wish *THE HARP* to strike up at once and we'll hear Brother Azarias and *THE HARP*'s scribe later.

Faber was perhaps one of the most skilled of his contemporaries in giving simple expression to the deepest truths. His pen seems to delight in those word paintings that let you peer through what seemed too abstruse for ordinary minds, and proves, "the beauty of God, the wonderful ways of His divine love." Hear how he speaks of The Divine Majesty:

"Mid Thine uncreated morning
Like a trembling star
I behold creation's dawning
Glimmering from afar;
Nothing giving, nothing taking,
Nothing changing, nothing breaking
Waiting at time's bar"—

Having thus taken a glance at the divine mind preparing its work, he gives in the last stanza the result of the pre-studied plan. Thus he addresses the Great Worker—

"Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations
Majesty Divine.

How pithily Father Faber tells of God's ways previous to this creative manifestation of interest in forthcoming humanity:

"When heaven and earth were yet unmade
When time was yet unknown
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

And in the same stanzas, what a touching allusion to Mary, the theme of so many lines, the object of so child-like a love on the part of the author of "All for Jesus." But more of this later. Listen, he is speaking of admiring angels' bliss:

"In wonder lost, the highest heavens
Mary, their queen, may see.
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be.

He continues :

“O Majesty most beautiful ;
Most Holy Trinity !
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.”

To how many will not the words from the following poem on “The Eternity of God” apply ? In our fast age it is especially to be learned that we must go slowly if we would go far :

“Self-wearied, Lord ! I come ;
For I have lived my life too fast ;
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last ;
When my heart beats too quick I think of
Thine
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.”

What a nice antithetic distinction we find in the lines from the first stanza in “God's Greatness,” between the Majesty we adore and the heart that pays the worship :

“O Majesty unspeakable and dread !
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord ! too great for our belief
Too little for our heart.”

And how sweetly he invites the hour that must unveil the beauty of that dread majesty :

“Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down ;
Already life is heaven for me,
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, eternity !

But, to secure an eternity such as he invites, he takes special pains to inculcate that who so desires to enjoy God's welcome in the next life must do God's will in this. He says :

“I worship thee, sweet will of God !
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Speaking in the same lines of Christ's examples he proceeds :

“And he had breathed into my soul
A special love of thee.
A love to lose my will in his
And by that loss be free.”

“I love to see thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men ;
When simple hearts outwit the wise
O thou art loveliest then !

“When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little that I can
And leave the rest to Thee.”

We have several other stanzas of this touching poem marked, but must be content with one other quotation :—

“He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest when to him
It triumphs at his cost.”

Those who have read Father Faber's works have remarked with us the constant urging of that beautiful idea that we are not as happy as well we may be, simply because we do not look upon God as our Father, rather than as our Judge. Here is how he expresses himself in lines taken from “The eternal Father” :

“Father ! the sweetest, dearest name
That men or angels know ;
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow !

Thou comest not ; thou goest not,
Thou wert not, will not be ;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee ;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful eternal hills
Of thine unbeginning past.”

Equally well is the same feeling given expression to, when in “Our Heavenly Father,” Faber says :

“Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the
Name,
Earth has no higher bliss !”

Those who have read Eugenie de Guérin's sympathetic verses will remember what she says of “the Heart being like a tree hung round with dead leaves ;” how much prettier Father Faber's view of “My Father” :

“O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for Thee,
A Father all thine own ?”

Perhaps the poem that will most please the general reader, of whatever denomination, is the next in order, “The God of my Childhood” from which we shall largely quote, leaving our readers to compare it with others in the volume under contribution.

“O God, Who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A Presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,—

“They bade me call Thee Father, Lord ;
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

"At school Thou wert a kindly Face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

"I could not sleep unless Thy hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it, if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

"And to home—Sundays long since past,
How fondly memory clings;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

Notice the filial affection in the following:

"I lived two lives which seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine;
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord! was Thine.

He concludes:

"With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy Face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space.

The author who had made so profound a study of the works of Sts. Theresa, Mary Magdalene de Pazzi and Blessed Margaret Mary, as is seen in his works, could not help in all his writings to show how he yearned to have, and to make others obtain, more love for our Divine Lord.

The ideas of these last gleanings are found repeated all through the hymns. Thus in "Jesus my God my All" he exclaims:

"O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty!

Again in "The life of our Saviour till His Passion" he tells us how to unite this love of God with affection for our kin. He is speaking of the marriage-feast of Cana:

"Jesus! who deignst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently—urged behest
With thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways that I may prove
My greater love for Thee."

Here, we have also a hint leading to the touching theme so dear to Faber, in which he so often tells us in his inimitable way what De Ligny shows in his "Life of Christ," that our dear Lord was the model citizen, the tender companion, the grateful Saviour for the least favor.

In "Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual

Subjects," the reader will find in the sketch of Judas, a resemblance most marked with the following lines:

"Jesus, and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
O grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee
For all that earth can prize."

Those who have—and who has not—seen the well-known picture "The dream of Jesus"—will specially appreciate these lines:

"How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love."

And how cunning—we may be allowed the expression—when he continues:

"Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill."

We all know how ardently devoted was Father Faber to all that concerned the welfare, the glory and the honour of his dear Rome. In the *Three Kings* he shows it pithily:

"Who are these that ride so fast? They are
eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize,
the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains,
they've left them all behind.

"No Bible and no books of God were in that eastern land,
No Pope, no blessed Pope had they, to guide them with his hand:
No Holy Roman Church was there, with its clear and strong sunshine,
With its voice of truth, its arm of power,
its sacraments divine.

The final of this stanza selection is worthy of him who wrote: "I should not be obliged to lay down my life as evidence of my faith in mother's fidelity, but I should gladly give it up to defend Rome's fame"—we quote from memory—

"Let us ask these martyrs then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast
To give us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's bright home
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome.

Can any of our readers remember Father Faber's beautiful allusion in one of his works to what we may term "the

luxury of sorrow?" Those who can put their finger on the quotation are more fortunate than the writer, who can only gratify himself in the refreshing of the thought found in "Jesus Crucified."

"A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied,
A broken heart, love's cradle is,
Jesus our love is crucified.

And of this Sacred Heart, he had written previously :

"What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried
And guilty found of too much love,
Jesus, our love is crucified."

All through these hymns we find that love and close study of nature still more clearly defined in "The Life and Letters." In "Blood is the Price of Heaven" we find

"Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The blood drops from his brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds;
Bleeds.

The same love of nature is found in "The Ascension"—

"His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the Shadow passed.

The silver cloud hath sailed away
The skies are blue and free
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy."

Again in "The Descent of Jesus into Limbus," we find the author's comparisons drawn from nature still further instanced. Thus—

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbor fill,
So great the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

How touching the allusion in some lines to that woefully abused "Mother Eve!"

"And Eve like Joseph's shadow, hung
About him, wheresoe'er he went:
She lived on thoughts of Mary's child,
Trembled and was content.

Again :

'Twas Mary's child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The Soul of Jesus crucified.

We might prolong the quotations indefinitely. Already we have gone beyond the limits we had presumed upon. But, when we know that "The fear of

the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom" it must be taken as granted that Father Faber has not left the wholesome "Last Things" untouched in his hymns for the people. We will, however only make one selection, a consoling one from "The Pilgrims of the Night."

"Far, far away like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of Light,
Singing to welcome
The Pilgrims of the night.

* * * *

Rest comes at length; though life be long
and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Those already in possession of the "Hymns" as published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, will feel vexed that we have made so unskillful a culling. For our part, if but one reader be induced to procure the work and do the selecting with less awkward hand, the object of the writer will be fully attained, his labor more than repaid. It is undertaken only to help the readers of THE HARP to *mint money*, after the manner of that great master, Frederick W. Faber.

F. C. N.

THE FATE OF THE NAPOLEONS!

IS IT A MIRACLE OF WRATH?

POOR Eugenie, the ex-Empress, now a mourning childless widow, having completed her sorrowing pilgrimage on her return from Africa called at St. Helena to visit the tomb of the first Napoleon. The *Central Catholic Advocate* thus moralizes on the career of the Napoleons: The Empress Eugenie is now near the shores of England on her return from the spot in Zululand where her only child, her son, fell by the hands of an enraged people. She gazed upon the hills he saw with his last look on this world from eyes so soon doomed to the darkness of death. The earth that her feet touched was the same that his hands clutched at in the dying

agony. The rank African vegetation that rose around her had been fertilized by his blood, and the sun that burned up the traces of her footsteps was the same whose beams had caused the chemical changes in which his body had rotted. It was a historical scene that future painters will clothe with imaginative coloring, in hundreds of years to come, it may be, and over which the historians of future ages will pause to paint the sorrows of a childless Empress. Born amid the thunders of the guns of the Invalides, the young Frenchman who fell there was the son of the wildest monarch that Europe saw for hundreds of years. He was proclaimed a king in his cradle. He was fondled in his boyhood as the heir to a great throne. His youth was passed in adolescence that grew for a crown. His mind was filled with episodes of historic military glory, the most magnificent of which were to be traced in the memory of the self-created Prince whose name was to him the passport to palaces. But he fell beneath the stroke of a savage, in a fameless skirmish on a barbarian's land. It was in no great battle of giants he fell, where the conflicting issues of mighty nations were to be decided by the heroes of a hundred battlefields. It was in no great struggle that statesmen planned and legions of warriors plotted to whip. It was on an unnoted spot claimed by British Conquest as its own from the dusky defenders of the human right of a race to the land of its birth and nurture. His memory was covered as he died, from historic glory, by the very insignificant, as well as the barbarian weakness of his slayers when measured by civilization. There was nothing glorious in the cause for which he died, nothing famous in the manner of his death. He fell, and is covered with a flood of forgetfulness dark as that of the fabled Lethe.

The unfortunate young man, if we look deeper into it, perished as if he were guilty of some great crime, perished as though he could not avoid his fate. His journey to Africa, his volunteering into the military service of England, appeared in its conception as if made in the spirit of daring frivolity in which we read of men going to a lion hunt, or a tiger hunt in that Algeria of

which in his babyhood this slain prince was King. He went to indulge in the play of mankilling, like a sportsman in human quarry. No generous human, or divine, motive encouraged his expedition. On the contrary, he went to aid the robbers of their country from the Kaffirs, and to kill them for resisting it. It was royal sport, but he paid for it mournfully—the Zulus killed him as he would kill a burglar or a murderer, and had the same right to do the deed. Instead of backing up British power and British injustice, he could have found a task with an impulse of moral grandeur in it, by backing the efforts of a rude but brave people to prevent their subjugation. If he wished to awake the world to a recognition of the virtue of a heroic soul, he could have signalized his career in war, by doing battle for human liberty, even if that battle were for the liberty of an uncivilized people. They had a cause and a just cause. He had no cause at all, but the desire for man-killing, to actuate him.

Where were his advisers not to point that out to him? Where was his mother's wisdom that used to guide the councils of Imperial France? Where was his own reason not to tell him loudly, that the first time he drew his sword or levelled a gun against the Zulus in Kaffirland, who were fighting for their own homes, he was guilty of an overt act of murder as much as if he aided a powerful burglar to rob a man's house and murder its owner? This was a supernatural blindness. We cannot account for it otherwise. Was it caused by the mist of unavenged blood of those that fell defending the Papacy, within the States of Perugia, under the walls of Spoleto and on the crimsoned fields of Castelfidardo? The father of Prince Eugene Louis Napoleon, who fell on the African desert, was the arch-conspirator against the independence of the Pope, and laid the plots that left him a prisoner and in poverty, and his progress is blotted out by the rough hand of a nameless savage. He himself died scorned and rejected by the people over whom he once so proudly ruled. Every one allied to him suffered in his doom for raising his hand against the Vicar of Christ. His Empress was not saved

by her virtues from the horrors of the curse that fell on the house of Louis Napoleon III., when he perished in ignominy and disgrace, by the most painful of natural deaths in his exile. Contemplate it! An Emperor, the most powerful at one period ten years back, in the world, reduced in one year to a position as a refugee, in which he appeared merely to be permitted the privileges to live; and then, close to follow, the utter blotting out of his dynasty, in the person of his son, by a fate that in all history never befell a prince born in civilization, and glory, and magnificence before. There is nothing like it in ancient or modern times, and it culminates in the fact that his Empress, the most beautiful, accomplished and gifted woman that ever adorned a towering throne, fades into insignificant and mournful commonplace, with not a shred of her departed majesty to cover her fall and sorrows with its tinsel. It is a verification of the promise of the terrible vengeance, the threat of God against those who singularly provoke His wrath. In that outburst of terror-compelling indignation, so well known in the Scripture, He threatened that vengeance would follow the children even of the wrong-doer to the fourth generation. But here His wrath was intensified. It annihilated all in one generation. As though the lightning flooded heaven to destroy the Imperial wrong-doer, it fell, and struck him and his with death, from which there is no earthly resurrection. Ruin has obliterated him and his dynasty at one fell stroke. It is a miracle of the anger of God, as significant as are the miracles of the mercy of God. Ten years ago, only ten years ago, who would have predicted to Louis Napoleon, the Emperor, that his glory could be counted by the hours, and his fall was ready, desperate, and deep, and irretrievable. One battle, nor a hundred battles with defeat in all of them, he could not regard as possible to produce such an overwhelming result. He had his policy, his allies, his soldiers with which to retrieve them. The man would be insane who would predict even an approach to such an event. Yet we see it all fulfilled. We saw him crownless, powerless, homeless. His

Empress fled from the capital of her Empire at night, and in the shelter of disguise, reserved for a doom of lifelong widowhood, to close in childlessness and hopelessness; and we see his son despised by the nation for whom his life was wasted, refused in death by that same nation the barren honor of a monument.

There were two Napoleons who struck at Popes, and labored to found dynasties, and the fate of both was alike. Both were gifted with more brains than all the tribe of kings of their day, and both were dictators to Europe. Each had one son, and the vista and world saw in the lives of each was the perpetuation of the glory of a royal line, and magnificence and prosperity unequalled. No throne stood so much, to their idea, in the way of the perpetuity of their glory and majesty and that of their children and children's children (they counted on them), as the humble throne of the Pope at Rome. So amid the world's laughter they both trampled upon it. They both led Popes captive. They both scorned the prayers of Popes for justice. They both scorned their commands. When a Pius excommunicated Napoleon the First, he jeered at the Vicar of Christ with, "Does the old man think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers!" When the successor of St. Patrick in the Primacy of Ireland, in a memorial declaration, thundered forth the outcry of his heart to Napoleon the Third, fifteen years ago, "Robber, take your gripe from the throat of the Vicar of Christ!" Napoleon the Third laughed at him, and depended on Marshal Leboeuf who fooled him at Woerth, and Marshal Bazaine, who surrendered him at Metz, and General Wimpfen, who gave him to prison at Sedan. Both of these Napoleons saw their kingdoms pass away from them; both knew themselves to be hated by their people; both knew all the agonies of downfall, and the bitterness of exile, and the dynasty of both was blotted out, and their names stop on the tombstones at their graves and run no further amid the races of men. Is there in history anywhere a like punishment parcelled out to two men of the same blood, two men of the same name, two princes of the same family and in the same

century? Can it be deduced in any two recorded cases before, as being caused by a similarly public crime? Were not the ultimate consequences of the policy of these two Napoleons alike to the Popes named Pius? Was not their power exercised in a similar fashion against these Popes? Is not their punishment the same—miraculously the same? Is there a degradation suffered by the one which was not suffered by the other? Were they not both conquered, degraded, imprisoned and exiled? Was not their dynasty cut off, uprooted, annihilated? Did not the son of Napoleon the First die almost a mental nonentity? Did not the son of Napoleon the Third perish by folly worthy of almost a mental nonentity? Do not both sleep in unhonored graves? The parity of the crime of both against the church is shocking, the parity of the punishment of both is awful. Look into it—read it by the light of history! Is this not the miracle of God's anger, written in characters more dread than those in the Palace at Bayblon?

THE WARDEN OF GALWAY.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocktuadh, an extraordinary instance of civic justice occurred in this town, which in the eyes of its citizens elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was Mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterized the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but in these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was the source of the greatest affliction to his father. The

worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at his injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in a maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognizing, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognized on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night, a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom,

with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, the chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of his duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived the cup of earthly bliss was about to be forever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison, amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth who had long been a universal favorite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock, when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach pale, bound, and surrounded by spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds; the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevent-

ed by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feelings of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntingly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the gate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope? The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity: but this is at an end—with this world you have done for ever. Were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder. But you must die. These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature: and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at the throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervor, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate

son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner he ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed around the neck of his son, to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace, but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard-street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble, with the motto,

"Remember Deathe, vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti."

PASSING SCENES IN IRELAND.

MORE OF MR. REDPATH'S TESTIMONY AS TO WHAT IS GOING ON THERE.

REPORTS FROM EVERY DISTRESSED DISTRICT.

MR. REDPATH has been writing to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, besides other papers and that journal, introducing his letters, says:—

"The letter of our special correspondent in Ireland, Mr. James Redpath will be read with especial interest. Mr. Redpath is well known as one of the most careful and accomplished correspondents connected with the American press. His mission to Ireland is to personally investigate the condition of the country, and to present the facts fully to our readers. The letters from Dublin will give the results of his investigations and observations. This one presents a succinct, comprehensive view of the situation in that unhappy isle. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, which bear their commentary upon their face. These show that while there is no immediate call for further contributions from America, there is still much suffering, and it is far from being certain that the distress may not be aggravated by a partial failure of the potato crop, which is already in some localities threatened with blight. The bare wretchedness of the people, as exposed by the statements given in Mr. Redpath's letter, shows what urgent necessity there is for reform measures. The condition of the Irish people is such that the payment of rent is impossible, and that eviction for non-payment signifies little else than being turned out to starve."

After detailing the different sources of his information, Mr. Redpath goes on:—

If you could give me ten columns, I should try, within that space, to tell you all I know about the present state of Ireland, but as you cannot afford to be so generous during a Presidential campaign, I shall try and give you a general review within the space that you can loan me.

Credit—Crops looking splendid all over Ireland; early potatoes ripe in the eastern counties and in the limestone districts of the south and middle counties; the famine region now confined within a few western counties; a large exodus of laborers to England, who are beginning to send back their wages to the West; a grant of a million of dollars, secured by Mr. Parnell's importunate widow policy, from an Irish fund held in trust by the British Parliament; every reasonable prospect that there will be no more deaths from famine this season—that the charitable funds in the hands of the Dublin committees and of the bishops will bridge the people over the existing distress until the potato crop is ripe in the northwestern and coast counties—four or five weeks from date.

Per contra—Parliament refuses to aid the Irish fisheries; the Lords will throw out (as they have done) the bill prohibiting evictions for two years; the potato blight has made its appearance in three counties, and, if the present wet weather continues, will destroy the promising crops; the dreadful famine fever, which swept thousands upon thousands into the grave in 1847, has broken out in the County Mayo; and, sadder still, the landlords are procuring writs of ejectment with an eager cruelty unparalleled since the famine of thirty three years ago.

So, while now no more American contributions are needed, and while there is a prospect of a prosperous harvest, it is still quite possible that another total failure of the potato crop in the counties where the need is greatest may compel the Irish leaders once more to appeal to foreign generosity before three months are passed.

A week of sunshine will save the crop; a week of rain will ruin it. If the fever spreads the emaciated people will perish by scores in every hamlet.

But it is idle to speculate; no human being can foretell the future.

Let us run over some of the distressed counties, and quote from unpublished letters to the Land League—not one of them written longer ago than from five hours to five days:—

The Clare Island (County Mayo) Committee write that "the distress here

is gradually increasing, and will continue to increase till Aug. 1. Our funds are quite exhausted."

The parish priest of Moygowna writes:—"To the middle of August is the very severest and most trying season. When a little employment has been given by the landlord, the wages have been, in some cases, stopped for rent."

The British Government authorized landlords to borrow money from it, at 1 per cent per annum, to enable them to give the work to their starving tenants. As a rule, whenever the work thus encouraged has been begun, the landlords have compelled the laborers to get their support from the charitable committees, and have "allowed" six or eight shillings a week for the labor *in payment of arrears of extortionate rents!* This policy of relief would have its parallel in America if President Hayes was to appoint the leading bulldozers of the Gulf States United States Marshals, to protect the negro vote. The bulldozer is the same sort of guardian to the negro that the absentee landlord is to the Irish tenant.

The Catholic curate of Swinford writes that the famine fever has broken out in his parish, and that it has been caused by the destitute condition of the people. This fact has been established by the testimony of newspaper men and of medical experts who have been sent down to examine the cases reported. This dreadful scourge swept tens of thousands into the grave from 1847 to 1852.

From Ballycroy the parish priest writes that the distress has in no way diminished there, and that his people will perish unless helped through "hungry July."

From Ballina comes the cry, "The poverty of the people in this parish cannot be realized." Almost the same words are used by the committees from Bangor, Belmullet, and Achille Court House. All of them say, that from three to six weeks will see their people out of danger, unless the blight comes between again.

The Secretary of the Committee of Clashmore (County Waterford) writes:

"The condition of our destitute people is now more hopeless than ever. There were

182 families on our relief lists, but when we saw your and other relief funds nearly all gone our prospects of being able to continue relief to all were so discouraging that we were obliged to strike off eighty families, and have only kept on those whose destitution was extreme. We are particularly anxious about forty small farmers, who are absolutely depending on the meal supplied by our committee. In past years they were able to support themselves during these months, but credit is now entirely gone and they have no earthly means of keeping soul and body together until the beginning of August if the hands of others are not held out to save them. We hope with God's blessing that this is the last time we shall have to appeal to the world's charity for a starving people."

Appealing from Anckeltill Grove (County Monaghan) for aid to help the poor for five weeks, the Secretary says that the assertions made by the landlords that they have been sympathetic and lenient, certainly is not true of his neighborhood, where only about £30 has been subscribed by local landlords, whose aggregate rental amounts to about £30,000 a year!

The parish priest of Gortin (County Tyrone) writes that out of the 280 families in his parish, 115 are tenants of Thomas A. Hope, who, on being applied to for aid, replied that as he learned that the workhouse was not half full, he did not believe there could be much distress in the Union, and added:—

"The revolutionary doctrines preached to the people of Ireland and about to bear fruit by the introduction by the Government of an act of absolute confiscation, declaring in plain words, that the landlord is to be precluded from recovering his just debts, is infamous in principle, and if carried will be ruinous to the lawful owners of the soil."

This revolutionary measure is a bill sure to be defeated in the House of Lords, [Mr. Redpath was a true prophet when he said so, for the bill was defeated in the House of Lords by the overwhelming majority of 282 to 51. The question now is, shall the Representatives of the People or the Irresponsible Upper Chamber rule?—time will tell] to suspend evictions for two years in scheduled districts in which the people, through no fault of theirs, have been fed exclusively by foreign charity!

All the other absentee landlords in this district took no notice whatever of letters appealing for a little assistance to save their own tenants from starva-

tion. It isn't revolutionary for America to feed the famishing people, but it is "ruinous to the lawful owners of the soil" to prevent them from flinging out these poor people into the roadside if they cannot pay rents, that even in good seasons only leave them a diet hardly fit for pigs.

The curate of Strabane writes:—

"I am surrounded by destitute people, our schools are closed, and utterly in debt myself I can do nothing but ask you for God's sake to send me a grant."

The Committee at Manor Hamilton (County Leitrim) write:—

"Never have we witnessed such distress as on this day. It is needless to give special cases of distress. You can read want in people's faces as if written by the finger of God."

The curate of Ballyfine (Queen's County) writes:—

"Never, since the destitute times began, have our poor, starving people been so badly off as at present. Most of them are of the small, decent, farming class, who would rather die of hunger than make public their distress."

From Ballacolla the Relief Committee write:—

"Mercifully hear our petition. We have, indeed, much destitution among us. Only the other day the doctor declared one poor man died of starvation, and many days' experience bring under our notice heart-rending cases of want and misery."

Enough for one day. Each writer I have quoted is a man of influence and standing in the community from which he writes. I shall complete the list of counties in my next.

JAMES REDPATH.

AFTER DARK.

THE difference between day and night is universally perceived and universally acknowledged, and the variety of its effects still affords a large field for intelligent observation. We shall not now go into this subject extensively, showing the reciprocal influence of the physical and psychical natures of man and the modification of this influence by broad daylight and by dark night. There is one point, however, to which we wish to call special attention, and that is the relation of night to children in cities.

We say in cities, because ordinarily

in the country there is but one thing for a child to do at night—namely, stay in the house. Another reason is that the writer, alas! knows very little of child life in the country. He knows something of it in the city. He was born in a city. Until he was ten years of age he knew nothing of country life. He has spent more than half his life in Europe and America. This has given him some experience and some opportunity for observation. He has watched also the growth of many children in many families and has taken pains to notice the effect of different kinds of culture.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children who are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority. But whether

these are at the command of the parents or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety of the child and the honor of the family; namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he becomes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time, and ought to know that he is in bed before eleven o'clock. Where this can not be secured by the exercise of gentleness it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if he is kept in it. But better endure eight or ten years of such heat than to have the child ruined and all the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys because we do not suppose any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the street after dark. We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make quiet observations upon the condition of their children at night, and find where they are, and prepare to answer to God for the painstaking care which they give to their children.—*Catholic Standard*.

LAST SCENE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THE day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland; he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation. She was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank amongst the states of Europe. She was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her Commons, and disfranchise her nobility; to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire.

The Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military, no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted; A British regiment near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonades; the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish, to remind

them of what they had been, and to tell what they were.

The situation of the Speaker, Rt. Hon. John Foster, on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived—the order of the day, for the third reading of the bill for a “Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland,” was moved by Lord Castlereagh; unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the house; it was visibly affected; every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index, some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud

source of his honors and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, “As many as are of opinion that THIS BILL do pass, say aye.” The affirmative was languid but indisputable; another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, “*The AYES have it.*” The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was EXTINGUISHED.

FUNNY MEN.

THE man who professes to be amusing is usually such a bore that we overlook his wit when he has any. Small jokers, like great talkers, are more plague than pleasure. They worry us when we want rest, and are so afraid of our missing their point that they extinguish any possible amusement by overstatement, if not by explaining it. For company the sprightly man is better than the witty man, and the sprightly woman better than either; but who ever heard of a funny woman? Yet on the average, women greatly exceed men both in liveliness and wit. A good joker should have a short memory, both lest he should remember and repeat the jokes of others, and lest he should be troubled by remembering them when he repeats his own. If he has constantly to think whether he said this or that in the same company before, he will lose all the freshness which is an important element in his success. It is, no doubt, a mistake consciously to repeat; but when it is done unconsciously it is of very little consequence, so long as the reception is merely verbal. The best

fun does not bear repetition or description, but vanishes when written down. All Sydney Smith's recorded jokes would not account for the great reputation he had as a wit; but it was well said of him, as of many another funny man of slighter pretensions, that after you have been in his company you remembered, not so much the witty things he said, as the amount of laughing you yourself had undergone. It is here that the distinction comes which must be drawn between good things and fun. A good thing is by no means always funny: when it is funny it is often ill-natured toward somebody present; and to have a laugh at it may disturb one's enjoyment of its flavor. The alderman complained to Coleridge that in consequence of the poet's making him laugh he had swallowed a magnificent piece of fat without ever tasting it. We confess to the deepest sympathy with that alderman. Could we but learn his name, it would be enshrined on the tablets of our memory. He was not stupid, he could see a point—only too well, indeed, for his own comfort. He had come to eat, not to laugh, and he wished to be allowed his own time for either pursuit.

To be funny without ill nature is not a common gift. It is but too easy to see and remark the weakness of other people. Many funny men have no friends, because every one is afraid of them. It is their misfortune to say biting things, to wound the susceptibilities of unoffending neighbors, and to give nicknames which stick. To be able to suppress a joke is, in some cases, much better than to be able to make one. If a man is able to hold his tongue rather than wound, the chances are he can command his wit and be as funny as he pleases when occasion demands. Such a person is invaluable at a dull party, or when others are melancholy or tired. He is able to relieve anxiety, to comfort sorrow, to brighten the wettest of wet days, and be cheerful under the most cheerless circumstances. If he only knows how to temper his wit, he may be a beneficent visitor anywhere. He must have sympathy for the sorrowful, and be able to enter into the views of people who differ widely from himself, not only in opinions and natural gifts, but in attainments and in

experience. He will often find comedy and tragedy as closely allied as they are in Shakspeare, who well knew, as indeed every true artist must know, how inseparable they are. Funny characters in novels are seldom consistent, because they are made funny and nothing more. Lover and Cockton are merely tiresome to some readers on this account. Charles Lever mingled pathos and fun with much success; but even he found the task too much in his later years. Frank Smedley succeeded in being very funny as did Captain Marryatt; but they were usually nothing more. It is only the greatest genius that can unite the two extremes. It is often supposed that a man only requires a good digestion and a hard conscience to be amusing, but the supposition is not well founded. High spirits are no doubt a good thing, if they be not too high, but they often correspond to a depression which nothing can mitigate. Consciously or not, a high-spirited man is always amusing, but there is a much higher walk in the mind which can command its wit. As a rule, the most cultivated people are the most agreeable. No man, it is true, can absolutely set himself to learn humor. But no man is naturally so witty that he can afford to dispense with art. Sheridan was funny by nature, yet even he worked up a joke before he dared to use it in the House of Commons, and Goldsmith's best things have been traced like Sterne's, through many authors before his day. It is the same with most other writers of comedy. Swift, perhaps being the only one in English literature who can bear the investigation of the critic. Some of the most famous hits in "Gulliver" have, however, been found in Rabelais, just as Shakspeare's plots are found in Boccaccio. The real natural wit is funny to the last. Raleigh and More joking on the scaffold are not examples in point. Both were playing a part in the end. But when Sydney Smith writes of Holland House in his last moments, that it had every convenience for sickness and death, we feel sure that his spirits had not flagged, and that the presence of his end did not destroy the readiness of his mind. There is not of necessity any want of reverence in true fun. It has

been well remarked that any fool can make a joke of sacred things, and that mere coarseness is often looked upon as a form of wit. The man who has to distort Scripture, or say what is nasty, or revile at his neighbor, in order to raise a laugh, may often succeed, but at best his wit is of a second-rate order. A close observation of things on the surface, a vivid appreciation of shades and character as they are presented to the eye, will alone constitute a fund of pure comedy, and it is in this particular that Dickens differs from the greatest humorist of his day. Thackeray was superior to Dickens because he saw below the surface, and though he never created a Weller, or even a Tapley, the outpourings of his own mind are always sufficient to secure for him the higher place. No doubt it is the fault of funny men that they wish to produce an immediate effect, but it is not given to every one of them to be so disinterested as to wish that they may be remembered after death by the amount of pleasure they may have been able to give to those who knew them in life.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

WHAT is the Society of Jesus? Who are the Jesuits? For the last three centuries no society or community have been so little known, or their principles so little understood by the great mass of the civilized world, as the Society of Jesus. Their most bitter enemies and unrelenting persecutors in the past have been Catholics, or rather the ministers of Catholic governments, and popular opinion has been, that having been repeatedly expelled from Catholic States they must necessarily be corrupt and dangerous. People join in the popular verdict, without really knowing who or what they are. They know no evil of them, they see daily the good results of their labors, but so strong is the latent prejudice, received in many cases as a heritage, their fear and dislike continues with no better reason than is given in the old stanza:

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

This feeling of prejudice and dislike is by no means confined to ignorant and unlettered persons. Very many men of education and culture, men who have had national and world wide reputations as historians and lexicographers, men of great erudition, well versed in ancient and modern historic lore, seem to be at sea on this subject, and if asked the question what are the objects and motives of the society, will confess their ignorance. As an example in point I will refer the reader to Dr. Noah Webster's definition of the word "Jesuit." He says that "a Jesuit is, 1st, one of the Society of Jesus, so-called—a society remarkable for their *cunning* in propagating their principles; 2d, a *crafty person*, an *intriguer*." And with all Webster's learning, this was his idea of a Jesuit, this, and this alone. These definitions have been changed by the publishers of later editions, but the fact remains that there was no association in Webster's mind with anything heroic, saintly or scientific, no beauties of literature, art or science, nothing glorious in art, but to him the term was merely a synonym of everything most hateful or dangerous—craft and cunning. That the maxim and watchword of their great founder, St. Ignatius, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam." For the greater glory of God, was the mainspring of their actions was a fact evidently not known to Webster, with all his erudition.

The Society of Jesus, which for twelve years had been in contemplation by St. Ignatius, was organized August 15, 1534, in the subterranean chapel of the Holy Martyrs, at Montmartre. The founders were St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, Peter Faber, Claudius Jaius, James Laynez, Paschasius Brœtus, Alphonsus Salmeron, Simon Rodriguez, Nicholas Bobadilla and John Cordurius. St. Ignatius was born A.D. 1491, the year before the discovery of America by Columbus, and was of noble lineage. He adopted the profession of arms, and after being severely wounded at the defense of the citadel of Pampeluna, laid aside the sword, appeared before the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat, clad in the garments of a pilgrim, and devoted himself body and soul, to the service of God, making a solemn vow henceforth to acknowledge no other God and master than Jesus Christ, no other mistress

han Mary, the Mother of God and forever to serve and defend them before and against all, until the last day of his life. He repaired to the town of Manresa and sought seclusion in a cave or grotto, where he composed the "Spiritual exercises." It was there he formed the plan of the society. It was to bear no other name than that of Jesus; while its motto was to be, "To the greater glory of God." After the formation of the society St. Ignatius told his followers "To those who ask what we are, we will reply, we are soldiers of the Holy Church, enrolled beneath the banner of Jesus Christ, and we form the *Society of Jesus*."

The limits of this article will not allow entering into that detail which the subject demands. The bitter and unrelenting persecutions waged against the society for three centuries are matters of historical record; so also are the glorious and unremitting labors of this self-sacrificing band of men, in stemming the tide of heresy emanating from Luther in Germany and Calvin in Geneva, pouring into the fertile valley of France. All that can be given in this paper will be a brief synopsis of the various persecutions and the glorious labors of this grand company, who for every injury received, have returned to their enemies love and kindness.

The first General of the society was St. Ignatius of Loyola (1541—1556); the second, Fr. James Laynez (1556—1565); the third, St. Francis Borgia (1565—1572); the fourth, Fr. Everard Mercuriean (1572—1580); the fifth, Fr. Claudio Aquayiva (1581—1615); the sixth, Fr. Mutius Vittelleschi (1615—1645); the seventh, Fr. Vincent Caraffa (1645—1649); the eighth, Fr. Francis Piccolomini; the ninth, Fr. Alexander Gottifredi (1649—1652); the 10th, Fr. G. Nickel (1652—1661); the 11th, Fr. Paul Oliva (1661—1681); the 12th, Fr. Charles de Noyelle (1681—1687); the 13th, Fr. Thyrsus Gonzales de Santalla (1687—1706); the 14, Fr. Michael Angelo Tamburini (1706—1730); the 15th, Fr. Francis Retz (1730—1750; the 16th, Fr. Ignatius Visconti (1750—1755); the 17th, Fr. Louis Centurioni (1755—1757); the 18th, Fr. Lorenzo Ricci (1758—1775); (the Society of Jesus was Providentially preserved from 1775 to 1802); the 19th,

Fr. Gabriel Gruber (1802—1805; the 20th, Fr. Thaddenus Brzozowski (1805—1820; the 21st, Fr. Louis Forti (1820—1829); the 22nd, Fr. John Roothaan (1829—1853); the 23rd, Fr. Peter Beckx (1853), who is still living at an advanced age, and said to be intellectually bright and vigorous for one so advanced in years.

The indefatigable and untiring zeal and labors of the Jesuits for the conversion of the world, from prince to serf, are too well known to need any tribute from me. The labors of St. Francis Xavier in India alone, if recorded would fill a volume. For a sinner returning to God, a Jesuit never admits obstacles or delay, and Fr. Lefebvre, being thus addressed by a friend after Easter labors in Paris: "You abuse your strength; nature cannot bear such an excess of work," smilingly replied, "*After me, another.*" The labors of St. Francis Xavier in India, of Canisius in Germany, of Lefebvre, Bobadilla, St. Francis Borgia, Laynez, Possevin and hosts of others have never been equaled.

From the foundation of the Society, a series of persecutions rapidly followed each other, and finally culminated in the suppression of the order by Clement XIV (Ganganelli). During their persecutions in France by the Jansenists in 1561, Calvin wrote to one of his co-religionists: "Use your best endeavors to rid the country of these zealous scoundrels, who not only induce the people, by their speeches, to rise against us, but blacken our characters, impugn our motives, and represent our creed as visionary. Such monsters should be dealt with as was done here in execution of Michael Servitus, the Spaniard." It was well known that Servetus was burned alive by the order of Calvin, and he ought to have known that if he burned one Jesuit, ten more would have come forward to seek the same fate. The persecution of the Order by the Marquis of Pombal and their expulsion from Portugal is too well known historically to dwell upon. The union of the Powers of France and Spain in connection with others finally produced the suppression of the Order by Pope Clement XIV. A brief recital of some of the most prominent incidents connected therewith may not be without interest to the reader.

A short time before the decease of Clement XIII., the Duke de Choiseul wrote to the Marquis d'Aubeterre (the Prime Minister of France to the *charge* at Rome), "We shall gain nothing from Rome under this Pontificate. The Minister is too obstinate, *and the Pope too imbecile*. It is necessary that we should rule in these times with a rod of iron, so, as to oppose a head of the same metal which governs the Holy See. After this Pope, we must see to having one *who will suit the emergency*." The cabal of the Bourbon Ministers wished to exclude from the election every Cardinal who had shown favor to the Jesuits. That of Spain had the effrontery to set a price upon the Holy See. This infamy was nobly repelled by the Cardinals. Cardinal Orsini thus wrote to Cardinal de Bernis: "You are an Archbishop I am a priest; we cannot take part in making a simoniacal Pope." Thus it was that Choiseul, d'Araseda, Pombal, and all the Ministers who had expelled and so cruelly treated the Jesuits, pretended to govern the Church. They would coerce the Holy Spirit to yield to Satan and make the Pope their tool and slave. Cardinal Ganganelli neither expressed himself for or against the Jesuits; he alone assumed to be neutral—the only one in the conclave. On May 19, 1769, Cardinal Ganganelli was elected Pope, under the title of Clement XIV. He was 64 years old, and had entered the Franciscan Order at an early age. A friend of the Jesuits, who appreciated his merits, it was at their recommendation that he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal. The Father General Ricci had proposed him to Pope Clement XIII.

On June 16, d'Alembert wrote to the King of Prussia, Frederick II.: "It is said the Jesuits have but little to hope for from the Franciscan, Ganganelli, and that St. Ignatius is likely to be sacrificed by St. Francis of Assisium. It appears to me that the Holy Father, Franciscan though he be, would be acting very foolishly thus to disband his regiment of guards, simply out of complaisance to Catholic princes. To me it appears that this treaty resembles that of the wolves with the sheep, of which the first condition was that the sheep should give up their dogs; it is well known in what position they afterwards found them-

selves. Be that as it may, it would be strange, Sire, that while their Most Christian, Most Catholic, Most Apostolical, and Very Faithful Majesties dcs, troyed the body-guard of the Holy See—your most heretical Majesty should be the only one to retain them."

On August 7 d'Alembert again wrote to Frederick II.: "It is ascertained the Franciscan Pope requires to be much importuned regarding the suppression of the Jesuits. I am not at all surpris'd at it. Proposing to a Pope to abolish that brave militia, is like suggesting to your Majesty the disbanding of your favorite guards."

On July 7, 1770, the King of Prussia wrote to Voltaire: "That good Franciscan of the Vatican leaves me my dear Jesuits, who are persecuted everywhere else. I will preserve the precious reed, so as to be able, one day, to supply it to such as may desire again to cultivate this rare plant."

But the pressure on the Pope was steadily increased, and Cardinal de Bernis gave no peace to the unhappy Pontiff. The Pope wrote to Louis XV.: "I can neither censure nor abolish an Institute which has been commended by nineteen of my predecessors." The King of Spain, feeling convinced that Clement XIV, would no longer resist if the Empress Marie Therese abandoned the Jesuits, Joseph II. finally promised to obtain the consent of his mother, the Queen on condition that the possessions of the Jesuits should accrue to him. The four Powers agreed to this. Joseph II. gave no peace nor rest to his mother, until Marie Therese, wearied and worn out at last, weeping, placed her signature to the fatal decree.

On July 21, 1773, the bells of the Gesu were heard to toll at an unusual hour. "Why do they ring at the Gesu?" asked the Sovereign Pontiff. "They announce the novena in honor of St. Ignatius, Holy Father." "Not so," replied the Pope in sorrow; "the bells of the Gesu are not ringing for the saints; they are tolling for the dead!" On that very day Cardinal Marefoschi laid before Clement XIV. the brief Dominus ac Redemptor, by which the Society of Jesus was suppressed throughout the whole world. Cardinal Pacca says in his memoirs: "After signing it, he dashed the docu-

ment to one side, cast the pen to another, and, from that moment, was demented." This signature had cost the unhappy Pontiff his reason! From that day he possessed it only at intervals, and then only to deplore his misfortunes.

The letter sent to the Bishops, in forwarding the brief, did not command them to notify the same to the religious interested; it merely *recommended* them to do so. But the holy religious, whom this brief was about to affect, were not the ones to take advantage of such irregularities. Devoted to the defense of the Church and the authority of the Holy See, they did not hesitate to set an heroic example of the submission they had inculcated for more than two centuries. They belonged to the Society of Jesus, and like their Chief, they would be obedient, even unto death!

The Pope was racked by remorse, in spite of his aberration, constantly exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy! They forced me to this step. *Compulsus feci! Compulsus feci!*" Says St. Alphonsus di Liguori, "Poor Pope! What could he do, urged as he was by the crowned heads?"

The kings of Naples, Switzerland and Prussia refused the publication of the decree. Frederick wrote September 13, 1773, to his agent at Rome: "Abbe Columbini, you will inform all who desire to know the fact, but without ostentation or affection, and you will, moreover, seek an opportunity of signifying the same to the Pope and the Chief Minister, that, with regard to the Jesuits, I am resolved to retain them in my States. In the treaty of Breslau, I guaranteed the status quo of the Catholic religion, and I have never found better priests in every respect. You will further add that, as I belong to the class of heretics, the Pope cannot relieve me from the obligation of keeping my word, nor from the duty of a king and of an honest man." The conduct of this heretical prince was a home thrust to the Catholic sovereigns. The Dutch Calvinists and Jansenists had a medal struck in honor of the great Pope Ganganelli! The Holy Father's mental condition did not entirely prevent him from feeling the humiliation of such a mark of distinction.

The miraculous preservation of the Society in Russia and elsewhere until its

restoration, must be given, if at all, in a subsequent article. The present persecution in France is known to all. Their banishment, and the recall of their murderers under the Commune, is a sad commentary on the age.

On August 7, 1814, the Holy Father, Pope Pius VII., entered the Church of the Gesù, escorted by the members of the Sacred College. The Bull re-establishing the Order of St. Ignatius throughout the world was publicly read amid the deepest emotions and to the joy of all present.

Protestant England might put to shame many a Catholic Power, The penal laws are a dead letter on the statute book and the Jesuits are free to exercise the sacred ministry and to open schools and colleges in all parts of the British Empire. In the United States the Society is rapidly extending its field. The Company of Jesus work not for their own glory or fame, but in the language of their saintly founder,

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam."

—G. W. W., in the *Home Journal*.

CHOOSING THE RING.

I looked at an amethyst first, dear—

'Twas so like your violet eyes,
Dreamy and soft, yet deep and clear,
The very hue of the skies
When dark clouds part, and the steadfast blue
Looks down on the storm below;
For a faith that is tender and tried and true
The tints of the amethyst show.

And then the sunlight suddenly streamed
On a mammoth topaz there;
Liquid gold, it glistened and gleamed
Like the amber glint of your hair.
And hope, glad hope, was the word I read
As in whirl of a sunny curl:
But the ring was far too large, and I said,
Not this for my little girl.

'Twas a ruby stone I looked at next,
It glowed like my own heart, dear;
And I poised it a moment, half perplexed,
For I felt your red lips near!
Love, love, I read in its burning rim,
And yet—can you tell me why?
The colour grew suddenly cold and dim,
And I passed the ruby by.

It was only the diamond's flash revealed
Blue, gold, and crimson in one!
Ay! faith, hope, love, all lie concealed
In that magical, matchless stone.
When amethyst, topaz, and ruby fling
Into one the glory of three
And so it was that I chose the ring.
My darling must wear for me.



EDWARD MURPHY,

MERCHANT AND BANKER.

HERETOFORE we have dealt with the lives and times of Irish Canadians distinguished principally in political circles; we would not, for one moment, have our youthful readers, for whose benefit these sketches are written, imagine that those alone who have figured prominently in great historic events, or who have contributed to mould the opinions of their contemporaries, by the public policy they inaugurated, or assisted others in carrying out, are worthy of a place in the annals of eminence. No greater mistake could be commit-

ted; those who sacrifice their time and their labor to the public cause, albeit they follow the bent of their own ambition, are truly deserving of a fond remembrance from their fellow-countrymen; but other fields offer equal opportunities for the display of those qualities that constitute eminent citizenship, and the life and labors of the distinguished merchant, of whom we are now about to treat, will tend to show that in whatever sphere one's lot may be cast, there is ample room for the display of all the

cardinal virtues; that prosperity in the counting-house need not eliminate patriotism, that the strictest attention to business is not incompatible with scientific research and the culture of those arts that make life agreeable, and that the true philanthropist can always find time to devote to the happiness and progress of his fellow-men.

Mr. Edward Murphy, whose name is a household word in the city of Montreal, is descended from the good old stock of that name in the County Carlow, Ireland, whose ancestors were of the "Murroes" of the County Wexford, the ancient territory of the O'Murphys. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Daniel Murphy, for many years a resident of the city of Montreal; his mother was descended from the Wicklow clan of the O'Byrnes. Born in 1818, at the early age of six years he emigrated to Canada with his parents and brothers, and settled in this city in 1824. Having received the commercial education then accessible, at the age of fourteen he was engaged as a clerk in the hardware trade. Well may the youth of the present day, with their superior advantages, for many of which they are indebted to Mr. Murphy, look up with unfeigned admiration to the merchant prince of to-day, who at so tender an age commenced to carve out for himself the career he has so successfully achieved. In 1846 he became principal salesman in the old established firm of Frothingham & Workman, wholesale hardware merchants, which position he occupied until 1859, when he became a partner in that institution, now, in no small measure through his activity and energy, the most extensive in the Dominion. As may readily be supposed Mr. Murphy, unaided as he was by outside influence, did not accomplish such magnificent results without the most assiduous labor. Yet business with all its cares and anxieties did not absorb his entire attention. His first step in the philanthropic efforts that have marked his whole life was in connection with the establishment of the earliest Irish Catholic temperance society organized in Canada. The late lamented Bishop Phelan, of Kingston, was at that time (1840) pastor of the Irish people of this city, and ministered to their spiritual wants in the

venerable old edifice, the Recollect Church, now amongst the things of the past, but around which clustered many fond remembrances for our older inhabitants. Into the temperance cause Mr. Murphy threw himself with his whole soul, seconding the efforts of the good Father Phelan. In 1841 he was elected secretary of the association, and so continued until 1862, when he was presented with a massive silver jug and a most flattering address by the society, in recognition of his invaluable services in the total abstinence cause. Long years of active work, did not cause him to abate his efforts in, what may be termed, the cherished object of his life, the propagation of temperance principles amongst his fellow-countrymen. He was several times elected president of the St. Patrick's Temperance Society, and again in 1872 its members feeling that something more ought to be done in recognition of such devotion, they presented him with a life-size portrait of himself in oil. He has now been for over forty years one of the main pillars of total abstinence in his adopted home, and may without flattery be styled the standard bearer of the cause. It has often been said, and with a great deal of truth, that the Irishman who appears to forget the old land, makes a very indifferent citizen wherever his lot may be cast. Mr. Murphy is a striking example of the class that contribute so much to the progress and prosperity of their adopted home, and yet never cease to sympathise with the land of their forefathers. In the good old days of 1842, when the Irishmen of Montreal, Catholic and Protestant, formed one grand brotherhood, ere narrow-minded political tricksters had succeeded in dividing them into two hostile camps, Mr. Murphy became a member of the original St. Patrick's Society under the presidency of the late Benjamin Holmes. In those days and in later such men as the late William Workman, Sir Francis Hincks, and many other distinguished Irish Protestant gentlemen, were joined hand in hand with their Catholic brethren, and the Irish people of Montreal were respected and their influence felt throughout the land. Mr. Murphy was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the well-being of his fellow-

countrymen, through the medium of the national organization. In 1860 he was elected president of the St. Patrick's Society, a position he filled with credit to himself and benefit to that body. About this time he was gazetted captain in the Montreal Militia, 4th Battalion, he was also named to the commission of the peace, and in 1861 he occupied the responsible position of Commissioner of the Census for the City of Montreal under the Canadian Government. In 1862 Mr. Murphy revisited the scenes of his childhood, and cast once more a loving glance on the green hills and pleasant valleys of his native land. During his absence in Ireland he was elected a director of the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal. This position he filled until 1877, when he was elected to the presidency of that flourishing institution, an office to which he has been annually re-elected, and which he holds at the present time. How he finds time to perform the duties of his multifarious offices is really marvellous. He fills the important trust of *Marguillier* of the Parish Church of Notre Dame, a singular mark of the confidence reposed in him, and the kindly feelings evinced toward him by his French Canadian fellow-citizens. Again and again he has been solicited to accept municipal and parliamentary honors, which he has always declined. Nevertheless he has not abstained from participating in the political struggles of the country. A friend of liberty for his own people, he sympathised with the gallant band of patriots whose blood shed on the field of battle and trickling down the scaffold in 1837 and 1838, secured for Canada the priceless boon of constitutional government. In politics he is a Liberal Conservative, and, through good report and evil report, has always manfully stood by the party, that his experience has led him to believe has the true interests of Canada at heart. Experience of the blessings of constitutional freedom in Canada has made Mr. Murphy's sympathetic heart yearn for similar advantages to his native land. From the year 1841 to 1847 he was one of the most ardent repealers amongst the many good and true Irishmen in Canada who responded to the appeals of the great

O'Connell. In 1873, when the nation was again aroused to make one more grand struggle for constitutional freedom by the magic eloquence of the illustrious Isaac Butt and his colleagues, Mr. Murphy was the prime organizer of the Montreal Branch of the Home Rule League, an organization that flourished for several years, and assisted by its generous contributions, amounting to hundreds of pounds, towards the progress of the movement that has since accomplished such noble results; whilst the existence of such a body in this far-off British province evinced in an unmistakable manner the sympathy felt for struggling Ireland through the empire.

With such a record any man might well rest content to see his name go down to posterity; but Mr. Murphy has still other claims to public gratitude. For several years and until recently, he was one of the Catholic School Commissioners of the city of Montreal. In this position he felt more acutely than ever the great need of a good solid commercial education for our youth, and his energies were centered to effect that object. To give an impetus to the movement he generously founded the "Edward Murphy" prize of the annual value of \$100, in perpetuity, for the "encouragement of commercial education in Montreal." This prize consists in a gold medal of the value of \$50 and a purse of a like amount, and is open to all competitors. During those long years of arduous labor, Mr. Murphy has found time to cultivate his taste for scientific pursuits, and his public lectures, always delivered for the benefit of charitable objects, on "The Microscope and its Revelations," and on Astronomy, have invariably met with a hearty reception by the public. He pursued these favorite studies in the few moments he could snatch from his pressing occupations, and the success that has attended his efforts is another proof of how much can be accomplished by well directed labor. The last post of honor, entailing arduous duties as well, conferred on Mr. Murphy, is that of Harbor Commissioner, which he now fills.

He was twice married, early in life to Miss McBride, of this city, and secondly

to Miss Power, daughter of the late Hon. Judge Power, of the Superior Court of Quebec. Mrs. Murphy, who inherits her father's talents and generosity, is the coadjutor of her husband in his works of benevolence, and his sympathetic fellow-worker in his many labors of love. What a noble example for the rising generation have we not in the career so hastily and imperfectly sketched in this paper? Mr. Murphy is identified with the progress and the prosperity of his adopted home. As a successful merchant and banker, his word is as good as his bond in the commercial community. He is the patron of education, the noiseless toiler in scientific pursuit, a sincere and devout Catholic whose name will ever be connected with St. Patrick's Church, its asylums and kindred institutions; he is respected and trusted by his fellow citizens of all origins and creeds as a loyal and devoted son of Canada, and one who has never been afraid or ashamed to struggle with might and main for even handed justice to his fellow-countrymen in the land of his birth.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER I.

IN the March of 1799, the British army had entered the territory of the Sultain; I had received despatches from the rear, which I had delivered, and was again returning to join my regiment in the main army. It was evening when I began to descend the great chain of eastern Ghauts, which separated the Carnatic territory from that of the Mysore. A gentle breeze from the mountains moderated the sun's heat, producing an elasticity of spirits, and satisfaction of situation, only felt in this respect through India in these delightful plains. My mule appeared to feel the pleasing effects of the cool atmosphere, as well as myself; and, as he trotted gaily over the summit of the hill, brought in view, extended before me in the plain beneath, the British army,

which I beheld them, far over the level prairie, till by the twilight now surrounding me, they seemed lost in the distance, appearing much like a migratory nation, with all the appurtenances for colonising some barren realm, than an invading army of modern days. I was so much occupied with the appearance of the army in the distance, that I did not for a time observe a small party about a quarter of a mile in advance: I at once discovered the troop before me to be a party of grain merchants, such as attend all moving armies in India, supplying the contending powers, without an interest in either, save for those from whom they can extort the highest prices for what they have got to dispose of. I was turning my observation again towards the plain, when my eye caught the uniform of a British officer among the group just mentioned. As this had more interest for me, I lost no time in making up to them, and was still further pleased to observe the uniform was that of my own regiment, although the person of the wearer was entirely unknown to me. There was something in the stranger's appearance, which, as I paused to observe him, prevented my accosting him with that familiar greeting, which, as a brother soldier, I had intended; and as he did not for a time take notice of my approach, I had leisure to scan his appearance, which, had already interested me in him. His seat in the saddle was easy, and rather that of a sportsman than a soldier; yet, it did not want dignity; his form was rather slight, yet admirably proportioned; his hair, which was of light auburn, had not been fastened in the military fashion, but fell in folds upon his shoulder; his Celtic eyes of deep blue, bore a melancholy expression; and on his regular formed features, a grave sadness rested, which appeared foreign to so youthful a countenance. A narrow part of the road now brought us close to each other, and for the first time he observed me; a bright smile illumined his face, as he recognized on me the uniform of his regiment, and gracefully returned my salute. On the first salutation, I at once recognized in his accent, the sound dearest of all others to one distant from his native land. Whether it be the softest notes touched on sweetest instru-

ment, or the still more delightful sounds of vocal melody ; the sweet warbling of birds, or the soft murmurings of falling waters ; none of these can produce a sensation of equal delight to that which stirs the breast of the wanderer from Erin, when the full, bold accents of his native land breaks upon his ear ; the sound itself is melody, but home and all its associations are connected with it, and he yields to the speaker a portion of that love which he has awakened within him ; and thus, from the moment Carthy O'More, first spoke to me, he was my friend—he was not only an Irishman, but like myself, a native of the County of Kerry. We spoke of the wondrous beauties of our dear Killarney's silvery lakes, of the wild and rugged cliffs of the west, which stand, the bulwark of Europe, against the rage of the Atlantic ; and places passed over an hundred times before unnoticed, now recurred to our minds abounding with beauties ; for distant home was the charm which smiled on them. I made known to him my reason for being absent from my regiment, and asked him when he had joined the service, as I was surprised he had not been with the regiment when it left Madras. A cloud passed over his face, and the expression of melancholy which had in some measure fled, now returned ; he was silent for a time, and appeared a little embarrassed ; he told me, however, that the transports for India sailed from Cork before he had determined to join the army, and that afterwards having done so, he was obliged to embark in a trading vessel, and on his arrival in Madras, found that the regiment, for which he had been gazetted, had advanced some time previous to the interior ; he had joined the party with whom he had been, and was now like myself, near the end of his journey. Returning to former topics the time flew quickly over, and night had completely overshadowed us before we entered the British lines. During the interval occupied by the siege, my intimacy with the young O'More had increased daily, and the friendship was mutual. Every hour that our duties permitted we spent together, and although rather reserved and retiring in his manners, yet he was a general favorite, not only with the

officers of his own regiment, but with all to whom he had become known. We had lain a month before the city, when on the night of the 3rd of May, the engineers declared the breach practicable, and the morrow at one o'clock was decided as the time of attack. Morning scarcely dawned when I hastened to the tent of O'More, to tell him the joyful intelligence which I had just learned, but found he was already up and out ; following the direction his servant told me he had taken, I soon arrived at the spot where he stood, leaning against the intrenchment that faced the shattered breach ; he appeared lost in thought as he gazed into the tranquil river, as it flowed smoothly on beneath. The artillery had ceased, and all nature seemed so still, it was difficult to imagine that so soft a calm would be shortly broken by so wild a storm—that the air, which now breathed no murmur, would soon be rent by the roar of red artillery, the shout of the combatants, the screams of wounded, and the groans of the dying ; and that that placid river, now gliding noiselessly along its course, should be lashed by the passing ball, and red with the blood of its native sons. O'More was paler than usual ; I approached him and laid my hand on his shoulder before he observed me ; he started slightly and turning round, looked at me as one awaking from a dream.

"You have not heard the news, apparently," said I, "or you would not wear so grave an aspect. We are to attack the breach to-day, which will be merely a matter of form to our taking possession of it."

"I have heard of the proposed attack," said he, "and knew it would take place before it was announced to me ; it is a matter of form that will find many a British soldier, as well as me, a grave beneath the walls."

"By my faith, O'More, had I not seen your eye kindling with the fire of chivalry, when we advanced on the foe, at Malavilly, I would have said you feared to-day's engagement, but I would not believe it, if you yourself professed it."

"I think I fear death as little as most men, for to me the prospect affords rather a gratification than otherwise ; but strong indeed must be the mind, as callous the heart, which can look into eter-

nity, with all its mysteries and uncertainties opening before him, without deep awe and Christian preparation. This is no time, my dear Fitzgerald," continued he, "to cherish secrets; your frank and open mind I fear must have considered one who has been so reserved about his affairs to you, as unworthy of the friendship I have received from you; but you will pardon me when you learn how painful the recurrence to them is; and, as a commission which I wish you to execute for me is connected with them, I must inform you of the events which make them so." As he said this, he drew from his breast a miniature portrait of a young and beautiful girl, in which I recognized a likeness, of the daughter of the imperious Major Williamson, the magistrate of my native district. I had seen her but once, several years previous, when a child, yet so perfectly beautiful was she at that period, her face once seen, could never be forgotten by the most unobserving mind. I told him I knew who it represented.

"Should you survive to-day's engagement," said he, "I wish you to convey this to her, and tell her I wore it through life here, where you will find it in death, next a heart on which her image is indelibly engraved." He replaced the picture in his breast and proceeded—"Almost my earliest recollections are associated with Louisa Williamson. In my boyish days, often have I left my companions in their sports, that I might pass the avenue which led to her house, with the hopes of seeing her; we met by times, which induced me the oftener to pass that way—and she, without any previous arrangement, anticipated the times of my coming, till it became a matter of disappointment, should I not see her at the seat beneath the huge oak tree, which threw its wide arms over the pathway, as its long branches hung near the earth, making with its deep shadows, a little solitude, when all around was sunny brightness. We were each the sole children of our parents; neither had sisters to share our love or brothers in whom we could confide; we, therefore, had subject enough for conversation; and there we sat or stood and told over events or ideas, to us so full of moment, or sometimes we walked

along the stream as it murmured beside the tall hedge-rows, and gathered field-flowers along its banks, or descending with it into the glen beneath, I plucked the filbert or the blackberry, and while passing through the rough channel of the river, it was my happy task to guard her against the projecting boughs, or carry her where the pent-up streams might else have wet her feet; and when we parted, it was to know we were to meet again, to feel thus happy on and on; nor dreamed a time would come when these sweet meetings all would cease, nor thought of change nor future but as that which now passed sweetly o'er us; and when each time bade goodbye, there was no pain, in our adieu; so buoyant is the young heart which had not taught us yet there should be pain in parting, and we but looked to our next meeting and felt only a change of happiness.

"Alas! such unalloyed pleasure is but a transient visitor of our earth—a beam of heaven's pure and holy light, which resting for a time on some lone spot, turns all it touches into its own sweet beauty; but soon this nether world's dark clouds gather o'er a scene so fair, and mingle their gloomy shadows, or with the whirlwind storm of malice, sweep through its soft and fragile beauty destroying all traces of its calm resting-place.

"Time rolled on, and still we were the same, save that each thought, each hope and feeling, of the one, was more than ever the mutual wish of both, and that we observed a more guarded secrecy in our meetings, for which we knew not the cause, nor asked ourselves the reason. It might be that both our parents being proud, although from different feelings, wished not them to know of our frequent meetings, and neither did they.

"Major Williamson was a man of wealth and influence in the country, and as such he felt the dignity of his situation, and supported it to the height of his power. My father was a lineal descendant of a line of princes, a remnant of whose property he still possessed; he was a man of taste and acute feeling; and although the property of each joined the other, it is not to be wondered at that there had been but little intercourse between men of such opposite disposi-

tions, each being despised by the other. Louisa had lost her mother when a child; and her father being occupied by his magisterial and other duties through the greater part of the day, she was permitted, after hours of study, to walk where she pleased alone; and I enjoyed the usual privilege of boys of my age, after school hours, to wander where I pleased unquestioned. One evening, after a day's shooting, I approached the place of *rendezvous*. Louisa was at her accustomed spot; being later than usual we intended our walk should be limited; on advancing a short distance along the stream, a wood-cock sprang from its bed—my sportsman's habits could not be restrained—I fired, and it fell. I ran for my prize, and placed it as a trophy into Louisa's hands, life was not yet quite extinct, and as its breast heaved with painful spasms—its eyes became glassed—its wings convulsively trembled, and the golden brilliancy of its colors faded away with life—she turned on me a look of half reproach, and asked with a trembling voice, if this was what I called sport. I could not answer; at the same moment I received a rude push which drove me some distance from the spot, and a voice almost inarticulate with passion, asked how I dare thus insult the daughter of Major Williamson. I turned to resent the attack, but what was my consternation to see that it was her father.

“As to you, Miss, I know not how you have been induced to degrade yourself by associating with such a person, the son of a pauper;” turning again to me, he said, “Begone, sir, and tell your father he must find society for you suited to your rank; the daughter of Major Williamson shall not, in future, honor you with hers; and should I ever again find you trespassing on my demense, I shall prosecute you as the law permits;” and drawing his daughter's arm in his, he led her, pale, and almost fainting, towards his house. For a time I stood transfixed to the spot in a kind of stupor, till the words which he uttered again seemed to vibrate on my ear. The insult which I had received from a man whom I had always been accustomed to look on as my inferior, made the blood boil through every vein, and in a phrenzy of anger I rushed from the

place. On my way home I was obliged to pass our oak tree. I paused, and my feelings of anger gave way to one more painful, as I looked around on each familiar spot made dear to me by many pleasing recollections, now all clear to my mind, which had long before faded from it; but all now seemed still and lonely, and I felt as if I looked my last on them. I turned and left the spot, for the first time, truly unhappy; my life had been, until now, one of unchequered pleasure! this was the first taste of the cup of misery, and its draught was bitter indeed! and I learned, that at the age of sixteen, the heart can love as fondly as at any other period, and with more purity and truth.

“The following day my father called me into the library, and pointing to a note which lay on the table, asked me whether what it stated were true. I glanced over its contents, which were nearly as follows:—‘Sir, I find that your son has (of course without my knowledge) been in the habit of introducing his society on my daughter; I request that, if you are not already accessory to this or an abetter of it, you will use your influence to prevent its recurrence.’

“‘I hope and expect, my dear boy,’ said he, ‘that this is altogether unfounded, and that the letter is as false as it is impertinent; what this man's daughter may be I know not, but I would have thought that any relative of his would have been considered by you as unworthy of your acquaintance.’

“‘That I have intruded on Louisa Williamson's society is most false, but that we have often met, and that the happiest moments of my existence have been with her, is equally true; that it should have been a secret to you I am sorry; it would not have been so had I known that our meetings required secrecy, for I knew not till now what was the feelings which drew me towards her; and that I love her, I now confess I do; nor can any restrictions which her imperious father may put on our intercourse, or the strong love I bear for you, or the respect which I have at all times felt for your commands, subdue those feelings which now swell within my heart.’ My words appeared to make him unhappy, but he merely

said, 'I am sorry for this, my boy,' and left the study.

"The next day I learned that my father had challenged Major Williamson for the insulting language of his note, which, instead of accepting, he had entered law proceedings against him for doing so. The following day I found my father had made arrangements for my leaving home for Dublin, to enter college. The morning came which was to separate me for the first time from the happiest of homes; in an abstracted state I wandered from the house, nor scarcely knew whither my steps had carried me, till I had arrived at that place now proscribed from my visits. To each familiar spot I gave a farewell glance; on the primrose bank I looked, and on the sweet violet beds where so often I have gathered the choicest flowers, and on the murmuring stream as it plashed, in miniature cascades, down into the still glen; then sat me down beneath the familiar oak tree, and scarce could refrain from tears; I was aroused by the sound of a light footstep near, and arising I was surprised to see Louisa beside me.

" 'Dear Louisa, we may never meet here again; yet the moment has come that must part us for a time at least.'

" 'Oh! yes,' she said, 'I know I am wrong in coming thus, in opposition to my father's wishes; but I did not expect to meet you here, and merely came to say a long farewell to all the sweet objects which were dear to us; for tomorrow I leave them all—my home, and even my dear country, which you have taught me so much to love—that it alone nigh breaks my heart to part with, and to live in England, where you say people like us not, and mock at our land because we're poor; but could all their wealth buy the warm heart, the disinterested friendship, or the pure love?—all these I leave behind—all that I care for on this earth—these are the treasures which I value, and which I've found in knowing thee, and if you knew how much I've suffered since we last parted, you would not be angry at me for thus disobeying my father, that I once more might see my only brother; for I confess I did in truth, hope, although I did not expect to meet you; but still hoping, I brought this, that

when far, far away, and when poor Lucy is fading from your memory, you may look on it, and be remembered that she has said that you will ne'er be forgotten by her.' She handed me this portrait, which was done by a friend who had been stopping with her for a time, and which I have ever since worn at my heart. I endeavored to speak, but my feelings choked my utterance, and without saying one farewell, we parted.

"I have said it was my first time to leave home, and here was another source of pain. My parents had always been most indulgent; my father had been my companion, my playfellow, as much as my tutor; my mother had loved me with more than a mother's strongest love, and I felt all a son's affections for the fondest and kindest of parents. As they both embraced me, their tears flowed fast; and as my mother, sobbing, leaned on my shoulder, my own which I had so long struggled to suppress, now burst forth, and gave some relief to my bursting heart.

(*To be Continued.*)

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.—The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known, are the Codex Sinaiticus, of the Imperial Library, at St. Petersburg, and the Codex Vaticanus, of the Vatican Library at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century, A. D. The Sinaiticus, so called because it was obtained (in 1859) from the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, is supposed by Tischendorf, its discoverer, to be one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium, in the year 331, under the care of Eusebius of Cæsarea. It consists of 345½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or asses, each leaf being 14¾ inches high by 13½ inches wide. The history of the Vatican manuscript is not known, but it appears in the first catalogue of the Vatican Library in 1475. It is a quarto volume, containing 146 leaves of fine thin vellum each 10½ inches high and 10 inches broad. Both manuscripts are written

in Greek uncials, or capital letters, are without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation.—*Appletons' American Cyclopædia.*

THE CELTIC RACE.—The highest American literary authority, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essays on "Races," pays the following tribute to the ancient but ever-young and potential Celtic race:

"It is the oldest blood in the world,—the Celtic. Some people are deciduous or transitory. Where are the Greeks? Where are the Etrurians? Where are the Romans? But the Celts or Sidonides are an old family, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is still likely to be still more remote in the future; for they have endurance and productiveness. They planted Britain, and gave to the sea and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of nature. They are favorably remembered in the oldest records of Europe. They had no violent feudal tenure; but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed. They have a hidden and precocious genius. They made the best popular literature of the Middle Ages in the songs of Merlin, and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur."

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.—This phrase comes from the celebrated Catholic churchman, William of Wykeham, who was born of humble parents, but rose by his integrity and talents to be Bishop of Winchester, in 1367, and Lord High Chancellor of England. When the heralds were searching for suitable arms for the new prelate, he gave them as his motto, "Manners Makyth Man;" thereby meaning that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the accidents of birth and fortune, but from his mental attainments and moral qualifications.

THE SCHOOLMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Coleridge says: "It was the schoolmen who made the languages of Europe what they now are. We laugh at the quiddities of those writers, but in truth these quiddities are just the parts of their language which we have rejected: while we never think of the mass which we have adopted and have in daily use."

Longfellow says the schoolmen were "men of acute and masculine intellect. Their teachings exercised a powerful influence on the poetry of Dante and his age." They possessed

"Minds of a massive and gigantic mould,
Whom we must measure as the Cretan sage
Measured the pyramids of ages past:
By the far-reaching shadows that they
cast."

We give the names of those most familiar to the English-reading public.

Duns Scotus, called the subtle doctor. He was a fellow at Merton College and Professor of Divinity at Oxford. After becoming famous in his own country he went to Paris, and from thence to Cologne where he died in 1308, at the early age of thirty-four. He was the great champion of the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

William Ockham, the invincible doctor was also an Englishman. He was a disciple of Duns Scotus and the head of the Nominalists. He was distinguished for his trenchant logic. The famous fundamental principle of his philosophy was called "Ockham's razor." He died about 1347.

Alexander Hales, the irrepressible doctor, was a native of Gloucestershire. St. Bonaventure was one of his disciples. He died in 1245.

Roger Bacon, called the admirable doctor, was a monk of the thirteenth century, and wonderful for his genius, learning, and great scientific discoveries.

John Bassol, the most methodical doctor, was a Scotchman and a disciple of Duns Scotus. He was remarkable for the accuracy of his mind. He died in 1347.

Thomas Bradwardine, the profound doctor, one of the most learned of the schoolmen, was Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1349.

Richard Middleton, the solid doctor, was an English Cordelier and a great theologian. He died in 1304.

William Varro, the thorough doctor, was an English Minorite of the thirteenth century.

Walter Burleigh, the plain and perspicuous doctor, and an opponent of Duns Scotus, taught in the first half of the fourteenth century.

William Durandus, the most resolute doctor, was a Dominican monk, and

probably an Englishman. He was an energetic opponent of Duns Scotus. He died in 1332.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.—The names of the three wise men from the East who, guided by a star, visited the Infant Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, were Caspar, Melchoir, and Balthassar. They are said to have been buried at Cologne.

A POINT OF BLAZONRY.—Some writers on the "Noble Art" contend that abbots have no right to place over their arms, as other prelates are allowed, a hat with tassels; and an old treatise in Latin on heraldry dismisses their pretention to do so with the sarcastic decision:

Tot habent floccos abbates quot genitalia muli

WISDOM.—What a wonderful lesson is to be found in the single word "Wisdom:" Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king, a weak person powerful, a good generation of a bad one, a foolish man reasonable. Though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

In a few days the September term of this flourishing institution will be opened. For sound, practical and advanced instructions this college stands in the very front rank of educational institutions in this country. For some time past a wordy war has been going on in the French Canadian press anent the prominence given to the training of the pupils in the English language which one or two of these journals claim, has the effect of counting out the French. Our valued contemporary the *True Witness* thus disposed of the most violent opponent of the college of Ottawa and in its remarks we heartily concur.

We have had our attention directed to a lively discussion just now going on between our French Canadian *confreres* on the subject of the teaching of the English language in our collegiate institutions. An evening contemporary, the *Courrier de Montreal*, is very much exercised over the fact that at the Ottawa University the course of study should be prosecuted in English, instead of in French, and that an undue prominence is thus given to the English training of the pupils. Our own impression is, and

it is not the first time we have had occasion to express it, that our friends of the *Courrier* are a little too anxious for French domination in everything, and that the course followed by that journal, if concurred in by its fellow-countrymen, must necessarily have the effect of placing them in antagonism with three-fourths of the population of the Dominion, and more especially to a very powerful minority in the Province of Quebec. However, we can afford to allow the *Courrier* to pursue its own course, satisfied that in the long run the eternal beating on the big drum of nationalism will cure itself. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring to the institution that has incited the ire of the *Courrier*. The Ottawa College, where the French language is taught in all its elegance and purity, as witness their scholars in the various departments of life in the Dominion, fills more particularly a want long felt by the English-speaking and French Canadian Catholics of the country. In the greater number of our Lower Canadian colleges we regret to be obliged to say the English language is not only a secondary consideration, but is almost entirely neglected. There the old system of the *petit seminaire* that existed in France one hundred years ago, is still followed regardless of the changes in times and circumstances. In the new Catholic university of Ottawa both languages receive equal attention, but the course of study has been adapted to the requirements of the country, and is such as will enable our Catholic young men, after graduating, to battle successfully with their rivals of other creeds. And this is the secret of the wonderful success that has crowned the labor and sacrifices of the Reverend Fathers who have charge of the institution. If, instead of finding fault with the prominence given to English instruction at the Ottawa College, our *confrere* were to urge many of our institutions in this Province to adopt its *curriculum* a far greater benefit would be conferred on its fellow-countrymen. In the meantime, our Catholic population may congratulate themselves on having an institution where our young men are in a position to receive the education that is requisite for their advancement and success in after life.

IRELAND.

THE following lines were written by Mr. Robert Graham, merchant of Lucknow. Though an Orangeman, we are glad to find his sentiments possess the true ring of Irish nationality, and we fondly hope that the time is not distant when all the children of the old land will join with Robert Graham in thus expressing their tokens of love for their country, though separated from it by thousands of miles. We also hope that the Orange and Green will yet vie with each other in the endeavor to make the Emerald Isle a land of peace, plenty and happiness, and free from the sorrowful sights of internal strife which is as senseless as it is criminal.—*Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

Dear land of my birth, when I think of the past,

To see your green valleys once more I do sigh;

Your heather-cap'd mountains that wave with the blast,

Still sacred and dear, and to my heart nigh.

Land of my forefathers, who for liberty's laws,

Shed nobly their life's blood, on mountain and plain;

Heroic deeds of the past our memory draws,
And heart-strings still rend for those of the slain.

Dear land of my birth, tho' scourged you have been

By famine and war, from door unto door;
Yet still through it all your island as green
As when "Brian the brave" Danes drove from your shore.

St. Patrick, too, let all honor be given;

Who spread the glad truth throughout your fair land;

Directed the way that leadeth to heaven,
The standard was planted first by his own hand.

The Shamrock that grows on our own native sod,

An Emblem of Erin; that is dear to us all;
Oh! may it still flourish, that emblem of God
Until the last trump with its blast do us call.

Though absent we've been for many a long year,

We cannot withdraw from the scene of our youth,

Our playmates in childhood we remember so dear,

That played with us then by the bridge and the forth.

Ah! meek little daisy, I remember quite well
Blue-stockings and primrose so gaily in bloom;

The blackthorn and bouterer that grew near the well,
And up the rough lane where grew the green broom.

Hazel nuts, haws and sloes I have pulled
On the face of the brea, away down in the scrub;

Grandmother's flowers from her garden I've culled,
And sailed in the slough in mother's big tub.

The hounds I have followed when hunting the hare,

Far over the mountain and through the wet bog;

Heather and whins my feet often would tear,
And bleeding and lame oft homeward I'd jog.

From mountain and Nough when herding the cows,

The cots on Lough Erne were plainly in view,

I can never forget the cuckoo and crows,
And the lark with her song, that heavenward flew.

Fairest Isle of the sea tho' in a far-away land,
My heart breathes a prayer for your welfare and peace;

Very near the day when united in hand,
Sons of fair Erin, and bigotry cease.

Adieu, now farewell, to the land of my birth,
May gladness and peace with you ever be seen,

Is your patriot's prayer fair Isle of the earth;
Ireland, sweet Ireland, bright land of the green.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THERE was once a young Russian Prince, who was as cruel as Russian princes alone can be. He would ruthlessly lead the chase across the fields of young corn, which were the peasant's only hope of subsistence, and make nothing of trampling down women, feeble old men, or children, if they were in his way.

On one occasion, being more than half intoxicated, he saw a beautiful child playing in the road before the door of a poor peasant's hut, and rode deliberately over it; and when its mother, with frantic cries, rushed forth and lifted it from the ground, it was quite dead.

The poor woman's grief was so great, the dead child was so beautiful, and the wrath of those who witnessed the scene was so intense, that even the cruel prince could not be quite indifferent to what he had done. Having watched

the woman for awhile, he drew his purse from his pocket and rode towards her.

"Here," said he, dropping it into her lap; "here is money enough to make you rich among other peasants. Doubtless you have other children, or will have. There are always plenty; one more or less, what does it matter? See, now, you are rich; stop crying." But as he spoke, the woman lifted the purse in her hand and flung it in his face.

"Take back your money," she said. "My child was worth more to me than all the gold in Russia. But listen, insolent prince. A poor peasant woman can do no harm, but she can see the harm that is coming. The horse that has been the death of my darling, will be the cause of yours ere long. Yes, he will rid the world of you!"

As the woman spoke the prince turned pale. He was very superstitious, and the belief in prophecy was strong in those days. His followers, at his bidding, scattered the contents of his purse among the crowd, who at once changed their curses to cheers, and the broken-hearted woman was left alone.

As for the prince, he rode home as fast as he could, and so great was the impression made by the words the poor peasant mother had uttered, that he at once ordered his horse, a great favorite, of which he had been fonder than he ever was of any living being, to be sent away to a distant part of the country. The animal was to be cared for as though he were a human being; a house was to be built for him, and he was to be closely confined therein, if he, the prince ever travelled that way.

Time passed on, a year went by—two—three—four. The fifth came. During all this time the prince had heard no tidings of his banished favorite. At last he inquired about him, and heard that he had been dead for a long while. Laziness and over-feeding had killed him. "So," cried the prince, "he will not be my death at least! A dead horse can kill nobody."

And then, as though the creature were an enemy who had been thwarted in some evil intent, the desire to see his dead body and triumph over it, seized upon his master. Attended by a great train, he set out for the place where the horse had lived and died. The remains

had been laid, with respect, in a sort of tomb built for the purpose.

"Let me see them," said the prince. His word was law. The tomb was opened. Only the skeleton of the poor beast remained, but beside this the prince stood with an absurd look of triumph upon his countenance. "So!" cried he. "You were to be my death, were you? Ah, ah! you cannot run away with me now, nor throw me. I defy you to bite me, or to kick me. See how quietly you allow me to kick you!"

As he spoke he bestowed upon the skull of the dead animal a kick, accompanied with a disdainful look, and an opprobrious epithet. But, on the instant, his laughter changed into a cry of anguish, and his courtiers saw him writhing on the ground in agony; close about his legs was twisted a black and hideous object with fierce eyes and darting head. It was a venomous serpent which had coiled itself within the hollow of the skull of the dead horse, and which the kick the prince had given him had aroused him to wrath.

The sting proved mortal. In a few hours the prince was dead. They bore him home to be buried in the tomb of his fathers. No one grieved for him; and at the door stood the peasant woman whose prophecy had been fulfilled. Other children now played at her door, but she had not forgotten her slaughtered little one.

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. The difference between the Hypothenuse and the two sides of a right-angled triangle is 3 and 6 respectively. Find the three sides.

2. How many square yards of carpet 3 quarters wide will be sufficient for a square floor, the diagonal of which is 5 yards, 2 feet, 10 inches?

3. The interest of a sum of money for two years: discount of the same sum

payable at the end of two years :: 10 : 9. What is the rate per cent. simple interest?

4. Required the breadth of a yard, whose length is 36 feet 6 inches, when the cost of paving it is £12=6=6 $\frac{1}{4}$, at 5s. 3d. per square yard.

5. Given a square of an inch, show how a rhombus may be constructed, whose area shall be equal to it, and each of its sides a mile long.

6. A clock loses 5 seconds per day; how much must its pendulum be shortened in order that the error may be corrected: the length of the pendulum being 39.14 inches nearly?

7. Victoria Square is,—say 300 feet long, and 200 feet broad, and is to be raised one foot higher by means of the earth to be dug out of a ditch which is to pass around it; to what depth must the ditch be dug, supposing its breadth to be everywhere 8 feet?

8. One of the sides of a regular Heptagon is 31 perches: I want to know the length of the perpendicular let fall from the centre to the middle one of its sides; and also the rent of the same at \$2.25 per acre.

9. The difference between the legs of a right-angled triangle is 10, and the perpendicular from the right angle to the centre of the hypotenuse is 24, required the length of the legs and hypotenuse?

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

PARTS 35 and 36 of the Life of Christ, by Rev. Father Brennan, have been issued. As far as regards the treatment of the subject matter, the name of the distinguished author is sufficient guarantee that it will be one of the best Catholic works before the public. Messrs. Benziger Bros., the publishers, are bringing it out in the very best style. The Engravings of the double number are, the Crowning of the B. Virgin in Heaven, and St. Rose of Lima. With parts 37 and 38 will be delivered *free of charge* to all subscribers the splendid presentation plate of "The Resurrection." Part 38 will bring to a close this elegant and successful work. The publishers are prepared to bind the work at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$9.00.

F A C E T I Æ.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—"Sarah and Co"—quelin.

TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.—That Jack Tars' "kits" never grow up into Navy "cats."

A FAVOURITE TEXT FOR CHURCH REFORMERS.—That taken from a Cathedral "Chapter."

"HENRY, have a cigar?" "No, thanks, I've left off smoking." "How long?" "Oh, about three minutes."

A FISHY CON.—When can a fish-monger be said to be decidedly unsuited to his business?—When he admits that he is quite out of *plaise*.

"Money makes the mare to go."—And the mare, particularly when she is the better horse, generally manages to make the money go.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—Police-man: "Here! Where are you going with that diseased pork?" Speculator: "Sure an' I'm taking it to get *cured*, yer honour!"

CURIOUS.—Is it really a fact that a statue diminishes in size when exposed to a shower of rain?—Certainly, because it instantly becomes a statue-wet.

GRANDPA: "Now, Tommy, can you tell me where port comes from?" Tommy: "No, Sir, but I know where it goes to!" [The question is not pressed.]

INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION.—Mamma: "When Grand papa was your age, Effie, tea was ten shillings a pound, and bread a shilling a loaf!" Effie: "And is that why poor Grandpapa is so thin?"

"A STRAY SHOT." [Wimbledon.]—Friend frae the North: "What are ye firin' at, Tam?" Tam: "Ou, jist the windmill." Friend: "Eh, man! Gin ye wis tae sheet the muller?"

RAILWAY PRECEDENCE.—What is the difference between the engine-driver and the passenger who has lost the train?—Well, you know, one is right in front, while the other is left behind.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.—Irate Instructor of Volunteers: "Shure now, Mr. Jenkins, yeare late again. Now I ask you, sor, where should we be, sor, if everybody came half an hour behind the rest?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in September.
1	Wed	The first number of the revived NATION Newspaper published, 1849.
2	Thurs	ST. SENANUS. The Irish Pontifical Brigade occupy Spoleto, 1860.
3	Fri	ST. MACNISSE, Patron of Connor. Cromwell commenced the Siege of Drogheda, 1649. Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
4	Sat	Sentence against Repeal State Prisoners reversed in the House of Lords, 1844.
5	Sun	Cardinal Wiseman preached in the Metropolitan Church, Dublin, 1858.
6	Mon	O'Connell and Repeal Prisoners liberated, 1844. Fergus O'Connor died, 1855.
7	Tues	Oliver Bond died in Newgate (foul play suspected), 1798.
8	Wed	NATIVITY OF THE B. V. M. Surrender of Humbert at Ballinamuck, 1798. John Martin born at Loughorne, county Down, 1815.
9	Thurs	ST. KIERAN of Clonmacnoise died, 459. Cromwell summoned Drogheda to surrender, 1649. Murrugh O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, " <i>Murrough an tothane</i> " died, 1674. Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, Marshal of France died, aged 66, 1761. Thomas Russell arrested by Major Sirr, 1798.
10	Fri	Red Hugh O'Donnell died in Spain, 1602. Synod of Thurles concluded, 1850.
11	Sat	Massacre at Drogheda by the troops under Oliver Cromwell, 1649.
12	Sun	ST. MOLAISE, founder of the Monastery of Devinish Island, died 563.
13	Mon	Steam Packets first sailed from Dublin, 1816. Doctor Brinkley the Astronomer of Trinity College, died, 1835.
14	Tues	O'Neill and the O'Donnell, with their households and families, sailed from Lough Swilly, 1607.
15	Wed	Truce with Ormond by the Irish Confederates, 1643. Irish Bishops resolve against the Veto, 1808. Seizure of the office of the <i>Irish People</i> Newspaper, and arrests of Fenian leaders, 1865. Death of John B. Dillon, one of the founders of the NATION, 1866.
16	Thurs	Thomas Davis died, 1845.
17	Fri	Heroic defence of Spoleto by a detachment of the Irish Pontifical Brigade, only 312 strong, against Fanti's Sardinian Corps of 8,000 men, 1860.
18	Sat	Battle of Castle Fidardo. The Irish contingent gloriously distinguish themselves, 1860. Rescue of Kelly and Deasy at Manchester, 1867.
19	Sun	Massacre at Wexford by Cromwell, 1640. J. J. Callanan, poet, died, aged thirty-four years, 1829.
20	Mon	Robert Emmet hanged, 1803.
21	Tues	First Orange Lodge formed in the village of Loughnagall, in the year 1795.
22	Wed	The Duke of Grafton mortally wounded at Cork, 1690.
23	Thurs	ST. EUNAN, or ADAMNAN, Patron of Raphoe. Spaniards landed at Kinsale, 1601. Bishop John England born in Cork, 1789.
24	Fri	Bartholomew Teeling, leader of the United Irishmen, executed, 1798.
25	Sat	ST. FINBAR, Patron of Cork. First election of reformed Municipal Council of Dublin. Daniel O'Connell, M. P., elected Lord Mayor, 1841.
26	Sun	Limerick surrendered to De Ginckle, general terms of treaty being agreed upon, 1691.
27	Mon	The "Rebellion" of 1641 declared at an end, 1653.
28	Tues	Cork surrendered to the Earl of Marlborough, 1690. Articles of Treaty of Limerick finally settled, 1691.
29	Wed	MICHAELMAS DAY. Donagh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, perfidiously hung at Limerick, by the English, though previously "pardoned," 1581.
30	Thurs	English defeated at Wandewash in India by French under MacGeoghegan, of Irish Brigade, 1759. Matthew Tone (the brother of Wolfe Tone) executed, 1798.

Prosperity is the destruction of a fool.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.—Thoroughly well-educated people who keep sober seldom starve. A man of information must be needed somewhere. If you cannot do something for somebody with brain or limb, the world has no use for you. It is a selfish world, and the only people it can endure are the rich ones. And if you are rich one day in your life, you may be poor the next.

Do not talk from a desire of distinction, but either to please or to instruct.

LEAVE your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

CONCENTRATION and ISOLATION.—Professional success depends upon a man concentrating his whole mind upon a particular subject, but to study this *per se* is isolation, not concentration.



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1880.

NO. 12.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number we close the fifth volume of *THE HARP*. Our readers are the best judges as to how we have fulfilled the task we undertook some years ago to place in the hands of our Irish Canadian friends a magazine that would furnish sound and healthy entertaining and instructive literature to the rising generation amongst us. Certain it is that we have succeeded in maintaining our position so far not without sacrifice, and whilst we look back with a pardonable pride to the partial success that has crowned our efforts we would fain hope that in the early future the friends of the cause will rally around and give us that support to which the only Irish Catholic Monthly Magazine in the Dominion is fairly entitled. Had it not been for the generous and gratuitous contributions of literary friends the publisher must long ago have given up the struggle. To those he owes a debt of gratitude which he takes this opportunity of acknowledging in the most heartfelt manner. In the past we have endeavoured to furnish our patrons with reading matter on subjects of never-failing interest, and we are happy to be in a position to state that we have received the promises of several of our most gifted writers

to lend a helping hand towards placing *THE HARP* in the position it should occupy amongst the literary productions of the country.

Within the last few months we have been enabled to present to our readers sketches of some of our most prominent Irish Canadians. This feature of our Magazine, which we have reason to know has proved very acceptable, will be continued for some time to come. New interest, however, will be added to our publication by a choice selection monthly, of memorable places in Ireland with Wood Cuts and brief historic notices. Each number will also contain a favorite piece of Music, and in every department the publisher is determined to raise the standard of *THE HARP* to the full extent of his ability. In the next number will be given the opening chapters of a most interesting story; and as a further inducement to subscribers a beautiful steel engraving—a choice out of two—

The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, Size 29 x 20

OR

Archbishop McHale, 18 x 14

will be furnished to those sending in their subscriptions for the Sixth Vol. before the first of January next.

This is what we propose, now what will our Irish Catholic friends do on their

part? Surely no family should be without a publication offering such attraction for the small sum of one dollar *per annum*. We appeal to the patriotism of our people, who can witness the rise and progress of literary productions antagonistic to our race and creed on all sides, to come forward manfully and practically and lend a helping hand to sustain the only Irish Catholic Magazine published in the Dominion of Canada.

THE CONSPIRACY ;

OR,

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.

QUEEN ELIZABETH paced the room with hurried, angry and impatient steps. Her thin and withered face wore, with intensified expression, that look of peevishness and malice which was so familiar to it of late. She clenched her long hands, and her pale gray eyes seemed to flash lurid flames; and she muttered more than one round oath—for this chaste virgin (whose illicit lovers had been so numerous) inherited her father's propensity to blasphemy.

The Secretary of State hung his head, bit his lip and played nervously with his sword-tassel.

"God's death!" cried Elizabeth, stopping in the middle of the room, "was ever queen so persecuted as I? Day or night no peace is given me. Conspiracy and treason spring up everywhere through the land; and I have nowhere around me arms long enough to reach this hydra. Oh! for the days of my father's iron rule, when conspiracy paled and withered before the glance of his royal eye."

Sir Francis Walsingham looked up with a remonstrant flush upon his cheek, as he ventured to say—

"Your Majesty is unjust to your poor servants. No queen was ever so faithfully or zealously served. And sure we have done all that men could do to root out the poison of treason from the land."

"Why, then, does it crop up perpetually, Sir Secretary?" asked Elizabeth sternly.

Walsingham looked at her an instant with a peculiar glance, sly but searching and then dropped his eyes again.

"Please your Majesty," he said in soft low tones, "it is impossible for us to eradicate the weed utterly while fresh seed is constantly sown."

"And who, Sir Francis," asked the Queen, "is the mysterious sower?"

"From Fotheringay Castle," said the wily Secretary, "the seed is scattered which produces the successive crops of treason and conspiracy. One resides there who, while she lives, must be a fruitful source of trouble to this kingdom—and its gracious sovereign."

"God's death!" she exclaimed, "thou'rt right, Sir Secretary. That woman has ever been the plague of my existence. She lives in an atmosphere of intrigue, plotting and conspiracy. Would to God that I were rid of her in some way—I care not how."

The Secretary looked up with a gleam of mingled ferocity and cunning in his eye.

"Your Majesty has but to say the word," he answered, "and that one obstacle will be speedily removed from your royal path."

The "virgin" Queen started. She was not prepared for such plain speaking as that. To be sure, she had for years entertained the most malignant hatred of her beautiful but unfortunate rival; and she would give much to have her removed—no matter how, by poison or steel. But she had not yet been able to bring herself to brave the odium which would result from the public execution of the unhappy Queen of Scots. It was, therefore her cue now to pretend to be very indignant with her minister.

"God's death! man," she cried. "What dost mean? Would'st counsel us to imbrue our hands in the blood of our royal cousin? Fie upon thee, Sir Francis Walsingham! Beshrew me, but meseems thou beest an evil adviser near our person. Albeit that she has done us grievous wrong, and wrought sore mischief and trouble in our kingdom; and we might be justified in exercising the power which is in our hands, and so restore peace and quiet to this disturbed realm. But we are tender of heart and merciful, forbearing—long forbearing."

The cunning Secretary's lip curled

with a sardonic smile. He had penetrated to the lowest depths of her wicked heart, and knew every evil thought that stirred it; he knew her most earnest wish was the hapless Mary's death.

"May it please my gracious liege," he said in the same soft, insinuating voice he had used before, "great sovereigns cannot afford to indulge their private feelings, or their natural tenderness of heart where the interests of the state are at stake. The welfare of the country has its claims upon you, and private feeling must give place to public duty."

Elizabeth darted on him a look more cunning than his own.

"Methinks," she said, thou talkest wisely and shrewdly, Sir Francis."

"So please you," continued the minister, following up his point, "if this unfortunate lady repays all your kindness by such ingratitude that she is constantly hatching plots and conspiracies against your royal throne and person, she is doubly, trebly a traitor, and well deserveth, methinks, to die a traitor's death. And that all this be so, we are furnished with abundant proof."

"God's death! dost say so?"

"We have abundant evidence—would your Majesty please to peruse the documents. They are many and voluminous."

"No, no," said Elizabeth recoiling—"I will have naught to say to it. God's death! man, have I not ministers and servants enough to do the work of justice without the royal name being dragged into it?"

The Secretary was silent; but looked at the Queen slyly from under his overhanging brows. He read her every thought and desire.

"If so please your Majesty," he said, "to give us authority."

"I will give you authority for nothing," cried the Queen peevishly.

There was a long silent pause, during which Elizabeth regained a calmer temper, and the old sly cunning look returned to her cold gray eye.

"Good St. Francis," she said, "what would you counsel me to do in this sorely perplexing business?"

"An it please your majesty," said Walsingham, scarcely able to keep his sense of triumph under control, "if you will graciously take your poor servants advice, I would recommend that

a commission be appointed to interrogate the prisoner and find out the connection with these conspiracies."

The Queen paused a moment in deep thought.

"Be it so then," she presently said, "be it as you think best. *Do what you believe to be your duty to me*; but let me hear no more about it *till this work be done*."

If she could (as she turned away) have seen the cold sneering smile that curled the lip of the unscrupulous minister, she would hardly have been gratified.

"But here," she said as the door opened, "here comes my Lord of Burleigh. You had better advise with him."

Cecil approached, bent his knee, and kissed the royal hand.

"My lord," said Walsingham in his usual sly, suave tones, "her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to order that a commission be appointed forthwith to inquire what connection the lady Mary of Scotland, so long the guest of England (and who so ill repays the protection of England), has with the conspiracies and plots that do fret and agitate the land."

"And, by my troth, an order worthy of the royal wisdom," replied Burleigh with his portentous nod. "But as for these same plots against her Majesty's life, sure that restless lady in the tower is the author of them all."

Well, well, said Elizabeth, with nervous uneasiness, "be it as ye list—be it as ye list. I wash my hands of it."

So saying she hurried from the cabinet; and as she crossed a secret passage to her own private apartments, she struck against the ground the ebony staff upon which she leant (for the "virgin" was now old and in need of support), as through her clenched teeth she muttered:

"If they rid me of this hatred rival I care not how they do it."

Walsingham and Burleigh looked at one another and smiled grimly.

"She dies the death," said the Secretary of State with a chuckle worthy of the foul fiend himself.

"Hast got more evidence, worthy Sir Francis?" asked the crafty Cecil with a peculiar smile.

"Of a verity yes, my good lord," replied the Secretary. "Four of my faith-

ful ban-dogs are on the scent of as nice a pattern of conspiracy and treason as we have ever yet seen."

"Come then, Mr. Secretary," said Burleigh, "let us take council as to who shall be nominated on this commission."

II.

FOUR men of forbidding aspect sat drinking in a tavern in Cheapside. They rather aped the men of fashion in their showy dresses and rapiers. But their vulgar swagger and loud blustering tones proclaimed their vulgarity and ruffianism. They were by no means the sort of persons a quiet citizen would desire to encounter on a dark night in a quiet street. In physical aspect, cruelty and sensuality were stamped on the countenances of all four. A large measure of spiced sack stood on the table before them to which they made frequent application. As the company fled in they suddenly dropped their voices, and seemed engaged in discussing some topic of special importance, which did not, however, prevent them from indulging in frequent low chuckling laughter.

"Well, Giffard," said one, a short, thick-set fellow, with a low brow, a small treacherous eye, a huge mouth and massive chin, "how do your gudgeons take the bait?"

"Voraciously, Master Poley," was the reply, and the others laughed. "Master Anthony Babington, is a most valuable catch: he has already drawn nine other fools like himself into the same net with him."

"And a pretty plot it is too," said another—"nothing less than dethroning and compassing the death of the Queen. We have managed this thing nicely, my masters; and Sir Francis Walsingham should be grateful."

"The headsman, Master Greatly, said a fourth, a cunning, vicious looking fellow, with a hang-dog expression of countenance, "will have plenty of work on hands. I only wish that that insolent Scotch upstart, Master Hugh Huntley, who lords it so boldly among the gay roysterers, in tavern and gaming-room, and never losses a crown, were caught in the same net."

"Ah, Maude," said Giffard, "you haven't forgotten the cudgeling which

the sturdy Scot gave you on Eastcheap for insulting the silk-mercier's buxom wife. How you did roar, and how you did swear and swagger:—but your rusty bilboa lay as harmlessly by your side as if it had been a dagger of lath."

This sally produced roars of laughter from all but the victim of it.

Maude only tossed off his glass while he muttered—

"May the foul fiend have me, if I be not bitterly avenged of him yet."

"Never mind, Maude," said Giffard consolingly, "with the help of simple, honest Master Anthony Babington, the headsman will avenge thee by and by."

"Is it not true," asked one of the former speakers, "that Master Babington has been carrying down letters to various malcontents in Derbyshire from the Queen of Scots?"

"Most true, worthy Master Poley," answered Giffard. "And furthermore she has been trapped into personal correspondence with himself, and even given him letters to the ambassadors of France and Spain, begging them to assist the conspirators with men and arms. Oh! he is a rare decoy duck is mad foolish Master Anthony. I warrant you we shall have rare sport for his worship, Sir Francis Walsingham, our patron."

These wretches were the bloodhounds hired by Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, to hunt to death the unfortunate Queen of Scots who, flying from her rebellious and brutal nobles to seek protection at the Court of England, was seized by her jealous rival (who hated her for her beauty and accomplishments) and transferred to a prison-chamber in Fotheringay, where (innocent of all offence) the unhappy Queen had now lingered nineteen years. Mary was the object of constant intrigues and persecution, until at last her sanguinary English jailors, tired of having her ever before them, and her name ever in their ears, trumped up false charges against her, and without any pretense of a legitimate trial, took her out of prison carried her across the Thames—and the headsman did the rest.

III.

At the same time and hour a different scene was being enacted at another tav-

ern not a hundred miles away, though the actors, to all outward appearance, seemed similarly engaged. Ten young men of respectable appearance were seated round a large oaken-table in a far corner of a long straggling room. Ale and wine were before them; but they drank little and were engaged in earnest conversation which was carried on in low tones, while every head was bent forward toward one common centre.

All seemed young men of good birth; and they were for the most part richly, if not sumptuously dressed in the picturesque costume of the period. Every face wore an expression of eager enthusiasm; and the eyes of all the rest were fastened with deep attentiveness on each other member of the company as he spoke in turn. The leading spirit of this assemblage seemed to be a fair-haired, blue-eyed, smooth-cheeked young man, whose face bore a mingled expression of frankness, intrepidity and enthusiasm bordering upon wildness. This was Master Anthony Babington, the credulous and ill-fated young gentleman whom Walsingham's sanguinary emissaries had made an unconscious tool to lay toils round the hapless Queen of Scots and bring destruction on the heads of himself and the other unfortunate dupes, his associates.

"Well, Master Babington," said one of the company, "what report have you to make to us this morning?"

"A most favorable one," was the confident reply. "I have had encouraging assurances from the embassies, and aid from France and Spain may be counted upon if need be, when once the blow is struck."

"Marry," ejaculated a sharp, keen-eyed young gentleman—"if the blow is once struck, we may dispense with the aid of the foreigners."

"And so say I—and I—and I," responded several others.

"Have we any new recruits?" asked a tall, fair young man at the far end of the table.

"My friends," said Babington, lowering his voice, "to that question I may answer Yes and No. We have numerous friends, faithful and thorough, in Derbyshire and in the North, who will rally to our banner when the blow is struck; thousands will follow them, and in a

short time the whole country, sick of the tyranny of this woman, will rise at our call, but as for the enterprise which we have in hands, there are enough of us concerned in it. A task of this kind is best done by a few determined, resolute men, solemnly sworn to one another and ready to sacrifice their lives if need be for the end they aim at accomplishing. For work of this kind, we only want a few daring souls, inspired by the spirit of *Sœvola*; in large organizations there are many dangers—danger of discord, danger of confusion, danger of discovery, danger of treachery."

These sentiments were received with hearty but subdued applause.

"But tell us, Master Babington," said one of the company, "how have you got on with Master Hugh Huntley?"

Babington shook his head.

"Hugh is a good man and true," he said, "brave as a lion, and as cool in danger as if he were walking in his own chamber. But he keeps shy of our enterprise, and answers my arguments with sophistries worthy of his subtle Scotch intellect."

"Why here comes the man himself," said the sharp, keen-eyed young gentleman.

As he spoke, a tall handsome cavalier walked up the room with a free and careless step, nodding smilingly to the occupants of the tables on the right and left. He had a dark flashing eye, and there was a soldierly air about his muscular yet graceful figure. In an age when the adornment of the person was carried to a pitch of almost extravagant luxury, he was rather soberly dressed, with a serviceable rapier by his side and a short dagger in his belt. As he approached the table where the ten conspirators were seated, Babington rose hastily from his chair and stretched out his hand.

"Welcome, friend Hugh," he said, "it rejoices me to see you to-night. I did not hope you would be here to-night."

"Good e'en to you my good Anthony," replied Hugh Huntley, taking the proffered hand. "A good e'en to you, my masters, all," he added, lifting his plumed cap as his eyes glanced round the table.

"Come, sit down," said Babington; and room was immediately made for Huntley.

"Well, my masters," he said, looking around, as he took his seat, "what sport is afloat? Gramercy! but you all look as gloomy as the boatman as Acherow."

A faint artificial laugh was the answer to this pleasantry.

"We have been engaged in serious business to-night, Hugh," replied Anthony Babington with an air of importance "and you must know well what business I mean."

Hugh Huntley looked uneasily round ere he spoke.

"If you have business," he said, "which is linked with danger, business," he added, lowering his voice, "which may bring your heads to the block—surely the common room of a public tavern is not the place in which to discuss it."

"Pshaw!" replied Babington, "there is no one here who minds us—no one who dreams what our purpose is. But list ye, Hugh! Our project ripens rapidly; our friends are rapid in every part of the kingdom. As soon as the blow is struck the whole country will rise in our favor, and your lady of Scotland will be free to return home to claim the crown of her ancestors, with many a stout English arm to help her, and she list. Say, Hugh, will you join us now, at the last hour, and share our triumph?"

"No, Master Babington," said Huntley resolutely, laying his hand firmly but not noisily on the table. "No! I will fight for the good cause in the open field as becomes a soldier—I will shed my blood for it if need be; but I will not soil my hand with the assassin's dagger."

As he spoke thus with subdued vehemence of tone, a murmur ran around the board, and there was a dark frown on every face. "My friends," continued Hugh in gentler accents, "I had hoped you had given up this mad project. But it is not yet too late—oh! dear friends, I implore you, desist from it or (I warn you) the path on which you are treading will surely lead to the scaffold and the headsman's block."

"It pleaseth me well," said the keen-eyed little gentleman sneeringly, to find that Master Huntley still possesses all the proverbial prudence and caution of

his country. He is wise not to risk his precious life even to save a nation."

"Yet beshrew me," said a rougher, sterner voice, "me seems it becometh a cavalier who boasts of his loyalty to his native queen to desert the royal lady in this crisis of her faith."

"Look, ye, sirs," Hugh replied in tones that betrayed the anger and indignation he struggled to subdue, "if any man says that I am false to the royal but unfortunate lady to whom I have pledged my faith, I tell him to his teeth he lies, and I will prove it on his body with my good sword. I will fight for my queen if opportunity offers: if need be, I will readily lay down my life to-morrow to see her walk forth a free woman from that castle of Fotheringay and again ascend the throne of her ancestors. But even for her I will not play the assassin. Nay, my masters, ye need not darken your brows with frowns nor lay your hands upon your swords; it would take more than that to intimidate a Huntley. But believe me it is in the true spirit of friendship that I warn you of the danger on which you are rushing blindfold. Ye think ye are venturing a great and noble enterprise. I tell ye, friends, you are stumbling amid traps and pitfalls. I believe, I know, ye are the dupes of the emissaries of Cecil and Walsingham; and, woe's me! ye will bring destruction, not only on your own heads, but also on the head of the dear but most unfortunate lady whom you profess to befriend. Be warned then in time: give up this mad and wicked enterprise, or, if you do not, I prophecy to you (and the day is not far off) that the hour will come when you will repent that you did not take my advice—the hour when the rack will stretch your aching limbs and the flash of the headsman's axe will dazzle your weary eyes. For my part, I quit you here, bitterly mourning the fatal lot you have chosen for yourselves. I would save you if I could; but you are wilful in your purpose. Gentlemen, I bid you a good-night."

The next moment he was gone. The conspirators, who had half drawn their swords, followed his departing figure with eyes that expressed nearly as much of vague fear as of anger. Then they fell back in their seats, staring at one

another; and they continued silent for several minutes, though the wine-cup went round with startling rapidity.

At length one tall and stalwart young man who had drunk very freely, sprang up from his seat and said:

"What is this, my masters? what are we going to do? We have had a serpent amongst us; we have taken him to our bosom, and he has stung us well nigh to the heart. This Scotchman who despises our motives and sneers at our acts—who talks of his reverence for his queen but will not strike a blow on her behalf—this man knows all our secrets: what guarantee that this cavalier who has been seen flaunting it at Elizabeth's court while his lawful queen was pining in a dungeon, will not, has not betrayed us! Eh, my masters! I say he must die, or swear the most solemn oaths not to betray."

A murmur of applause ran round the board: the frequent draughts of sack were doing their work.

"Hugh Huntley," remonstrated Babington, "is a gentleman, a soldier, and a man of honor."

"He is a Scot," retorted the previous speaker, "who is false to his own queen."

This remark was received with marked applause; and subdued murmurs of "He must die the death!" were heard on every side.

"Gentlemen," said Babington, rising, pale but calm, "it is I who am responsible for having brought this man here. It is, therefore I who must compel him to take the oath of secrecy or slay him. Not a moment shall be lost: I will follow him this instant."

And donning his cap and grasping his sword, he rushed from the room.

Babington hurried along the Chepe at topmost speed till he reached St. Paul's Church. Under the shadow cast by the walls and towers of the Gothic structure (which has since been replaced by Sir Christopher Wren's great building) in the moonlight, he beheld a tall lithe figure stalking on before him with easy swinging stride; and Anthony recognized his friend Huntley at once. Hurrying up, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hugh!"

"Why, friend Anthony!" exclaimed Huntley in surprise. "Body o' me! man, what wouldst thou of me now?"

"Hugh," said Babington, somewhat embarrassed, "you are acquainted with all our secrets and our lives are at your mercy. My comrades are filled with apprehension that a man who is not one of them should know all their schemes. They have decided that you must take the oath of secrecy, or"—

"Or what?"

"Or die!"

"Pooh, pooh," said Hugh with a light laugh—"a Huntley does not die so easily as that."

"I am commanded to administer the oath," said Babington, "or kill you."

Huntley only laughed again, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Will you not take the oath, Hugh?"

"No, Master Babington, I will take no oath," said Huntley, drawing himself up haughtily. "I regard it as an insult to ask me."

"Then draw and defend yourself," cried Babington; and his own blade flashed in the moonlight. "You called us assassins, and while agone I could have run you through with my sword. But, though like the Roman patriot, I scruple not to destroy a tyrant by any means, I would not slay a brave man so. Draw and defend yourself for your life."

In an instant Hugh's rapier was out, and steel crossed and clashed with steel. Babington was a good swordsman, and, with quick fierce thrust and parry pressed his adversary hard. But the Scot was as cool as ice, and he had a wrist of iron. Watching his opportunity till the Englishman began to tire himself with his ineffectual vehemence, Hugh turned on the offensive, pressed him back, caught a desperately aimed thrust upon his guard, and with one rapid twirl of his rapier wrested Babington's sword from his grasp, and sent it flying a dozen yards away. He raised his point to the other's throat. Babington calmly folded his arms and awaited the thrust.

"Strike!" he said.

"No!" replied Huntley lowering his blade and stepping back to take up the other's sword, the hilt of which he presented to him with a courteous bow.

"I will not have an old friend's blood upon my hands. Go thy way, friend Anthony, and tell thy companions that a Scottish gentleman's word of honor is

as trustworthy as any oath. I will not betray you: in your schemes I will neither meddle nor mar. Gi'ye good night."

And, sheathing his sword, he walked away with as light and careless an air as if he had not been the moment before engaged in desperate combat. Anthony Babington went back to his fellow-conspirators, mortified and humbled.

IV.

THE bright morning sunlight was streaming down through the branching trees in the woods of Fotheringay, and glistening on the dew besprinkled plume of a gallant-looking cavalier, who, wrapped in his embroidered cloak, walked thoughtfully up and down. Presently, from between the trees behind him there stepped forth a graceful maidenly form in mantle and wimple. This fair vision, with bright blue eyes, rich glossy brown tresses, roseate cheeks and lips that might tempt an anchorite, tripped up silently and smilingly to the cavalier and laid a small white hand upon his arm.

"Hugh!" she said in a soft, low voice that was music itself.

He turned round, caught her in his arms and imprinted burning kisses on her dewy lips. She struggled from his embrace, her face suffused with crimson blushes.

"Pardon me, darling Kate," said her lover; "but oh! 'tis a world of time since I saw thee last."

"Why, how foolish thou art, Hugh," the maiden replied with an arch smile. "It was only three weeks ago."

"Ah! yes!" sighed Hugh Huntley. "But those three weeks were an age to me, unlighted by those bright twin stars."

"Flatterer!"

"Thou know'st I flatter not, my Kate," he said, lifting her soft, dainty hand to his lips. "But tell me, sweetest, how is thy royal mistress?"

"Sick almost to death," the maiden replied, the tears suddenly springing to her eyes. "If they would but let her alone, meseemeth she will not trouble them long."

"Poor lady!" said Hugh Huntley, "Heaven pity her! Do they continue to persecute her still?"

"Ay, do they, the fiends!" cried Kate, with flashing eye, clenching her little hand. "Yea, worse than ever. Two vile women, minions of the royal English harri-dan, have been appointed her nurses during her illness; but their sole function is to worry and persecute her night and day; for they never leave her. Her enemies hope to kill her by this species of torture and avoid the odium of a public execution."

"Fiends!" exclaimed Huntley, his hand involuntarily seeking his sword.

"But, dearest Hugh," said the maiden clasping his arm with both her hands and looking up to him with a tender, anxious gaze, "I would give you a word of earnest counsel. There is a wild, enthusiastic young man named Babington, a gentleman of Derbyshire, who has been corresponding with my royal mistress. I fear that he and others as rash and foolish as himself, are engaged in some wild and desperate plot, which can only end in ruin to themselves, and, I fear, to the poor queen. It has reached me, Hugh, that this Master Babington is a friend of thine: Oh! beloved, assure me that thou'st not mixed thyself up with this mad conspiracy."

"Fear not, sweet Kate," replied her lover. "They sought to tempt me, but in vain. I would die to secure the queen's freedom and restoration to her throne and the banishment or death of the detestible bastard, Murray. But I have no intention of throwing my life into a common hazard with these hair-brained dupes, who are walking blindfold along the straight road to the scaffold."

"Thank God!" murmured the maiden.

What further conversation passed between these two it is needless to relate. Their talk, uttered in low, soft, tender accents, was such as has been familiar to lovers in all ages—talk accompanied by gentle pressure of the hand—and it maybe of the lips, too. Never you mind.

Hugh Huntley was walking down Ludgate Hill next day, when he encountered a brother Scot. The latter stopped him, exclaiming:

"Hey! Airnsraig," (so Hugh was always called on his ancestral estate), "where hae ye been this age? All your friends are missing ye."

"In the country. Any news?"

"Terrible news, man. Poor, mad

Anthony Babington and nine others have been arrested on charge of having conspired to assassinate the queen. The evidence is overwhelming against them; and it is said the Queen of Scots is concerned in the plot."

"Who are the witnesses?"

"Four persons, named Giffard, Greatley, Poley and Maude."

"Ha! I thought so. Walsingham's blood-thirsty minions. Well?"

"They have been condemned and sentenced to be"—

"Beheaded?"

"No, not so noble a death as that. They are to be hanged, drawn and quartered while still alive; and their heads are to ornament the pike-staves on the parapet of London Bridge."

"Horrible," ejaculated Hugh, as he passed slowly onward. "I warned them, but it was all in vain."

V.

THE conviction and execution of the conspirators (dupes of the ministerial scoundrel, Walsingham and his subordinate ruffians) caused great excitement. Correspondence was found in Babington's possession, among which, were letters from Mary, approving and urging, it was said, the assassinaton of Elizabeth. This was a fiendish falsehood. Not a word could be found in the letters of the royal prisoner of Fotheringay Castle from which any such meaning could be wrested, to the excessive chagrin of the Secretary of State and his colleagues in guilt. But this difficulty was soon remedied: they procured a wretch named Davison to forge a postscript to one of the letters, in which the unfortunate Mary of Scotland was made to approve of the murder of her royal cousin.

Thirty commissioners were appointed and sent off to Fotheringay Castle to arraign the unfortunate captive, to whom they denied the assistance of counsel. They were headed by Cecil, Lord of Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham and the Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton (whose shrewdish widow Lord Bacon afterward married.)

The unfortunate Queen of Scots lay sick in bed, and denying their authority, refused to see them. But the wily Sir

Christopher Hatton told her that if she persisted in this course, "It would be considered an acknowledgment of guilt." Whereupon the unhappy lady consented to appear before judges who had already resolved upon her murder.

She entered the chamber where they were assembled, leaning on her physician and followed by her ladies. For two weary days the mock trial lasted; and the unfortunate captive queen, broken in spirit, as her aching head sank upon her breast, said—

"My lords, it is my life you seek. No thought of justice is in your hearts. Like tigers you thirst for my blood. You know in your hearts the accusations you bring against me are infamously false. But nothing short of my murder will content you. Why then keep up this mockery any longer!"

Then a transient flame of the old royal spirit of her race lit up in her bosom and shone in her speaking eyes.

"I appeal," she cried, "I appeal from this mock tribunal to the Parliament of England—to the queen and her council, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors."

The only reply the commissioners gave to this outburst was to declare the Court adjourned to the twenty-fifth day of October; and they took their departure: they never met again at Fotheringay. Mary's murder was a foregone conclusion. The commissioners assembled in the Star Chamber at Westminster formally condemned her of "treason and compassing the queen's death," and sentenced her to die by the headsman's axe. The King of France, Henry IV., protested; the foreign ambassadors protested; but all in vain. The royal harlot and perjurer of England thirsted for her blood; and Scotland's once beautiful and beloved queen, prematurely old and gray, after long years of imprisonment and persecution, perished on the scaffold. When the murder had been consummated, Elizabeth pretended to be angry and indignant at the deed, and even tried to create the impression that her name had been forged to the order for the Scottish queen's execution; but nobody believed the lie.

Hugh Huntley was sitting in his solitary chambers as the sun began to sink beyond the Western waters. He heard

a light footstep on the stairs; and the next moment a veiled woman rushed into the room. She threw up her veil and revealed the features of his beautiful betrothed, Catherine Douglas, though now pale and haggard.

"Kate, you here!"

She flung herself, sobbing as if her heart would break, into his outstretched arms.

"Oh! Hugh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "take me away from this horrible place—take me home. Oh! my poor mistress—my sainted queen!"

"The queen, Kate?"

"Yes, they have murdered her: she was beheaded this morning."

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, "can such things be? Oh! Scotland, this is thy shame—England! this is thy ignominy. Yes, my Kate, we will go home; and when the Church has pronounced its blessing on our union, we will retire to my castle in sweet Teviot Dale, and spend our days there in peace and contentment far from the intrigues and crimes of courts and kings."

THE END.

A GREEN SOD FROM ERIN.

I have brought a bright treasure
From home's holy shrine,
Where the friends who have loved me
Still loving repine.

How verdant the grass is!
How fresh is the clay!

Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

Little sod!—I once found it
Beside the old door,
Where my mother caress'd me
In sweet days of yore!
Where footsteps of childhood
First tottered in play—

Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

Wildest storms from the mountains
Have swept o'er it long,
Yet they hurt it no more than
A summer bird's song.
And sunlight danced o'er it
Till evening grew gray,
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away.

As the tears of the loved ones
Have fallen in show'rs
O'er this sod-mementoes
Of happier hours,
So those of the exile
Shall moisten the clay—
Sweet emerald treasure
From home far away!

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ONE would think that little has been ever written and that little could possibly be written on the subject of coins. But this is quite a mistake—perhaps more volumes have been composed upon this subject than upon any other branch or science of a like nature. Not many months ago we read of the sale of a numismatic library and the sale lasted for several weeks. Strange to say, that with so many means of studying the history of nations through the medium of their respective coinage there are very few who know anything about the subject. Perchance they consider it too difficult or else quite useless.

The study of history by means of coins is not difficult. In fact it is the contrary, for the coin so proves and illustrates the particular event of the history that it becomes far easier to stamp it upon the memory and to contrast it and compare it with surrounding facts and events. This study is, likewise, far from being useless. In fact we scarce can form an idea of its utility without that we make use of it a few times as a medium whereby we may attain our end—the knowledge of the past.

An example: Taking up Goldsmith's history of Rome we find that in the third year of the foundation of the eternal City, the great event took place known as the rape of the Sabines. The Sabines invited to partake in festivities in honor of a Roman God, the young Romans rushed out upon them and carried them off to their homes. Goldsmith tells us that the event was recorded not only in the archives but also on the coins of the country. Then we find in a volume on "illustrated coins of Rome" the engraving of a coin exactly corresponding to the description given in the work of Goldsmith. The date is the same, and the stamp shows several young men bearing away in their arms young women. There we have an illustration of how interesting the study of history becomes when we connect it, in such a way with the coinage of the

country. It becomes much easier to learn and to retain.

It is true that there are very few people who can give themselves to this work. It is alas, reserved too exclusively for such characters as Scott's *Antiquary* to find pleasure and utility in such a study.

But coins not only illustrate history and such events as are to be found in the records, and documents and manuscripts of the different ages. Likewise is there a very powerful link existing between those pieces of metal and the real monuments of the country and of the age. It is generally in the ruins of those time-honored trophies that we discover the hidden relics of the past.

But some one may ask; what use are those old coins—they are of no value to-day and what good can it do us to know that they belonged to the Egyptians or Greeks or Romans or any other people?

Yes, they are of value to-day and it is of great utility to us to know whence they came and all about them. If you will, the Roman copper coin would be rejected if you offered it in change for a five cent piece to nearly any clerk in America. Most certainly the newsboy upon the street would not give you a copy of his paper if the money you handed him was a relic of the past. Little would it matter to him whether Alexander the Great ever had it in his hand or even if it had been once dropped into poor Homer's hat as he begged his bread from his ungrateful countrymen. Still would the newsboy reject the coin and consider you very ignorant for having had the "cheek" to offer him such a token. And ignorant indeed you would be, were you to thus lose for 1 cent's value what might, perhaps, bring you several pounds were you to offer it to a collector or to a museum.

If in one place the ancient coin has no value in another place it is worth very much. How would the one who makes such an assertion like to have in his possession a couple of those small coins which though only a shilling's worth in real value, brought the other day a thousand pounds each when sold at auction in the city of London?

However coins are not valued by their weight or their composition. Often a copper-piece, half-worn, half eaten with

rust would be a thousand times more valuable than a bright heavy gold coin. these things are measured and weighed by their age, by their origin, by their historical connections, by the circumstances under which they were discovered.

Then our nineteenth century, steam engine, mad-civilization friend will tell us that he sees no profit in the study of the past and of the men who have gone before us. Perchance he does not, but others do. And if he knew how to profit by experience, how to learn six lessons, how to improve upon the works of others, how to imitate great example, how to take warning by the faults of others he would soon know how useful to persons in every sphere of life, from the laborer to the Governor, from the peasant to the General, is the study of the deeds of men and the works of peoples.

Often we may be reading for days the history of nations in general or of a people in particular and during all that time, meet with no event, no fact, no deed, no person that would attract our attention in a very striking and peculiar manner. We might pass over some of the most important events or some of the most renowned of names without stopping a moment to consider them, were it not that some little thing led our mind in that direction. For example a coin referring to that period or to that personage might suffice to make us reflect and finally study very attentively that portion of history.

Take up the daily paper and week after week you will pass over the column that is headed "News from South America or China." Why is it so? Because you have no great interest in the affairs of these far off countries and you fly to what is nearer home and what may touch on yourself or your friends. But suppose a friend or a relative of yours should go to South America or to China or to any other out of the way place, the moment you would come to a paragraph in a paper, referring to that particular place, you would jump at once at it and read it over and over.

It is the same with the study of the past. If you have nothing that recalls to your mind the importance of any epoch or event you pass it over and even

if you should happen to read it you forget it at once. But when you are specially drawn towards that point you linger upon it and around it and you impress it upon your memory. And no means in the world so useful as coins to attain this very desirable end.

When a person has studied the past by means of those little pieces of metal, he is enabled to build himself a species of world, that exists in his own mind and of which he alone is lord, and to which he can fly for repose and safety when the things of the real world are going amiss and of which he can say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

The history of the world appears to such a person as a vast desert, here and there a beautiful spot, an oasis with its palms and its fountains, here and there a stately monument looming up from the midst of surrounding solitude—more magnificent the greater the desolation at its feet—a pyramid, a sphynx, a kirtchez tomb. Such a person can see and notice and admire the mighty minds that rise and burn and illumine—even as beacon lights before the eyes. Such a person can find a pleasure in comparing one people with another, in contrasting one epoch with the next, in ranking in their proper places those who soared above the littleness of each century and that appear above its hidden splendor, as the remains of the stately pillars, and gorgeous fanes which issue forth from the lava-covered ruins of Pompeii, the sole relics of despoiled magnificence for the traveller's eye to contemplate.

A coin is an index, a guide, a light, a real teacher, a powerful auxiliary to the study of the past. Coins are not to be laughed at, the study of coins is not to be despised, those who took the trouble of collecting and of studying coins are to be admired and thanked by all who have an interest in the past. We cannot live altogether in the present. As for the future we cannot touch upon it—all is uncertain in that direction. Then there remains merely the past into which the mind can wander for relief. The past is certain; it is there and cannot be changed.

We have now seen, in an imperfect and rapid manner, how connected are those links which bind us to the past. The main link, the principal chain

formed by documents; the next built up by monumental piles; the third composed of coins. There yet remains a fourth link, more powerful even than any of those heretofore mentioned. This fourth branch consists of the *ballads* and *songs* of the different countries. There is no country, neither was there ever a country that had not its music, its songs, its ballads, its poems, its bards and its poets. From the minstrel king of Israel to the hoary bards of the Celts, in every age and every land the bard was the historian as well as the poet of the people.

In our next we will refer to the music and songs of the peoples—but before concluding this essay we would beg of all those who desire to study the past to bear in mind that their truest friends and aids are the *coins of the world*.

WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON,
M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.

Pæta nascitur is an old and trite quotation, one that has stood the test of time, yet what has been said of the poet may with equal force be applied to any department of intellectual life. To be a great poet one needs be born with the fire of poetic genius, but to rise to eminence in any profession to soar above common place mediocrity, to achieve those flights that make the name of the individual identical with the part he enacts, nature must have bestowed the special gift, and as in the case of the gentleman whose biography we are about to give, labor that conquers everything untiring, unremitting study must be the handmaids of talents or even genius, for every art and science is a jealous mistress. Our youthful readers who, we trust, are following these brief sketches in the hope of emulating the noble characters we so imperfectly depict, will have observed that for so far we have chosen representatives in each department of life, and that in all, the Irish Canadian is no degenerate son of the good old stock, whether in the walks of statesmanship, as the eloquent pleader at the bar of justice, or as the successful merchant and philanthropist. In the present issue we offer them a sketch from the pen of the



WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.

Rev. Douglas Borthwick, of William Hales Hingston, Doctor of Medicine, whose reputation is far more widespread than the confines of the Dominion, whose resolute research and deep investigation have opened up new avenues of thought, and to a considerable extent innovated the practice of medicine, and who amid all the cares and anxieties of his profession has succeeded in reaching the highest point of honor amongst his fellow citizens and reflecting lasting credit on the race from which he has sprung:—

“The Hingstons had been established

in Ireland for centuries, and are allied with the Cotters of Cork, the elder Latouches of Dublin, and the Hales family; and on the mother's side to the old family of the Careys. When the number of regiments was reduced, after the close of the war, the 100th became the 99th, and was only disbanded several years afterwards, when Colonel Hingston selected a pretty spot on the banks of the Chateauguay River, near Huntingdon. There he organized the Militia Force, Lord Dalhousie giving him command of the County of Huntingdon; and subsequently, Sir James

Kempt, of the county of Beauharnois. The wounds, however, he had received in action, especially one through the groin at the battle of Chippewa, which had lamed him, terminated his life early, when the subject of our notice—one of six children—was only eighteen months old. At thirteen he was sent to the Montreal College, where at the end of his first year, he obtained the prize in every branch, carrying three first and two second, while his chief opponent, the present superior of the College, obtained the remaining two first and three second. He afterwards spent a couple of years in studying pharmacy with R. W. Rexford, when he entered upon the study of medicine at McGill University.

He graduated at the end of four years, and immediately left for Edinburgh, to obtain the Surgeon's diploma of that University; but by practicing the most rigid economy he succeeded in visiting England and Ireland also, and almost every country in Europe, spending the greater part of his time in the hospitals and bringing back with him diplomas from Scotland, France, Prussia, Austria and Bavaria. One, the membership of the Leopold Academy, purely honorary and given only to authors, was the first ever obtained by a Canadian, Sir Wm. Logan, and T. Sterry Hunt being the next recipients of the honour. He had almost made up his mind to settle in Edinburgh, as assistant to Professor Simpson, but yielded to the well understood wishes of his mother and returned to Canada.

Dr. Hingston began the practice of his profession in the city of Montreal, in 1853, taking up his residence in McGill Street. Here his urbanity of manner, his punctuality, promptitude, strict attention to the minutest details of his profession, and his uniform kindness and gentleness of disposition towards all, with his generosity to the suffering poor, soon won for him the good-will of those with whom he came in contact, and secured for him a rapidly extending practice. Cholera visited the city in 1854, and was most severely felt in Grifintown. Being the nearest physician to that locality, the Doctor had abundant opportunity of ministering to the relief of the afflicted.

A few years afterwards, he removed into a house of his own in Bonaventure street. Afterwards, he removed to Beaver Hall, where he resided until 1872 when he purchased his present residence, corner of Union Avenue and St. Catherine Streets.

Dr. Hingston has now occupied, for several years, a most prominent position in Montreal, as a leading member of his profession—especially in surgery—his "first love," as the *Canada Medical Journal* states; and having, at the present time, besides a large city practice, one of the very largest consulting practices in Canada—calling him frequently to visit outlying towns and cities, and not unfrequently to the neighbouring States.

Soon after beginning practice, Dr. Hingston received, unsolicited, the appointment of Surgeon to the English speaking department of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and has been unremitting in his attendance upon the suffering inmates of that excellent institution.—There he has had the largest field in this country for the exercise of his calling, and has acquired a dexterity and precision in operating which is unusual. Many of the more difficult and hazardous operations in surgery have been there introduced by him to the profession in Canada, such for instance, as excision of the kneejoint, acquired deformities, and the successful removal of the tongue and lower jaw, at the same time.

Though attached to no Medical School Dr. Hingston has largely availed himself of the material at his disposal in the hospital, for practically instructing the medical students who attended it. Every day, for many years, clinical instruction was given—the Doctor receiving no pecuniary reward therefrom. But as the young gentlemen whom he instructed graduated in medicine, and scattered themselves over the country, they gave many evidences of their gratitude to, and confidence in, their generous instructor, and have largely assisted in building up his reputation.

Again visiting Europe, in 1867, one of his masters, Professor (now Sir James) Simpson, paid a high tribute to Canadian Surgery in the person of Dr. Hingston by inviting him to perform a surgical operation of difficulty on one of

his (Sir James') patients; and in speaking of him, a few weeks afterwards, in a British Medical Journal of the time, Sir James styles him, 'that distinguished American Surgeon lately amongst us.'

As a graduate of McGill University he was one of a few gentlemen to organize the McGill University Society, and to advocate and secure the appointment, from among the graduates, of Convocation Fellows to the University. The Hon. Alexander Morris, now of Manitoba, Mr. Brown Chamberlin and himself were the first office-bearers in the McGill University Society, a society founded chiefly for the purpose named; but he alone, we believe, never occupied the position in the University he was instrumental, in part, in obtaining for his fellow graduates.

When Bishop's College Medical School was organized by the late Dr. Smallwood and Dr. David, Dr. Hingston was named Professor of Surgery, and afterwards Dean of Faculty, both of which, however, he was forced to resign as the duties were incompatible with his position at the Hospital. He received the degree of D.C.L., from the University at Lennoxville in 1871.

When the Dominion Medical Association was formed Dr. Hingston was appointed first Secretary for the Province of Quebec; and two years ago, he was unanimously elected representative of the Profession for the same Province. During his connection with the Association he contributed several papers on medical subjects.

Last year, he was unanimously elected Governor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada, in the place of the late Dr. Smallwood.

One of the founders of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Montreal, he has three times held the position of Vice-President, and twice that of President, no small honour in a city where professional stands so high, and a fair indication, it may be presumed, of the estimation in which he is held by his professional brethren. While the unanimity with which he was called upon to accept, and apparently with great reluctance on his part, the Civic Chair by the members of his own profession as well as by the public at large, is the best testimony

that could be given of the esteem in which he is held by all classes and conditions of the community. The boldness and frankness of the new Mayor's inaugural address was of a character to call forth encomiums from the Press generally—the *Witness* speaking of it as equalling Gladstone's efforts, in clothing the driest material in poetic language.

The ease and elegance with which Dr. Hingston writes renders it a matter of regret to medical readers that he does not contribute so frequently as formerly to the Medical Press of the country. For several years, Dr. Hingston wrote largely, Morgan, in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, mentions a dozen papers from his pen, the more important being on the state of medicine in Paris and Berlin; and a series of papers on the climate of Canada in its sanitary aspects. This latter paper the Doctor, a personal friend of the author of this work and for many years his family physician, wrote especially for *The British American Reader*, the first of the Author's books introduced into Catholic and Protestant schools alike, and now by School Act the basis of the Examination in Dictation, &c., of candidates for school diplomas for the Province of Quebec. As years have rolled on, however, and as professional duties have been multiplied, Dr. Hingston's efforts in that direction have been less frequent, and of a more desultory character; only being called forth in connection with some circumstances or study of special interest."

During the period of Dr. Hingston's Mayoralty several important measures were carried, and the Sanitary condition of the city vastly improved. Many exciting events took place, in which he displayed some judgment and good management. The most important, however, was the "Guibord funeral," which, for some time, threatened to disturb the harmony of the whole community. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the circumstances which brought about the occurrence. Guibord, a French Canadian Catholic, was a member of the "Institut Canadien," a body placed under the ban of the Church, by the Bishop of Montreal, and to whose members the rights of Christian burial was denied. Guibord's

friends held a lot in the Catholic Cemetery, and were resolved that he should be buried there against the will of the Bishop. The matter was carried before the courts of law, and Judge Mondelet, a very honest man, but of small mental *Calibre*, and mighty notions of his powers as a Judge of the civil tribunal ordered, not only the burial of Guibord in consecrated ground, but that the clergy should perform religious services for the deceased. This judgment was appealed from and set aside on technical grounds by the Court of Appeals in this province, but the matter having been carried to England, the Privy Council then decided that Guibord should be buried in the lot of ground referred to, but without any religious ceremony. When the news of the judgment arrived, the enemies of the Church were jubilant, and reprints were industriously circulated that the Catholic population were about to rise *en masse* and prevent the carrying out of the decree. In his capacity of Mayor, Dr. Hingston acted throughout with the greatest prudence and vigor. Refusing to allow himself to be swayed by those who were anxious to humiliate the clergy, and to cast insult in the teeth of the great Catholic majority, he declined to call on the troops which he well knew were not so much intended for the purpose of quelling a riot, of which there was not the most remote danger as to give *eclat* to the triumph it was to celebrate over the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, the troops were ordered out by another authority, and on the day of the funeral marched to the cemetery, but through the agency of the Mayor, whose efforts were seconded by the manly delicacy of the officers in command of the various corps, not one of them placed foot on the consecrated ground, and the remains of Guibord were consigned to their resting place in the presence of a few policemen, and a crowd of spectators, without even an angry word being spoken, to justify the great military preparations that had been made. For the part enacted on this trying occasion by Dr. Hingston, he won not only the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, but received the warm thanks of His Excellency the Governor General, (Lord Dufferin.)

In the year 1875 Dr. Hingston married

the second daughter of Lieut. Governor MacDonald, of the Province of Ontario, a beautiful and accomplished lady. He is still in the full vigor of manhood, with many years of a brilliant and useful career before him.

CHIT-CHAT.

ANY one who may have any doubts about the amenities of Irish Landlordism and the beauties of English rule in Ireland will be much edified by a perusal of a recent correspondence in *The Spectator*, July 31, about what *The Spectator* calls "the very despotic traditions of the Kerry Estates of Lord Lansdowne." That correspondence proves to the world on the undoubted authority of the defence itself, that Irish Landlordism is what it is accused of being:—"an immoral despotic authority." Some thirty years ago a man was tried in Tralee for the murder of his nephew, a child whom he had driven from his door and who died of exposure. The defence set up by the prisoner's attorney was that the boy had been refused admittance to his uncle's house, through fear of eviction, it being a law on the estate, that if a younger son or daughter marry the new couple shall quit the parent cabin. The present Lord Lansdowne enters the lists in defence of his father. The (ig) noble Lord's defence is unique—he *admits* the law *defends* its existence and would have us believe the child died from a thrashing which he deserved administered by his uncle. Chief Baron Pigott summing up the evidence on the trial evidently did not take this *noble* view of the case. "His mother" said the Chief Baron "had left him, and he was alone and unprotected. He found refuge with his grandmother, who held a farm, from which she was removed in consequence of her harbouring this poor boy, as the agent on the property had given public notice to the tenantry, that expulsion would be the penalty inflicted on them, if they harboured any person having no residence on the estate. He came to Casey's house, where you his uncle and aunt resided. He applied for relief, as he was in a state of destitution. Casey, with whom you lodged, desired you to turn him from

"the house, as he was afraid the orders of the agent would be enforced against him."

If this is Lansdowne regime, no wonder the noble Lord threw up the Under Secretaryship for India in consequence of his objection to Mr. Forster's Compensation for Ejectments Bill. Public opinion will say he is better *out* of the Government than *in* it. His defence of his father shews, that he is a (bad) chip of the same old [bad] block.

In connection with the Lansdowne regime it may not be amiss to note, that the Lansdowne agent was chiefly instrumental in deporting from Ireland 4,600 people at \$17 a head—a cost per head less than the annual cost of a pauper to the union. Surely this is the exercise of an immorally despotic authority.—Q. E. D.

It is often asserted that life is not safe in Ireland. The wonder is—not that it is *not safe*—but that it is *as safe* as it is. In none other, but a Catholic country would life, under similar circumstances, be so safe. Nay, we even doubt whether in any other Catholic country it would be as safe. We know well that Catholicity as the Church of God, has immense power for good. But we know equally as well that Catholicity, as the Church of God, was never intended to be the aider and abetter of an "immorally despotic authority" such as the political and social life of Ireland has ever been under English rule.

Do you ask me, why I think that in no other Catholic country but Ireland, life would be so safe? I will answer you in the words of an English Protestant paper writing 14 years ago: "This 'in fact has always been the difficulty in dealing with Irish questions; instead of being too discontented, the (Irish) people have never been discontented enough.'" And the writer goes on to assign a reason for this apathy little creditable to English rule in Ireland. "This want of resolution in the Celtic agitation," he says, "is doubtless due to the long depression of the whole race; the present is the first generation of free born Roman Catholics.

[This was written in 1866] Catholic emancipation is only 37 years old."

Do you now see, gentle reader, why "even in no other Catholic country life would be so safe?" And do you now see, gentle reader, that Irish landlordism [pace the (ig) noble Lansdowne regime] is an immorally despotic authority?

That no Protestant country would suffer for a moment what Ireland has suffered, "goes without saying." The whole history of Protestantism proves it and our English Protestant paper affirms it. "The Protestant dissenters of 'this country,' it writes, 'would not submit for five years to the political wrongs, that Irish Roman Catholics have endured for centuries. Even to the present day [1866] the monstrous wrong of the State Church has not been attacked in Ireland with one-tenth of the energy, bitterness, vigor and unrelenting animosity, with which our own dissenters assail the comparative trumpery grievance of 'Church rates.'"

This is strong language and all the stronger because *true*.

Let Irish landlordism take counsel of the signs of the times. American republicanism is fast taking hold of the hearts of the people in Ireland. As soon as the Irish priesthood looses its hold on the Irish people, just so soon will the devil let loose the dogs of war, and socialism, communism, and an outraged long-suffering manhood will assert itself to sweep over the land to massacre the Anglo-Celtic landlords, with as little stint and as short shrift as the ancestors of these same Anglo-Celtic landlords massacred the Celtic owners of their broad acres. Alas! we fear, "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

It is not rational to defend one wrong by another; but we may at least compare them. The Milesian race was improved off the land by fire and sword, and persecution in the interest of "Protestant ascendancy" and "no surrender." Would it be a greater wrong to improve the Anglo-Celtic landlords off their ill-gotten lands in the interests of "suum cuique" and the decalogue? H.B.

"HOLD THE HARVEST."

A TIMELY HYMN FOR THE IRISH PEOPLE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

I.

God has been bountiful! garlands of glad-
ness
Grow by the waysides exorcising sadness,
Shedding their bloom on the pale cheek of
slavery,
Holding out plumes for the helmets of bra-
very,
Birds in them singing this sanctified stave—
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

II.

Look on this harvest of plenty and pro-
mise—
Shall we sleep while the enemy snatches it
from us?
See where the sun on the golden grain
sparkles!
Lo! where behind it the reaper's home
darkles!
Hark! the cry ringing out, "Save us—oh,
save!
God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

III.

From the shores of the ocean, the farther and
hither,
Where the victims of famine and pestilence
wither,
Lustreless eyes stare the pitying heaven,
Arms, black, unburied, appeal to the
levin—
Voices unceasing shout over each wave,
"God has been bountiful—MAN MUST BE
BRAVE!"

IV.

Would ye live happily, fear not nor falter—
Peace sits on the summit of Liberty's altar!
Would ye have honor—honor was ever
The prize of the hero-like, death-scorning
liver!
Would ye have glory—she crowns not the
slave—
God has been bountiful, you must be
brave!

V.

Swear by the bright streams abundantly
flowing,
Swear by the hearths where wet weeds are
growing—
By the stars and the earth, and the four
winds of heaven,
That the land shall be saved, and its tyrants
outdriven,
Do it! and blessings will shelter your
grave—
God has been bountiful—will ye be brave?

FAMINE SCENES IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

CLOSING THE FEARFUL EVIDENCE AGAINST
THE LANDLORD SYSTEM.

MR. REDPATH'S SUMMING UP.

THE PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

AND now let us enter Connaught—the
land of human desolation.

Connaught has a population of 911,-
000 souls. Out of this vast multitude of
people, nearly one-half—or to be stati-
tically exact—421,750 persons are re-
ported to be in extreme distress by the
local committees of the Mansion House.
From every county come *official* an-
nouncements that the destitution is in-
creasing.

A geographical allocation of the dis-
tress goes to the county:—

Leitrim (in round numbers).....	47,000
To Roscommon.....	46,000
To Sligo.....	58,000
To Galway.....	124,000
To Mayo.....	143,000

These round numbers are 3,750 under
the exact figures. What need of verbal
evidence to sustain figures so appalling?

From each of these counties on the
Western coast, and from every parish of
them, the reports of the committees
give out the same dirge-like notes: "No
food," "no clothing," "bed clothing
pawned," "children half naked," "wo-
men clad in unwomanly rags," "no
fuel," "destitution appalling," "priva-
tion beyond description," "many are
suffering from hunger," "seed potatoes
and oats are being consumed by the peo-
ple," "their famine-stricken appearance
would make the stoutest heart feel for
them," "some families are actually
starving, and even should works be
started the people are too weak now to
work." These sad and saddening
phrases are not a bunch of rhetorical
expressions. Each one of them is a
literal quotation from the business-like
reports of the local committees of the
Mansion House.

In the province of Connaught the
destitution is so general and profound
that I could not tell you what I myself
saw there within the limits of a lecture.
I shall select one of the least distressful

counties—County Sligo—and again call eye-witnesses of its misery.

And my first witness shall be a distinguished bishop, at that time unfriendly to Mr. Parnell—Bishop MacCormick.

The Bishop wrote to me that in each of the 22 parishes of his diocese there prevails “real and undoubted distress,” and that from the returns made to him by his priests, he finds that the number on the parochial relief lists is from 70 to 75 per cent of the whole population of the diocese. His Lordship adds that this state of destitution must last till August.

Good words are like good coins—they lose their value if they are uttered too freely. I have used the word distress so often that I fear that it may fall on you. Let us test it in the fire of the sorrow of Sligo.

Dr. Canon Finn, of Ballymote, wrote to me that the priests in his parish tell him that the little children often come to school without having had a mouthful of breakfast to eat, and that vomiting and stomach sickness is common among them.

Why?

“I know whole families,” writes the Canon, “that have to supplement what our committee gives by eating rotten potatoes which they dig out, day by day.”

Father John O’Keene, of Dromore West, wrote to me that:—

“There are 400 families in his parish dependent on the relief committees, and 100 almost entirely in want of clothing and the children in a state of semi-nudity.”

Four hundred families! Let us look at the mother of just one of these 400 families.

Listen to Father O’Keene:—

“On Sunday last, as I was about going to church, a poor young woman, prematurely aged by poverty, came up and spoke to me. Being in a hurry, I said, ‘I have no time to speak to you, Mrs. Calpin: are you not on the relief list?’ ‘No, father,’ (she said), ‘and we are starving.’ Her appearance caused me to stop. She had no shoes and her wretched clothing made her a picture of misery.”

“I asked her, why her husband had not come to speak to me?”

She said:—“He has not had a coat for the last two years—and as this is Sunday he did not wish to trouble Thomas Feeney for the loan of one, as he sometimes lends one to him.”

“Have you any other clothes, besides what I see on you?”

“Father, I am ashamed,” was the reply, “I have not even a stitch of underclothing.”

“How many children have you?”

“Four, father.”

“What are their ages?”

“The oldest—a boy, 8 years; a girl, 7; another, 4; and a little one on the breast.”

“Have they any clothes?”

“No, father: You may remember that when you were passing, last September, you called into the house, and I had to put the children aside for their nakedness.”

“Have you any bedclothes?”

“A couple of guano bags.”

“How could you live for the past week?”

“I went to my brother, Martin MacGee, of Parrel-in-farrel, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel; I gave my husband the biggest part as he is working in the fields.”

“Had you anything for the children?”

“Oh, father,” she said, “the first question they put me in the morning is, *Mother!* have we any meal this day?”

“If I say I have, *they* are happy, if not, they are sad, and begin to cry.”

“At these words she showed great emotion, and I could not remain unmoved.”

“This,” adds Father O’Keene, “this is one of the *many* cases I could adduce in proof of the misery of my people.”

Are the landlords doing nothing for these people? Certainly. There are 900 families in the parish of Bruninaden, in the County Cork. Canon McDermott is the priest there. Hear what he wrote to me:—

“The lands are in part good, but the good lands are chiefly in the hands of landlords and graziers. You can travel miles over rich lands, and meet only the herds or laborers of some absentee landlord. Thirty landlords own this parish; twenty-seven of them are absentees. The three resident proprietors are poor and needy themselves. You can judge of the condition of the tenant farmers and of their relations with their landlords by a statement of facts:—

“There are in my parish two iron huts—one to protect the bailiff of an absentee landlord; the other to protect a resident landlord.

“Again, in a district containing 160 families, 89 processes of ejectment were ordered to be served by the landlords; but, in some cases, the process-servers declined to act; and, in others, the processes were forcibly taken from them.”

It isn’t always a pastime to serve processes of ejectment on a starving, and desperate peasantry.

The good Canon continues:—

“Allow me to state the condition of some

of those on whom processes were to have been served: Pat Grady, of Lugmore, has 14 children—13 of them living with him in a small hut. He holds about five acres of unreclaimed land, for which he pays at the rate of £1 12s. (\$8) an acre. He owns neither a cow nor a calf. He has not a morsel to feed his children except the $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cwt. of Indian meal I dole out to him each week. To-day I saw his ticket from a pawnbroker for his very bedclothes. His children sleep on straw on the bare floor."

But the landlord wanted his rent for all that.

"Pat Gormanly?" writes the Canon, "with five in a family, is in precisely the same destitute condition. He is threatened with an ejectment for non-payment of rent, whilst his family are starving for want of the commonest food."

"I could adduce," he concludes, "hundreds of cases quite as bad.

"Mathew Dasey came three times for his meal. His mother had been two days without food. He himself staggered and fell twice from hunger on his way home."

These starving and staggering peasants when they ask for food receive from their landlords processes of ejectment. I shall call no more witnesses, although I could summon hundreds of character unimpeachable, who would tell you tales of wretchedness quite as harrowing, from every barony and parish of the West of Ireland. I have chosen to quote local testimony rather than to give my own evidence, because some hearers might have thought, if I had described only what I saw myself, that the truth of my reports of Irish destitution had been warped in the fires of my indignation against oppression; and because, as I have always, I trust, preferred to fight on the side of the falling man, that the wrongs I saw had been unduly magnified by the lenses of my sympathy for their victims. At another time, I may tell what I saw in Ireland! To-night I must sum up my evidence in the fewest words.

I have seen sights as sad as most of my witnesses have described.

I have seen hundreds of barefooted and bareheaded mothers standing for an hour in the rain and the chilly wind, patiently and anxiously waiting to get an order for Indian meal to feed their famishing children at home.

I have seen a family of five boys dressed like girls, in garments rudely fashioned from potato bags, because

their parents were too poor to buy boys' clothing.

I have visited a dozen populous parishes, where four-fifths of the entire population depended for their daily bread on foreign charity.

I have been in villages where every man, woman, and child in them would die from hunger within one month, or perhaps one week, from the hour in which the relief that they now solely rely on should be refused—because the men have neither a mouthful of food, nor any chance of earning a shilling, nor any other way of getting provisions for their families, until the ripening of the crop in Autumn.

I have entered hundreds of Irish cabins in districts where the relief is distributed. These cabins are more wretched than the cabins of the negroes were in the darkest days of Slavery. The Irish peasant can neither dress as well nor is fed as well as the Southern slave. Donkeys, and cows, and pigs, and hens live in the same wretched room with the family. Many of these cabins had not a single article of bed clothing, except guano sacks or potato bags, and when the old folks had a blanket it was tattered and filthy.

I saw only one woman in all these cabins whose face did not look sad and care-racked, and she was dumb and idiotic.

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light-hearted and rollicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—equally ready to dance or to fight. I did not find them so. I found them in the West of Ireland a sad and despondent people, careworn, broken-hearted, and shrouded in gloom. Never once in the hundreds of cabins that I entered—never once even—did I catch the thrill of a merry-voice nor the light of a merry eye. Old men and boys, old women and girls, young men and maidens—all of them without a solitary exception—were grave or haggard, and every household-looked as if the plague of the first-born had smitten them that hour. Rachel, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoticed among these warm-hearted peasants, or if she had been noticed they would only have said:—"She is one of us." A home without a child is

cheerless enough, but here is a whole land without a child's laugh in it. Cabins full of children and no boisterous glee. No need to tell these youngsters to be quite. The famine has tamed their restless spirits, and they crouch around the bit of peat fire without uttering a word. Often they do not look a second time at the stranger who comes into their desolate cabin.

My personal investigations proved that the misery that my witnesses have outlined is not exceptional but representative; that the Irish peasant is neither indolent nor improvident, but that he is the victim of laws without mercy, that without mercy are enforced, and my studies, furthermore, forced me to believe that the poverty I saw, and the sorrow and the wretchedness are the predetermined results of the premeditated policy of the British Government in Ireland to drive her people into exile.

This, also, I believe and say—that Ireland does not suffer because of over-population, but because of over-spolia-tion, because she has too many landlords and not enough land-owners.

Irish Landlordism is in the dock to-day, charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of ruining a great people. I am one of the jury that has sat and taken evidence. "Guilty or not guilty?" My verdict is—GUILTY! The Irish people will never be prosperous until Irish Landlordism is abolished.

Let me say a few words to my auditors of American birth.

Americans believe that it is England that rules Ireland, and that the Irish in Ireland enjoy the same rights that the English enjoy in England. The belief is an error. England delegates the most important of all legislative power—the power of taxation—to the absentee landlord; and he assigns the odious task of impoverishing his people to his irresponsible agents. The Irish landlord is a little local Plantagenet with no salutary fear of a veto by strangulation; and the British Government is only his vassal and his executioner.

The Irish landlord has no more pity for his tenant than the shark has for the sailor who falls between his jaws. If Shakspeare had known them he would have made Shylock an Irish landlord. If Dante had seen the misery that these

miscreants have wrought, as my own eyes have seen it in the West of Ireland, he would have gone there to collect more lurid pictures of human wretchedness than he conceived in his Inferno.

From 1847 to 1851 one million and a half of the Irish people perished from famine and the fevers that it spawned. This hideous crime has been demonstrated by a man whose love of Ireland no man questioned, and whose knowledge of her history no man doubted.—John Mitchel.

These victims of landlord greed and British power were as deliberately put to death as if each one of them had been forced to mount the steps of a scaffold. And why? To save a worse than feudal system of land tenure—for it is the feudal system stripped of every duty that feudalism recognized—the corpse that breeds pestilence after the spirit that gave protection has fled—a feudal system that every Christian nation, excepting England only, has been compelled to abolish in the interests of civilization.

Now, what are the duties of the friends of Ireland? Our first duty is to feed the people who are starving. If I have opened your hearts, I beg of you that you will not say "God help them!" Just help them yourselves. They don't need more prayers. They need more meal.

I trust that I have shown you to-night, by the testimony of more than 10,000 witnesses, that the accounts of the Irish famine have not been exaggerated in America. I know that not one-tenth of the sad truths have been told about it. It is true, I hope, that not more than a score or more of peasants have died from hunger. The organs of the landlords say so; and it is almost the only truth that they have told. No thanks to the landlords for their mercy! If the people had depended on the landlords for help in this their time of need—one hundred thousand of them would lie mouldering in the graves from which the charity of Australia, and Canada, and America, have rescued them.

My statistics were brought down to the 1st of March. But the latest despatches from Ireland by cable shew that the distress is not decreasing but increasing. The bishops and the priests whom I met or who wrote to me before I

left Ireland, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin within a week, agree in sanctioning the declaration of the Mansion House Committee that "if the experience of former famines be a guide the greatest distress will be found in the months of July, and August," and that "it is to be apprehended that whilst the crops are ripening the people will perish."

A few days ago the *London Times* either said that the "distress was diminishing," or that it "was likely to decrease now." Don't believe it. The *London Times* rejoiced when the famine of '47 swept the Irish peasantry by thousands into their graves. It has had no change of heart. The landlords would like to see the Irish expelled by famine or by death. It is no longer the old cry of "To Hell or Connaught!" The British Government drove the Irish into Connaught now it wants to drive them out of it.

What is the next duty of the friends of Ireland? After you have fed the hungry peasant, how can you help to improve his condition, permanently, without acting in violation of your duty as citizens of the United States?

I answer without hesitation and with the emphasis that profound conviction alone can justify, you can help him by holding up the hands of the National Land League in the irrepressible conflict now begun between the people and the aristocracy for the soil.

The English themselves established the precedent of international aid to foreign agitation for the abolition of social wrongs in other lands. They gave money to our anti-slavery societies. Let us pay it back with compound interest. They cast their bread on the American waters; and now, I hope, it will return to them before many days.

There are honest Americans, true friends of the Irish race, who sincerely believe that your duty should begin and end with alms-giving. I do not agree with them. I honor the good Samaritan for binding up the wounds of the traveller; but I also believe that the thieves who waylaid him should have been brought to the scaffold. As long as the landlords have the power to rob, the peasant will be his victim. His power must be broken.

And now with all my heart, I congratulate the Irish people that they have thrown out a banner beneath whose beneficent folds every man of every creed of the Irish race can do battle—the banner of tiller proprietorship—a banner that the Home Ruler may carry without abjuring his just aspirations for legislative independence—a banner that the Separatist may adopt without abandoning the other, and I hope the coming flag of a Republican nationality.

It is a banner of peace and progress; for what was statesmanship in Germany and France cannot be Communism in Connaught and Munster.

Archimedes said if he could find outside of this planet a fulcrum for his lever he could overturn the world. The fulcrum that is needed to overthrow British tyranny in Ireland is the homestead of a peasant. The man who owns his farm is a social rock. The tenant-at-will is a thistledown.

Plant a race of peasant proprietors and by-and-by a crop of armed men will spring up—a race who will not *beg* for justice but *demand* it; a race of men who will not agitate for independence but declare it.

The flag that will yet lead to Irish nationality was first unfurled by the son of an evicted tenant—Michael Davitt; and it is now upheld by that rarest of all rare men in Ireland—a decent landlord—Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE END.

—"It's berry singular," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers, as they reposed on the guardbar of the cylinder stove, "It's berry singular dat ef a man lives to be ober 50, an' cumulates stamps, an' dies generally admired an' 'spected, dat one-half ob his survivin' friends is a'most sartin to prove in de courts dat he was of unsoun' min', and dat he wasn't fit, in his later years, to plan a v'y'ge for a mud-scow. But you'll fin' de paper full of stories ob ole fellars dat die 'bout 100 y'ars ole in de poorhouse, an' dey is al'ays senserbul to de las'!" and Uncle Joe shook his head solemnly, as if there were some things in this world which modern science has not investigated.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

Ring bells of the *morning*, oh, sweet is your ringing,
 Peal forth while the dew-drops are yet on the sod,
 The faithful are saying their matins and praying,
 Their souls they are lifting and off'ring to God!

Sound bells of the *noon-tide*—how solemn your sounding,
 The world is alive in its tumult and care;
 Your voice, slowly stealing, is sadly appealing,
 To man, for a moment of quiet and prayer.

Chime bells of the *evening*, oh, soft is your chiming,
 Like echoes that fall from the choir of the blest;
 And thus, in your falling, to man you are calling,
 To whisper him a prayer, as he takes him to rest.

And bells of the *christ'ning*, how strange is your ringing;
 It tells us one other has started in life,—
 That sin's shadows dismal, in waters baptismal,
 Are lost—and a child is commencing the strife.

The bells for the *wedding* are swelling and sounding,
 They ring on the ear with a joyous delight;
 And loud in that swelling to man they are telling,—
 Two souls are united and bless'd in God's sight.

Toll bells for *departed*! sad, solemn your tolling,
 The glare of the world, and its pomps, and its pride
 Sound vain in your knelling that's mournfully welling,
 As hour after hour some poor mortal has died!

Ring bells of the temple—your voices are truthful,
 Contin'ly preaching of life and of death;
 To prayer all inviting—to prayer inciting—
 To heaven directing in every breath!

Thrice blesséd the custom, so holy, so olden
 The *Catholic* custom of every land;
 The Church bells are teaching, the Church bells are preaching—
 These lessons of life in their melody grand!

JOSEPH K. FORAN,

Aylmer, P. Q.

LUTHER AS A CATHOLIC.

MARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben in Saxony, November 10, 1483, (almost 400 years ago) of poor, but respectable parents. Shortly after Martin's birth, his father moved to Mansfeld, where his many virtues won him an office of public trust.

Martin was early taught to read and write, and formed to the practice of Christian virtue. Possessed of a fine voice and correct ear, he was received amongst the choir-boys of the school and his parents being too poor to pay the expenses of his education, he, as was the custom in Germany, went about singing at the windows of the wealthy, to procure means to prosecute his studies. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to the Franciscan school of Magdeburg, where he received his tuition free, and was barely able to pay his board with the paltry sums flung to him from the windows under which he sung. After passing a year of this precarious existence, he went to Eisenach where he was more fortunate. Passing down one of the principal streets of that city, he stopped before a house whose size and elegance bespoke the wealth of its inmates, and began to sing. A lady appeared at the window, and charmed by the quality of his voice and expression of his singing, threw him some coins, and invited him in. Ascending the stairs, Martin was affectionately received by the lady, and invited to accept her hospitality. This was Ursula Colta, who proved a second mother to the young wanderer as long as he remained in her house; Martin now pursued his studies vigorously under the monks, and had as his professor of grammar, rhetoric and poetry, the celebrated J. Trebonius, rector of the monastery of Discalced Carmelites. At the age of sixteen, he had mastered the Latin tongue. In 1501 his father, who had become a master miner, and, whose circumstances were consequently materially improved, sent him to the University of Erfurt with a view to have him study law. The legal profession, however, does not seem to have been much to Martin's taste; for instead of law, he ardently applied himself to the study of

the dialectics of the Nominalists and to the Latin classics.

In 1505, he took his degree of master of arts, and opened a course of lectures on the Physics and Ethics of Aristotle. These studies, however, were wholly inadequate to give peace and quiet to Luther's restless and religious mind. Naturally disposed to take an extreme view of everything; and horrified by the sudden death of his young friend Alexis, who was struck dead at his side by lightning, he at once closed the writings of Aristotle, and without ever taking leave of his fellow-students, quitted the University on the night of July 17th, and going directly to the Augustinian Convent of Erfurt "to dedicate himself to God;" was kindly received by the monks. His father, ambitious to see his son a learned professor of law, and one who would cut a figure in the world, wrote him an angry letter deprecating his course. During the early part of his novitiate, he was made to perform the menial offices of the monastery, but from these he was after a time relieved, and in 1507, despite the remonstrances of his father and others, made his profession and took priest's orders. He was so greatly agitated whilst saying his first mass, that he would have left off at the Canon and have come down from the altar, had not the prior prevented him. He tells us himself (Luther's works, vol. XXI; Meurer p. 25) that there was no more pious and faithful priest than he, and though subject to fits of melancholy, he roused and comforted his troubled spirit by reading passages of Holy Writ, pointed out to him by his brethren and superiors. How the Huguenot D'Aubigné will reconcile this express statement of Luther with Mathesias' assertion of Luther's ignorance of the bible, until he by chance found one in the library at Erfurt, we know not; but then neither D'Aubigné nor Mathesias are over troubled with veracity, when a lie will serve their purpose.

Following the advice of the monks, to make the Scriptures his chief studies, Luther applied himself specially to the study of the commentaries of Nicholas de Lyra. Dr. John Staupitz, Provincial of the Augustinians of Meissen and Thuringia, who had directed Luther's

attention to the works of St. Augustine, was so pleased with his aptitude and proficiency, that he recommended him to Frederic the Wise Prince, Elector of Saxony, who was then casting about for professors for his new University at Wittenberg. Here Luther first taught dialectics, and having taken his first degree of baccalaureate in theology, he gave lectures in this branch also. At the earnest request of Dr. Staupitz, but much against his own will, he consented to take upon himself the formidable office of preaching the Gospel.

The learning, quick intelligence and piety of Luther, specially commended him to his superiors, and pointed him out as one well-fitted to undertake important offices of trust. Hence, he with another brother was selected to visit Rome in 1510, for the purpose of transacting some business relating to his order. Coming in view of Rome, he fell on his knees and cried out, Hail Rome! thrice sanctified by the blood of martyrs. His heart glowed with holy fervor as he visited the shrines and sanctuaries of the eternal city, and he regretted ('tis himself who tells us) that his parents were not already dead, that he might by saying masses, reciting prayers and doing good works, deliver their souls from Purgatory.

On his return to Germany, he was declared licentiate of Sacred Theology, on the feast of St. Luke, Oct. 18th, 1512, and the day following, during the ringing of the great bell of All Saints Church, prescribed by the statutes of the University, minister with the insignia of the doctorate. Speaking of this event, Luther himself says, *I was obliged to take the degree of doctor, (he boasted loudly of it enough afterwards) and to promise under oath, that I would preach the Holy Scripture, which was very dear to me, faithfully and without adulteration.*

How different all *this* is from the Huguenot D'Aubigné's account is seen at a glance and yet it is Luther's own account of himself. Luther's Luther and D'Aubigné's Luther must be separate studies. H. B.

THE revival of humanity is much more desirable than the revival of letters.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

IRELAND'S GRANDEUR IN THE PAST.

It has been doubted, not alone in England, where what is called Society has always delighted in sneering at and disparaging the past and the present of Ireland, but also among a miserable "Know-Nothing" class in the United States, whether Ireland ever was under regal rule, previous to the invasion, by the Anglo-Normans, in the reign of Henry II., of England, over seven hundred years ago.

Keating and other historians, down to our friend Thomas Mooney (whose two volumes I have frequent occasion to refer to), have mentioned the undeniable fact that, in far remote times, Ireland consisted of kingdoms, governed by princes exercising kingly sway. "Ah," it may be remarked, "but these were mere *provinces*?" At any rate this doubt or sneer comes with a bad grace from a country which, until the middle of the eleventh century, when William of Normandy invaded and conquered it, was cut up into *seven* kingdoms—known as the Saxon Heptarchy, the largest of which was not equal in extent and population to the present County of Cork, in Ireland.

I desire here to show that Ireland had various lines of native sovereigns before fraud, force, and treachery combined to invade the island and reduce it to a province owing fealty to England.

Heremon, head of the Milesian race, who became sole ruler of Ireland, only three centuries after the death of Moses, the Jewish leader and law giver, built that royal residence, in Meath, the site of which is known as Tara, even to the present day. From the death of Heremon, to the accession of Ollamh Fodhla (about 920 years before the beginning of the Christian era), there were nineteen Irish kings, which shows an average reign of twenty-one years for each. This was nearly two centuries before Romulus and Remus laid the first stone of Rome. Then what probably was the first Parliament any where, was assembled at Tara, and that system of jurisprudence was established, there and then,—a great system of equity and common law—which Alfred, educated

in Ireland, transferred to England, when he was there acknowledged as monarch.

There was, in fact, from a very remote period a succession of kings in Ireland. Chiefs sometimes bore the royal title, but the rule was to have one supreme ruler, of whom all other chiefs were the vassals. Their names and exploits are recorded (sometimes, it may be, with more or less exaggeration) by various historians. But there is nothing overcharged or exaggerated in what has been written of the life and death of Brian Boru, who rose from the sovereignty of Munster to that of the whole island, and retained his high position for many years, not alone by the sagacity and success of his government, but by the pertinacity with which he repelled an invasion of the Northmen or Danes—a belligerent and piratical race. They were finally defeated, at Clontarf, near Dublin, on Friday, April 23, 1014, in a battle which was waged from sunrise to dusk, but the victory was dearly won, for Brian lost his life, by the base hand of an assassin, who slew the old man in his tent.

Brian, who was directly descended from Milesius, the Spanish conquerer and colonizer, whose very existence is somewhat angrily ignored by Thomas Moore, overcame the Northmen, led by their Vi-Kings, in forty-nine battles also did a great deal to strengthen Ireland by cultivating the gentle arts of peace. He built Cathedrals, restored bishops to their sees, revived decayed schools and colleges, laid good roads through the island, and built bridges over deep waters and rivers that had previously been impassable.

He gave surnames of distinction to all the leading families of his time, it is recorded that a maiden in the flush of youth and "beautiful exceedingly" had traveled alone on foot, throughout the realm, without either her honor or her treasure being assailed. Moore has made that tradition the basis of his well-known lyric, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

Murrough and Turlough, respective son and grandson of King Brian were slain in the battle of Clontarf, but Donagh, who was Brian's third son, taking command of the Irish troops gave battle to the Danes, and completely routed

them. In 1036, he journeyed to Rome, was kindly received by Pope Benedict IX, in whose hands he placed the regal diadem, made of pure Irish gold, ornamented with precious stones.

The successor of Brian Boru was Turlough O'Brien, his grandson, whose father was King of Munster. Everybody knows that Westminster Hall, in London, built by William Rufus, in the closing years of the 11th century, has an oak roof, which, thus far, has been spared by insects. It is less generally known that this wood, grown in Shillelagh, close to Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, was presented to the English monarch by King Turlough, the next successor of Brian Boru.

In 1168, Roderick O'Conner, of the blood of Brian, became ruler of Connaught and subsequently of all Ireland. O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefni, had taken to wife a damsel, as frail as fair, who, shortly after fled to his bitterest personal enemy, Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, who, fearing for his life, fled the country, in 1169, and finding Henry II., of England, in France, tendered him the sovereignty of Ireland, on condition of his own restoration to the throne of Leinster.

Passing into England he met Strongbow (Richard de Clare) and other of the Anglo-Norman military leaders, and, promising that if he would espouse his cause and take a sufficient military force to Ireland, he would bestow on him his daughter Eva, heir-apparent to the Kingdom of Leinster, and bestow on him, as dowry, the right of succession thereto. Dermot's own ambition and design probably were to become sole ruler of Ireland by aid of the foreign army of invasion under Strongbow, whose marriage with Eva duly took place.

But Henry, the English sovereign, becoming jealous of Strongbow, recalled him and his soldiers. Just then, in the year 1172, King Dermot died, and Strongbow submitted himself to Henry. Whereupon Henry hastened to Ireland with five hundred knights and a great number of horse and foot, landed at Waterford, and thence went to Dublin, where the Irish magnates paid him homage, as Roderick of Connaught subsequently did, and so Ireland was trans-

ferred to the yoke of English sovereignty.

In May, 1170, King Henry II., the English sovereign, not alone favorably, but eagerly, accepted the invitation of Dermot, King of Leinster, to sanction the service of a volunteer British force. The bribe offered to Henry was that if such action should restore Dermot to his throne, the latter would hold his crown as a vassal to England.

Accordingly, Henry issued letters of license, authorizing a military expedition against Ireland. Bristol, which was "mighty conveynent" to the south-west of Ireland, was to have been the place of rendezvous for the invading force, and there King Henry's agent received every encouragement from the civic magistrates, and Dermot, the de-throned, who was there, gave very liberal promises of land and property to all who would assist him to recover his crown.

There, too, at the same time, made much of by the Bristolians of all ranks, was a gallant soldier, one Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, besides being Earl of Pembroke, Vice-gerent of Normandy, which then, and for a considerable later period, belonged to the English monarch, and Marshal of the royal palace—whether *this*, at that time, was the Tower of London or the Keep of Windsor, this deponent knoweth not.

King Dermot, aware that his cause would be immensely strengthened by the personal adherence of such a powerful chief as Strongbow, offered him the heart of Eva, his daughter, with a promise to settle upon the heirs of such an union the succession to the throne of Leinster. To other adventurers minor promises were made. Fitz-Stephen, Governor of the Castle of Cardigan, and ancestor of the Barrys of Cork, received forever, a grant of the town of Wexford right opposite to Cardigan; and, indeed this was the first place besieged and taken by the English and Welsh invaders.

Strongbow had previously visited Ireland more than once. While he was collecting volunteers, under the King's letter, Fitz-Stephen got the start of him in Ireland, landing 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 foot-soldiers. Meanwhile, King Dermot, who had slipped over to Ireland, collected a force of 500

horse-soldiers, with whom joined the English invaders, and besieged the town of Wexford, which soon surrendered. immediately after this first success, which greatly influenced some of the leading Irish chieftains, Maurice Fitzgerald (the first of the Geraldine family, to this day represented by the Duke of Leinster) brought over 10 knights, 30 esquires, and 100 foot, by whose aid Dermot besieged and speedily conquered the city of Dublin, and cherished a fair hope of becoming King of all Ireland.

By this time Strongbow was prepared. Taking with him several highly distinguished captains, with 200 valiant knights, a thousand esquires who were bowmen, and about 2,000 ordinary fighting mercenaries, Strongbow crossed over to Ireland and joined King Dermot; the day after this English force landed he besieged Waterford, and took it. He was not a man to delay. So, in a brief interval he married the Princess Eva, and, with no loss of time, assisted Dermot, now his father-in-law, in the invasion, with fire and sword of the country of O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefni. Everywhere success attended their arms.

King Dermot died early in 1172, and by this time, Henry II., suspecting or fearing that Strongbow intended to win a diadem in Ireland for himself, issued a proclamation that all the English in that kingdom should instantly return home, under pain of being treated as rebels, with forfeiture of life and property. Strongbow, specially and urgently summoned to London, offered to surrender Dublin, Wexford, and other considerable captured towns in Leinster, on condition that Henry would grant to him and his heirs full confirmation of the remaining parts of that province.

King Henry, accepting these conditions, went to Ireland with what must have been a great army, at that time, seeing that it included 500 knights, with their respective quotas of horse and foot. This vast force showed so much strength that, in Dublin, all the petty kings and great lords came and paid personal homage to Henry, as afterwards did Roderick, King of Connaught, and nominal sovereign of the whole island. Returning to England, after thus settling matters, Henry left Ireland under military government administered in Meath,

Dublin, and Wexford; each of these deputies having a strong military force to aid him.

It was as a conquered province, to be kept in awe and order by military force, that, from that day to the present, Ireland has been held in thrall by usurping England. One point, in this connection, has not received, as far as I know, the attention which it deserves. It is simply this—that, long before Dermot MacMurrough, the deposed King of Leinster, had appealed to Henry II. for aid, the British ruler had resolved to annex Ireland, by any and all means in his power.

Henry II., born in 1133, had a dispute with King Stephen about the succession, and really was not recognized as sovereign of England until Stephen's death, in October, 1154, at the age of twenty-one. Precisely at the same time, Nicholas Breakspere, an English monk, had been elected Pope, and took the name of Adrian IV. A negotiation between the King and the Pope ended, in the following year, by Adrian's issue of a Bull, authorizing Henry to take possession of Ireland, on condition of paying into the Papal treasury in Rome a stipulated annual revenue. Twenty-one years after this, Henry declared, on his conquest of Ireland, that he merely entered into possession of a country which Pope Adrian had long before ceded to him by a Bull.

It is doubtful whether such an instrument ever was sent from Rome to London, and it is more than doubtful whether Adrian, or all the long line of sovereign pontiffs, had any right, legal or moral, to give away, on any pretext, a country that did not belong to him or to them.

So expired, or rather sunk, into a prolonged syncope the reality and the show of native sovereignty in the Emerald Isle.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

LOVE is a science rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step, whatever the romancists may say.

WHEN a man is in trouble, his dog does not desert him

LIVELY SAYINGS OF CURRAN.

MR. CURRAN was engaged in a legal argument—behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally designed to take orders. The judge observing that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law — “Then,” said, Mr. Curran, “I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who once was intended for the *church*, though [in a whisper to a friend beside him] in my opinion he was fitter for the *steeple*.”

“I can’t tell you, Curran,” observed an Irish nobleman, who voted for the Union, “how frightful our old House of Commons appears to me.” “Ah! my lord,” replied the other, “it is only natural for murderers to be afraid of ghosts.”

An officer of some of the courts, named Halfpenny, having frequently interrupted Mr. Curran, the judge peremptorily ordered him to be silent, and sit down “I thank your lordship, said the counsel, “for having at length *nailed the rap to the counter*.”

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey’s servant, asked his master’s age. “I never put my hand in his mouth to try,” answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, till he retorted — “You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a *great bite*.”

A miniature painter, upon his cross-examination by Mr. Curran, was made to confess that he had carried on improper freedoms with a particular lady so far as to attempt to put his arm round her waist. “Then sir,” said the counsel, “I suppose you took that waist [*waste*] for a *common*.”

“No man,” said a wealthy but weak-headed barrister, “should be admitted who has not an independent landed property. “May I ask, sir,” said Mr. Curran, how many acres make a *wise acre*?”

BIBLE TERMS.—Readers of the Bible will be interested in the following expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures.

A day’s journey was 33 and 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath-day’s journey was about $\frac{2}{3}$ of an English mile.

Ezekiel’s reed is said to have been nearly 11 feet long.

A cubit is nearly 22 inches.

A finger’s breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel is about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold is \$9.07.

A talent of silver was \$1,650.86.

A talent of gold was \$26,448.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A gerah was 2 cents.

A mite was $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent.

A homer contained 78 gallons and 5 pints.

A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints.

A firkin was 7 pints. An omer 6 pints. An ephah, or bath, 7 gallons and 4 pints.

A cab was 3 pints. A log was $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint.

IRISH FIDELITY.

IN January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene’s camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli’s house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene’s grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po. It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by an *enceinte*, or continued fortification all around it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene’s design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marching up the right bank with 2,500 foot, and 500 horse,

was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January, Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroi had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime the other troops under Kufstein pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was clear, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene Staremberg, and Prince Commercy followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremberg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroi, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry commanded by an Irishman named MacDonnell. Villeroi seeing himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain, and Villeroi rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant and other officers shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

O'CALLAGHAN in his "History of the Irish Brigades," relates:—

"While these events were occurring about the Po gate, Prince Eugene was informed of the defeat of his troops there by the Irish. He was greatly mortified at this, and, knowing how indispensable it was for him to gain that gate, if he would not be driven from the

town, he directed the Prince de Commercy to go and inspect the Irish position, in order to judge how it was most likely to be mastered; an object the more necessary to accomplish, on account of the approach of Vaudemonts corps. Commercy, on returning, stated, that he thought the Irish were too well posted at the gate to be forced from it. Then Eugene, says the Italian historian, 'took it into his head to try, if the Irish were as proof against gold, as against steel.' He accordingly dispatched to them, as *his* best deputy for a proposal of that nature, Captain Francis MacDonnell, both as their countryman, and as the very officer who had captured the Marshal de Villeroi. MacDonnell on arriving opposite the Po gate, where he found his four hundred countrymen obstinately defending their post against twelve hundred Germans, advancing from the latter towards the former, with a white handkerchief in his hand as a sign of truce, and demanded if he might make them some propositions? The Irish replying that he was welcome to do so, and the combat ceasing, MacDonnell thus addressed himself to the Irish officers. 'My fellow-countrymen his Sere Highness, Monsieur, the Prince Eugene of Savoy, sends me here to tell you, that, if you wish to change sides, and to pass over to that of the Emperor, he promises you higher pay, and rewards more considerable, than you have in France. The affection which I have for all persons of my nation in general, exhort you to accept the offers which the General of the Emperor makes to you; for, should you reject them, I do not see how you can escape inevitable destruction. We are masters of the city, with the exception of your post. It is on this account, his Highness only waits for my return, to attack you with the greatest part of his forces, and to cut you to pieces, should you not accept his offers.' MacDonnell added, as an instance, among others, of the bad situation in which the garrison were, that he himself had made the Marshal de Villeroi prisoner; he likewise specified, that the pay which the Irish should receive from the Emperor Leopold would be equal to the highest in France, or that of the Swiss regiments, besides a special gratuity in money, proportioned to the

service rendered his Imperial Majesty, by joining him on this occasion; and finally stated, that such as accepted of those terms might also have their peace made with the King of England (William III.), through the influence of Prince Eugene—this last proviso referring to the penal regulations, by which such Irish as entered the service of France after the treaty of Limerick were capitally interdicted ever to visit their native soil, unless with an express or written permission from the revolutionary Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. To these offers of MacDonnell, O'Mahony, as the Commandant of Dillon's battalion acutely replied—'Prince Eugene seems to fear us more than he esteems us, since he causes such propositions to be made to us.' A Lieutenant of Grenadiers bluntly added—'Though your Prince Eugene should send us all the Emperor's cuirassiers, I would not believe that he could drive us out of this.' Then addressing himself to O'Mahony, resuming the conversation said to MacDonnell—'Monsieur, if his Highness only waits for your return to attack us and cut us to pieces, there is a likelihood that it will be long before he will do so; for we are going to take measures against your returning in sufficient time. With this view,' continued the Major, 'I arrest you as a prisoner, not looking upon you any longer as the envoy of a great General, but as a suborner; and it is by such conduct we wish to earn the esteem of the Prince who has sent you here, and not by an act of cowardice and treason, unworthy of men of honor.' O'Mahony then had MacDonnell arrested, amidst the exclamations of the Irish officers, that, 'they would die to a man, in the service of the King of France, and never serve any other Prince but him'—whilst the Irish soldiers if not prevented, would, in a rage of fidelity, have killed the prisoner on the spot."

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Merci's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning point of the attack. Had Merci got this gate he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of

3,000 men more, and on that side, would soon have ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po where the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahoney. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Merci's force, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners; amongst others MacDonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the meantime Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square: Count Revel had given the word "French to the ramparts," and retook All-Saint's Gate, while M. Praslin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahoney had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Merci. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but, almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linenshirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of

Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse: he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly: and there stood these glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody triumphant, half-naked. Burke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picket of 35 had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. King Louis sent his public and formal thanks to his Irish troops, and raised their pay forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who, knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.

SUGGESTION OF A NEW CONFISCATION IN IRELAND.

THE Irish question has resolved itself, at last, into a question of life or death for millions. In Ireland the population has been at a standstill since the Union, which dates, I will not say *legally*, for it was effected against law and justice, but even *unparliamentarily*—by force, by fraud, and by profuse and profligate bribery and corruption.

In 1801, the population of Ireland was 5,395,456, which was about *one-half* of that of England, Scotland and Wales at the same date. That is, 5,395,456 Irish against 10,500,950 English, Scotch and Welsh, in 1801.

In 1871, the population of Ireland

was declared, by the census then made, to be only 5,411,416, while England, Scotland and Wales had 26,081,284. Thus the Irish population was no greater in 1871 than it had been in 1801, and, in fact, is only *one-fifth* instead of *one-half* the population of Great Britain.

In the ten years between the census of 1861 and that of 1871, the population of England, Scotland and Wales had increased at the rate of 8 per cent (or 500 daily), whereas that of Ireland has decreased in the same period of ten years.

It must be palpable to the meanest capacity, that the Green Isle must have been wretchedly misgoverned, particularly since the Union, to show such a miserable condition as this. Were Ireland prosperous her natives would live comfortably at home instead of being driven abroad as emigrants.

What is the root of the evil? Only this—that certain persons not numerous, but persistent and cruel, are in possession of the soil, which they let out at rents so high that the ground cannot pay them. They ought to be designated *landsharks*, but call themselves *landlords*.

"The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," is an aphorism to be found in the Bible. Search that sacred volume through—and you will not find it laid down in any text, divine or human, that the earth, particularly the Irish portion of it, belongs to the peers, the pensioners, the usurpers, the absenteees, and so on, who, claiming to take the Almighty's place, call themselves *Lords of the Land*.

Well, owing to a succession of bad harvests and a want of the means of properly fertilizing the land, the tenants are now unable to pay the high rents exacted from them by the landsharks and their agents, and Ireland would have been depopulated by famine during the last twelve months, but for the liberal subscriptions—largest in the United States.

As to the immediate future, I mean the coming harvest, the duty of the Irish, on the great principle that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," must be, and *is*, not to let that harvest, or what it may bring in money, into the pockets of the landlords. LIFE ought to be of higher value than RENT. The landlords have had their day; let the

sons of the soil now have *their's* in turn.

Nearly sixty years ago, Lord Byron, who was a thorough aristocrat, imbued (or affecting to be imbued) with liberal feelings, having the ability to state the case plainly and truly, as well as the courage to do so in the teeth of the class of which he was born a member. He wrote a poem entitled "The Age of Bronze," which is little read and not much remembered in the present day. In this he has painted in distinct, well marked lines and very decided colors the criminal action of the landlords in their endeavor to screw out of the tillers of the soil higher rents than the soil can remuneratively pay.

In the first quarter of the present century, when Napoleon's hand was against Continental Europe, and England was fighting against Napoleon, who had not given her cause for strife, taxation was high, but so were prices. Rents rose higher and higher, and the malcontent who grumbled at low wages and the dear loaf was regarded as a sort of criminal. Byron wrote:—

True blood and treasure boundlessly were
spilt,
But what of that? The Gaul may bear the
guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his
way,
And acres told on the appointed day.

There came a change, when Napoleon fell. Tenants became unable to pay. Farms were given up. The reclaiming of waste land ceased. The contest for farms slackened. To arise the rental became impossible. Then, Byron said:

The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the
land)
The land self-interest groans from shore, to
shore
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.

Then comes a magnificent burst, at once true and terse, in which the poet runs full tilt against the landlords who had sent their rural countrymen—literally their miserable serfs—to combat in Spain, in Portugal, in Holland, in France, in many a land and on many a sea, merely to keep up the price of land and of food. Byron said:—

See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;

Their ploughshare was the sword in hiring
hands;

Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for
Rent!

Year, after year they voted cent per cent,
Blood, sweat, and tear wrung millions—why?
for Rent!

They warred, they dined, they drank, they
swore they meant

To die for England—why then live?—for
Rent!

The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was
Rent!

Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling Rent!

And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with everything, and up with
Rent,

Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or dis-
content,
Being—end—aim—religion—Rent, Rent,
Rent.

These, printed within a year of his death, were the latest lines that Byron wrote, the *last*, I think, except the few and touching stanzas that he dashed off on the morning (January 22, 1824) when he was thirty-six years old. The truth of this war-like strain will be acknowledged *now*, when incapacity to pay high rent for poor land and landlord's rapacity in exacting such payment has won them the nicknames of Land Robbers.

Over eighty years ago Lord Chancellor Clare, the evil genius of Ireland, declared—without denial—that the whole of the island had been confiscated thrice over. Suppose there now should be a fourth confiscation of the titled usurpers and rapacious absentees—this time for the benefit of the dwellers on the soil? "How would that be for high?" Yet this is evidently probable. Take the land from these who care for the *rent* and not for the *people*, and, by way of novelty, give Ireland one great chance.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

BAD WORKMANSHIP.—Who shall estimate the taxes of time and money which bad workmanship imposes upon the world?

WE often injure ourselves by trying to stretch further than we are able.

PASSING SCENES IN IRELAND.

MR. James Redpath, in his second letter to the Chicago *Inter-ocean*, resumes his glance over the distressed counties of Ireland as follows:—

The committee at Clonmore, County Carlow, write:—"One hundred and eighty families, consisting of over 500 individuals, have been the recipients of relief from the Mansion House fund—£95 in grants. The committee of this fund condescended to inform us that their grant of the 28th was to be considered final. Local aid, solely, contributed to keep our famishing families from perishing by starvation during the period which has elapsed since the date of this notification—almost a death-knell—to our impoverished people. One Rev. Chairman, on application to the New York *Herald* committee, received a promise that their assistance would be forthcoming, but their recent attitude toward us has completely shattered our hopes. Our district embraces the following towndlands:—

Redbog—192 persons in distress. Inhabitants huddled together in wretched hovels, dependent solely on production of turf, and employment almost nil this season. Deaths by starvation imminent should assistance be denied them.

Minvaud and Clonmore—70 persons in distress. Inhabitants more indisposed; otherwise, same remarks as above.

Kellalongford and Ballyshane—106 persons in distress. Employers' resources almost dried up. Poor parents footsore traveling to obtain work.

Milltown—81 persons in distress.

Ballinakill—57 persons in distress. Both in a wretched state regarding their supply of food and clothing.

"Miserable is the lot of our poor. No work. No out-door relief. Their little subsistence, always sparingly used, now gone. Credit refused point blank."

The curate of Kilkerun, county Galway writes:—"The people are without food. Only sixty men in the parish are employed on public works. It is not uncommon for men to go for a couple of days without food. If the people are not relieved at once, they have suffered so much during the past three weeks that nothing remains for them but to lie down and die."

The Government offered loans of public money at nominal rates of interest, not only to landlords, but to the local boards, for local improvements, to give employment to the people; but, as these local boards are landlords or their lackeys, so little advantage was taken of the proposal that this scheme of relief fell still-born from the Imperial Treasury.

The Catholic administrator at Spiddall writes:—"We have to attend to 800 families—perhaps the poorest in Connemara. This is the most trying month yet. Very many families are living on two meals of Indian meal a day, and these not full ones. Some are compelled to dig their potatoes—late sort not fit to be dug for the next month or six weeks. This will ruin their prospects for the coming year, as a large piece of land must be dug in order to get one meal. If we got some assistance now the potatoes would not be interfered with."

The Secretary of the Errismore Relief Committee writes:—"The crisis is upon us. For want of aid the people are already digging unripe tubers. This, if unchecked by additional aid of Indian meal, will bring on next season another food famine.

* * * I solicit aid from you once more to prevent my poor people from being swept away by pestilence. Notwithstanding all that has been done, if we are neglected now fearful consequences are sure to ensue."

The curate of Invera writes:—"The distress here is something fearful. Hundreds are daily crowding around my house making the most heart-rending appeals for relief. My funds are exhausted, and consequently the poor creatures are daily disappointed."

The curate of Linghieu writes:—"The distress is deepening and widening around us. There are no public works or out-door relief; the workhouse or starvation will necessarily be the fate, unless we get money to aid us till harvest."

The Catholic administrator at Mullagh writes:—"The present period is the worst yet encountered, and we look with the most gloomy foreboding to the next two months. Your noble committee has dealt with us most generously in

the past. * * * Owing to your generous contributions we have been enabled from time to time to extend relief to over 200 families who were dependent upon us; but, as grants from all sources failed us for the past month, the poor people are now reduced to the sorest straits of destitution. They tell us they have no food in their houses for themselves and their families, and no means to procure it, for there is no employment whatever in the parish. For the past year not one sixpence in the way of public works has been earned, hence the poor people are now reduced to the last extremity. We cannot see how they can tide over the next seven or eight weeks.

A Catholic administrator is the parish priest whose parish is the residence of his bishop. The views of the administrators, therefore, are always in harmony with the views of their bishops. The administrator (Father Bodkin) adds:—

“The Irish National Land League is a noble institution, and has effected incalculable good in this unfortunate country. Therefore we say, with all our heart, God bless and prosper it.”

The parish priest of Ballyglunin, a great friend of Mr. Davitt, asking for a final grant, uses a phrase that only Ireland could have invented:—“We are almost in sight of the promised land—new potatoes!”

The Secretary of the Killartan Relief Committee writes:—“The distress in our district continues to be severely felt—1,402 persons need relief. We have not a single penny left. Unless assistance be given the poor people will be obliged to dig out the potatoes while yet unripe.”

The Secretary of the Craughwell Committee writes:—

“There is no decrease worth noting in the number of applicants. There are some public works in our neighborhood at which a comparatively small number are employed. The employment given relieves our local committee very infinitesimally. The small farmers are the most important element in the community, and they cannot avail themselves of such employment, as they must attend to the crops sown—weeding and tilling. Should they neglect to attend to their crops the result would be disastrous. They must be helped to work for themselves—the most important employment for them. We are

very much beholden to the Land League for the aid hitherto given us. I regret to inform you that fever has broken out.”

The fever is what is known as famine fever, which, in 1847, proved as dreadful a scourge among the emaciated people as the yellow fever in our Gulf States. It has broken out in three counties, and, if it is not arrested, it may send thousands into their graves. Gladstone's government, to its credit be it recorded, is taking prompt measures to arrest it.

The Relief Committee at Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, writes:—

“For the sake of Heaven, consider us. If you do not do so, may the great God look to our poor, suffering people. When we tell you that we relieve (if relief it can be called, where the highest grant amounted to only 2½ stones [thirty-five pounds] Indian meal to families averaging from four to seventeen persons) to 466 families, and 173 of these farmers, it speaks more forcibly to our charity than any words we might use.”

Clumsily worded, but pathetic enough.

Rev. John Brady, the parish priest of Crosskeys, writes: “Some of our families have lived during this month for days together on green cabbages boiled and seasoned with salt. Though they are in that state, both Mansion House and New York *Herald* funds have struck off our committee from their list.”

Rev. J. D. Green, the curate of Newmarket, County Cork, writes: “My house and that of other members of the local committee is daily besieged by numbers of children crying for bread and clothes. The distress here is lamentable, as there is little work, and the district is very poor.”

The parish priest of Castletown Bere, writes that the funds sent to the Bishop of Kerry are exhausted. “I appeal to you for assistance for my poor people. Some of them are served with writs by their landlords; more of them are threatened with writs; all of them are suffering from want. I'm much afraid the potato crop will commence too soon (from the hunger of the people), and, it so, sickness is sure to follow.”

The parish priest of Eyerries writes that there are 600 families, numbering 4,100 persons, still in distress there.

The parish priest of Clonmeen writes: “No money remains in the hands of the committee in this extensive parish.

Never was a response to a charitable appeal more requisite than at this juncture. Fever has made its appearance, and is now very prevalent, the heads of families having in many cases, succumbed to this horrifying disease."

The Secretary of the Kilttoon, Athlone, County Leitrim, Committee, writes:—

"There are numbers of families in a very critical position here just now. They have actually nothing to eat, and we have no funds to provide food for them. At our meeting yesterday we had serious thoughts of dissolving and leaving the people to a fate which, we fear, we cannot much longer avert. We earnestly ask your committee to make us a grant, even though it should be the last, and thus assist us in preserving the lives of the poor people for another week or two."

The parish priest of Easky, County Sligo, writes:—"We are at a complete standstill for want of funds; we have 620 families on our list, and we had nothing to give them last week."

The parish priest of Tarbert, County Kerry, writes:—"The distress is deep and wide yet and will be so until the 1st of August."

The Secretary of the Kilmacduane, County Clare, Committee writes that there are still 242 families, or 958 persons in dire need there.

The curate of Kilmurphy Ibricane writes that the distress will be over there in three weeks. Great numbers of families have been forced into the poorhouse, and the high rates thereby laid on the farmers still struggling outside have made destitution general in this parish.

The parish priest of Kilkee writes that his people are in the most abject want

The Secretary of the Kilnamena committee writes that, having no funds at their last meeting, "we were regularly besieged by a hungry crowd, begging of us to do something for them."

From Clondegad comes bad news: "We are starving on the backward mountain. * * * I am sorry to tell you that the (potato) blight has appeared. I saw it to-day on the stalks and subers. One week of this weather will place Ireland in a worse condition than the was in 1847 and 1848."

The morning papers report the appearance of the blight in other districts.

JAMES REDPATH.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER II.

THREE years of a college life directed my mind to different ideas, and softened down the keener points of feeling with which I had left my home, although they could not wholly obliterate the impressions then received. As I mixed little in the gaiety of the Capital, but devoted my time exclusively to study, I learned of the events, either political or otherwise, that were then rapidly occurring, saw the occasional reports of having taken place between the military and the people through the country, which I was inclined to treat as mere fabrications, or at least exaggerations, till one morning I received a letter from home, written by my uncle, requesting my immediate return, and stating in brief terms that the country was in a state of insurrection; the soldiery, having been let loose upon the people, were committing the most diabolical acts; and my father having been implicated in the opposition to the Government, was imprisoned on the charge of high treason. For a time surprise rendered me incapable of action, and scarce could I believe that the secluded spot which I had left, all so still and happy, where no rude soldier had ever profaned its tranquil solitudes, as if peace had chosen that retired valley for her own quiet dwelling place; but now the long rest was rudely broken; the licensed robber and hireling murderer were let loose, and turmoil, bloodshed, and oppression, were the altered state of things at my once happy home. The following morning I left for Limerick, by the mail, which I observed was escorted by a strong body of horse soldiers. The journey then occupied two days; the next morning, after the arrival of the coach, I started with post-horses for home. The summer's sun, as it rose brightly in the clear heavens, ushered in as beauteous a moon as ere it smiled on; and as I passed along I looked to the distant hills, and over the level plains, and on the silvery lake, shining

like a broad mirror—so still, that the wind raised not a ripple on its level surface—the spirit of peace seemed to have breathed around, and fair nature slumbered in her sweetest rest; my feelings gradually partook of the soothing character which pervaded nature all round me, and sinking back in the carriage, I observed not how far I had proceeded, till a noise of voices awoke me from the reverie into which I had fallen. I looked from the window and saw that I had entered my native village, which was thronged with a multitude of people; and what a contrast to the scene I had lately been contemplating. The day still shone forth in all its former beauty, but the mind of man (reflected in its true mirror—the human face) was widely at variance with such a calm; the knitted brow and flashing eye of anger met my observation wherever I turned, while imprecations and expressions of rage, or ill-suppressed threats of vengeance, burst from the lips of those around. On arriving at the open space where the market-house stood, so dense was the crowd that the carriage could not proceed. I observed that the general gaze was directed towards one point, and looking towards the spot, I turned my eyes away in horror, on beholding a gibbet, from which a human form was suspended; in doing so, however, a female figure caught my attention; a strange curiosity compelled me to look again, and what were my feelings, to discover in that place of horror, oh, God! my mother? Her face was pale and motionless as marble—her gentle blue eye was riveted on the suspended form above; the whole truth flashed at once on my mind I had arrived in time to behold my father's execution! I sprang from the carriage, and dashing aside the military who attempted in vain to arrest my progress—I was by mother's side; I caught her in my arms—I called her aloud! at last her eyes rested on mine for a moment; one long piercing scream was her only answer, and she rested inanimate in my arms; I bore her away from the fatal spot, for her form was small, and slight, and easily supported; mechanically I reached the house I once called home, but I found it no longer such; a party of soldiers who

occupied it refused me entrance; I madly begged to be permitted to take in my beloved burthen, till animation might be restored. I received but taunts and laughter from the brutal soldiery, and in despair I sat me down on the steps; I took her small delicate hand in mine, it was cold as the stone on which we rested; I put my hand to her heart, but no pulse beat there; I pressed her lips to mine, but the breath of life came not from them—it had passed away with that long cry of agony—and they were cold and white as the little hand that rested in mine. My mother was dead.

What took place immediately after this I have no recollection. I was told afterwards that I had been conveyed thence by a poor cotter to his residence, from whence, in brain fever, I was removed to my uncle's home, where my recovery was despaired of; would that it had been my lot to have passed away from this world of pain! As I recovered, I was made fully acquainted with the particulars which had lately taken place in my family. My father had been connected with the insurrection, and Major Williamson's activity, in the cause of government, had discovered it, and he had become his accuser and judge.

The instigation was not required to stir up my feelings against one whom I considered the murderer of both my parents! and if at times a thought of Louisa and early days passed across my mind, I cast it from me as an unhallowed recollection, and nursed the desire of vengeance as a feeling which should alone engross my every thought. I accordingly, as soon as my health permitted, organized a resolute band, with whom I intended to attack the house of Major Williamson, which was, at all times, protected by a military force. At the time appointed my party was ready. The night was such a one as well suited the purpose for which we met. Not a single star's small light broke through the intense darkness, and the wind blew in fitful gales, mourning amidst the trees, and sweeping the fallen leaves with rustling sound, that drowned the little noise our cautious footsteps made. Louisa was living, and I almost wavered in my purpose, as

dormant thoughts, inspired by the place in which I stood, thronged quickly on my mind; I started, as I thought I heard my mother's voice in the sighing of the wind, which seemed to rebuke my wavering mind; I called to my men, and advanced at a rapid rate towards the house; I stationed them in the shrubbery opposite the entrance, while I proceeded to reconnoitre round the rear, and endeavor to discover some better mode of entrance than by forcing the front door, which I knew would be attended by loss of life. I climbed the low garden wall, and was surprised to observe a stream of light issuing from a window which projected from one of the wings of the house; I walked cautiously till beneath it, and found a laburnum trained along the wall, which aided my ascent; I looked through the half-open lattice—a female figure knelt in devotion beside a couch; while I looked she arose—she turned toward the window; it was Louisa—my heart beat violently—a giddiness seized my brain, and I thought for a moment I would have fallen from my position, but recovering I pushed open the window and sprang into the room; a scream of surprise and fear burst from her lips—the next moment I was recognized, but the work of death had already commenced.

The sharp report of a musket, sounding fearfully loud on the night air, succeeded by a low moan, told me my men had been discovered, and one had already fallen a victim.

A thundering sound of heavy implements against the stout oak door—shots of musketry in quick succession, answered by the groan of pain or yell of vengeance intermingled, told me that the attack had commenced. Louisa, terrified, looked in my face for an explanation of the frightful sounds.

"Fly with me," said I, "for heaven's sake, or you are lost. Even your pure innocence will not save you from their fury, when thus maddened;" and I drew her towards the window. At that moment the loud crash of the falling matter, a shout of triumph, a scream of despair, with the sound of feet, told that the door had yielded.

Louisa broke away from me, and calling on her father's name, rushed from the apartment. I followed her quickly,

and saw her enter a room at the end of the corridor, almost at the same moment with two of the band I had brought with me, who had already penetrated thus far; I hastened to the room; at the moment I entered, I observed Major Williamson, half dressed, thrown on his back on the floor by one of the men. Louisa struggled to keep the others off him, and seeing me enter she called me for her sake to save her father. Already he had received a wound in his head, from which the blood flowed copiously; the same hand which made it was raised for another and more fatal stroke, when I sprang forward and caught his descending arm; I wrested the weapon from his grasp, and placed myself before the prostrate body of Major Williamson. At this moment the remainder of the party burst into the room; I told them to go back—there was enough done, or if they approached farther it should be on my body.

"Well, Master Carthy," said one, "I risked my life to avenge your father, but if my dead master's son chooses to save his father's murderer, so be it."

I received no other reason, save looks of wonder or of scorn, as, one by one, they left the room, and the house was shortly empty.

"What am I to understand?" said Major Williamson; "is it an O'More to whom I owe my life? Good heavens! what have I done to deserve such degradation? Wretch!" said he, "take up that axe and finish the work which you so well begun, or rid me of your presence at once, which is more hateful to me than death itself."

For a moment the axe quivered in my hand, and scarce could I refrain from dealing him the blow he so invited, but for Louisa, who leaned pale and trembling in his arms; I took her hand and said, "It was not you I saved, but this fair, tender flower, which seems to cling to thee as part of life, although I marvel much how so much beauty can bloom beside aught so noxious." I pressed her hand to my lips, and left her never to see her more.

Hearing that troops were embarking from Cork for India, and caring not whither I was carried, so as to get away from the scenes of my misery, I sold a little property of my own, procured a

commission in the —— regiment in India, and you know the remainder of my history to the present time; the rest I can also tell you.

"You may laugh at me if you will, and call it idle superstition, but I know that to-day I shall fall in yonder breach. Last night, when lying in my tent awake, the cannon still thundered, and the falling stonework, as each ball took effect, told the progress of the siege, suddenly before me stood the white spirit of the O'Mores!—a low wail burst from her lips—a louder volley of artillery bellowed forth, and hurled its deadly charge against the tottering walls, which, with horrid crash, came down, a mass of ruin; but above that crash the spirit's scream was heard, as, pointing towards that yawning breach, she vanished. I knew well the import of her visit, and hastened here by early dawn to view the spot where the last of the O'Mores is to find a grave."

I should have endeavored to laugh him out of a fancy which his excited mind had conjured up, but that the serious and earnest manner in which he spoke had affected my own spirits, and I felt unable to dispel a superstitious fear which had crept on me of the truth of the event which he foretold.

Suddenly the loud rattle of drums beat startlingly on the chill air. The sound was echoed from rank to rank—the call to arms spread through the lines, and the trenches teeming with life, glittered with shine of arms; nor was the sound unheard or unattended to within the city—for an instant the walls were seen bristling with the Indian spear or the more modern bayonet, and the yawning breach was crowded with willing hundreds ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their monarch;—an exterminator and robber of the human family! the next, all was enshrouded in dense clouds of smoke, as the Artillery's dread noise burst forth. And other sounds still more horrid soon broke upon the ear. The yell of human voices in their rage—the piercing scream of agony, or the loud groan of anguish, mingled with the exploding shell—the crash of the falling wall, or the bursting gun—all united in such horrid din, that the mind became bewildered, and you ceased even to fear.

Our regiment was commanded to advance—I looked along the line for O'More; his face was pale, but not with fear; the compressed lip, the steady and piercing eye, the slightly depressed brow, and pale cheeks, told of determination, but not of terror; I had time for no further thought—I was hurried quickly forward, entered the river, crossed it, and pressed forward amidst a crowd and tumult of all the most fearful sounds earth could produce. I ascended a rugged height—was driven suddenly backwards and fell; I sprang again to my feet, and beheld the enemy immediately in front, coming down on us; the rank before me had given way, and our own wavered in its advance. At that moment, a young officer bearing the colors rushed to the front, and waving his sword, dashed fearlessly towards the enemy; a loud cheer burst from our line, and soon a file of bayonets were by his side; the wavering troops rallied and advanced to the support of their young leader; on went the standard in our front—the foe yielding before the impetuous valor of its brave supporter, fell back on their last post in the breach; here they made an attempt to rally—vain the attempt, the victorious column with their gallant leader was again amongst them—again the enemy, terror-stricken, gave way before them; the charmed flag of Britain was borne aloft by an Irish hand, it ascended the ramparts, it reached the highest point and floated triumphantly upon the walls. Its gallant bearer turned towards his companions, who now thronged the breach, and raising his cap, gave the cheer of victory! Loudly was it echoed by the troops beneath, as in their heroic leader they recognized the young O'More; the next instant the flag, which he had so proudly borne, dropped from his grasp; he stood an instant motionless, then staggering on the wall, fell from its height back into that wide gap he had so lately made the road of victory! A yell of vengeance burst from the soldiery, as they rushed madly into the devoted city, or along the walls, where yet some straggling troops resolved to die as soldiers! I was borne with the throng heart-sick and bewildered, I knew not whether, till I found myself in the city wander-

ing almost alone. O'More's story, his prophetic words, his advance and fall, mingled confusedly in my mind, and I pressed my hand to my forehead to assure me it was not all a dream; slowly every event became distinct to my mind, and as I recollected the spot where O'More had fallen, I hastened back in hopes that he might yet be safe; I arrived at the spot, and the scene of horror I there beheld will never be effaced from my memory—the dead and dying mingled in their most frightful forms. The stiffening corpse, whose distorted face and glazed and starting eye-balls glared on the glowing heavens, told of death by musket shot—the cloven skull and headless trunk by sabre stroke—the body shattered by artillery, and forms pierced by the spear or the bayonet, lay strewn around; while here lay a body almost severed by a common ball—the limbs still quivering convulsively with life's last efforts—and there a soldier, half-entombed alive beneath a fallen buttress, waved his arms around, writhing in agony, and madly screaming for help; or crawling from the heap of slain, might be seen some wounded men dragging their mangled useless limbs, and groaning in despair as they are again trampled down unheeded by the still advancing columns, or coveting the dead their rest, praying for the passers by to terminate the misery of their existence. Amidst such scenes of horror, I retraced my steps to the fatal spot; I had no difficulty in discovering the object of my search—the form of O'More lay near the wall, from the top of which he had fallen; his eyes were closed, and without a trace of scar he rested calm as if he slept. I took his hand in mine—could it be that the sun's heat still kept warmth in it, or was it possible that life still lingered there, I asked myself; as in raising his head, I found not in its touch the clammy chill of death. I seized the canteen of a dead soldier who lay beside me, and dashed the water which it contained in O'More's face; a slight trembling passed over his frame, and to my unspeakable joy, his eyes opening rested once more on mine. For a time he did not appear to recognize me; at last a languid smile of recognition played on his features, and as he returned the pressure of my hand,

answered the oft-repeated question of where he was wounded.

"I believe," said he, "after all my prophecy was wrong, and I almost agree with you that what I saw was a vision of my own imagination, I must have merely slipped from the top of the rampart, as I do not feel pain anywhere, save a suffocating feeling which has been occasioned by some one lying on me, and, when I get up, it will pass away."

He raised himself as he spoke, but the exertion seemed to cause some sudden and dreadful pain; his eyes started fearfully, and grasping my arm with both his hands, pressed it convulsively; the next moment a torrent of blood poured from his mouth and nostrils, and his body writhed in pain, as I supported it in my arms. A surgeon passing at the time, I called him to my aid; he tore open O'More's dress, and in the side a small wound appeared, from which a few drops of blood trickled; he merely shook his head, and said—

"Ah! poor fellow, it has entered his lungs;" and he passed on to where his services might be more available.

O'More was again calm; he spoke, but so low, that although I bent close to him I could only distinguish the word "Louisa;" my hand was pressed slightly—he rested heavily on my arms—muttered a prayer—the *spirit of O'More had fled to his fathers!*

With the death of the Sultan, whose body was found amidst a heap of slain at the entrance to his palace, the war in India terminated, and our regiment was ordered back to England. Having landed, I easily procured leave of absence to revisit the scenes of my youth. The residence of Major Williamson was but a little way out of my direct road, so that I intended executing my painful mission before I reached home. As I approached the domain, I was surprised at the neglected appearance of all around. The hedge-rows grew wild and untrained—the gate, which had still been shut with zealous care, now lay broken and rusting off its hinges; and the avenue, formerly so neatly gravelled and cleanly kept, was over-grown with rank weeds and grass; the place was still and deserted. In vain I looked around for some one to explain the

cause of the change. I rode up to the house, it added still more gloom to the picture; the tall walls seathed and blackened, evidently by fire, and a few half-consumed beams of the noble mansion, alone remained standing; the door was half choked up with rubbish; the grounds were desolate; the shrubbery had been torn up, or trampled under foot; where the garden had been was no longer discernable; a curse seemed to have been pronounced on the place, which left it a wilderness. I was turning my horse from the spot, when I heard a footstep among the ruins, and observed an old man, apparently of the better class of farmers, emerging from one of the low windows, from whom I asked an explanation of what I saw.

"You must be a stranger in these parts," said he, "that you should know nothing of the great burnin', for many a mile away was it seen, and heard of still farther; yet there was not one of all that saw it, or heard of his death that day, to say rest his soul in peace, but the curses of the orphan and the widow fell heavy on his head."

"His last victims were two fine boys, the comfort and life of their aged parents' hearts, and though the troubles were all over, because he found they had been out with the boys in Limerick, they suffered on the gallows tree. Their old father's head was white, yet his hand was still steady, and it was said he kept a rifle that would kill at a long distance. The day after the boys were executed, when the Major was riding among the guard that always attended him, a shot was heard and he fell a corpse among his men; who done the deed no one knows, and few care; even the power which paid him well the price of blood, ceased to care for him now that he was no further use to them, and the government made but slight inquiry into the matter. The same day the guard was summoned from the house. His corpse was carried home, but no funeral service was performed—no priest raised a prayer as he sunk into mother earth—no consecrated ground rests upon his head—nor were there friends around to weep at his last resting place; but, as his presence was a curse to the earth, his body was con-

sumed, so that no trace of it was left to defile the world, and never did joy-bells peal to brighter bonfire than what illumined the valley that night; the next day the grand mansion of Major Williamson was, as you now see it, a blackened ruin!"

"And his daughter—what became of her?" "Heaven rest her soul, I scarce can believe she could be the daughter of such a man; she was the loveliest flower of our isle; the light of our eyes and the joy of every heart—(little wonder Master Carthy O'More loved one so fair; for if he knew her, how could he help it, though she was the daughter of an enemy)—she drooped from the hour Master Carthy left the land. Her father sent her to Cove for her health; he knew not the disease; for no change, or physician can cure the broken heart! I saw her then once since, and my own old heart was near bursting to look on her; the light step was gone; the eye that beamed with heaven's finest light was dimmed—it's true, a bright color still rested on her cheek, but it was not the blush of the wild mountain rose—it was a mocking bloom, which death placed there to hide the shadow of his slow-descending hand. Ill news travels fast they say; word came that Master Carthy had fallen in the wars; this stroke severed the last tie which bound her pure spirit to the earth, and it has now found a happy resting-place. Hark! "that tolling bell tells of the return of her perfect form to its first and its last home."

I turned towards the village and observed emerging from its encircling trees a melancholy procession; it passed in silence till it had entered the Churchyard; suddenly the plaintive cry of death burst loudly on the stillness—then sunk—then rose still more wildly, till earth had covered from the mourners' view the last sight of Louisa Williamson.

I turned and left the spot to reach my long-absent home, with a heart more full of grief than joy, pondering on disobedience to parents, and its consequences.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CLÔE, THE COQUETTE, AND THE BEE.

Cloe, young and pretty
And a great Coquette
Sat beside a fountain
Making her toilette;
When a bee came humming,
Dashing through the spray,
Singing loud the praises
Of the new born day.

Lila! Lila! hurry!
See this horrid thing.
Kill this buzzing monster!
Crush it lest it sting;
But the little insect
Thinking but to sip,
Nectar from the roses
Lit on Cloe's lip.

Foolish Cloe fainted,
(Such was Cloe's wont)
Pale she lay as lily
In the plashing font.
Lila, all indignant
Seized the naughty bee,
Vowing that the night winds
Should his death stroke see.

But the hapless urchin
Did not him forget;
Honeyed words to give to
Cloe, the Coquette.
Ladies all! I pray you
Pardon me this slip,
For a rosebud I m—
Took Miss Cloe's lip.

Scarce the words were uttered,
When the roses came
To our Cloe's pale cheeks,
Lo! they're all aflame!
"Lila, be not angry
"With this pretty bee,
"We should thank him for his
"Sweet apology.

"And I can assure you,
"That the sweet dear's sting,
"If you've only courage
"Is a trivial thing.
Lila shrugged her shoulders,
Tossed her little head;
"Grains of incense go no
Little way." she said.

H. B.

HOW TO MEASURE TIME.

NUMEROUS persons are much annoyed by their clocks or watches not keeping correct time, often being half an hour fast or slow, thus throwing their household arrangements into confusion. Yet the remedy is very simple, and within

the reach of all, especially of those residing in the country.

Almanacs are given gratis to their customers by the druggists in all country towns, and they are all tolerably correct. In most of these almanacs, and on the first page, are given the twelve signs of the Zodiac and their names, reading; Aries, the Ram—Taurus, the bull Gemini, the Twins, etc. On the same page there is also a column explaining the abbreviations used in the monthly calendars, and unless a person is acquainted with these signs and abbreviations he can understand but little of an almanac.

On every monthly page there is a column headed "sun fast" or "sun slow," as the case may be, as the sun corresponds with a true clock on only four days of the year, viz.: on the 14th April, 14th of June, 31st of August, and 24th of December. He attains his greatest difference at the following times, viz.: on the 11th of February he is 14 minutes, 29 seconds slow; on the 15th of May he is 3 minutes, 51 seconds fast; on the 27th July he is 6 minutes and 14 seconds slow, and on the 1st of November, 16 minutes and 19 seconds fast. From this it will be seen that without knowing the irregularity in the motion of the shadow, there could be no standard of time; and this was the cause of great trouble to the ancients, before the birth of Christ. This variation being now known to astronomers, it is given to the second in most almanacs, for every day in the year, in the column of equation, or fast and slow. Therefore, to take time from a noon-mark, or a dial, you must refer to the column of that particular day, and by adding or subtracting the amount of time given in the column, from or to the sun mark, you get the true time, provided always that your sun mark or dial is correct. To get that mark correct, it is well to select one of the four days alluded to above, and, when the sun is due south of your house, make a mark on the floor by driving a nail in the floor, or otherwise; this mark gives you *solar* time, to which add or subtract, as above, for *mean* or *civil* time, or *clock* time. By this simple way a clock or watch can always be kept correct.

Farmers and persons residing in the

country, who have a good view of the eastern and western horizon, can always get true time by observing sunrise or sunset, which can be done on any clear morning or evening. Find the moment of sunrise or sunset in the almanac, under the proper heading, as to the proper place or state, and then observing the instant of appearance or disappearance of the sun's upper edge, set to that moment and you are correct. From this you can lay off a noon-mark, always observing to allow for sun fast or slow on that particular day. That is solar time.

Time can always be told very correctly at night by the stars crossing the meridian, or, as it is called, the *southing* of a star. Turn to the 19th of January in an almanac, say of 1876, and you will find Sirius S (south) 10 m., 328., E. (evening). There can be no mistake about Sirius, the Great Dog-Star, the largest and brightest star in the heavens. Astronomers say that if the sun were where that star is he would not appear near as bright as that star does, for the distance of Sirius from the earth is many million times greater than that of the sun; and that, in size, that star is many times larger than the sun; and that, vast and glorious body as he is, he is one of the very least of the stars, being only between 90 and 95 millions of miles from the earth.

On March 2nd, you will find Sirius marked S. at 7h. 45m., E., by observing these points, a true south line can be obtained, and some landmark established. A knowledge of the position of the north polar star is very necessary; every person knows the constellation of the Great Bear, or the Dipper, as it is commonly called; the two front stars, as they travel round the pole from the right hand to the left, or from east to west, are called the Pointers, as a line drawn through them leads direct to the north star, a star of the second magnitude, with a space round it free from other stars.

To understand all the signs and abbreviations in an almanac is of great advantage.

THE questions and problems proposed in the Young Folks Corner, must be answered monthly as they appear. All inquiries and answers for this Corner, must be addressed to the Editor of THE HARP, prepaid.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why does a pocket watch differ from a clock?
 2. Why do clocks vary in going in summer and winter?
 3. Why do we wind up watches?
 4. How many workmen are employed on the component parts of a watch, before it is ready for the pocket?
 5. Why do some time-pieces go for a year?
 6. What must I ask a yard for silk that cost me \$1.50, so that I may fall 10 p.c. and still make 20 p.c., allowing 10 p.c. of the sales for bad debts?
 7. St. Antoine street is 1600 yards long, and has a house every 50 yards, and a tree every 20 yards, how many houses will have a tree in front?
 8. A young man's salary increased 1-3 every year; his expenses each year were 1-3 of his salary, and at the end of 4 years he had saved \$1001½. Find his first year's salary.
 9. If the simple interest on a sum of money for a given time and rate be $a-b$ of the principal, show that the true discount is $a-a \times b$.
 10. If $x \times y = 10$; and $x - y = 4$, find the value of x and y .
 11. The perimeter, and the area of a right-angled Triangle ABC being given; to determine the triangle—*Algebraically* and *Geometrically*.
- P.S.—No. 10 and 11 special prize.

SOMETHING ABOUT PARROTS.

A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, much to the annoyance of his neighbors, one of which was green, and the other gray. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door—the gray put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these Thebans lived, had a projecting old-fashioned front, so

that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his farther store of language, which was, "Oh, oh!" Presently, the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again. "D—n you, who's there!" said the man with the leather, "why don't you come down?" "Oh, oh!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker and rung furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the gray parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate."—"To the gate!" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "New gate," responded the parrot,—just at the moment when his species was discovered."

We cannot resist the temptation of offering our young readers one more anecdote; of a parrot which we well knew:—

We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, (not in Montreal though!) which was the innocent means of getting his mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn towards petty scandal, to which, we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the owner of the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman in a loud voice, announced "Mrs. E!" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Mrs. E. wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously to confront her base and unknown maligner. "Mrs. E!" cried the parrot again, "Mrs. E. drinks

like a fish." "Madame," exclaimed Mrs. E. to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken you no short time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart towards me for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence; Mrs. E. flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, "Mrs. E!" "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Meanwhile Mrs. E's. lawyers having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferriting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy, that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action at law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested and carried into Court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. E's. good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony, for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued loudly to vociferate, "Mrs. E! Mrs. E. drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

CONSCIENCE IN NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

THE caption to this article seems singular. It is somewhat authorized by facts. There are numbers of men whose honor and integrity in their general dealings with their fellow men are above all suspicion, who will receive a newspaper for years—as long as the simple minded proprietor is willing to send it to them—without ever paying the trifling subscription price. When at last patience is worn out and the paper stopped, our friends bluster into a fit of revengeful anger and declare themselves insulted.

Their indebtedness remains; if they afterwards remember the paper it is to belittle and injure it in retaliation for the supposed offense to their manhood. Those whom we are describing are not at all like angels' visits, few and far between; we could find them in every section of our own State. They are Catholics, too, going to Mass, and, occasionally to the Sacraments. It is a paradox, and the question may be asked what explanation can be given of it? Only this one—these friends of ours do not believe that the ordinary rules of justice bind the conscience of newspaper subscribers. The explanation argues considerable theological ignorance on their part; still it is the sole one which we can give, having due regard to their general sense of honor and justice.

People should pay for their paper. If they do not like it, let them send to the office the amount of their indebtedness and request that the paper be no longer mailed to their address. This mode of acting deserves respect. But to receive a paper, not to pay for it, to grumble when at last it is stopped, never afterwards to pay their just debt, is a mean despicable proceeding, and we are ashamed to record that men of this stamp are to be found in Minnesota, calling themselves Catholics.—[*Northwestern Chronicle*.]

[We are very sorry that we have to make the same complaint against many of the subscribers to the HARP, who never seem to think of their duty to the proprietor of this magazine. We only hope they will digest the above remarks of the erudite priest who edits the *Chronicle*, and remit without delay what they owe to this office.—ED. HARP.]

American Newspaper Directory for 1880.
New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co.

WE are in receipt of this valuable work, and after looking through it we are amazed at the amount of information it contains. Every business house in the United States and Canada should possess a copy, as therein will be found accurate information as to the best medium for advertising. We have ere now done business with Messrs. Rowell, and in every case found them reliable.

McGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. New York, J. A. McGee, Publisher. Price, \$3.00 per annum.

With much pleasure we welcome the reappearance of this excellent Catholic Illustrated paper, which had to suspend publication some four months ago because of remissness on the part of subscribers to pay, and the dishonesty of agents. We congratulate Mr. McGee in being again enabled to come to the front, and trust he will be able to continue his good work with profit to himself and benefit to his constituents. We hope his debtors will so act towards him, that the new feature introduced by him of publishing a "black-list" containing the names of subscribers who have failed to pay will not be much longer necessary on his part. We have been seriously thinking of treating our delinquent subscribers to a similar treat, we wonder how *they* would like it?

FACETIÆ.

A good conversationalist may make himself heard at a feast, but the small boy takes the cake.

A western journal heads an article "A Lunatic Escapes and Marries a Widow." Escapes? He got caught.

Kansas school teacher: "Where does our grain go to! "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted the scholar.

The man who loaf his time around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

Little Robby came home from Boston with his new hat limp as a dish cloth. "For goodness sake!" cried his mother, "where have you been!" Robby began to whimper as he replied, "A feller threw my hat into a frog pond." "Oh, Robby!" exclaimed his sister, "you threw it in yourself. I saw you do it!" "Well," said Robby, contemptuously, "ain't I a feller?"

A gentleman who married a widow complained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah! I thought I was cooking for Mr. Brown, said she, "he liked his rare. But, darling, I will try and forget the poor dear."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked, "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well you might say, 'Charley, wont you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."

Master Jack: "How often are the clothes washed, Emma?" Laundry Maid—"Once a week!, Master Jack." Master Jack—"Only once a week! Then the clothes are much luckier than sis and me, if that's all the washing they get."

"This is a nice time of night to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who had returned from a walk at 10 o'clock, "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not let me out later than 7 o'clock." "O you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

THE GENTLE ANSWER.—"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No sir, mother's gone out washing, and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

Cabmen are the most troublesome people with whom census-takers have to deal. They show fight as soon as anything is said about "taking their numbers."

AMERICAN BUTTER.—"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked a hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that cause I don't love any but her (butter)."

MILLINER (with little account owing): "Is your mamma at home, dear?" Intelligent Little Girl: "N-n-no, she is not." Milliner: "When will she be at home?" I. L. G.: "I don't know,—but I'll go and ask her."

HALF WAY, ANYHOW.—There's no difficulty now in recollecting your partner's name since the new monogram dresses have come in, only by the way, don't you know, is it Smithson or Smith, or Brown or Brownjones?

The City of Brotherly Love is seriously considering the advisability of resurrecting the stocks and whipping-post. In our city the stocks have been in full blast for a long time, and we opine that the whipping-post would prove a very useful adjunct.

LATEST FROM THE CAMP.—At No. 1, 526 target, we understand, a volunteer had a miraculous escape from death. The bullet carried away all one side of his tunic-collar. Exactly! it was just what we expected when we read that the men were allowed to shoot off their ties!

JUDGING BY APPEARANCE.—Smith (who hadn't seen the lady before): "Was it Mrs. Brown I saw with you last night?" Brown: "It was. Why?" Smith: "Oh, nothing; only I heard your mother was staying with you just now, and I thought it might be——" [Pauses Suddenly. General awkwardness.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN IN.—Cautious Customer: "An hoo d'ye sell postal orders the day, young leddy?" Official: "Well, Sir, if you'll say what amount: you wish to send——" C. C.: "I mak' it a practice never to bid until I know the tairms. I question, young leddy, if I wad na do better to try anither establishment in the same line of beesness."

CURE FOR LAZINESS.—A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man; "but," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

At a social science reunion, a few evenings ago, the question was asked, "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered, "A prickly pair," got the medal.

Notable Anniversaries in October.

Date.	day of Week.	
1	Fri	Henry V. landed at Clontarf, 1413. Siege of Wexford, 1649. Monster meeting at Mullaghmast, 1843.
2	Sat	Richard II. landed in Ireland, 1324.
3	Sun	The English House of Commons appoint a day of thanksgiving for the massacre at the town of Drogheda, 1649. O'Connell's Statue erected in Ennis, county Clare, 1865.
4	Mon	<i>The Press</i> , United Irish organ, published, 1797.
5	Tues	Battle of Ballynakill, 1842. Dublin lighted with gas, 1825.
6	Wed	Insurrection Bill passed, 1798.
7	Thurs	Proclamation issued in the evening (Saturday) against the Clontarf Monster meeting, which was fixed for the next day, 1843.
8	Fri	Great display of military force at Clontarf to effect the massacre plotted by the Government. The people saved by the exertions of the Repeal leaders in preventing their arrival on the ground, 1843.
9	Sat	Proclamation issued by Police Commissioners against the Procession to Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 1869.
10	Sun	Father Mathew born, 1790. Great Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 200,000 present, 1869.
11	Mon	ST. CANICE, Patron of Kilkenny. Expedition under Hardy destroyed in Lough Swilly: Wolfe Tone captured, 1798. Wexford captured by Cromwell: massacre of men, women, and children at the Market Cross, 1649.
12	Tues	Insurrection of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, 1641. First regiment of Dublin Volunteers, formed under the command of the Duke of Leinster.
13	Wed	Treaty of Limerick ("The Broken Treaty") signed, 1691.
14	Thurs	Battle of Faughart and death of Edward Bruce, 1318. William Orr hanged, 1797. Informations against O'Connell, Duffy, and others, 1843.
15	Fri	Surrender of Kinsale, 1690. Lord Edward Fitzgerald born, 1763. First number of the <i>Dublin Nation</i> published on this day, 1842.
16	Sat	Ormond issued a Proclamation ordering all clergymen and Jesuits to quit the kingdom before the 20th of next month, 1678.
17	Sun	Great Battle at Dublin between Danes and Irish. Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, slain, 917. Battle of Sligo. William Smith O'Brien born 1803.
18	Mon	King Henry II., and Strongbow arrive in Ireland, 1171.
19	Tues	Dean Swift died, 1745.
20	Wed	Rising of the O'Tooles and O'Kavanaghs, 1641.
21	Thurs	The Monastery of Bangor, in Ulster, founded by St. Comgall, 558.
22	Fri	Brigadier Henry Luttrell assassinated, 1717. Conciliation Hall opened, and the adhesion of William Smith O'Brien announced, 1843. Frederick Lucas, of the <i>London Tablet</i> , died, 1855.
23	Sat	Great Rebellion commenced by Sir Phelim O'Neill in the North, 1641.
24	Sun	First Meeting of the General Assembly at Kilkenny, 1642. True bills against Charles Gavin Duffy, 1848.
25	Mon	Charles Gavin Duffy elected Member for Villiers and Heytesbury, Colony of Victoria, Australia, 1857.
26	Tues	Formation of Society of United Irishmen, 1791. First meeting of the Reformed Corporation, Dublin, 1841.
27	Wed	ST. ODRAN, Monk of Derry, died at Iona, whither he had accompanied St. Columbkille from Ireland, 563. Last French Invasion of Ireland, 1798
28	Thurs	Manchester Commission for the Trial of Fenian prisoners, 1867.
29	Fri	ST. COLMAN MAC DUACH, Patron of Kilmacduach. Volunteer Society and Anti-Union Society suppressed by Proclamation, 1830.
30	Sat	Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, murdered by the English, 1651.
31	Sun	HALLOW EVE. Dublin Exhibition closed, 1853.

OF two equally matched for the race one can easily win by an accident.

THE brave man who has conquered himself will not fail to gain other victories.

GREAT MEN.—The object of schools and colleges is to render mediocrity tolerable—they cannot make great men.

SERPENTS lie coiled and still till they can dart and sting.

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JOHN GILLIES,

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,

MONTREAL.

646167



